

THE COMING AGE

EDITED BY
B. O. FLOWER
AND
MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Josiah Quincy	(editorial sketch) 3
Municipal Progress (conversation).....	Josiah Quincy 7
Wm. Ordway Partridge.....	(editorial sketch) 13
Art (conversation)	W. Ordway Partridge 14
Richard Hodgson, LL. D.	(editorial sketch) 17
Work of the Society for Psychical Research.....	18
Significance of Christmas.....	Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D. 23
The Christian's Christmas.....	Rev. H. C. Vrooman 25
The New Year.....	Rev. B. Carradine, D. D. 30
The New Year and Its Hope.....	Rev. S. C. Eby 32
Peace on Earth (poem).....	J. A. Edgerton 33
Visit to Count Tolstoi.....	Rev. Thomas Van Ness 34
The Example of Switzerland.....	W. D. McCrackan, M. A. 41
On the Threshold.....	Lillian Whiting 43
The Democracy of Childhood.....	Hezekiah Butterworth 48
Love at Flood Tide.....	Henry Wood 52
The Power of the Ideal.....	Prof. Frank Parsons 55
Telepathy and Prevision.....	Rev. R. E. Bisbee 58
Genius and Art as Viewed by Victor Hugo.....	B. O. Flower 59
Dreams and Visions.....	Mrs. C. K. Riefnsider 68
The Coming Race (poem).....	J. A. Edgerton 78
The Corner Watchman.....	Will Allen Dromgoole 74
Who Hath Sinned?.....	Story of a Scientist 79
Health and Home:	
Practical Talks on Healthful Living.....	89
Health Hints	91
Menu for Well People.....	92
Menu for Invalids.....	93
Editorials:	
A Magazine with a Mission.....	94
Knowledge and Health.....	96
What of To-morrow?.....	98
What Home Should Be.....	100
The Passing Day:	
A Backward Glance Over 1898.....	101
The White Czar's Dream of Peace.....	104
The Passing of Gladstone and Bismarck.....	105
The Trans-Mississippi Exposition.....	106
The Autumn Elections	107
Books of the Day:	
"Christianity and the Social State".....	108
Two works by E. P. Powell.....	109
"The Right Side of the Car".....	110
"War Echoes"	110
"The Valley Path".....	111
How I wrote "The Valley Path".....	111

	PAGE
"In Tune With The Infinite".....	112
"Hero Chums"	113
"Victor Serenus"	113
Books Received	114
Our Monthly Chat.....	115
Louise Chandler Moulton..... (editorial sketch)	123
Reminiscences of Eminent Men and Women of Europe (conversation)	
Louise Chandler Moulton	132
Hezekiah Butterworth..... (editorial sketch)	137
The Andean Republics and their Heroes in War and Peace (conversation)	
Hezekiah Butterworth	138
Samuel T. Dutton..... (editorial sketch)	146
The New Education (conversation)..... Samuel T. Dutton	146
Second Nocturne of Chopin (poem)..... Julie A. Herne	150
Some Tendencies of Democracy in the United States	
Philip Stafford Moxom, D. D.	151
True versus False Education..... Henry Herzberg	156
The Social Significance of the Discovery of America..... Rev. S. C. Eby	163
Count Tolstol at Seventy..... Ernest H. Crosby	172
The Poems of Emerson..... Charles Malloy	177
Some Characteristics of Edward Bellamy..... Rev. R. E. Bisbee	180
Co-operation in England..... B. O. Flower	187
My Baby's Laughter (poem)..... J. A. Edgerton	193
Dreams and Visions..... Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider	194
Heroine or Coward?..... Will Allen Dromgoole	198
Who Hath Sinned?..... The Story of a Scientist	206
Health and Home:	
Baths	213
Healthful Dressing	214
Rest	216
Menu	218
Editorials:	
The Song of the Angels and the Voice of the Czar.....	219
Victory Will Come to the Brave.....	221
The Passing Day:	
Chicago Street Railway Contest.....	222
The Race Problem in the South.....	225
The Popular Opinion of the Policy of Expansion	228
Horace Plunkett on Co-operation in Ireland	229
Phenomenal Increase in the Gold Output	230
Books of the Day:	
"Poems and Songs by James G. Clark".....	231
"Spiritual Consciousness"	235
"The Colonies"	235
"Roundabout Rambles in Northern Europe"	236
"Rare Old Chums".....	236
"The Teachings of Jesus".....	237
Our Monthly Chat.....	238
Conversations:	
Editorial Sketch of William D. McCrackan	243
The Land and the People..... W. D. McCrackan	248
Editorial Sketch of James A. Herne.....	250
The Present Outlook for the American Drama	253
Symposium on Peace and Progress:	
The Czar's Proposal for Disarmament..... Rev. R. E. Bisbee	256

CONTENTS.

v

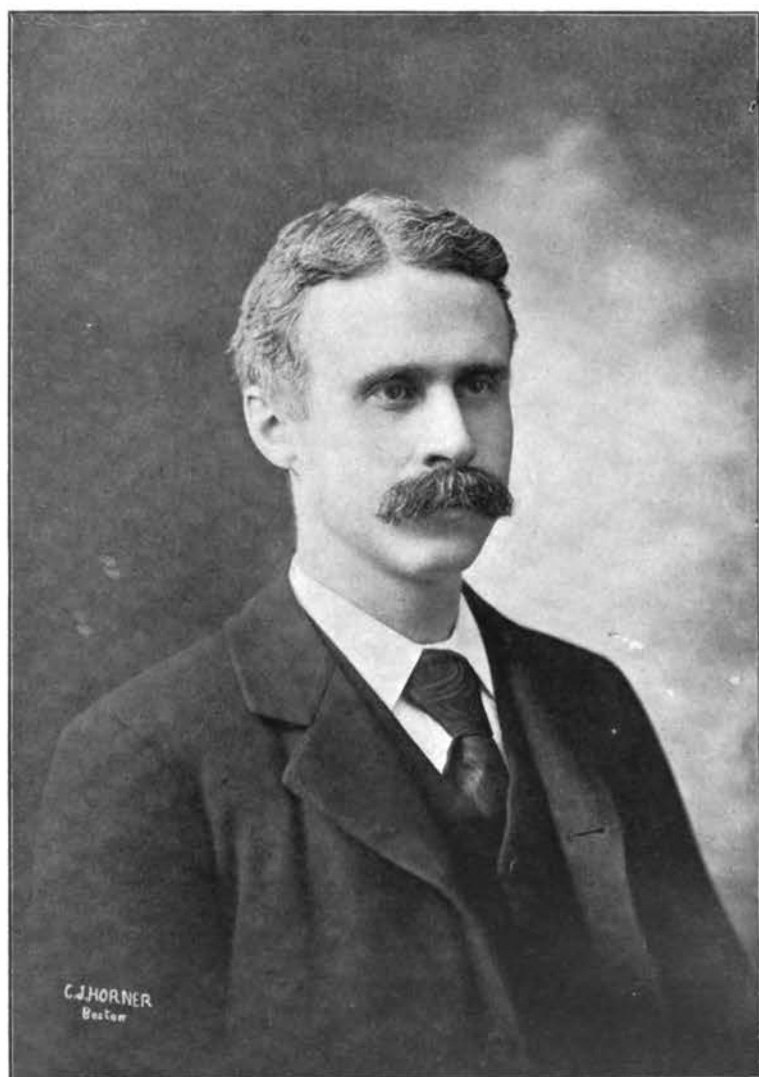
	PAGE
The Czar's Rescript.....Ernest H. Crosby	253
Peace Demanded by Wisdom, Humanity, and Morality...Mary A. Livermore	261
Original Essays:	
The World's Indebtedness to the Jew.....George C. Lorimer, D. D.	263
Concerning the Sanity of Napoleon.....E. P. Powell	275
Music in Relation to the Spiritual.....Prof. Daniel Batchellor	283
Garden Spot of Nature and Treasure House of Ancient Civilization, Henry Ware Allen	290
The Poems of Emerson.....Charles Malloy	295
Railroad Department Y. M. C. A.....Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider	299
A Contribution to the Study of Psychic PhenomenaW. G. Todd	304
The Kingdom of Heaven.....George D. Herron	312
Christianity and Present Day Social ProblemsB. O. Flower	314
Dreams and Visions.....Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider	324
In The Old Days (poem).....J. A. Edgerton	326
GiglioMinnie Gilmore	327
Who Hath Sinned?.....The Story of a Scientist	336
Health and Home:	
Bread and Flour.....	342
Value of Non-Conductors.....	344
Longevity	344
The Emergency Box.....	345
Answers to Correspondents.....	345
Menu	346
Editorials	
The Supreme Duty Which Confronts Us.....	347
Personal Purity and Integrity.....	348
The Passing Day.....	349
Calixto Garcia	349
Liquid Air	351
Pensions for the Aged.....	352
Election of Senators by Popular Vote.....	353
Books of the Day.....	354
The Birth of Freedom and the March Toward Peace and Unity in South America...	354
Our Monthly Chat.....	358
Joaquin Miller (editorial sketch)	361
Hon. Samuel M. Jones..... Joaquin Miller	363
Hon Samuel M. Jones..... (editorial sketch)	367
The Rights of the Municipality and Its Obligations to the Citizens (conversation), Hon. Samuel M. Jones	370
George C. Lorimer, D. D..... (editorial sketch)	373
The Practical Programme of the Boston Federative Alliance (conversation), George C. Lorimer, D. D.	377
The King's Touch..... Henry Wood	381
Do Physicians and Pharmacists Live on the Misfortunes of Humanity? Prof. John Uri Lloyd	384
Humane Education: Its Place and Power in Early Training...Ralph Waldo Trine	387
True Life as Taught by Jesus.....Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D.	392
The Redemptive Power of Love.....B. O. Flower	398
The New Age.....Imogene C. Fales	402
Co-operative Experiments in the United States.....Helen J. Wescott	404
The Poems of Emerson.....Charles Malloy	413
The Duty Young Men Owe to the State.....Maynard Lee Daggy	417
Easter-tide (editorial)Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider	457
Scientific and Mechanical Progress of the Nineteenth Century.....B. O. Flower	420

	PAGE
Dreams and Visions.....Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider	430
Old Tough-Heart.....Will Allen Dromgoole	436
A Song of Peace (poem).....J. A. Edgerton	444
Who Hath Sinned?.....The Story of a Scientist	445
Health and Home:	
Health.....	450
Massage.....	452
Editorials.....	457
Easter-tide.....	457
What Good Will It Do?.....	459
Sowing Wild Oats.....	460
The Passing Day.....	461
Some Facts About the Donkhobors.....	461
Union Among Leading Evangelical Protestant Denominations.....	463
The Advent of the Motor Carriage.....	464
How Conciliation Might Have Saved Bloodshed in the Philippines.....	465
Governmental Ownership of the Telegraph and Telephone.....	466
Books of the Day:	
"Hand and Brain".....	467
"A Moonshiner's Son".....	469
Lillian Whiting's Latest World Beautiful Book ..	470
Songs from the Wings.....	472
Monthly Chat.....	475
The State and the Citizen, with Special Reference to Municipal Problems,	
Hon. J. C. Chase	479
The Brookline Education Society.....S. T. Dutton	482
Truth (poem).....J. A. Edgerton	486
A Study in Social Evolution.....Rev. Burt Estes Howard	487
The Present Aspect of Experimental Psychology,	
Prof. Edward Moffat Weyer, Ph. D. (Leipsic)	492
Savonarola.....Rev. H. H. Peabody	496
Home-Coming Song (poem).....Annie L. Muzzey	508
A Day on a Trout Farm, or the Story of Handy's Folly.....B. O. Flower	509
The New Education.....Joseph Rodas Buchanan	513
A Contribution to the Study of Psychic Phenomena.....W. G. Todd	517
The Social Ethics of Jesus.....Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D.	526
The Poems of Emerson.....Charles Malloy	535
Why I Am a Baptist.....W. C. Blitting, D. D.	544
Social Democratic Ideals and the Church.....Rev. R. E. Bisbee	548
Our Tropical Garden in the Pacific.....B. O. Flower	553
Silent Forces (poem).....J. F. Hildreth, D. D.	562
Dreams and Visions.....Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider	564
Silvam Church Festible.....Will Allen Dromgoole	566
Who Hath Sinned?.....The Story of a Scientist	571
Health and Home:	
The Voice and Its Relation to Health.....	578
Editorials.....	581
The Day Cometh.....	581
The Home Girl.....	582
A Supreme Moment in the Life of Wendell Phillips.....	583
The Ideal Home the Throne of Love.....	584
Mastery of Temper.....	584
Moral Courage.....	585
Spiritual Development.....	585

	PAGE
The Passing Day:	
The Evolution, Domination, and Doom of the Trusts.....	586
School Children Fed and Clothed by the Municipality	589
Practical Utility of Wireless Telegraphy.....	589
Our Monthly Chat.....	590
Editorial Sketch of Rev. E. A. Horton, A. M.....	593
Some Hopeful Signs of Our Times.....	Rev. E. A. Horton 600
Editorial Sketch of Will Allen Dromgoole.....	604
The Characteristics and Peculiarities of the Negro and the Mountaineer of Tennessee,	
Will Allen Dromgoole	613
Dreaming (poem)	J. A. Edgerton 617
Twentieth Century Ideal of Manhood.....	Rev. O. P. Gifford, D. D. 618
The Post-Office the Citadel of American Liberty.....	James L. Cowles 621
The Poems of Emerson.....	Charles Malloy 629
The Individual Ethics of Jesus.....	Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D. 634
Music and Its Practical Uses.....	Julia E. Casterline 641
The White Czars Three (poem).....	Hezekiah Butterworth 644
Why I Am a Methodist.....	Rev. James Mudge, D. D. 646
A Contribution to the Study of Psychic Phenomena.....	Rev. W. G. Todd 651
Browning's Service to Civilization.....	B. O. Flower 662
Dreams and Visions.....	Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider 670
Immortality (poem)	J. A. Edgerton 674
The Elixir of Youth.....	Minnie Gilmore 675
Who Hath Sinned?.....	The Story of a Scientist 684
Health and Home.....	689
Editorials:	
Intellectual Hospitality	692
A Story of the Street.....	693
The Passing Day:	
The Significance of Mayor Jones's Election	694
Editorial Chat	699

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
HON. JOSIAH QUINCY	1
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON	123
REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER	143
PROFESSOR JOHN URI LLOYD	361
AN EASTER MESSAGE	456
CHARLES MALLOY	477
REV. EDWARD A. HORTON	593



Osiah Quincy.

THE COMING AGE

VOL. I

JANUARY, 1899

No. 1



CONVERSATIONS

I.—MUNICIPAL PROGRESS, BY HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

II.—ART AND MANHOOD, BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

III.—THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, BY RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D.

I.—MUNICIPAL PROGRESS

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH OF HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

A man in public life whose ancestors have filled responsible positions in the affairs of the government is in some respects placed at a disadvantage, because, consciously or unconsciously, the press and public are ever instituting comparisons, and forgetting that the prejudice and partisan bitterness that raged around those of other days have long since vanished, leaving the undimmed luster of honorable service upon the pages of history; while those who are now in the heat of life's battle suffer from the aspersions of the opposition, and must expect to find

their motives frequently misjudged, their words misconstrued, and their acts impugned. Indeed, one of the most unfortunate facts connected with present-day political life is found in the readiness of the public to give ear to reckless, unwarranted, and unjust assaults upon the motives of public men whose duties have been faithfully performed. This makes it doubly difficult for the people to judge fairly between popular leaders of yesterday and to-day.

Occasionally, however, we find leaders in public affairs who so enter into the larger life which civilization's complex and growing needs demand, that they compel unwilling tribute from the opposition, or at least a grudging ap-

proval of those measures which they have introduced and through which the community has been benefited. A striking illustration of this character is found in the present mayor of Boston. But before dwelling at length upon the efficient work, so largely due to Mayor Quincy, which is being successfully carried forward for the elevation and betterment of our citizens, it will be interesting to notice for a moment his kinsmen who have also been honored with the first position in the gift of the municipality.

It is an extraordinary fact that Mayor Josiah Quincy is the third gentleman of that name to be elected mayor of Boston. His great-grandfather will ever occupy an enviable place among New England's coterie of really great men whose faithful and brilliant public service lights up the first half of our century. This Josiah Quincy, who was the second mayor of Boston, occupied a large place in the national, municipal, and educational life of his day. He served with distinction as a member of the National House of Representatives from 1805 to 1813, and from 1821 to 1822 he presided as speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts. From 1823 to 1829 he served as mayor of Boston, and from 1829 to 1845 he occupied the honorable and responsible position of president of Harvard University. Few men, even in Massachusetts, have succeeded in holding the popular confidence for so long a term of years, and fewer still have been able to serve acceptably in so many exacting capacities as this distinguished member of a family which, since the night of the Boston Tea-Party, has been prominent in the political and educational life of New England.

The municipal mantle of the father fell upon the son, as from the years 1846 to 1849 we find Josiah Quincy, Jr., acceptably fulfilling the duties of mayor of the city, and retiring from office with an unstained record of public service faithfully performed.

When, therefore, in 1896, the present

mayor won the suffrage of our citizens after an exciting and bitterly contested battle, he necessarily faced an exceedingly difficult task,—that of maintaining and, if possible, of eclipsing the public service and the records left by his kinsmen. And it is immensely to his credit, that instead of timidly following in the foot-prints of his predecessors, he had the wisdom and statesmanship to recognize the larger duties and the grave and imperative responsibilities devolving upon the mayor of a great municipality during the closing years of our century. With the courage of youth, for Mayor Quincy is a young man, he faced the problems which have occupied the consideration of the best minds in many cities of the Old World for many years. He felt, as the most practical and sagacious thinkers are rapidly coming to feel, that our municipality had certain grave responsibilities which, if faithfully performed, would brighten the lives of tens of thousands of its less fortunate citizens, while, at the same time, manhood would be dignified, and citizenship materially elevated. He felt that, inasmuch as a well-filled school-house was more creditable to a country than a crowded prison, so it would be at once wiser and more economical,—while being also in perfect alignment with the best thought of the age,—for the municipality to seek intelligently to minimize vice, crime, poverty and disease, than to ignore the deplorable condition of a large part of our population until heavy demands were required from tax-payers to abate crime, disease and pauperism which might have been largely prevented. He felt that, apart from all considerations of humanity, the welfare of the State could in no way be better conserved than by elevating the standard of citizenship, and by increasing the comfort and happiness of those whose life is, at best, under present conditions, a fierce struggle for bread and lodging.

He realized that opposition was to be expected, as is always the case when innovations are attempted. He knew the cry of "wasting the city's money" would

be used to defeat measures which experience and common sense alike prove are of real benefit to a community. He therefore wisely secured the generous co-operation of large-minded and big-hearted citizens, who have voluntarily served on committees, and in other ways rendered possible the splendid work that has been undertaken.

In a very interesting address delivered by Mayor Quincy on October 16th, he calls attention to those efficient voluntary services when speaking in general of the 40 branches or departments in the municipal government, and when dwelling in particular on the new innovations comprehended in the modern municipal programme.

"Music, baths and art," he said, "are new municipal departments, which, I believe, are necessary, and will work a great deal of good to the community. An important tendency of modern municipal government is toward specializing functions, thereby encouraging expert service. We have now in the forty departments of the city administration thirteen in which the members of the governing board are unpaid, except in gratitude, for faithful and valuable service. I desire to place as much emphasis as possible on co-operation of this sort with the routine work of the city government.

"One quarter of the city's money is spent for educational work. One suggestion I have to make is that Boston, which is a leader in some respects in educational advancement, may well adopt the example of the City of New York in regard to courses of free public lectures for adults. Adult education is needed for the great mass of the people. There should be further utilization of our public school buildings and halls. Popular university extension lectures should be given in the localities in which the people live, and the natural places to use for the purpose are the public school-houses."

Educators and thinkers generally realize the immense influence for good which is exerted by fine, pure and inspiring music; we are so largely emotional beings, and music touches the springs of being so profoundly, that it is a great power for good when it appeals to the higher plane of our nature. Besides this, we all live so largely in the ideal world,—the sights we see, the sounds we hear, and the ideas and ideals

which spring from them, dye our thoughts and fashion our lives to such an extent,—that it is strange indeed that thinking people have not sufficiently apprehended the importance of singing and playing virtue, harmony, hope and love, into the barren lives of the thousands in our great cities who have so little that is uplifting and inspiring to feed the imagination. Music, good music, is a potent educator for all, but it would be difficult to estimate its power for good upon half-starved imaginations which have little that is inspiring or elevating in life's surroundings.

Realizing the power for good and the genuine happiness which fine music, well rendered, would yield the people, Mayor Quincy has been an earnest champion of the Municipal Concerts which have proved so immensely popular during the summer seasons. The popularity of the open air concerts has encouraged the Mayor and his co-laborers to carry this form of pleasurable education still further, and though lack of funds rendered it impossible to make the indoor concerts absolutely free, it was believed that by charging the small price of ten to twenty-five cents for seats, the expenses of a fine orchestra could be paid, and the hunger for good music in a large measure be met. This innovation was inaugurated on the night of October 16th, when the following programme was excellently rendered in our large Music Hall by the Municipal Orchestra, under the capable leadership of Emil Mollenhauer:

Overture—"Mignon" Thomas
Andante—From Quartet in B flat.

Aria—"Lend Me Your Aid".....Gounod
C. B. Shirley.

"Visions in Dreamland".....Lumbye
(Zither obligato by Mr. Carl Behr.)

Selection—"Tannhauser" Wagner
Romanza—"Awakening of Spring."

Romanza—Awakening of Spring, Emanuel Bach

Carmen Suite

Songs with piano

(a) "Who is Sylvia?".....Schubert

(b) "The Clover Blossom," Clara K. Rogers
C. B. Shirley.

Petit Pas **Sudessi**

Intermezzo Latann
Grand March—From "Joan of Arc" .. Gounod

The high character of the music will be readily seen from the above programme. Its educational influence on the minds of the thousands who thronged the hall to enjoy it, could not fail to be practically helpful. At present the capacity of Music Hall is taxed to meet the demands of those who are hungry for the best music brought within the reach of their means.

A work of perhaps greater importance even than that which seeks to carry the inspiring and uplifting influence of the world's best music into the hearts and homes of the poor, is found in the Municipal Baths, of which Mayor Quincy has been the most determined advocate. Last season, when the Common Council failed to appropriate the money necessary to keep open the city bath houses for sea bathing during the whole season, the Mayor furnished the means from his own purse properly to maintain one of these baths during the remainder of the hot weather, when they were so much needed for the comfort of the poor.

On October 15th the large and substantial new Municipal Bath-House on Dover street was formally opened for the free use of the citizens of Boston. This magnificent plant was erected at a cost of \$70,000, and has accommodations for some 1,500 bathers a day. The floors, walls and partitions are of marble or tiles; hence, there will be little difficulty in keeping them clean. Besides the tubs, there are fifty shower baths. The building is divided so as to accommodate men and women separately. The baths are free, though one cent is charged for soap and one cent for towels, when these are desired. Patrons, however, are under no obligations to use these, being allowed to supply themselves if they wish. The building is situated in a part of the city easily accessible to a large part of the population whose accommodations for baths are very poor. It is a beautiful structure, an honor to Boston, and a monument to our modern and progressive Mayor. In his address at the opening of this public bath Mr. Quincy said:

"The accommodations of this bath-house, built with the money of the people, are for the free use of all, rich or poor, men, women, and children; if there is any distinction in the invitation extended to all, it is that those who stand in the greatest need of the facilities which are here afforded will be received as its most welcome patrons. The expenditure which the city has made in erecting its first permanent bath-house of this substantial and ornamental character has been incurred with a broader end in view than that of merely providing facilities for the bathing of a certain number of persons. The purpose of the advisory committee which planned this first central bath-house, a purpose which met with my hearty approval and support, was to erect a building of such character and appointments that it would be worthy, as an architectural monument, of the city which owned it, and would raise the whole idea of public bathing to a high and dignified plane. As a result of this policy we dedicate to-night a bath-house of such a character that it might have been intended for the use of a private club of men and women of means, and we open it freely and without price to the use of all of the people of this great municipality. May this, the first permanent bath-house of the city of Boston, be so fruitful of good results that within the next few years each of the sections of the city may have a similar local bath-house of its own; and may it become our boast that our city government is enlightened enough to use better and more extensive public bathing facilities, both in winter and summer, than any city in this country, if not in the world."

The modern municipal programme seeks to raise citizenship, to elevate the standard of manhood, while carrying into life, or making attainable, some of the comforts and pleasures that heretofore have been beyond the reach of the poor. Giving tens of thousands of people the opportunity of enjoying the luxury of a good bath as often as they desire it, is a wise sanitary measure, no less than a provision for increasing the comfort of the citizen. Brightening lives that are filled with gloom, or, at best, have little or no opportunity for enjoying that which stimulates the imagination and awakens the soul on the higher planes of being, and gives it the exalted pleasure found in the noblest music, is another means of practically benefiting the people—of overcoming evil with good, or driving out darkness with the light, and

indirectly, but none the less surely, reducing the cost of our criminal courts.

Another means proposed is hinted at above in Mayor Quincy's remarks on the city government. Public school-houses are scattered all over the city. At night, when the workers are relieved from their toil, these buildings are closed and dark, while in many sections the saloon is the only radiantly lighted spot. Now the modern statesmen who think broadly, and who seek to build up a nobler civilization, wish to light up the school-houses and give the people in the crowded sections of the cities opportunities to enjoy instructive and fascinating illustrated lectures, and other entertainments of an educational character. The cost to the municipality would be small, as there are, in these times, many able and willing thinkers ready to co-operate actively with any wisely directed measures for the betterment of manhood. The accomplishment of this important work is now engaging the attention of Mayor Quincy.

The above are some of the special features in the municipal programme of progress which Mr. Quincy has so vigorously, and yet so wisely, pushed forward. In his great work, our Mayor is in accord, in many particulars, with the ablest and most earnest of the thinkers of the Old World who are actively engaged with municipal problems. He is making Boston a leader among the great cities of the New World, and evincing such excellent judgment that it is safe to say that he will enjoy the unique distinction of being the first mayor of Boston, who, in a large and effective way, accomplished radical innovations along the line of rational and far seeing statesmanship; which aims at all times to conserve the health and happiness of the people, while educating and elevating them as well.

With this brief sketch we introduce to our readers, Mayor Josiah Quincy, who in answering our questions will show how Boston is carrying out the modern municipal programme.

MUNICIPAL PROGRESS.

BY HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

1. Beyond the routine duties which are generally recognized as necessarily devolving on a municipality, what in your opinion are some of the chief extensions of its functions which are demanded by the larger life of to-day, as found in the great modern city?

The primary functions of the municipality are economic in their nature, and these must first be fulfilled. There are certain necessities of organized municipal life—such as streets, sewers, a water supply, a police force, a fire department, machinery for imposing and collecting taxes, executive and legislative officials to exercise the powers of municipal government,—and in supplying these necessities the municipality deals with its citizens as economic units and as members of the body politic. To these primary and necessary functions of a city have been added, in the evolution of municipal government, others which may be particularly described as social in their nature, in that they deal with the citizen as a unit in a social community and are directed toward the object of increasing the social welfare of the mass of the people.

While it is impossible to draw any hard and fast line between the branches of municipal work which should be classed as economic or political, and those which should be classed as social, yet this general division of functions I believe to be a sound one. Educational work of whatever character—unless it be direct instruction in a trade—including that done through public libraries, should, it seems to me, be classed rather as social than as economic, though of course the latter side is not to be overlooked. The growth of civilization as found in great municipal communities consists largely in the development of new agencies for promoting, through the organized efforts of the community as a body politic, the well-being, and the

moral, intellectual, and physical development, of all of the individual units which constitute human society. The stage of municipal development of any community may be measured even more accurately by the variety and efficiency of its agencies for promoting the social welfare and elevation of its people, than by the manner in which it performs what may be called its business functions.

I should answer the question generally by saying that the extensions of municipal functions which are most demanded by the complex life of to-day are those which will more directly and effectually promote the moral, intellectual and physical development of the individual, particularly of the growing child, and will raise him to a higher level of social life; and I should particularly instance the furnishing of extensive facilities for free public bathing, both in winter and summer, of public gymnasias, of local playgrounds, of frequent opportunities for listening to good music, and of educational lectures for adults, as important means for accomplishing this object. I pass over the public school and the public library, only because they are already so well established and so familiar. Of course, I fully recognize the interaction of social and economic forces upon each other—that any improvement in the economic conditions of the community elevates its social level, and that the latter is necessarily kept down by poor economic conditions. On the other hand, anything which elevates the community socially has a powerful tendency to elevate it economically; since productive capacity under modern conditions, in all but the crudest forms of labor, depends very largely upon the mental development of the worker. Without ignoring the economic side of municipal functions, I believe that the important thing to-day is to place greater emphasis upon their social side; for without any economic change it is possible to work great social changes, and these will then react in a favorable man-

ner upon the economic side. This is perhaps more obvious in the case of physical than in that of mental development, but it is equally true of both. If the public gymnasium results eventually in more than saving its cost to the community in the saving of doctors' bills and in the added physical efficiency of the wage-earner, there is clearly an economic benefit; this is no less true of the training of the mind which enlarges the mental capacity and the skill of the worker.

2. In your judgment, is it not a legitimate function of the municipality to foster the happiness and contentment of its citizens, within reasonable bounds, and by such a policy does not society as a whole receive in indirect benefits more than the necessary outlay involved?

I fully believe that it is a proper function of the municipality to do what it reasonably can to foster the happiness and contentment of its citizens, and many of the cities of Europe have long acted upon this doctrine. I believe strongly in the importance of recreation as a factor in life; this is admitted by all in theory, but, in this country at least, it is not sufficiently recognized that a large proportion of the people of a great city can obtain practically no opportunities for wholesome recreation unless these are supplied by the direct agency of the city. Outside of the cheap theater—which is too apt to be vulgarizing, if not degrading, in its influence, instead of refining and elevating, but which at least answers the purpose of supplying much-needed diversion or amusement to large numbers of people—there are practically no means of recreation open to the wage-earning class of the community other than those supplied by the municipality. The pecuniary outlay which would be involved in supplying wholesome means of entertainment for the masses of the people would be very slight in comparison with other municipal expenditures, and I fully believe that the indirect benefits would more than make up for the expenditure. It must be remembered also that the city is un-

der very great expense to support its criminals, paupers, insane persons, and dependent children, and that it would not require a very large percentage of saving on these items of expenditure to pay for a great deal of wholesome entertainment; and anything which would materially increase the happiness and contentment of the citizens of a community would surely have an appreciable influence upon crime, pauperism, and insanity. The city of Boston, for instance, is expending about \$1,000,000 this year for the support of the above-named classes of persons, while the appropriation for public baths is \$35,000, and that for public music \$7,000; might not the addition of even \$50,000 to the latter appropriations prove to be good economy in the long run in diminishing the former expenditures, or preventing their increase, and might this not also have an appreciable effect later upon our expenditure for the police department, now amounting to \$1,682,000 a year? The salaries of a dozen additional patrolmen would provide about 200 free local concerts of excellent character in the course of a year; and the expenditure upon public baths of five per cent of the appropriation for the police department would bring the best bathing facilities within easy reach of every citizen of Boston, both in winter and summer. If cleanliness is next to godliness such a wholesale attack upon dirt might well lead to some diminution in crime. Then, too, Boston spends about a thousand dollars a day upon her city hospital, and nearly half that amount upon her health department; while the whole cost of running our fine central bath house recently opened, amounting to about \$5,000 a year, would be met by a very small reduction in the average number of patients in our city hospital. With the well-recognized relation of filth to disease, is there anything chimerical about the idea that what may be called the wholesale cleaning of the community would appreciably affect the number of inmates in our hospitals?

3. Is it not probable that many people

might be brought under the wholesome influence of musical and educational entertainments, if they were given the opportunity, who now drift into temptation, sin, and crime, and become in the end a burden to the municipality and state?

I have no doubt that an immense amount of sin and crime results largely from lack of occupation. Idleness leads to mischief, and mischief develops into crime. It may be difficult to measure the influence upon an individual of listening to one concert; but it is impossible to doubt that the multiplication of opportunities of listening to good music will result in implanting a taste for it in the minds of a great many persons, and that such a taste will certainly have a direct tendency to counteract evil influences. Other conditions being the same, there will not be as much crime among a given number of people who are fond of music as among the same number who are not brought under its influence. The encouraging and stimulating influence of music upon those who find the struggle of life a hard one should also be taken into account. The faculty of appreciating music is all but universal among mankind, and this latent taste can be called into activity in almost every one by a judicious process of musical education. That the general taste for music which has been developed so largely in the German nation is an element of great value in the national character, and has exerted no small influence in promoting national greatness and success, will hardly be disputed by any one competent to judge. Each race has its special musical tastes, and with the cosmopolitan populations of our great cities we should be able to develop a varied and composite school of popular music, which would have something in it to appeal to every element in the community.

4. Do you believe that it is wise, proper, and in the end economical, for the community to provide popular concerts and other educational pastimes for the people, and to bring them within the

reach of those citizens who have little recreation?

Next to food and clothing, the great social need of the average wage-earner is for recreation after the exacting toil of the day or the week is over. I fully believe that this imperative demand for recreation, rather than an appetite for stimulants for their intoxicating effect, is the moving cause of a large amount of the patronage which saloons receive from the wage-earning classes. Even when the motive for drinking is to be found in the desire to secure enough of its stimulating or intoxicating effect to take the individual for the time being out of the sordid atmosphere of his daily life and work, it is by no means sure that the elevating stimulus afforded by good music could not be made to take the place to a considerable extent of the demoralizing influence of alcohol. It is certainly a fact that Germans, who are the most musical people as a nation, are also one of the most temperate, so far as the abuse of intoxicating liquors is concerned. The German, indeed, likes to combine, in a hall or garden, music and beer; but this is surely far better than the American custom of drinking spirits standing up at a bar. I therefore think it of especial importance to bring municipal music within reach of those citizens who now have little recreation of any wholesome character, and who are not likely to have any opportunities of listening to good music unless furnished directly by the municipality. The law of supply and demand may be trusted to provide music for those who can afford to pay for it, but it will not bring good music within the reach of a large portion of the population. The furnishing of music should be recognized as a part of that comprehensive system of public education which is the cornerstone of popular government.

5. What has Boston done in this direction, and do you think that the results attending this work warrant its extension?

Last spring Boston took a step of primary importance toward placing pop-

ular music upon a proper plan, in establishing a municipal department of music, and thus recognizing the work of furnishing musical opportunities to the people as a proper municipal function. Five musicians were appointed to serve as members of an unpaid music commission—one a conductor of long-established reputation, one a bandmaster, one a teacher of the theory of music, one a pianist, and one an organist and instructor in singing—the German, Irish, Italian, and English races being represented in the composition of the board. The first step of the commission was to select a conductor for the open-air concerts, which had been given by contract for several seasons, and authorize him to organize a municipal band for this purpose. Some five thousand seats were placed around the bandstand on the Common, where most of the concerts were given, and printed programmes and ice-water were supplied. The result was highly satisfactory; the public attended in far larger numbers than before, and took greater interest in the musical character of the concerts. Whenever the weather was favorable the seats were all taken, and at times there were at least as many more people sitting on the grass or standing and listening to the concert. The musical standard of these concerts was better than ever before, as the performers were more carefully selected, and the programmes more carefully made up, each being submitted to the approval of the commission in advance. It was certainly demonstrated that it is possible to give a serious musical character to an out-of-door concert, and greatly to increase the attendance of the people by doing so. Within the last few weeks the members of the music commission have successfully entered upon a second undertaking, that of giving orchestral concerts on Sunday evening in Music Hall, at prices sufficient to make them self-supporting. In view of the fact that the whole music appropriation of \$7,000 had been expended during the summer season, so that the funds were not available to give free

musical entertainments upon any considerable scale, it was necessary to charge small prices for seats at these concerts, and, moreover, it was considered desirable to ascertain by experiment the willingness of the people to support good music at low prices. The charge for reserved seats at Music Hall is only from 10 to 25 cents, and at these prices the receipts of these concerts, which have drawn very full houses, have more than paid for the excellent orchestra of 35 musicians, for the hall, and for incidental expenses, leaving some surplus for the charitable object to which, under our statutes, the net receipts of any Sunday entertainment have to be devoted. The audiences have been made up of all classes in the community, including a large representation of wage-earners and their families, and the appreciation which has been shown for the numbers given, which have all been of a recognized musical character, has fully demonstrated that a mixed audience is fully capable, at least in Boston, of enjoying good music, and that cheap popular tunes are not required to satisfy it. As these concerts do not cost the city treasury anything—any deficit which might be incurred having been provided for in advance by a contribution from one of our successful and broad-minded theatrical managers—they afford an interesting illustration of what can be done through municipal agency, even without the expenditure of public money. The fact that they are given under the direction of the music commission of the city has undoubtedly drawn a patronage to them which they otherwise would not have received, and as they are not given for profit, no private agency would have had any sufficient inducement for meeting what now seem to be the demonstrated musical wants of the public. It is worthy of note that the city has been instrumental, through its officials, in giving orchestral concerts of a high order at a lower price than they have ever before been offered in Boston. The success achieved has been largely due to the fact that the

very best conductors available were selected to organize and lead the orchestra. Two vocal numbers are given with each programme.

6. What can be done toward increasing the facilities of the people for enjoying art?

I believe that free loan exhibitions of pictures in different sections of the city, such as have already been successfully given once or twice, can be made of great value. Experience has shown that the people generally will attend them and will be interested. Boston now has a department of art, as well as a department of music, the old art commission with its purely negative functions having been broadened into a department of art with positive powers and possibilities of initiative. If this body can devise means of bringing art to the people, as the music commission is bringing music, it can do a great work of education. Local halls can be used for these free exhibitions and the expense of holding them can be kept within low figures. The owners of some of the best pictures in this city have in the past shown a willingness to lend them for these popular exhibitions. And the work of this commission should include the furnishing of school-rooms with photographs or other reproductions of famous works of painting or sculpture; to place these where they will constantly be seen by the young must have an appreciable influence in improving taste and developing some appreciation of artistic excellence.

7. What do you think can be accomplished along the line of education through free popular lectures?

I fully believe that the continued education of the adult as well as of the child should be a part of our system of public education—that cornerstone upon which rests our whole system of popular government, based on universal suffrage. Universal suffrage necessitates universal education, and that is altogether too narrow a view which confines public education to the child in the school-room; this is indeed the pri-

mary necessity, but it is far from being sufficient. New York has shown what can be done by means of well-managed lectures for adults. The thirst for knowledge is almost universal in this country. The mechanic wants to know more of the arts and sciences which affect his trade; the intelligent wage-earner in any occupation desires to keep up somewhat with the currents of thought which are moving the world. The spoken word has not yet lost its value or potency with the deluge of printed mat-

ter which is pouring from our printing-presses. I would utilize our expensive school-halls by making them serve for the advanced education of the adult, through evening lectures, as well as for the elementary education of his children during the day. The additional expense is slight and the results will be large. The lecturers are ready and the schools-rooms stand idle; I hope they may soon be filled with seekers after knowledge, and thus spread greater enlightenment through the community.

II.—ART AND MANHOOD

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

William Ordway Partridge is one of those fine, well-rounded artists who represent the flower of nineteenth century manhood. He has caught the spirit of our age and seeks to bring into his work the soul of that larger life which is the fruition of all ages. He belongs to a small group of American sculptors who have brought genius to the aid of an earnest desire to build up a noble school of sculpture in America. His work ranks with the best, and possesses in a marked degree that merit which is the chief concern of the master-workmen of our time—the reproduction of the character of the subject, in marble or bronze. He has succeeded in a degree attained by few sculptors, in making the soul of the man or woman look from the stone; you almost feel the witchery of the presence that has vanished.

Take, for example, his "Gen. Grant;" how much of the character of the silent soldier is read in a glance at that noble equestrian statue, now in Brooklyn. There is, in the faithful representation of the taciturn soldier, that which enables us to see at a glance the man and all that was heroic in his mold; there is the incarnation of strength, firmness, courage, and quiet but grim determination; in a word, there is the hero of Appomattox

as he lives in the imagination of the world.

And what is true of "Gen. Grant" is true of all the work of this artist who so profoundly admires the master-pieces of the past, but who also realizes that sculpture grows with man, and that though the representation of beauty alone satisfied the imagination of the civilization of Greece, the nineteenth century demands that character be imprinted on the work—that the statue reveal the dreams, thought, aye, the soul of the one represented.

Several years ago, Helen Campbell came into my office to request me to go across the street to the Museum of Fine Arts and see a Madonna then on exhibition. It was a wonderful creation, a revelation of strength and purity in marble; it was a nineteenth century Madonna, such a woman as the modern mind would conceive as the mother of the great Nazarene. This was the first of Mr. Partridge's work that I had seen, but from the moment I looked upon it, I became deeply interested in the young master whose imagination was haunted with such noble ideals, and whose genius enabled him to compel the marble thus to reveal his dream.

I have learned to know and love this fine, high-minded man, whose love for art is surpassed only by his love for Man. Among my friends I know no manlier man; and yet I know of no one who possesses in so large a degree the

exquisite sensitiveness and refinement that are among the rarest charms of woman. Here we have the union of the true artist with the true man.

Among Mr. Partridge's principal works in sculpture are "Shakespeare," a remarkably fine statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago; and "Alexander Hamilton," which is, in my judgment, one of the best examples of art in the New World. The great statesman is represented as delivering his famous patriotic oration at Poughkeepsie, and it would be difficult to conceive how more life, feeling, or soul, could be thrown into a work than is here apparent. His "Gen. Grant," to which I have referred, is also a master-piece, but among his later creations, nothing, either in conception or execution, I think, equals his Kauffman Memorial, entitled "Memories." This exquisite work adorns Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington. A beautiful figure, representing Memory, is placed on a semi-circular seat, engaged in twining an ivy wreath; the expression is that of pure pleasure; you feel that she is lost in pleasant memories.

Another interesting work by Mr. Partridge is a statue of John Reece, the inventor of the wonderful button-hole machine, by which one person is able to make 5,000 button-holes a day. Mr. Reece lost his life in striving to save two of his workmen, and we can imagine with what enthusiasm a man of Mr. Partridge's nature entered upon the work of representing in a masterly manner this simple American hero who gave his life for his friends.

A bust of Edward Everett Hale and one of Abraham Lincoln also deserve special mention. If ever sculptor caught the expression, the very soul that looks forth from the countenance, Mr. Partridge has done so in these remarkable works. At present he is engaged on a heroic statue of Major-General Renalds for the South Memorial Gateway, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

A man so wedded to one special art is not usually supposed to excel in other

lines of work, yet many of our great sculptors and painters have been noted for their versatility, displaying a high order of ability in various fields of work and research. Mr. Partridge is a finished essayist, and a true poet, as his two works, "Art for America" and "The Song Life of a Poet," amply illustrate. The latter volume is filled with heart-poems, and well illustrates the man behind the singer. Here is a characteristic gem which reveals the style and thought of our poet:

SOWING TO THE SPIRIT.

If thou hast struck one blow for liberty,
Be it of slave or shackled intellect,
Thou hast not failed. If into some lone life
The light of holler days has come through thee,
Flooding the shadowed years with sympathy;
Or if some soul of moral vision dim
Has, through thy love, been led to clearer things,
Thou hast not failed. If thou hast given a meaning
To flowers that yesterday were set aside,
And clothed them with the beauty of thy thought;
If to hard-handed labor thou hast made
Sweet with enduring rest the twilight hour,
Or shown the beauty of the field and sky
Unto the peasant, or across the wave
Unto some brother thou hast stretched a hand
Amid the oft-deceiving tides of life,
Thou hast not failed. Or if alone thy lot
To find thine own deep faults, and feel the need,
The ever-present need of prayer, and faith
In men and things divine, thy life has been
Of more enduring worth than that of kings,
Princes, and prophets of the earth. The world,
Alas, is but the world. Hold it at naught,
And do not soil thy sandals with its dust,
Or leave them still without the temple gate!
Undaunted, yet with calm humility;
Thy sympathy still deepening with thy years—
And past the bourne of failure or success—
Enter in peace the kingdoms of thy soul.

In another poem entitled "At the Gates," Mr. Partridge thus rebukes the slothful spirit of dilettanteism which refuses to concern itself with the needs of those about it.

AT THE GATES.

Down with your roses into the dust!
 Let the lips of your song be sealed.
 Snatch manhood's sword from the scabbard
 of rust,
 And strike till this curse be healed!

Let us hymn no more to Apollo and Pan!
 What use in the face of a wrong,
 To be wasting the life and the strength of a
 man
 In a cowardly, meaningless song?

We are wearing the linen and purple rich,
 Made of heart, of soul, and of brain,
 Of the children who strain, and the women
 who stitch
 Till their eyes burn out with pain.

Oh, down with your roses into the dust!
 Let the lips of your song be sealed!
 Awake your sword from its scabbard of
 rust,
 And strike till this wrong be healed!

It is impossible to estimate the ennobling influence on American art which must come from a life like that of Mr. Partridge, who through genius and industry has reached a foremost place in the new school of sculpture that is assuming such commanding proportions in the New World.

CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE ON ART.

It was one of those indescribable October afternoons when Nature takes on a glory which no artist can reproduce, and in which the gorgeous Autumnal tints of the forest soften into the purple haze of the distant hill-tops, a haze which is at length lost in the blue of the sky; that I sought out Mr. Partridge in his beautiful studio situated in the midst of his garden in Milton. I found my friend hard at work. A colossal statue was being moulded and his assistants were busily engaged in carrying out the master's directions, by which muscles and tendons assumed life-like form, and the conception in the artist's brain grew before the eye. Around on every hand were statues, casts, busts and drawings—a wealth of art work which so charmed

me that moments lengthened into half hours before I realized that the afternoon was far spent and the special purpose of this visit was not accomplished.

"Ah! you wish to talk a few minutes on Art," exclaimed my friend, leading the way up a flight of stairs to a gallery which forms a study, rest and a work room.

"As a man and an artist," I began when we were seated. "one who has viewed life broadly and with special regard to interior or soul development,—do you hold that Art—true Art, has any vital bearing on the moral development of a man or of a nation?" My friend looked intently at me for a moment and then his eyes, his wonderfully expressive grey eyes, wandered down to the statue on the floor below, and returning, rested a moment on the graven legend over his growing work, "Character is destiny;" then slowly, and with the earnestness of a man who states the creed by which he lives, he said:

"To me Art is essential to development, whether it be that of the individual or that of the nation. Art is essentially the manifestations of the Divine: a completion as it were of Nature's sweet suggestions. What is life—what is character, until the ugly is changed into the beautiful? The artist's mission is pre-eminently to destroy the ugly, which is evil, and the cultivation of the ugly, which is sinning. Now he does this not so much by depicting the immoral for a moral purpose, which is often a questionable proceeding, but by shadowing forth the high and noble ideals which beckon man upward, which awaken the best in our being and call forth that which is fine and high in our natures. True Art is a spiritual representation of an idea or a person and it cannot fail to uplift, dignify and ennoble life and thought. I can conceive of nothing more elevating than that lofty sense of beauty which Art carries with it and which is, indeed, the very atmosphere of Art. Beauty builds up the natural man, it enlarges human thought, it opens out to us a love of eternity. Is it not true that a beautiful face, like a beautiful flower, feeds our enthusiasm and stimulates our

human courage, making all things possible to us? You remember Angelo said, 'The might of one fair face sublimed my love.'

"I should like to dispel the idea that Art means luxury or luxurious surroundings. This is often the abuse of the best, which is the worst phase of Art. True Art teaches us to appreciate the beauties of the lowly, the 'flower in the crannied wall,' to 'consider the lilies.' The greatest painter of this century, Millet, lived a homely life among the peasants of Barbizon. The accident of birth or position has little to do with it; sincerity of purpose is the only touch-stone. 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.' All true art takes hold of the best in nature; and tends to awaken, develop and call it forth. All great Art is for God's sake in the uplifting of mankind. Art concerns manhood. 'It is not,' as someone has wisely said, 'a substitute for it, but a key to it.' Life is greater than Art. I have no patience with the egotistical persons who use their art for purely selfish ends—in other words would make art greater than life—in fact, substitute Art for life—who use not only paints and brushes and marble, but the enslaved human being himself, in order to create some piece of work that shall astound and startle the world. These men, like Nero and his plentiful posterity, may fiddle while Rome burns. Such men are the off-scourings of decadence, the products of a weak inferior order of living. They have not caught a glimpse of true art."

"You speak of true Art and great Art? Is it not true that much which passes for Art to-day, much French work for example, is false in character and anything but uplifting?"

"Certainly, there is pseudo or counterfeit art and the French have given us a striking example of this nature. Art takes its atmosphere from the life of the people. France is decadent. Her soul is passing from her; she has lost the fine ideal that uplifts and ennobles; morally speaking she is on the inclined plane and moving downward with accelerated speed. Only a revolution which would strike at the root of things can save

France or her Art. For the Art takes its hue, its soul, if you will, from the people in which it grows. The artist reflects the ideal of his age and people. Now the ideal of France is distorted. Her moral conceptions are abnormal, hence her art to a very marked extent is false. The sensual realism which flourishes, dominates her art and degrades it as it degrades life, and the craze for realism has grown so that now statues are little more than literal copies of their models. Great Art must be far more than that."

"You hold then that the Art of a people reflects the moral status of the nation or civilization."

"Yes, that is most undoubtedly true. Take Greece for example. Look at her at the time when her art reached a point where it could not fail to be an inspiration to humanity in all succeeding ages; follow it to its second period when Praxiteles stood as the most illustrious representative of sculpture, and what do we see? Beauty still; but simplicity has vanished and sensuous loveliness has become the distinguishing characteristic. The fine, inspiring and spiritual meaning is becoming obscured, and Art is decadent. Still, it was not until after Praxiteles that the degradation became such that sensual representation became the principal object of the sculptors. Now running parallel with this appalling decadence we find the sinking of the nation; the standard of living everywhere was lowered and all that was exalting and inspiring in the Greek religion had given place to affectation. Philosophy was lost in sophism. Life was becoming more and more artificial, and the priesthood of Art followed the degradation of national life."

"Many persons regard Art as something quite divorced from all that is practical, but I imagine your views are in accord with Victor Hugo when he argued that Art was practical, that it stood for progress, utility and for the uplifting of man?"

"That is a question upon which I touched in a recent address when I said that Art is clearly practical and for two unanswerable reasons; the first is that it makes for manhood; and the second, that

it nourishes the most conservative and practical idea that man has ever cherished, namely, the love of immortality. It makes for manhood by stimulating our ideas of patriotism and liberty. So Art, by presenting high ideals to the imagination, lifts man above his material possessions and desires into the realm of eternal truth and spirit; it works constantly for our happiness. Art, then, is grandly, democratically practical because it makes great and true men. It teaches the citizen to live sanely and quietly, and furnishes an inspiring order of amusement, so conserving the national life. It holds something for all conditions of men; it reveals to the rude peasant the beauty that he walks upon unheeding, and he listens with new ears to the song that Nature sings. Phillips Brooks writes: 'Art, Poetry and Music, and deeper thought are helping man to the sense that this new world which science finds where the old faiths lie captive and lamenting, is not a world all alarming and terrible; but that our human life can rise into harmony with this glorious order; that the heavens are vaster and the earth holier than what our fathers knew.'

"Do you believe, as some hold, that sculpture became full statured with the Greeks and that beyond Phidias and Praxiteles men may not go?"

"Ah! no. True, sculpture was the soul of Grecian Art and her greatest artists represented what was conceived to be the highest in life—beauty in the human form. You know the Greeks revered beauty. They held the finely developed human form to be actually the abode of divinity. But sculpture like life is evolutionary, as man's mind broadens the concepts of Art are enlarged. Greek sculpture if produced to-day would not satisfy the demand of a nineteenth century civilization, for we have reached a point when sculpture must depict character. Mere beauty, as the Greeks conceived it, is not enough. Our Art demands that we shadow forth the ideals, the conception and thought which mastered and moulded the man. To meet the requirements of to-day, the sculptor must put into his work the feeling of the nine-

teenth and twentieth centuries—the luminous dream of humanity—the humane and Christian relation of man to his fellow men, robed in the lights and shadows of modern relationship."

"What is the outlook for Art in America?"

"I believe—I might also say I know—the outlook is very bright for great Art in America—Art second to none the world has known. Not like that which Greece gave the world. Nor, indeed, will it be an imitation of any foreign school, be that Greek, Florentine, or French. We are to give these schools and nations their meed of appreciation and reverence, and then to say with Michael Angelo, 'I go my way alone.'

"It is for this purpose, I take it, that American Art was called into existence and we must let no criticism deter us, and no past fetter us. Art is not to be borrowed or stolen or invented. It comes only by evolution. The evolution of art and the artist works according to an universal unchangeable law. We are confronted with new problems that call upon us for independent solution. We are the heirs of all the ages, and surely we are not willing to accept tamely and supinely the opinions and achievements of the people who had a different light and a different social environment, and who were great and good according to the interpretation of their ages.

"I know there are many who say, 'We know nothing about Art.' This implies that they know little about life,—that is, in its rounded sense. Let us, then, advise such people to use the eyes God has given them; to look about them; to look at the first mother and child they meet in the daily round, and then at a photograph of the Dresden Madonna, and see how Art interprets that first and tender relationship. Let us then ask them to look with sympathy at the first woman's face upturned in the ecstasy of prayer, and then at the Madonna of the Assumption, and see how Titian interprets the relation of man to God. And just here let me say by way of parenthesis that Art is a great safeguard, in these days when the physical senses threaten to sweep away all traces of man's relationship to

the Divine, and confirms the fact that every race in every clime has cherished some idea of immortality and a protecting God. Mr. Clark, of the Bureau of Education, shows us that the crude totem pole of the Alaskan savage, representing at its summit a frog escaping from the mouth of a rudely carved face, was meant to convey the idea of the soul's escape from the body, and which idea the Greek embodied so beautifully, with his larger culture, in his sculptures of 'Psyche and the Butterfly' and 'Love and Psyche.'

"Returning to your question I would repeat that I believe that America will give the world distinctly great Art, but it will be worked out on different lines from those which have characterized former ages, for the point of view is different. The modern sympathetic note will be present in our work as it has never been embodied before. Character, the spirit, the ideal, these will be boldly expressed; we will be concerned with the dreams, hopes, and thoughts which moulded the man—the soul behind the model—these will be brought out as never before."

We were interrupted by a messenger from the home of a distinguished citizen

of Massachusetts who came to remind the artist that he was desired to take a death mask. "You must come up above before going, and see where I go when tired, to get fresh air and the glorious sunshine," said the artist, leading the way to a platform high above the studios, from which we beheld a scene that I shall never forget. On the one side stretched the Blue Hills now clothed with the glory of the evening sun, on the other side lay Boston harbor dotted with ships and boats and almost as blue as the sky, while immediately around us was the beautiful garden that surrounds the studio and which is but one of several well-kept and picturesque lawns that are to be seen on every side; to the northwest lay the great city with its hundreds of thousands of anxious hearts, with its noise and bustle, its strife and care. To the southwest stretched the quiet homes of those who enjoy life where there is room to breathe. I left my friend with that feeling of exhilaration which one always experiences when coming in contact with one who is at once a poet and a man, whose love of the beautiful is only second to love of his fellow men.

III.—THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH OF RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D.

Dr. Richard Hodgson, who is recognized throughout Europe and America as one of the most rigidly critical investigators of psychical phenomena of our time, was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1855. He graduated from the University of Melbourne, where he took the degrees of M. A. and LL. D. From Australia he went to England in order further to pursue his studies at the University of Cambridge. He gave special attention to moral and mental sciences, graduating in those branches. He became an ardent champion of Herbert Spencer, and while at the University

published a strong paper in the *Contemporary Review*, in reply to Professor Green, of Oxford, who had assailed Mr. Spencer's philosophy. After finishing his studies at Cambridge, he spent some time at the University of Jena, and on his return to England was appointed one of the lecturers for the University extension in connection with Cambridge University. His lectures were literary and scientific in character, one course being devoted to "The Development of Poetry since 1789;" the other dealt with "The Mind and Senses."

In 1884 he was appointed by the Board of Mental and Moral Science of Cambridge to lecture on the philosophy of Spencer. This course, which was

interrupted by his trip to India, was resumed in 1885.

Since the organization of the Society for Psychical Research, Dr. Hodgson has been one of the leading spirits among the working members, and the success which has attended the Society's labors is very largely due to his untiring efforts.

Dr. Hodgson has always insisted upon employing the most rigid, modern, critical methods in all his investigations, and his adverse report upon many manifestations, previously accepted by many investigators as genuine, has naturally called forth harsh criticisms and occasioned much controversy; yet I think even his critics, when they have followed his work without the bias of prejudice, have unhesitatingly accorded to him perfect integrity of purpose, even while believing his skepticism to be so pronounced as to render him liable to err at times in judgment of genuine phenomena.

In 1887 Dr. Hodgson became secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, which three years later was transformed into the American branch of the English Society, with Dr. Hodgson as secretary and treasurer, a position which he has since held.

During the past fifteen years he has written many articles of marked ability for leading American and European reviews, and his contributions, which have appeared in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, are among the most critical and masterly of their many remarkable papers. Undoubtedly the most noteworthy of these is found in Part xxxiii. of Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. It is devoted to an exhaustive report of five years' investigation of the trance phenomenon, as witnessed with Mrs. Piper as the psychic. This contribution has been widely noticed in Europe and America, and is justly considered to be one of the most important contributions to the literature dealing with scientific investigations of psychical manifestations.

During the past year Dr. Hodgson

has been in London, where he was engaged as editor of the Journal and the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. He has now returned to America, and expects to continue his investigations.

THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY RICHARD HODGSON, D. D.

I. I have frequently received inquiries concerning the Society for Psychical Research, when and by whom founded, and its specific aim. Will you give in a few words such facts as will answer these questions?

The Society was constituted in February, 1882, under the Presidency of Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, England. Of the original Vice-Presidents, five have since died, among these being Professor Balfour Stewart, F. R. S., the physicist, and Richard H. Hutton, for many years editor of the Spectator. Two other original Vice-Presidents still occupy that position, the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M. P., F. R. S., and Professor W. F. Barrett, of Dublin University. Mr. Edmund Gurney, since deceased, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers formed at that time the Literary Committee. The object of the Society can be best described in the following passage from the original circular:

"From the recorded testimony of many competent witnesses, past and present, including observations recently made by scientific men of eminence, in various countries, there appears to be, amidst much illusion and deception, an important body of remarkable phenomena, which are *prima facie* inexplicable on any generally recognized hypothesis, and which, if incontestably established, would be of the highest possible value. The task of examining such residual phenomena has often been undertaken by individual effort, but never hitherto by a scientific society organized on a sufficiently broad basis."

The programme for work included the

investigation of any influence which might be exerted by one mind upon another apart from the recognized modes of perception,—of reports concerning apparitions at the moment of death, or otherwise, or concerning “haunted” houses—of the various physical phenomena called Spiritualistic; of hypnotism and clairvoyance and allied phenomena; and the collation of existing materials bearing on these subjects.

I would draw your special attention to the fact that the founders of the Society had no purpose to serve other than the discovery of truth, and special care was taken by a preliminary note, which appeared on the first page of the Society's constitution, and which still holds good, to explain that “to prevent misconception, it is here expressly stated that membership of this Society does not imply the acceptance of any particular explanation of the phenomena investigated, nor any belief as to the operation, in the physical world of forces other than those recognized by Physical Science.” The Society as a body was not, and is not, committed to any view upon the various problems with which it proposed to deal; its aim was to approach these problems “without prejudice or prepossession of any kind, and in the same spirit of exact and unimpassioned inquiry which has enabled Science to solve so many problems, once not less obscure nor less hotly debated.” Five months after the Society was founded, Professor Sidgwick emphasized this point still further, on the occasion of his first Presidential Address. After reminding his hearers that it was a scandal to the age that the dispute as to the reality of the marvellous phenomena concerned should still be going on without any organized effort to settle it, he insisted that “the primary aim of our Society, the thing which we all unite to promote, whether as believers or non-believers, is to make a sustained and systematic attempt to remove this scandal in one way or another. Some of those whom I address feel, no doubt, that this attempt can only lead to the proof of most of the alleged phenomena; some, again, think it probable that most, if not all, will be disproved; but regarded as a

Society, we are quite unpledged, and as individuals, we are all agreed that any particular investigation that we may make should be carried on with a single minded desire to ascertain the facts, and without any foregone conclusion as to their nature.”

I believe that the Society has maintained this attitude, throughout, firmly and consistently, and has avoided the errors that would have arisen had it started with either an unreasoning disbelief in the actual occurrence of the phenomena which it proposed to investigate, or with a pre-disposed credulity which would have led to a hasty and unscientific acceptance of supernormal facts.

2. Who, among leading thinkers of Europe and America, are now active members of the Society, or are aiding its investigations in a positive way?

Well, as a matter of fact, out of the many distinguished persons who are members of our Society, only a few have actively contributed much to our work. The majority of them are closely engaged in their own specialties and are unable to devote themselves personally to psychical investigation. The presence of their names means that they regard the investigation as desirable, but it does not commit them to any active work or to any opinion as to the positive conclusions which some of our members have reached. Such, for example, in this country are Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Professors Bowditch, Pickering and Royce, of Harvard. Perhaps the best known active member in this country is Professor William James, who was President for the years 1894-5. Other recent contributors to our Proceedings are Professor James H. Hyslop, of Columbia College; Professor Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Professor Gale, of the University of Minnesota. In England, eight of our officers are Fellows of the Royal Society. One of them, Lord Rayleigh, the distinguished physicist, was prominently before the public not very long ago as the discoverer of Argon, one of the residual constituents of our atmosphere. And associated with him in that discovery was Professor Ramsay, another

Fellow of the Royal Society, and also one of our Associates. Professor O. J. Lodge, another distinguished physicist, who has made the chief scientific advances in the production of the so-called "wireless telegraphy," has been one of our active members for years, and has contributed articles to our Proceedings on Thought-Transference and trance-phenomena. Professor W. F. Barrett, of Dublin, who took an active part in starting the English Society, and took the first steps toward originating the Society in America in 1885, has been an active member from the beginning, and last year issued an important work on the so-called Divining Rod, Part XXXII of our Proceedings. Our President this year is Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., who is also this year President of the British Association, and you would doubtless find it interesting to compare his recent Presidential Address before the British Association with his Presidential Address before the Society for Psychical Research in 1897. Sir William Crookes has been for many years constantly before the world of science on account of his brilliant experiments and discoveries, not least of which are in the domain of spectroscopic analysis of the rare earths and of electrified radiant matter. It was, I believe, in connection with his researches into this "radiant matter" that he originated the Crookes tube, a name now familiar—in connection with the X rays—to thousands or even millions of persons who are unaware of the long line of scientific achievements of its inventor.

There are of course many persons interested in our work whose names are well known in other departments than the purely scientific. There are for example many well-known clergymen among our members. In England, one of our Vice-Presidents is the Bishop of Ripon. The late Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Boston, was one of our members. Rev. R. Heber Newton and Rev. M. J. Savage are also deeply interested members of the American Branch. Mr. A. J. Balfour, as I have said, was one of our Presidents, and the late Mr. Gladstone was an Honorary member, in accepting which

position he said, "It is the most important work which is being done in the world,—by far the most important."

3. What, in your opinion, are the chief objects so far accomplished by the Society for Psychical Research?

In regard to what the Society has accomplished, opinions will doubtless vary greatly, since the individual members are responsible for their own views, and neither the Society as a whole, nor any individual member of it is bound in any sense by the conclusions of other members. Most of the important work accomplished by us has been published in our Proceedings. There is a good deal of additional evidential matter contained in the Journal which is issued only to Members and Associates. The most substantial first set of conclusions, if I may so call them, for which several of our members were responsible, was published in the large two volumed work entitled "Phantasms of the Living," by the late Edmund Gurney, Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers and Mr. Frank Podmore. The chief author of this work was Edmund Gurney. It appeared in 1886. It is now out of print, and the most serviceable book covering the same general ground is the single volume work entitled, "Apparitions and Thought-Transference," by Mr. Frank Podmore. The main thesis of "Phantasms of the Living," which is supported by many experimental observations and by hundreds of accounts of spontaneous experiences, concerns the establishment of telepathy, or the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense. I think myself that the evidence adduced in this book, taken with the additional evidence which may be found in our Proceedings, establishes the existence of telepathy. The conclusions which Gurney reached from his so-called "Census of Hallucinations", have been confirmed on a much wider scale by the most important study of the question of hallucinations made by Prof. Sidgwick's committee, which appeared in Part XXVI of our Proceedings. I am merely drawing your attention here to certain main points of our investigation

which seem to me to stand out particularly above the others. Edmund Gurney contributed much original investigation in the domain of hypnotism on lines similar to those which were being investigated independently also by Dr. Pierre Janet and others in France, and there are important articles in our Proceedings by Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Myers, Mr. Podmore, etc., on "Phantasms of the Dead," dealing with various forms of alleged "haunted" houses and other experiences relating to what the ordinary person is wont to call "ghosts." Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Myers and others have also contributed articles on the evidence of clairvoyance and premonitions strictly so called, but there remains much more work to be done on these points taken separately before the supernormal powers attributed can be regarded as placed on any basis so firm as telepathy. I must strongly emphasize the fact that I am giving you now my own personal opinion only. After telepathy, the most important result which I believe we reached was destructive in its character. It consisted of a general examination of the so-called physical phenomena of spiritualism by Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Davey, myself and others, especially with regard to the value of human testimony under circumstances where there was so much mal-observation and lapse of memory, and our conclusion was that the bulk of the testimony to the phenomena in question was scientifically worthless. Since the death of Edmund Gurney in 1888, by far the most active contributor to our investigations has been Mr. F. W. H. Myers, who, in his brilliant series of articles in our Proceedings in relation to automatic writing, hypnotic suggestion, multiplex personality, and in a group of articles on the subliminal consciousness, has performed the most valuable work regarding the whole subject of our investigations. For the first time in dealing with these borderland subjects some systematic scientific classification of them has been attempted, and Mr. Myers is now engaged in the preparation of a work to be entitled, I think, "The Subliminal Self," which will contain some of his conclusions, already published in our

Proceedings, together with much new matter. It will be by far the most luminous and "epoch-making" work on the whole general field of our research. Briefly, I may say that he attributes many of the supernormal powers to the subliminal consciousness of living persons. He is far, however, from thinking that they can all be thus explained, and he has no doubt that many occurrences demand for their satisfactory explanation the hypothesis of communications from the so-called dead. He was indeed the first of our prominent members to come to this conclusion. He is well known in England as a poet and essayist independently of his work in connection with Psychical Research. In the latest volume of his essays, entitled "Science and a Future Life," you can get a brief statement of his general outlook and his hopes as regards the future of our investigation.

In my own view, much important evidence concerning certain trance-phenomena has been obtained through Mrs. Piper, accounts of whom have been published in Parts XVII, XXI and XXXIII of our Proceedings by Mr. Myers, Professor Lodge, Dr. Walter Leaf, Prof. William James and myself.

If I might put briefly my own opinion as to the chief constructive lines of our work, I should say telepathy has been established; that there is much evidence of clairvoyance, premonitions and similar phenomena; that there is yet other evidence depending on spontaneous experiences that seems to point towards the action of deceased persons; that in the articles of Mr. Myers there is an overwhelming evidence drawn from various sources that human personality is much wider and deeper than most persons have been in the habit of supposing; and that all these related phenomena are pointing more and more to the conclusion that man survives death. I believe myself that some such general relation between the various groups of phenomena as Mr. Myers has exhibited will be proven true, and that eventually there will be completely satisfactory evidence drawn from empirical sources and based on strictly scientific grounds, entirely independent

of what might be called theological and philosophical considerations, that man indeed does not die with the death of his body.

I have myself been led to this conviction as a result of many years of investigation with Mrs. Piper, on grounds which I tried to indicate in the report which I published about her in the early part of this year. I need not point out of what momentous importance it would be to the human race to reach a well assured affirmative scientific conclusion concerning the question of a future life. Whether such a conclusion is reached or not, however, there can be no doubt of the extreme importance of investigating in the fullest and most careful manner the whole series of alleged facts which may seem *prima facie* to indicate any higher powers in human beings than the majority of scientific men in recent years have been willing to acknowledge, and some of which certainly seem to point to our survival of death.

Since our Society started in 1882, there has been a great change in public opinion concerning the whole subject. Educated persons have begun to understand that the object of our Society is to ascertain the truth, and to ascertain it by the employment of the same scientific methods that have been so fruitful in other fields of inquiry. Almost insensibly this change has been coming about; so that whereas twenty years ago the question concerning which so many were curious was whether there was really any thought-transference or telepathy, the question with the same class today is whether we can stop at telepathy between living persons or whether we must be forced further to suppose that communications reach us from the "dead."

4. Are there any instances you can give in illustration of telepathy or other supernatural powers?

It is quite impossible by any few in-

stances to convey an adequate idea of the basis upon which our conclusions are founded. When Mrs. Arthur Severn, e. g., is waked from sleep by a blow, as it seemed, upon her mouth,—and finds afterwards that at the same time her husband was struck on the mouth by the tiller of his yacht,—it might be urged that the coincidence of her impression with his actual experience at a distance was mere chance.

Similarly when a well-known Boston lady traveling in Europe, had peculiar sensations in her head which at the time she curiously attributed to her sister in Boston, and found later that the sister was then undergoing a tedious dental operation producing sensations analogous to her own, the incident might again be called a chance coincidence. Or when Mrs. Piper in trance tells Dr. Thaw that his brother, whom Mrs. Piper had never seen, would die in six months or less during sleep,—and the death occurred in four months during sleep; or when she gives information purporting to come from a deceased Mr. M. and answers a question which Mrs. M. had asked her husband on his death-bed and which he was too weak to answer,—we ask how often such incidents occur, what are the circumstances which make such incidents remarkable, and so on. It is only by the collection and comparison of a large number of cases that positive conclusions can be reached.

5. What would you recommend the inquirer to read?

First of all, the various articles in our Proceedings themselves. To those who wish to get a general view I should recommend Mr. Frank Podmore's last book "Studies in Psychical Research," which gives an excellent general survey of our subject from the point of view of an investigator who accepts telepathy, but who does not yet feel compelled to adopt the spiritistic hypothesis.

No man can convince another a thing is true if he does not believe it himself.

Keep your mind free from suspicion and anxiety if you would live long and retain youthful appearance.

CHRISTMAS : NEW YEAR

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, D. D.

REV. H. C. VROOMAN.

REV. B. CARRADINE, D. D.

REV. S. C. EBY.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS

BY REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, D. D.

The significance of Christmas? What a question to ask nineteen hundred years after the overture to Christianity and to Christian history has been sung by the heavenly hosts! Surely by this time the meaning of the sacred festival must have become a simple commonplace to the least reflecting of mankind! And yet we are requested on the threshold of the new age to interpret afresh its high and gracious import.

Max Muller and other learned authors have assured us that religions differing vastly from our own have their peculiar supernatural signs attesting the mysterious nativity of their founders. This may be admitted; for this consensus of belief in the marvelous only indicates the general conviction that when he who is to be called "The Wonderful" shall appear, he ought to be and will be wonderfully born. But not one of these traditional stories has had power to associate itself with a particular day, and to make that day an annual season of special joy, special kindness, and of special religious observances. This has been reserved for the beautiful narrative—call it myth or history, what you will—that opens to the world the sublime career of the great Galilean. And yet the fact that it has impressed itself so deeply on the thought of the race, and has made a unique observance and celebration possible—in which childhood rejoices and old age exults, and in which the faces of our dead smile on us through the drifting snows,

and in which the chimes from our bell-fries ring for us always the hope of a better time—may be taken as a sign that it cannot easily be assigned to the domain of fiction or of fable. To me at least it is the evidence which it furnishes of the Divine incarnating himself in humanity, thus becoming the determining factor in human history, that commends it to my reason and endears it to my heart. Eliminate from Christmas the supernatural, efface from it the idea of heaven's interest in earth, and its observance at once becomes inexplicable and a childish folly. This conceded, the day then takes on a significance of the highest kind, and one that must increase its preciousness in proportion as it is better understood.

Its recurrence reminds mankind that God has not withdrawn from his creatures, and that he has voices for the shepherds on the lonely hills as well as for the priestly Zacharias before the stately altar. He no longer restricts his communications to prophets or inspired poets, but addresses himself as well to the humblest peasant if he will only pause and listen. The message came at the beginning to those who kept watch over the flocks in the stillness of the night and in the solitudes of nature; and whoever now will go apart from the war of trade and close his ear to the clamorous entreaties of greed, and seek an audience of the Infinite, to him the Infinite will not be silent. When angels announced

the nativity to poor men engaged in ordinary toil, it meant the end of religious privilege. Not to popes, bishops, preachers, or to reverend synods, as such, would the Divine reveal hereafter the spiritual, but to them, if they so will, and to all, however obscure and wretched, as human beings merely; and not to altars, cathedrals, and temples would this gracious intercourse be confined in the coming age, but to field or plain, to cot or palace—to whatsoever place, the wide world over, where the human heart, without dependence on priest or presbyter, should seek communion with the Invisible. Christmas then signifies, first of all, emancipation of the race from the artificialities, the presumptions and absurdities of sacerdotalism, and the removing of superstitious restrictions from the way of its free intercourse with God himself. And then?

Yes; more remains to be said. Not without beautiful and holy import the Christmas proclamation of divinity indwelling in childhood. As the stately oak was once inwrapped in a tiny seed, so Christianity, with all of its moral marvels, was once infolded in an infant's soul. And as we contemplate the mystery there grows the impression that it was meant to make clear and to illuminate the sanctity which, like the saintly halo seen about the holy figures of mediaeval painting, surrounds each babe and renders it a sacred trust. In thousands of homes the little ones are clapping their hands with delight to-day, and parents who are poor are making sacrifices to gladden their offspring, and other parents count it a sore trial to be unable to add pleasure to the lives of their wan children; while many, who have no families of their own, are strangely moved to send gifts to impoverished households. These genial impulses we know are prompted by the return of Christmas-tide. But wherefore? Why then more than at other times? Because then we see more clearly that childhood has forevermore been sanctified by God.

Would that society would carry to its logical conclusion this thought. Not un-

til then will its regeneration be possible. Not until it is rendered practicable in a hundred ways, will many of the monstrous evils which now shame our civilization be overcome. Christmas is a protest against child-labor, against infancy being burdened with the cares of maturity and coming into competition with adults; it is a protest against the neglect of childhood by affluence, the oppression of childhood by poverty, and the robbery of childhood by greed. Christmas rises and says: "Take the boys and girls from the streets, take them out of the factory, preserve them from squalor, ignorance, and vice, save them from the temptations of the gutter, reverence the possibilities of greatness in them; and until you do so the civilization of which you boast will never be Christian, and, indeed, will not even be civilized."

And what else? Why Christmas also sings of peace on earth and to man goodwill. It is the surmise that it is a prophet of the blessed consummation, when good-will shall reign in government and trade, and when "wars shall cease from the ends of the earth," which kindles in the soul of millions unfeigned pleasure on its approach. Tesla, the wonderful inventor, has recently announced the completion of a new electrical instrument by which, and without intervening mechanism, he can destroy the mightiest navy that ever ploughed the seas. This is taken as a sure token that battle and military prowess are to be things of the past. But almost the same claim has been put forth with each successive development in the history of explosives. Alas, however, the ingenuity of man is as startling as his inventive genius. In each case the new explosive has only become another weapon in the hand of war or in the grasp of anarchy. And who can tell whether the latest device may not be used in wholesale fashion by lawlessness on society, in a wild Samson-like effort to cure social wrongs, before it has an opportunity to annihilate any sea power now flaunting its battle

flag so bravely? No; not even Tesla's inventions will inaugurate the reign of peace. The world can be saved only by moral ideas. "Good-will" is worth more than all the force applied by skill of man. Strange that we insist on continuing our inventions, and disdain to apply what we know to be efficacious. At present we are infatuated with electricity and with electrical appliances. We see in them shoreless possibilities, and we imagine that the death-dealing current is in some strange way to be transformed into a life-giving power, and that out of it will proceed, not mere physical,

but moral triumphs. Doubtless on the whole they are to bless mankind. But, after all, the world's hope rests in the manger of Bethlehem, not in the batteries of Tesla or of Edison. Unless "good-will" prevails, peace is impossible. Without "good-will," even the contrivances of benevolent men for the extinction of strife will be abused only for the inauguration of new modes of strife; while with "good-will," and with that alone, the social sins and sorrows of the age would endure no longer, and armed contention, with all its savageness, would cease to alarm and afflict.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHRISTMAS

BY REV. H. C. VROOMAN

As the Christmas season comes again, and we join the world chorus of praise in name and form, it will be well for us to ask, Can Christmas legitimately mean less to-day than it meant nineteen centuries ago? Does Christ ask less of a Christian now than then? Has the ethical quality of the Christian life become vitiated since then? Has the psychological supremacy of the Christian choice weakened since then? If Christ moves backward in human history, and slowly wanes with the passing of the suns, how long till Christianity shall have passed?

No, this can never be. Assuredly Christ's life can have no less content to-day than it had in the first century; and as our age exceeds that age in its possibilities, so do the possibilities of the Christian life of to-day exceed those of nineteen centuries ago. In these greater possibilities of to-day's life, in the world's preparedness for higher things, we may look for "greater works" than were done in the first century. The first Christmas meant the advent of Jesus and all that his matchless life brought to mankind. Christmas now should mean Christ with us in a present-day advent of heavenly life with all that is involved.

The life of Jesus had both a mystic and a social side. The foundation of all

Jesus' life work rested on the primary mystical assumption that he and the Father were one; that man and God were mutually understandable because he himself revealed the very Deity in finite form. This Deity was progressively revealed in his life from the immaculate conception to the ascension. With power and blessedness he became "Immanuel," God with us. The Gospel that most distinctly embodies the mystical teachings of Jesus, that of St. John, opens by identifying Christ with God. Christ is called the Word or Logos. This word is "in the beginning," "is God," and "all things were made by him." Jesus taught, "I am in the Father and the Father in me." "I am the vine, ye are the branches." "Abide in me and I in you;" and, looking forward to the after ascension period, when his presence would be revealed by the divine quickening "Spirit of truth," he says, "Ye know him, for he abideth with you and shall be in you. I will not leave you desolate. I will come unto you."

But even more direct is the record of the practical Matthew, in identifying Christ as God-with-us. At the time of the ascension, having reached the point of leaving earth as a finite form, to be

conscious to them hereafter as the Spirit of the Infinite, Jesus is recorded as saying, "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations; . . . and, lo, I am with you alway."

This is the teaching of a divine-human—a practical mysticism with power. This reveals an infinite possibility of progress and blessedness for man—for every man. This reveals a human God (not finite) and a divine humanity. In this light Jesus' simplest teaching became majestic. He thus unfolded the reality of the spiritual life and the spiritual forces. He demonstrated that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, was in reach and could be taken hold of here and now. He made clear that the communion of the soul with God, the opening of the life with trust to the infinite love, gave power to accomplish legitimate life purposes. He revealed the supernatural as natural. On the mount of transfiguration he showed to his disciples his transcendent nature, his spiritual body transfiguring his material one. He also revealed Moses and Elijah in their spiritual bodies, showing that they still lived as men. This opening of the disciples' spiritual vision made real to their consciousness the fact of the continued personal life after the body was put away. This clear realization of the immortality of man was confirmed by Christ's reappearing in a spiritualized body after his crucifixion. He came among them through closed doors, when their conversation and thought drew their hearts most warmly to him. This recurred again and again, until nothing was more real to them.

Jesus also healed with spiritual power. He said, "The Father abiding in me doeth the works." He called forth those divine creative powers of life and harmony that set in true order the deranged human functions in bodies and minds diseased. He also taught his disciples to draw forth from the Divine this life that heals. Spiritual power was as real to them as steam and electricity to us. Ev-

erywhere we see the supernatural in its simplicity and reality, until it becomes part of the very method of the Christian life. Thus we see Jesus first and always a rational mystic. He taught the mystic point of view to his followers, and led them to live constantly in the light of it. For three centuries after Christ much of this mystical faculty remained with the Christian brotherhood. It was through the same period that the communistic spirit was sustained by the Christians; but from the time the Emperor joined the church, and hierarchies and authorities were established within it, these powers waned.

It is here worthy of especial note that these divine manifestations were in no case within the Christian commune made the basis of a vulgar display, or hawked about in the market for gain. It is a sad Christmas thought to-day to contemplate with what questionings of scorn and contempt the average Christian would receive a fellow-Christian, the interiors of whose soul God had opened and shown the actuality of the supersensuous sphere with its celestial inhabitants. We have an illustration of this very supposition in the attitude of a materialistic Christianity toward Emanuel Swedenborg, a modern seer. Again, how many churches will tolerate a man through whom God manifests his own divine power of spiritual healing? Here is a legitimate Christmas question: should the actual development of the same spiritual power which Jesus unfolded in Peter, John, and Paul, and numberless others, be an occasion for a spiritual ostracism from the fold of Him whose birth we celebrate at Christmas season?

But even these richest and profoundest spiritual teachings and experiences of Jesus had a social foundation. Jesus' miracles were ministries of mercy, his temptations struggles for the supremacy of the spiritual social spirit, love. Jesus says, in explanation of his personal spiritual development, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." And this leads us to the supreme fact that is so often for-

gotten in our conventional church services, that Christ's mission was primarily social. He came on a world-redeeming mission. His very temptations and prayers and miracles were but the essential equipment of his social crusade. The mystic or personally spiritual side revealed the true vision of life, both of the human and the divine, and the source of power. But human conduct furnished the field for its expression. The mystical element constituted the soul, and the social element the body, of the life of Jesus. For was not love the very goal of the Christian life? And love is a social word. It cannot be predicated of man alone. It necessitates a fellow-being. Love idealized and deified lifts up the social nature as the supreme attainment. The saved individual, according to Jesus, was the individual whose life was "laid down," "lost" in the common good. The souls thus born anew into the social brotherhood—having no individual life good, except to bring good to others—formed the nucleus of the kingdom of God, revealing itself from within, from this socialized soul attitude. Individual salvation consisted in the individual soul adopting social love as the main-spring of his activities and thoughts. This social love included in its embrace the universally good Father and all his children, and creation.

Jesus gave a religious value to the soul's attitude to its material environment. Material things, that is, property and nature, have a place in the kingdom. They are means of human service. Their use constitutes a sacrament of love. Material things were subordinated to human uses. To scorn them as an end in themselves and to use them as a means of ministry was enjoined. The distinctive individual element in the follower of Jesus was his realization of God's universal goodness and of all men's heavenly capacity, which gave him the new point of view and established the new democracy of Christ. From this point of view, in Jesus revealed, there could be no vainglorious separating distinctions, as king or priest. There were no master

and slave, no rich and poor, no learned and unlearned, but all were simply children of a common Father, mutually serving one another. This individuality led to communism. This spirituality led to severest practical utility and social regeneration.

In the light of the Christmas thought let us look farther still into what the advent of the Divine in life means. Do we not, many of us, take all too easily a few rules and observances of a devotional and social and quasi-ethical nature and call it Christianity? Do we not join with joy in the Christmas celebration of our cult in a manner which makes it but flattery to ourselves? Do we not often praise the victories of the church with very much of a self-congratulatory spirit that makes it but an idolatrous tribute to our own respectability? There is scarcely a truth more important for Christians to-day to note than that Christ was not socially or ecclesiastically respectable. He was born an outcast and died a felon's death. To the shepherds who heard the angel chorus of "On earth peace" it was told: "And this is a sign unto you, ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." This humble origin was the "Sign of the Christ." When he was taken as an infant to the temple the devout Simeon, while hailing his advent, proclaimed him, "a sign to be spoken against." Time and again it is recorded that the Pharisees "murmured" and were "offended" at him, and bitterly denounced him as having a devil and advised the people not to hear him. He was reproached for being the friend of publicans and sinners, called a glutton and a wine-bibber, and was in general ill repute. It could not well be otherwise, for he held up the holy altruistic ideals of the kingdom of heaven, which were opposed to the entire existing social order.

He fortified his disciples against this scorn of the world. They must expect it. 'Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely,

for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Jesus' message necessarily appealed to a class, the wronged class, the class without opportunities or hope. This class was the great suffering people. Comparatively few of those profiting by age wrongs would open their eyes to see and their hearts to renounce them. Plain fishermen and Galilean peasants formed the majority of his early followers. He formed his brotherhood from the material scorned by the Greco-Roman world—the poor, the diseased, women, children, slaves. All were lifted up and made strong in the redemptive power of love. Christianity was the great social movement of the early centuries. It was a great anti-poverty society. Scorning the rich rituals and temples of the heathen world, Christians were called atheists. Molding to ultra-democratic ideals, scorning ranks and titles, they were called "haters of society," and many suffered martyrdom through this accusation. Fellowshiping with all men, they were called "the friends of slaves," with something of that fine scorn which was accorded the white teachers of negroes in the South a few years ago. For three centuries few were of the respectable class, and, in proportion as they have latterly become respectable in the eyes of a vain and greedy world, has their redemptive power waned and the distinctive features of Christ's life been lacking. An exclusive pride on any ground whatever is irreconcilable with the Christ spirit.

In many respects the work of Jesus stands out in striking contrast with the church of to-day. And yet we should be cautious not to stumble over differences which are due only to differences in the world's needs, and are mere modes of adaptation of truth to its ends, and not differences of spirit. Christ gave us no authoritative methods or forms. He did give the only basic principles of life on which men can build and succeed. For instance, it is said, "Christ

wrote no creed and established no church." In the historic form in which we know creeds and churches, with the exclusive claims which they made for themselves, this is true, and an important Christmas fact for him who would merge his life purposes with Christ's.

In the historic sense, Christ was neither Protestant nor Catholic. This thought subtracts from our Christmas reverence all allegiance to the authority of world-proud ecclesiasticisms, either in credal statement or form of organization. And yet we need not therefore withdraw from them unless they withdraw from us. Jesus surely used the verbal statement of truth—which is what a creed is meant to be—and sanctioned the association of believers, and this is what a church is meant to be. In this sense Jesus had a creed. He taught truth. Would it not be a worthy Christmas exercise to look more closely at what Jesus taught, rather than to rest conventionally on the tradition of the elders that makes the body of our doctrinal statements? Note first the general difference between the creed of Jesus and that of the churches. Jesus distinctly stated that he had not finished his creed. He disavowed any finished authority as coming even from his lips. "Other things have I to say unto you," said Jesus, just before departing, "but ye cannot bear them now."

Thus he pressed the seal of continual progress upon the mental horizon of the kingdom of heaven, a thing which only the most progressive of our churches dare yet do. Yet to have the simple and fundamental truths that he could and did teach, and that must stand forever, born into our lives will at any time give us a new Christmas. Jesus taught, "One is good, even God," and that his children must, if they would enter into his life, be like their Father. Only "the pure in heart" could "see God." He further instructs, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the

good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. Ye therefore shall be perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect." This more practical and specific restatement of the old Hebrew injunction, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," is the groundwork in life for the Christmas ideal.

Another all-important element in Jesus' creed was relative to the intensity of the choice of this divine goodness. Answering Jesus' call, the disciples "forsook all and followed him." Jesus illustrates this exacting choice by a story of a merchantman who, when he had found a pearl of great price, sold all that he had and bought it. The greater value swallows up the less. The divine fraternity was the pearl of greater price. "Ye cannot serve two masters." "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." There must be an utter and absolute choice, and uncompromising and all-absorbing unity of purpose. Much of the power of Jesus but represents the miraculous potency of an all-consuming life choice. Does our Christmas season find our lives committed to such a choice?

And so again, while Jesus organized no ecclesiasticism with authoritative pre-eminence and fixity of character, with offices and ranks, nourishing vanity and servility, yet he did associate his followers into a commune, a brotherhood for mutual improvement and for co-operation in the world's redemption. They attained a oneness that but few of us seem to have realized. They had but one purpose—service, even unto death; and they had but one purse. The very terms "mine" and "thine" were lost in the "our" of Christian oneness. In the commune of Jesus their very prayer was social: it was to "our Father" for "our daily bread," "Forgive us our debts," "lead us," "deliver us." The disciples were at once a commune economically, a school of Christianity intellectually, and a missionary body, a crusade dynamically. No one could be numbered with Jesus who would not leave all and follow him. But Christ never mentioned any details of structure in the

sense of fixing them upon his followers. He gave sound primary principles of freedom and fraternity, which constituted the nature and soul of his kingdom, and which of course must not be contradicted in the organized form. But sad it is to see that these principles of life in the kingdom have been overthrown by almost every great church organization in Christendom since the third century. I refer to such principles as these, "Be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your teacher, and all ye are brethren: neither be ye called masters, for one is your master, even Christ. Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled." "They which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. But it is not so among you: but whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all."

These primary principles, if made the basis of organization in the Christian Church, would overthrow every priesthood and titled distinction within its fold. They, being so clearly stated and so often repeated by Jesus, were evidently meant to apply to all ages and all conditions of human life when it became Christian. But any peculiar mechanism of organization or shibboleth of creed Jesus did not give. It is a question worthy of Christmas consideration whether any mere men, acting in Christ's name, have the right to arrogate to themselves the authority to impose on us that which Jesus never imposed, and could not impose from the nature of the case.

No one, having accepted the life of Jesus, could ever rest in ease or luxury so long as there were wandering ones to be reclaimed to this true order. Christianity became a crusade. True Christianity has never yet been a static order. It has been only a dynamic power. Right here has been the temptation of all ages. Having obtained somewhat of good, nominal Christians have wished to crystallize it and stop there. But Jesus asked of his followers an attitude of constant aggression against the disor-

ganizing features of human life. He pledged ultimate victory when his order of love should be established over all the earth. Not until then was there a hint that the commune of Christ should be other than a conquering body, and even then it must become an ever-developing body. In the transition from the world of selfishness to the world of harmonious relations, in which God's will is done on earth as it is in heaven, there is no rest. To be a Christian, in the sense in which Jesus lived it and taught it, meant the renouncing of those things the world called life—that is, ease, station, and a lazy peace—for those things which Jesus called life—that is, a union with the Divine, a union with the human brotherhood, and a life spent in expressing that divine for that brotherhood. The needs of man were so great, the possibilities of these darkened children were so infinite, that for any child of the light to sit down

content, or spend his life in merely winning comfort and luxuries for himself and family, was unthinkable, while these unrealized possibilities hung over the heads of the millions only awaiting his word of truth and inspiration, his demonstration of heroism, his expression of fellow-feeling and love. To live in contented luxury in the time of Jesus was not to be a Christian. To be a follower of Jesus meant to be a savior of men. It meant to be one who abnegates wealth and luxury, pride and vanity, hate and envy, and every base desire: all to give one's life unreservedly to that brotherhood of the kingdom which lived only to bless, which brought immortality into the ever-present now, which poured forth the vitalizing spirit of heaven into the thirsty garden of earth. To be a Christian then was in itself to be a hero.

What is it to be a Christian now—this Christmas season, 1898?

THE NEW YEAR

BY REV. B. CARRADINE, D. D.

The beginning of a new year is bound to excite interest in all, because it holds something for all. But this something is very different according to age, temperament, class, and condition.

To the boy it is to bring a new toy, to youth new pleasures; and what it is to men and women depends on what they live for, self or others.

The coming of 1899 means the end of life's journey to many. It means sadder things still to others in the way of moral failure and character shipwreck. But to many more it will stand for a date and marking stone in life, representing recovery and perfect victory over the past, sin, the world, the flesh, self, and the devil.

The new year also holds something for the world, or the race itself. To say that God cares for sparrows and not for a nation, that he watches over an individual but not over the world, that

he plans for one and not for the other, is to speak absurdly.

We are apt in looking at individual effort and achievement to forget that the human race has a history, that it has conflicts on hand, victories ahead, and a great destiny in the future. The planet on which we live is rolling on through space, bearing us to great physical and moral epochs.

It is one thing to look forward, supposing the fate of the world is in the hands of parties, governments, or, worse still, at the mercy of what is called luck or blind chance. It is another thing to see a form in the midst of the wheels, and to realize a divine hand overruling all things, and directing the planet's course to its highest good, in spite of every opposition human or infernal.

This hand moves in full recognition of the moral freedom of man; hence its action is oftentimes puzzling to the ob-

server, who has not the patience to read a providential sentence which runs through several generations before the full sense breaks upon the mind. Sometimes the verb is very far removed from its nominative, and the predicate is hard to find. Man's moral freedom is the occasion of these long and sometimes puzzling sentences. Still, the hand is seen at work, and always working for the best good of the human race.

The world was left for four thousand years to discover its own impotence in the matter of salvation. It could not save itself—it could not make a Saviour—and so one came from the sky.

It is now left again to apply that Christ to heart and life, and obtain the perfect deliverance which is prophesied. All this looking to anything or any one else than Christ is supreme folly, and means continued defeat. Through these countless failures on all sides the world will finally get its eyes on Christ, and turn to him for what could not be given by any kind of political party or earthly government.

No one who has studied the character and life of Christ can fail to admit that, if all men were Christlike, every political, social, national, commercial, moral, and ecclesiastical problem would be solved.

From the midst of its heart-aches and heart-breaks the world, looking through its tears, will yet see this, and turn from false gods and shattered idols to Jesus Christ. It will then be known why he is called the Desire of Nations, and why he is likened to a tree of life whose leaves bring healing to the people.

There are a word and an expression in the Bible which have been growing on me steadily for years. The word is "redemption." The careless reader will fail to see what is in it, and yet the simple meaning of the word as applied to this world's future is enough to stir and arouse the most sluggish nature. It means something when God uses the word, and applies it to the human race. The more fearful we make sin, the deeper the fall of man may appear, the more horrible the crimes and heart-sickening

the moral degradation of the present day, the more wonderful becomes the word "redemption;" for it means full and complete recovery—a rise greater than the fall, a return more amazing than the departure, and a salvation infinitely greater to uplift than sin which endeavored to pull down.

I hesitate to say what I see in the word redemption, because, at this stage of the world's weakness and want, it would be considered incredible and visionary. And yet to make it mean less is to destroy the word, and above all belittle the salvation of Christ, which, in its perfection and abundance of grace and power, actually overlaps the entire race with the past and future as the rainbow which John saw overarched the Throne.

The "ages to come" is the expression which, like the word, has so impressed me. The redemption of Christ in its completeness is yet to be witnessed. The future holds the marvelous sight. The years unborn will yet reveal the spectacle of heaven touching the earth with an accomplished deliverance. The White Horse cavalry charge is yet to take place down the blue steeps of the skies. An age of peace, plenty, prosperity, and righteousness is to come, with every man dwelling under his own vine and fig-tree, while the nations have beaten their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and go to war no more.

The new year is simply one of the steps to the porch and temple of this coming blessedness and glory; or it is a stile against which we lean, and look forward over a field as broad as the world, and see it waving, dotted, graced, and crowded with such profusion of material and spiritual blessings that language is made to bend under the figures inspiration has used to convey to us a simple image of the reality.

Thus it is that the new year means more to the man who loves his race in a true sense, than it does to child, youth, man of pleasure or business, or to any one else beside.

THE NEW YEAR AND ITS HOPE

BY REV. S. C. EBY

If it were not for the fond remembrances of those dear to them, most men would let their personal birthdays pass by without a thought; but I suppose that there are very few who are not more or less impressed by the birthday of the new year, with its change of date for all the earth. Even the effort to write the fresh date correctly is a stimulus to reflection, and the common custom of reckoning the year's material gain and loss supplies a good foundation in the mind for a general estimate of what has touched one in the domain of intellect and of morals. For every man, despite his achievements in affairs and the glamour of his public course, has his real life in his private thought and feeling. His permanent delight is in those things that his heart hugs and nurses in his solitude.

So that the nadir of the seasons, when the shortened days preach the fact of declining light and life, turns the mind backward to the cycle of days just rounding up. What has not happened since the haggard, decrepit departing year was born? In many a cradle a new personality is coddled, with untold possibilities angelic and demonic. On every street has been celebrated the hanging of the crane, and a thousand new homes have sprung up as centers of civilization, or as hotbeds of unfaith and social disruption. Here the hearth has been desolated by the sudden extinction of a joyous child-life, there the circle of friendship has been convulsed by the taking off of youth or maiden in the fullness of effort and promise, yonder again consternation has overtaken a household where helpless childhood has been robbed of the bread-winner or home-maker, and last of all the aged and overripe have succumbed to the added weight of one more season. "The young may die, but the old must:" the year has been

like its predecessors in averaging the issues of death.

Even in these normal vicissitudes the reflective man finds enough to give a melancholy cast to his musings; but what shall we say of the grim and grimy record of vice and crime, poverty and oppression? The "indigestible newspaper" has finished another volume of ghastly incident, with scant notice of human well-doing. Fortunate the man who, looking back over the year, has been en rapport with those unpublished domestic and social forces that make wholly for good. Despite all that is amiss, the wise discernor can see that the balance is in favor of moral health and social progress.

But this backward glance, for the healthful mind, is only the prelude to a forward vision. Double-leaved Janus opens confidently into the future. It is perennial fact that childhood and youth step unhesitatingly into the coming age. Their native and animal buoyancy gives them a vivacious zest for experience. Every kingdom of real life, like the kingdom of heaven, can be entered only by the child in man. The future loses its frigidity and menace for the adult and the aged, when they replace the child's confidence of ignorance by a young-hearted assurance born of reason and insight and ethical instinct. I have just laid down MacMillan's sumptuous edition of Justin McCarthy's "Life of Gladstone," and the perusal of this survey by a parliamentary friend of the career of the "Grand Old Man" has struck in my mind a distinct note of hope and encouragement in behalf of our human kind. Here was one who, knowingly on the brink of the grave, found time and inclination to be the keenly interested friend of Greece, Armenia, America, and all the world. I was in London during the period of Gladstone's

final fight in behalf of home-rule in Ireland, and my unbounded admiration was quickened by the spectacle of the octogenarian outdoing all the progressive strides of his Liberal career, and anticipating inevitable measures with an intrepidity that staggered his youthful associates and followers. He had begun his political life in the strictest school of conservatism, was what Macaulay called the hope of stern and unbending Tories; but neither time nor experience could harden his susceptibilities to truth and justice, and at the sundown of his long life he had a more than youthful courage—the courage of faith in the success of right for persons and for peoples. And it seems to me his last years illustrate the truth that old age need have no terrors or real disadvantages. In times of primitive barbarism the battle is to youthful brawn, but we have come upon an era when the world accords a large recognition and appreciation to the qualities of wisdom and tolerance and tenderness that are the ornaments of normal old age. We can cheerfully welcome our new years to the end of the chapter, because there is no diminishing of life in

the onward movement of our seasons. Life may be different, but it is no less or poorer because it is not the infant's or the youth's life.

A suggestive English writer has asserted that our physical infancy is our only real old age; we are born old in that we are hairless and toothless, senseless and thoughtless. In normal life the coming back to baldness and toothlessness is concomitant with the ripening of all the heart's best affections and the flowering of the mind's most immortal thoughts. Every New Year's Day is a fresh promise of absolutely new life and new opportunity. Emerging from the depth of barren winter, the lengthening days of the new year assure us of the incoming of light, and promise the fecund motions of spring. Amid the fortunes and misfortunes of the coming time, the man who has faith in life and the moral order may joyfully go forth to his task and do each new thing with the undoubting conviction that it is carrying him farther and farther away from the old and the false, and bringing him nearer and nearer to the ideally true and the vitally good.

PEACE ON EARTH

BY J. A. EDGERTON

Nineteen hundred years ago,
Came a message sweet and low;
O'er an infant's humble birth,
Fell a new strain to the earth;
Angels sang the chorus then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Since that dim and distant time,
War has been in every clime;
Earth has been submerged in blood
Of a common brotherhood;
But the few were singing still,
"On earth peace, to men good will."

In this later, brighter day,
Are we nearer peace than they?
Still our soil with blood is wet.
War is round about us yet.

Will the carnage ever cease?
Yet we hear the song of peace.

It will come. 'Tis not a dream.
Through the darkness shines a beam.
'Tis a glimpse, a prophecy
Of the years that are to be;
Of a New Time come to birth;
Of the dawn of peace on earth.

Nineteen hundred years ago,
Came a message sweet and low;
And that song by angels sung
Through the centuries has rung.
Hark! It rises yet again
Sweeter, clearer now than then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

MY VISIT TO COUNT TOLSTOI AT HIS SUMMER ESTATE, YASNAI POLIANA

BY REV. THOMAS VAN NESS

"Ze train is requisitioned."

"But I don't understand."

"I cannot say ze English of it," replied my guide in some perplexity, casting about in his mind for the right words to use in order to make me comprehend. "Ze railways: ah, zey are ze govairment, at his disposal, do you not see? His Excellency ze Gov'nair Gen'ral, he wishes on ze importaint bizeness of state to be-take himself. He and his suite will occupy ze sleep-wagon. You must wait over and take some ozzer train."

As nearly as I can understand it to-day Prince D—, who at that time was acting as Governor-General of Moscow, desired to go south. The through train had but two sleeping cars attached to it. I presume various other travelers besides myself had obtained tickets for this particular train, but their inconvenience, apparently, was a matter of no moment to the authorities. As my guide said, we would have to wait over and be content to take the next train. I expostulated. "But my letters of introduction have already gone. Count Tolstoi expects me to-morrow. I have traveled seven thousand miles to meet him. I must go somehow, some way on this train."

Again my guide goes to the ticket window. The conversation with the ticket seller is renewed. What is said I do not know. The large waiting room by this time is full of men belonging to the Governor-General's suite. Big, handsome fellows they are in their splendid showy uniforms. I notice a group quite close to the ticket window. By and by

a guard touches my guide upon the back. The guide walks over to the group and bows deferentially. A moment later I am told that his Excellency presents his compliments and if the American gentleman will be so good as to accept the hospitality of Prince D—, a compartment in the sleeping car is at his disposal.

I am surprised, overwhelmed at this attention. It seems, as I afterward learned, that the Prince himself overheard the conversation between the ticket-seller and my guide. Being a man who detests night travel, a poor sleeper and an omnivorous reader, he seeks information and diversion from all sources. Largely from pure selfishness, that is, from a desire to have the tedium of the trip relieved by conversation with a foreigner, he invited me into the sleeping car, so that in the coming hours he might find out from the American all he wanted to know about the United States.

The shriek of the locomotive whistle, the clanging of bells, the running to and fro of station men and the station chef and the various other formalities which always precede the movement of a Russian train, and we are off, bound south, I vis-a-vis with no less a personage than the Governor-General of Moscow.

He plies me with all sorts of questions. Wants to know about our public school system, our success on the plains of the West in making plants grow (for at the time I had come East from San Francisco). I was amazed at his large knowledge of the United States and its social and economic conditions.

After he had squeezed me dry as an orange for his own pleasure he was ready to turn me off, of course with a polite bow, to my particular section in the car. One question, however, of his gave me in return a chance to gain an idea of the feeling of the aristocracy toward Count Tolstoi. I had said a few moments before that I had traveled across the American continent and the seas especially to meet Count Tolstoi, whose books were as largely read by our people as by the Russians themselves. The Prince and the two members of his suite who occupied the seats with me, were evidently much pleased with my sincere words of praise for modern Russian literature. When, however, I remarked that I personally was more interested in Tolstoi's social, economic theories and his religious beliefs than in his works of fiction, the Governor-General did not seem quite so well pleased, and, in what I thought rather an arrogant way, ignored me for a few moments to talk in his native language to the other gentlemen. Now and again an English sentence would break through (for let me say here in parenthesis that all military men above the rank of Colonel in Russia speak English, or think they do).

"A little queer here is Tolstoi," as the gentleman sitting opposite to me expressed it, significantly tapping his forehead. "Why," he continued, "Tolstoi actually tries now and then to make shoes, and very bad shoes they are too, which he sells at a high price. Last spring he tried to make a stove. I happened to meet one of his men not long ago and so I inquired how the stove was getting along. 'Oh, it fell over, just as we expected it would,' replied the man."

Then the Prince laughed immoderately at this disastrous end of the Count's latest mechanical attempt, and so did the rest of the party, for they all considered it a good joke; in fact, the upper classes of Russia are inclined to look on this whole business at Yasnai Poliana as a huge burlesque, the latest eccentricity of a most eccentric genius. On the whole it is well that they do, for this laughing sort of contempt is a great protection to the Count and gives him opportunity to

do many things that, if the Government took him more seriously, would not even be tolerated.

This conversation, with the many things I had read in foreign papers, made me anxious to see whether the real man would prove so entirely different from that ideal writer which my imagination had pictured.

Bidding my new friends good-bye at the Tula railway station the next morning, I was soon jolting over the rough, paved streets of the town to the London Hotel, where I was told I could make all necessary preparations for my further journey to Yasnai Poliana. Here the first difficulty met me. At that early hour I could find no one around the hotel who spoke anything but Russian. As I had not expected this, I was entirely unprepared and did not know how to make the complicated arrangements necessary in order to hire a conveyance and a driver to take me from Tula to the country residence of the Count. It is wonderful, however, what can be done by signs plus paper and lead pencil, and in less than half an hour a troika stood before the door, with its comfortable robes on the seat and the driver mounted to his place on the box.

The three horses were hitched abreast. They were splendid looking animals, full of fire and spirit. The center horse, a powerful beast, had over his neck a hoop which connected the ends of the thills or shafts. Attached to the apex of this hoop or duga was a big bell that jingled as we rode along, much like a cow bell. The outer horses were smaller and of lighter build. A short strap leading from the bit threw their heads outward, instead of upward as with us. They too had bells, a whole string of little ones each, and the tinkling of these with the deeper tone of the big one, made a harmonious jingling that was pleasant to listen to. The harness was as light as leather can be made, there were no blinders, for these intelligent animals need nothing of that sort, and the driver carried no whip; his voice was enough. He could make those horses do anything he pleased merely by the different tones of his voice.

This driver—I had a good chance to study him in the fifteen versts from Tula to Yasnai—wore the garb of all Russian drivers or *ishvoshicks*, big boots and over all his under dress a surtout or taftan, a curious mixture of an old woman's skirt and a priest's robe, heavily padded in the back and reaching almost to the ground; a fancy colored belt held it in at the waist. His hat was a stiff silk one, about half the height of those now in fashion, swelling out at the crown, bell shaped, and having a curious rim. Take an ordinary man and put him in this costume and the effect is comical; put one of these Russian peasants in it and he looks as awkward and uncomfortable as one can well imagine.

Wrapped in my robes, I gave the signal to the driver to start. He gathered up his reins, uttered a queer sound, a sort of trol-l-l-l-l-l, and away we went up the hill of the main city street, the center of which was torn up by a horse car company engaged in putting down its rails. It was a sight to watch my team. The center stallion went ahead at a brisk trot, the two outer ones galloped, the bells jingled merrily and the whole effect was bracing and exciting. Soon we reached the brow of the hill and before us stretched a fine turnpike, with dirt roads on either side. Away off in the distance we could see our road winding between the rolling wheat fields, and the fine green of long wastes, unlimited by any fences. Now and again we would meet a lot of peasant women in bright costumes, carrying on their heads or shoulders some burden into the town; then would come a long, single file of carts hauling merchandise, the drivers all walking together and allowing their horses to take care of themselves. As we passed these teams my driver would give a quick, sharp shout and then the peasants would step out of the way, touching their hats to me, which courtesy I always returned.

I did not time our drive, but it seemed hardly more than an hour, so steadily and rapidly did we go the twelve miles. The *ishvoshick* had kept up a continual talk to the horses, which they apparently understood and answered by doing as he

wished. Interpreted, his remarks would run about like this: "Come, pretty pigeon, let go thy legs. Thou art lazy to-day, thou son of my heart. Wilt thou freeze in thy tracks here, starveling? Look out for that stone there, little father. Carefully, carefully, this road was not made for the Czar. What dost thou with thine eyes, accursed thing? Now speed thee, oh, kitten! for the passenger has promised me an extra rouble if thou makes haste."

A turn off the main highway, a short cut across country, the crossing of a little stream, the entering through gateless posts into a fine driveway, shaded by trees whose lower branches needed trimming, an open space, and before me was the summer residence of the man whom I had come so far to see.

Nothing beautiful or poetic about it! It was of the ordinary Russian style, long, low and square, two stories in height, with painted sheet iron roof, the one thing relieving the plainness being a raised platform of stone, above which was a balcony with veranda. Around the house was a small amount of clear space and some rather poor flower beds, but to the American, accustomed to neat and beautiful houses, even among the ordinary middle class of our Eastern States, this summer residence of a Russian nobleman seemed rather shabby.

A barking of dogs announced my arrival, and a young man came to the door, who addressed me in German and asked me to alight and send my team to the stable. The Count was out, in the fields or over in the village, but if I would come in and wait he would return before ten o'clock, and would then be glad to see me. My letters of introduction had preceded me, and, therefore, I felt not quite an entire stranger.

The study into which I was ushered by the young man, who introduced himself as the German tutor, was bare of carpet. It was not a large room and was made smaller by being divided into two parts, an unpainted wooden partition running about half way up to the ceiling. On this partition there hung a couple of wooden rakes, and a spade stood in the corner where some pegs held a

great coat, evidently used by the master in his work around the fields. Opposite this partition stood an old but easy lounge, and in front of it was a work table carelessly covered with books and papers. Next to the lounge and filling up the corner was another table, upon which Count Tolstoi's tracts and pamphlets to the people were laid out according to their subject. In a niche of the wall, back of the lounge, was a marble bust of one of the Tolstois,—the face was unmistakable on account of the strong family resemblance. Various small photographs and pictures were on the wall, among them being a very good one of Charles Dickens, larger than the rest. Peering curiously into a book-case which stood by the open door in the hall, I saw among French, Russian and English books, two by American authors, Whittier's poems and the "Literary Remains of Henry James." As I had some time to wait before the Count appeared I took up the latter book and saw that it was well worn, and had evidently seen use.

A young girl about fifteen years of age came into the room to welcome me. She spoke excellent English, as also did another of Tolstoi's children, a boy of ten, who was under the charge of the German tutor. Later on, when I was upstairs in the dining-room drinking tea with the Count, two older daughters and a son well along in his twenties appeared, and the first thing they did after entering the room was to go straight to their father and kiss him, then afterwards politely bow to me and wish me good morning.

But I am anticipating. To return to the Count and my first view of him. As I sat there in his study waiting for him, I had time to think over many incidents of his life and to inspect carefully the room in which so much of his literary work had been done. If circumstances and surroundings have much to do with the molding of a man's thought, then here, where the author had spent the greater part of every year since 1860, should be noticed some of those things which have gone to make up his present character. What, then, are the noticeable things? First of all, simplicity, and,

secondly, bareness. Evidently the man who thinks and lives in this house derives little nutriment from outside thinkers. The books that lie around are few and not particularly suggestive. There is a total absence of art, no sketches, paintings or statues, nothing except what I have already mentioned. What comes forth and is given to the world is woven from the subtle brain forces of the man himself.

It was interesting to me while I sat there to review in mind this man's life. Born in 1828, he was approaching his seventieth birthday. What eventful years for the world, for Russia, for him, since that birthday! Nothing uncommon or of especial note about his boyhood or youth, except that at a very early age he became an orphan.

We find him in the early fifties in the Caucasus. Something, perhaps, about that clear blue sky, the great stretches of plain, the magnificent peaks lifting their snowy heads far above the general level; something, I say, of all this got into his blood, fired his imagination and he commenced that intermittent but remarkable series of writings, so true to life that they seem photographic reproductions.

On his return to Moscow he was hailed with enthusiasm in the literary circles of that city. Now follows a period of mental activity, and in less than a decade he was recognized as the equal of Ostrovsky and of Turgenev.

Although we forgot the fact, there was in Russia during the fifties an agitation somewhat similar to the abolition movement which we knew here in New England; it was, however, almost purely literary and confined to the upper circles. Young men under the freer rule of Czar Alexander II. were filled with generous impulses.

Nihilism was at that time entirely of an intellectual or literary character. Tolstoi was a Nihilist, and men like himself were touched with the spirit of the times. They desired to do something for the people. Then came the emancipation. By a stroke of the pen something like 27,000,000 serfs were in a day made free. After the Civil War, here in the United States there occurred what might be

called the Exodus from New England of young men and maidens who went into the Black Belt to teach school, to instruct in mechanical ways, and to show the negro that he was a human being with the right of franchise—a sovereign citizen.

In a lesser degree some such movement was taking place in Russia. Tolstoi leaves Moscow. He returns to his summer estates at Yasnai Poliana. He is perfectly conscious of his duty toward his people. He tries to share their life, and by feverish energy and industry pull them up by main force to the level of nineteenth century civilization.

You may read of all this in his novel, "Anna Karenina." There Tolstoi, faintly disguised under the sobriquet of Levin, puts before us his many attempts to transform Asiatic mujicks into nineteenth century European farmers and citizens. Of course he fails. Evolution is not the work of a day, hence the unsatisfactory impression which "Anna Karenina" leaves upon the mind. It is an unfinished work. It could not well be otherwise, for Tolstoi has not as yet solved the problem, and until he does the concluding chapter of "Anna Karenina" cannot be satisfactorily written.

The war between Turkey and Russia breaks out. On April 24th the Czar utters the stern words—"Invoking the blessing of God upon our valiant armies, we give the order to cross the Turkish frontier."

Tolstoi is in Moscow. He has been attending one of the grandly impressive services in that richest of churches (that of the Saviour). Just what were the words of the Gospel that day I do not know. We can imagine them to have been a part of Matthew V. Then follows the blessing of the standards. The priest in his holy vestments stands in the center of the great rotunda and among other things calls upon heaven to bless the Czar and all the members of the Imperial family, and to bring "destruction, defeat and death" to all his enemies, and "to all the enemies of the Fatherland."

Many times before had Tolstoi heard these same words, yet somehow they never impressed him as they did this

day, with their harsh irreconcilableness to what had just been read from the Gospels.

"What is Christianity?" he says to himself, his brain in a whirl. This heard from the priest's lips or that read from the Gospels?

Then commences a feverish pursuit for the truth. We need not enter into details. Suffice it to say, that after a while Tolstoi comes to a new reading of the Beatitudes.

"Pick up your Greek New Testament and read the Sermon on the Mount," says Tolstoi. "Read it as you read anything else for the first time. Not with any preconceived notions, but with a mind open and neutral. Read to receive exactly the meaning that the words themselves have in them. What is the meaning of 'blessed be ye poor?' (Luke, chapter 6)."

Tolstoi insists that it means "blessed be ye wanderers."

"John, surnamed Baptist, was a beggar, a vagabond," continues Tolstoi. "Jesus was a wanderer all his life, and he teaches that riches cannot enter the kingdom of God, that we must renounce everything. The words then, 'Blessed are ye wanderers, for yours is the kingdom of God,' are no flowers of sentimental eloquence, but a terrible idea for people who recognize that fine state of society which they have arranged for themselves."

Now begins what Tolstoi's disciples are pleased to entitle the Great Renunciation, but what I prefer to call the third phase of his life. Tolstoi sells or gives away everything that he has, i. e., the things that are his own personally. He cannot, of course, sell property, title or estates, which in a sense are not his to sell or give away. Again he returns to Yasnai Poliana.

How different now are his attempts to reclaim the people, to lift them up into a higher scale of life—I hardly dare use the word "civilization," for Tolstoi objects to it, and I shall, therefore, say, the higher state of life. He sees now, as he did not at first, that progress, evolution, must be a condition from within, as well as from the outside. While his mujicks

are being better fed and better clothed, they must at the same time be better taught, and they must come to some realization of Christianity as a spiritual religion, rather than a religion of forms and observances—mere paganism.

A step outside on the stone porch, and my reverie is broken by the Count himself, who comes into the room from his walk to the village. I recognize him instantly from the many photographs displayed in the shop windows of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Very kindly, and with a gentle, pleasing voice, he welcomes me in my own language. I tell him of the interest his books have created in America, and how, fired with enthusiasm, I have come to Russia, among other things to see and speak with him, and to thank him personally for the help he has given. He seemed pleased with this frank confession, and at once opened the conversation about America. I was surprised at his comprehensive knowledge of our country, its writers, thinkers, and its various religious sects.

He had read certain articles about himself in American magazines, whose general tone surprised and disappointed him; he felt he was misunderstood.

"Probably," I said, "these writers do not take the words of Jesus (as we have them in the New Testament), as the final tribunal."

"Ah!" he said. "You misunderstand. I take the words of Christ because I feel them to be true, not simply because they were uttered by Christ." This naturally led to a conversation about his present theological views, in the course of which he gave me his definition of a Christian. "And one cannot be such a Christian," he continued, "unless he is willing to live in the simplest of ways. I am not a Christian if I compel others to do work which brings them in contact with degrading things and thus helps to degrade their minds. I am not a Christian if I wear shirts of a white and starched kind that others must labor over and sweat over and worry about in order to get clean and properly ironed; I am not a Christian, for in so doing I am degrading them, worrying them, making them spend their lives in fruitless and

unhelpful pursuits simply for my own vanity."

These remarks naturally drew my attention to the Count's dress. I noticed that he wore a coarse dark overshirt, or blouse, buttoned up the breast and fastened round the waist with a leather strap, dark trousers of ordinary woollens, and plain, heavy boots. He had given up collars, neckties and cuffs, with vest and coat; his dress was as simple as it could well be made, and nothing about it lent charm to the large, animated figure encased within; and yet there was a charm there, a magnetic, drawing influence not dependent on clothes. You felt it, although you could not describe it, and under that influence all that was noblest in yourself came to the surface. Tolstoi by his very sympathy and interest makes one talk his best. Afterwards when you are alone you are surprised that the conversation should have become so personal and confidential. This is one of the characteristics of a great soul. He enters into—becomes a part of all others, rejoices in their joys, sorrows with their sorrow. It is the highest kind of sympathy; before it all minor conventionalisms vanish. Why wonder, then, that before such an one you pour out all your petty hopes and desires?

I felt afterwards when I was on my way to Tula that, although I had gone to Yasnai Poliana with the firm determination to get Tolstoi to do all the talking for my own selfish gratification, yet in reality I had done a large part of it, fully one-half. Tolstoi absorbed me, he drew me out; his analytic powers analyzed me.

There is something fine about Tolstoi's face when he is in conversation, although when in repose you would hardly call the broad, rugged forehead, the sunburnt face, the large and prominent nose, the shaggy iron gray moustache and beard, fine. It attracts you by the inner something—the soul—rather than by the exterior graces which our imagination always throws around a great man.

About ten o'clock chai, or tea, was announced and we made our way upstairs to the large common dining-room. It,

too, like every other part of the house, was severely plain and simple. One of the elder daughters presided at the samovar, and the Count and myself were treated to tea. The breakfast was the ordinary one, little being taken by the Count except tea and bread. Although meat is served at dinner and supper, Tolstoi never eats it; he contents himself with vegetables, bread and tea, not even indulging his desires so far as to take a glass of wine or a cigar. He asked me what I thought of the temperance question, and whether I believed in prohibition. I told him that forcing people to do right through laws hardly seemed the wisest way to me, but that I was heartily in favor of any measure which would lead to a restriction of the drinking habit, and help on the cause of temperance.

"I agree with you," he said, "I do not believe in prohibition, but I do not drink any myself. I am, as you say, a 'teetotaler.' It helps to give me influence with my mujicks when I try to get them to give up bodka drinking." Then he told me of a case in point, how one of his men, a fine young fellow, had pledged himself never again to drink, and what a temptation it was to do so on the day when his child was christened. "But now is your time, in a moment of temptation," said Tolstoi to him, "to prove beyond doubt your own strength, to show to yourself and to me that you can resist."

In ways like this Tolstoi is continually working for the betterment of the lowly people around him. He told me of his efforts to communicate his views to the peasants, how he had written a large number of short stories, all teaching the simpler Christian virtues. With the assistance of some interested Moscow friends he had these published, so that he could sell them at the low rate a kopeck and a half, or a half cent apiece. Thousands of them had been distributed, but lately the government has forbidden many of them, and so the work in that direction is greatly crippled.

As an illustration of government meddling, the Count told me how last spring

he had walked from Moscow to his country home, trudging along with a knapsack on his back for some 270 miles. At night he would sleep in the peasants' huts and during the day fare as best he could. One night he stopped at the home of an old soldier who lived by himself, a petty sergeant or something of that kind in the Polish campaign. The soldier was greatly afflicted with rheumatism, but during the night he told how he was most afflicted and tormented by remorse at the remembrance of those he had beaten to death. Their faces, their forms, would come back to haunt him. This tale made such an impression on Tolstoi that he worked it up into the form of a simple story, the object being to show that he who inflicted cruelty was more to be pitied than his victims. A young friend of Tolstoi's hectographed the story, and for this the Moscow authorities put him into prison. Tolstoi went to the censor and begged for the young man's release. Finally the commission commanded Tolstoi himself to appear and explain the whole matter. He did not do so, but returned to Yasnai Poliana. The affair was then dropped and the young man liberated.

Our conversation drifted; we talked of literature. "America," he suddenly said, "is producing some strong and fresh thinkers—Emerson, Thoreau, the elder James; they are true and natural. I like too," he continued, "the literary style of Henry George for its clearness. I make a distinction between English and American writers. I do not care for the English scientific school. Matthew Arnold, however, is a pleasant and thoughtful writer. When I read his 'Literature and Dogma' I was surprised to find the same line of thought which I have tried to express in my 'Book of Life.'"

"And what do you make the basis of your preaching?" he said, suddenly changing the conversation. I told him that my sermons were mostly on practical themes, and for a basis I took the Jewish and Christian command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I cannot recall all he said on this point.

First it was about love, and then he showed me how impossible it was to love one's neighbor as long as there was envy within leading to hate, envy caused by one person having in his possession something which the other desired. "Do away with property, especially landed property, that must be the first step."

Our conversation here passed to the general condition of Russian agriculture and the chances which the mujicks now have of becoming sober, intelligent and self-respecting human beings. He walked over to a side table while talking and picked up a number of tracts; short stories, illustrating some scriptural truth. Three or four of these have been translated into English, such as the "Two Pilgrims" and "Where Love Is There Also Is God." "By means of these tracts," he said, "I hope to give our

mujicks a higher, more spiritual conception of the religion of Jesus."

How long we talked I do not now remember, but as I rose to go he detained me for an instant longer to speak of his latest planned books, and to ask whether I thought they would receive attention in America, especially his views in reference to art and life.

Just then my troika drove to the door. I was already very late. One quick handshake and a "good-bye," and I was off.

It is a cold gray sky above me, a long, low range of hills in the distance, fields of wheat just ripening, a flock of crows suddenly startled whirling up before me as my troika hurries along the smooth road. I turn to look back. One last wave of the hand, and faintly the words float to my ear from Count Tolstoi, "And will you help me?"

THE EXAMPLE OF SWITZERLAND

BY W. D. McCrackan, M. A.

When we speak of Switzerland, we speak of a very small country indeed. It is not a third as large as the State of New York alone. It does not contain quite three million inhabitants, and fully one-third of its territory is hopelessly unproductive, being covered by mountain ranges, lakes, glaciers, and snow.

But because Switzerland is small, that does not mean that it is insignificant. For example, in history it is not those battles in which the greatest number of men fall on the one side or the other that are called decisive, but those in which vital issues are at stake. In the life of Switzerland, both past and present, vital issues have always been, and are now, at stake. There is every indication that these vital issues will remain in the future.

The history of Switzerland has been allowed to fall into undeserved neglect; its political and economic institutions have been almost entirely overlooked by students. People go to Switzerland for scenery, not for study; it is called the "Playground of Europe."

As a matter of fact, the Swiss people have a positive genius for self-government. Especially ought we Americans to take an interest in little Switzerland, for there are no two countries in the world that resemble each other so closely in political make-up as do the republics of Switzerland and the United States. Some of their institutions are, in fact, modeled after our own, notably their congress

But it is rather those points in the government of Switzerland which differ from our own, that give us valuable suggestions.

Take, for example, direct legislation by means of the Referendum and the Initiative. The Referendum means that bills before they can become laws must be referred to the people for final acceptance or rejection. The Initiative means that a certain percentage of voters shall have the right to initiate or propose legislation. We are familiar with direct legislation in the town meeting, where a small percentage of voters have the right to insert an article into

the warrant. That is the Initiative. When this article is voted upon in the town meeting, that is the Referendum.

It has always been supposed that when a community changed from direct legislation to indirect, the voters must surrender control over the making of the laws which are to govern them; but the Referendum and the Initiative are contrivances in political machinery which enable large bodies of voters to make their own laws.

Or, again, take the Swiss system of proportional representation:

Nobody who has not looked into the returns of an average election can have any idea what a fraud such an election is. It will be found that a very large minority of voters have been virtually disfranchised, and are entirely unrepresented in the elected body.

Mr. Garfield, while still a congressman, described this unjust feature of our political machinery with characteristic clearness in a speech delivered before the House of Representatives on the 23rd of June, 1870: "In my judgment," he said, "it is the weak point in the theory of representative government, as now organized and administered, that a large portion of the voting people are permanently disfranchised. Take my own district, for example: I have never been elected by less than nine thousand majority. Sometimes this majority has exceeded twelve thousand. There are about ten thousand Democratic voters in my district, and they have been voting there for the last forty years without any more hope of having a representative on this floor, than of having one in the Commons of Great Britain."

The Swiss have had the same difficulty, and to cure it they have been introducing proportional representation into some of their cantons. Their system is based on the following principle: The total number of voters is divided by the number of representatives to be elected; the result is called the electoral quota. Every party is entitled to as many votes as the electoral quota is contained times in the vote which the party polls.

This reform, like that of the Referendum and the Initiative, has made rapid strides in Switzerland.

Last spring the Swiss people adopted, by means of the Referendum, a method of government ownership of all the railroads, the postal telegraph and telephone system having long since passed into the hands of the government.

Among the bills submitted to the electors of the canton of Zurich on the third of July last, was one dealing with the taxation of ground values in towns, so as to absorb for public purposes a share, at least, of the "unearned increment." Thus has the thin edge of Henry George's doctrine been successfully driven into Swiss institutions.

But perhaps the most remarkable difference between Swiss and American institutions is to be found in the Federal Executive.

The President of the United States is one of the most powerful officials in the world. He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy; he has the veto power; he has the pardoning power; he has, moreover, an appointing power which is unparalleled in any other country.

The Swiss President is a man of no importance. Every three years the two Houses representing the Swiss congress meet in joint session and elect seven men to form the Federal Council, corresponding to our President and his cabinet. Every year the two Houses also designate who shall be called the President of the Swiss Republic, and who the Vice-President. The President sits at the head of the table, and is the figure-head to which foreign nations can address themselves; but he has none of the kingly attributes which the President of the United States possesses.

At this time the military establishment in Switzerland is exciting particular interest. It is unique. The Swiss have no regular army at all. They have only a militia, but that militia enables them to put into the field more than 400,000 armed men out of a population of less than 3,000,000 souls.

Every Swiss when he comes of age

is obliged to perform military service. If he is physically incapacitated, he is obliged to pay an annual tax of exemption. The terms of service are very short, but the soldiers are called out for periodic drills and maneuvers. At the age of thirty-two they join the First Reserve; at the age of forty-four, the Second Reserve. Every Swiss has his uniform, his gun, and thirty cartridges hanging up at home ready for instant mobilization.

These are some of the features of

Swiss life which deserve attention. Although every country must work out its own problems, we Americans can derive much inspiration from the study of the Swiss institutions. In many cases the Swiss have nearly developed to their fullest extent institutions which we have always had here in the germ, but have allowed to lie dormant. In any case, it is time that we should study the growth of what is now the oldest republic in existence, as it advances towards the ideals of democracy.

ON THE THRESHOLD

BY LILIAN WHITING

"Behold, I make all things new."

One not unfrequently hears the remark made by a person whose quality of life and thought is held in well-merited esteem, that he regards all psychic phenomena as "very fascinating," but he "is afraid" to have anything to do with them. And again, the point is made by another that, while undoubtedly there are channels of communication between the Seen and the Unseen, yet any use of these opportunities is demoralizing, and should be avoided by those who aim to hold life amenable to the nobler standards. Now, if these two objections were offered by ignorance and incompetence they might, perhaps, be relegated to general onward progress. This is not the case. They are stated by men and women of eminence, not less in moral and uplifting influences than in intellectual power—the very persons with whom the disciple of the larger revelation and divine life longs to be closely associated, and enabled to enjoy all the benefit and beautiful influence of that association. No one, I take it, of those who have distinctly "ranged" themselves, as the French say, on the side of the conviction of the larger revelation and its importance to humanity—no one, not Sir William Crookes, Prof. Wm. James, Dr. Hodgson, Prof. Sidgwick, Prof. Oliver

Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Underwood, Mr. F. W. H. Myers—no one of these, it may safely be affirmed, is in any sense a special pleader for what he holds to be the truth—that the spiritual laws permit an easy, natural communication between those who have passed beyond death and those here. Their prolonged investigations, their scientific tests have convinced their judgment. Yet, if these laws were to be superseded to-day by the revelation of a higher law that neutralized, or modified, or in any way altered these facts, they would all accept any higher truth, even if it negated that now held. What is progress, indeed, but being wiser to-morrow than one is to-day?

"The Master whispered.
Follow the gleam.

Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas.
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin.
After it, follow it.
Follow the Gleam."

So we are all, I take it, following the Gleam. Between believers and unbelievers in psychic phenomena there is, one is grateful and glad to say, no real controversy or antagonism, but only a common ardor for revealed truth. If

this great fact is true, it has a most important bearing on the actual present; if it be not true, by all means let us merge our convictions in closer accord with absolute truth. This is to say, as the very basis of all discussion—those who doubt this fact will be glad to accept it when they are reasonably convinced; those who believe it would discard it to-day, if convinced that they were under a delusion. As Fanny B. Ames (Mrs. Charles G. Ames) once beautifully said, "We should not talk of 'classes' or 'masses'; we are all brothers and sisters." Surely the initial step in all spiritual progress—and this in its large sense is simply the *raison d'être* of existence at all—the initial step is harmony. Progress is conditioned by love. Discord and antagonism block the way most effectually. And if this larger, latter-day revelation of the divine laws means anything, it must first mean patience, tolerance, sweetness of spirit, and rejoicing in the good of others—"taking the good of others to be our own," as George Eliot so well phrases it. On this basis, then, of a common love of truth, of mutual love and desire for mutual helpfulness, let us fix as a point of departure.

The fact that signals flash between those in the Seen and in the Unseen may be assumed to be as well authenticated as any other scientific fact. It can be predicated with the same assurance as that with which we speak of the Röntgen ray, of telephonic conversation over thousands of miles of space, or of wireless telegraphy as successfully initiated by Tesla and Marconi. A little over half a century ago crude and curious intimations from the Unseen (then the Unknown) began through the Fox Sisters. The attention of the civilized world was gradually attracted to these, and even in those early days such men and women as Horace Greeley, Judge Edmunds, Alice and Phoebe Carey, Epes Sargent, Mrs. Browning, and many others that might be named, were drawn to investigate. In 1853 Mrs. Browning wrote in a letter to Isa Blägen—her dearest friend in

Florence, and the lady under whose care Kate Field, as a young girl, was placed—as follows:

"Profane or not, I am resolved on getting as near to the spirit question as I can, and I don't believe in the least risk of profanity, seeing that whatever is must be permitted, and that the contemplation of whatever is must be permitted also, where the intentions are pure and reverent. I can discern no more danger in psychology than in mineralogy, only intensely a greater interest. As to the spirits, I care less about what they are capable of communicating than of the fact of there being communication."

Again, in a later letter to Miss Blägen, she says, still pursuing the subject: "If I am right, you will none of you be able to disbelieve much longer; a new law or a new development of law is making way everywhere. Imposture is absolutely out of the question, to speak generally; and unless you explain the phenomena by 'a personality unconsciously projected (which required explanation of itself)' you must admit the spirit theory."

And again, writing (in 1856) from Rome to Mr. Westwood, she says: "Every fact is a word of God, and I call it irreligious to say, 'I will look away from that because it will do me harm.' Why be afraid of the truth? God is in the truth and he is called also love. The evil results of certain experiences of this class result mainly from the superstitious and distorted views held by most people concerning the spiritual world. We have to learn, we in the body, that death does not teach all things. Death is simply an accident. Foolish Jack Smith who died on Monday is on Tuesday still foolish Jack Smith. If people, who on Monday scorned his opinions prudently, will on Tuesday receive his least words as oracles, they very naturally go mad or at least do something as foolish as their inspirer is."

And to Miss Mitford, in October of 1854, she writes:

"For my own part, I have been long

convinced that what we call death is a mere incident in life."

Tennyson has left numerous records of his conviction regarding the wider penetration of the Seen and the Unseen in private letters as well as in his poems.

At all events, these latter-day manifestations of a power of which both the Old and New Testament are full incited plenty of agitated controversy, and naturally led to much fraud, pretension and nonsense. Sir William Crookes, one of the most celebrated scientists, was one of the first—perhaps the first of scientific men—to approach the subject as a serious study some thirty years ago. He became absolutely convinced of the possible reality of the phenomena; and this year, in his annual address as President of the British Association of Scientists at Bristol, England, on the evening of September 7, Dr. Crookes, after dwelling upon scientific discoveries and triumphs, said:

"These, then, are some of the subjects, weighty and far-reaching, on which my own attention has been chiefly concentrated. Upon one other interest I have not yet touched—to me the weightiest and the farthest-reaching of all. No incident in my scientific career is more widely known than the part I took many years ago in certain psychic researches. Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside a scientific knowledge there exists a force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. This fact in my life is, of course, well understood by those who honored me with the invitation to become your president. Perhaps among my audience some may feel anxious as to whether I shall speak out or be silent. I elect to speak, although briefly. To enter at length on a still debatable subject would be unduly to insist on a topic which—as Wallace, Long, and Barrett have already shown—though not unfitted for discussion at these meetings, does not enlist the interest of a majority of my scientific brethren. To ignore the subject would be an act of cowardice—an act of cowar-

dice I feel no temptation to commit. To stop short in any research that bids fair to widen the gates of knowledge, to recoil for fear of difficulty or adverse criticism, is to bring reproach on science. There is nothing for the investigator to do but to go straight on—to follow the light wherever it may lead, even though it should at times resemble a will-o'-the-wisp. I have nothing to retract. I adhere to my already published statements. Indeed, I might add much thereto. I regret only a certain timidity which, no doubt, partly militated against their acceptance by the scientific world. My own knowledge at that time scarcely extended beyond the fact that certain phenomena new to science had assuredly occurred, and were attested by my own sober senses, and better still by automatic record. I was like some two-dimensional being who might stand at the singular point of a surface and thus find himself in infinitesimal and inexplicable contact with a plane of existence not his own. I think I see a little farther now. I have glimpses of something like coherence among the strange elusive phenomena—of something like continuity between those unexplained forces and laws already known. This advance is largely due to the labor of another association of which I have also the honor this year to be president—the Society for Psychical Research. And, were I now introducing for the first time these inquiries to the world of science, I would choose a starting-point from that of old. It would be well to begin with telepathy—with the fundamental law, as I believe it to be, that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense—that knowledge may enter the human mind without being communicated in any hitherto known and recognized way."

A rather interesting corroboration of the belief in the intimate connection of the Seen and the Unseen worlds comes in an unexpected way from the experience of a noted French physician. Dr. Moutin is a member of the Faculté de

Paris, and as a magnetic physician of eminence built up a great practice. His attention was arrested by the fact that out of every hundred patients whom he sent into the magnetic sleep a large proportion "live, for the time being, in the spiritual life, seeing what takes place in the beyond and being able to furnish a tolerably clear notion, though not altogether exact, regarding it. The sleeper beholds more or less distinctly, according to his capabilities," says Dr. Moutin. "All do not perceive with the same precision; but all, notwithstanding, agree in affirming the same thing with regard to the existence of the soul."

Dr. Moutin explains this by saying that, as a consequence of the magnetized condition, "the spirit of the subject becomes more or less disengaged from its terrestrial bedrock." For it must be borne in mind that one does not in some mysterious manner acquire a spiritual body by dying, but that we are here and now spiritual beings in spiritual bodies which are temporarily clothed upon with the physical covering as the fit instrument by which the spiritual being may relate himself to a physical world, and as the fitting instrument by means of which he may express himself in this world. A variety of causes, as a severe illness, the effect of certain drugs, or the effect of magnetic and hypnotic treatment, partially disengages the ethereal from the spiritual body, relapses the interpenetration, and thus enables the individual, for the time being, to come into conscious use of clairvoyant and clairaudient powers. For the physical body limits the powers of the spirit, does not produce them.

"The body would thus be," says Kant, "not the cause of our thinking, but merely the restrictive thereof, and, although essential to a sensuous and animal consciousness, it may be regarded as an impeder of our pure spiritual life."

Prof. William James, of Harvard University, who is justly claimed in two hemispheres to be the greatest living psychologist, has given, in his little

book called "Human Immortality," a luminous view when he says:

"Suppose, for example, that the whole universe of material things—the furniture of earth and choir of heaven—should turn out to be a mere surface veil of phenomena, hiding and keeping back the world of genuine realities. Such a supposition is foreign neither to common sense nor to philosophy. Common sense believes in realities behind the veil, even too superstitiously, and idealistic philosophy declares the whole world of natural experience, as we get it, to be but a time mask, sheltering or refracting the one infinite Thought, which is the sole reality, into those millions of finite streams of consciousness known to us as our individual selves."

The careful and intelligent work of the Society for Psychical Research—largely due to the indefatigable and noble personal devotion of its secretary, Dr. Richard Hodgson—and the constantly increasing testimony of men and women whose word has weight, have combined to produce a great modification, if not transformation, of the general attitude of thought. Such men and women as Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, Rev. Samuel Richard Fuller, Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, Canon Wilberforce of Westminster Abbey, Rev. John Page Hopps, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Lucinda H. Chandler, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, Thomas Sergeant and Lilla Cabot Perry, Mrs. Edwin P. Whipple, B. F. and Sara A. Underwood, and a host of others whose names represent the best intellectual and moral life of the day; such philosophers and scientists as Sir William Crookes, Frederic Myers, Prof. Sidgwick, Prof. Lodge, Dr. Richard Hodgson, and Prof. William James—all acknowledge their conviction that the change of death does not close the avenues of communication between those in the physical and those in the ethereal world.

All this brings us back, however, to the primary purpose of this paper, which

is simply the venturing to ask that we may take sweet counsel together and consider whether there is, whether there possibly can be, anything "dangerous" in an earnest study of the nature and the destiny of man; whether the entire drama of human life is not uplifted, strengthened, and ennobled by the consciousness that it is enacted in the presence of the Unseen. The "cloud of witness" is no myth, but a vital factor in the day's experience.

Mr. Cranch, the poet, intimates the one great truth regarding the life to come, as the entrance on a more real and more positive condition, when he says:

"We are spirits clad in vells,
Man by man was never seen,
All our deep communion fails
To remove the shadowy screen."

Why, that event which we call death is the beginning of life—the entrance upon the more positive, the larger, the more significant phase of living. This part of life is preparatory, experimental; it is like the rehearsal before the play, the tuning of the instruments before the symphony. We are not living, but preparing to live. Not that this part of life is unimportant, or "a vale of tears," or a period of time to be endured as may be, careless as to its great opportunities. What kind of preparation for the university would be that preparatory school whose pupils were idle and aimless?

Now, if we may live in close touch with that Unseen world of higher forces, higher laws, and greater significance which interpenetrates our own and is interwoven with this state like warp and woof; if we can intelligently recognize its currents of energy and relate our own lives to them; if we may have friendships and companionships among those of our friends who are unseen as well

as among those who are seen; if we may understand something of the nature of that life to which we are all speeding on—is it not the most valuable advantage possible? If it be not "dangerous" to associate with our friend who was here yesterday, can it be when he has gone tomorrow? As to the companionship or the communication with the unseen being "demoralizing," is it not on the same ground as with any social relations? Does it not rest with ourselves as to whether our social life, our affiliations, shall be demoralizing or uplifting? The entrance to the life beyond is not by violent revolution, but by gentle evolution. "Death is not the end of life, but merely an event in life," said Bishop Phillips Brooks. It is merely one of the events in life. And man may learn—and is learning—so to develop his spiritual powers, so to live the life of the spirit now and here, that he is coming under the dominion of the higher laws that prevail in the Unseen. The practical annihilation of time, and space, and matter, by electrical appliances and by the Rontgen ray, is the initiation into life on a higher plane governed by higher laws. On this plane shall we live companioned with noble and inspiring friendships of those in the unseen world, as well as with those here.

Kate Field's prophetic mind impelled her to say, some fifteen years ago, "I look to see science prove immortality." That expectation is already fulfilled. But if we are, or rather as we are immortal, let us be immortal now. Let us live the life of the spirit—more replete with energy, with positive power of executive usefulness; more irresistible in its progress because to live in the spirit is to live the life of harmony and good will to all—the life of love with its result of peace and joy!

Had our treasury been full during the Revolution Hamilton would not have developed his wonderful genius as a financier.

A dog growls at a stranger: the dog instinct in man growls or barks at everything he does not know or understand.

THE DEMOCRACY OF CHILDHOOD

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

"Primary school education is the foundation of national character," said Sarmiento, President of the Argentina Republic and the great apostle of South American development by the means of North American Normal Schools. He had read the works of Horace Mann, and he saw the possibilities of South America in the vision that arose in the study of these works. He was sent to the United States as Argentine minister while his philosophical opinions were forming. Here he enjoyed the friendship of Charles Sumner, and came to the conclusion that the States owed their force of progress to their school system.

That the great Argentine was right in his view of the influence and value of the primary school is the opinion of all clear observers. The republic of childhood is the republic of young manhood, and that is the republic of the age and of the future. But Sarmiento saw that something was yet needed in our admirable school system; that memory education alone does not really educate. "Memory education," in effect, said Pestalozzi, "is nothing but instruction." The education of the heart and conscience must come first in true primary school education. This Sarmiento saw, and the North American primary school in South America has been replaced in Buenos Ayres, Santiago and Callao by the beginnings of kindergarten education, which seeks to put the principles of the Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes into the conduct of the child; to model the child to live, rather than to get a living, for he who lives rightly will get a living.

Dom Pedro of Brazil saw education in the same light, and took with him from New York a company of kindergarten teachers, with whom he hoped to begin a new education in Brazil, founded on character building principles.

After the fall of Prussia before Napoleon I., Queen Louisa saw the educa-

tional needs of the empire on the Rhine. The King said in her hearing—"We must have a new education to make a new generation of men." "Let me send a company of students to Pestalozzi at Yverdon," said the Queen. Pestalozzi's institute under the Jura, in the great old castle overlooking the purple Neuchatel, made character building the first work of the teacher. The Queen sent the students. Two generations passed. Napoleon III. went down before Prussia, and philosophers said, "It was Pestalozzi who did it!"

People to-day are everywhere saying, in regard to our present stage of national development: "We must have a new education to make a new generation of men." Memory education alone does not educate. Our old system of primary school education was modelled after the administration of a kingdom rather than a republic. As a rule, old time primary schools were absolute monarchies. The child was not developed; he was merely taught to obey, or else to feel the rod.

A change in primary school education, after the visions of Queen Louisa, Cousin, Sarmiento, Dom Pedro, and of noble Elizabeth Peabody, is making its influence felt in every American city and town. The new education bears the belittling name of "Kindergarten," but it has for its basis the deepest and most beneficent principles of philosophy. The name "Kindergarten" used to stand for a play school in the popular imagination; it now represents the Pestalozzian-Froebel philosophy, which must become a controlling influence in our system of education, if the republic is to have character and live. The Kindergarten principle of education is one of the most important topics that can engage the public mind; the hopes of the new age are in it. It is to lead a Kindergarten Age.

This education has character, not accomplishments and money making, for

its end. Its method is to "learn by doing." The happiest moment in a child's life is that in which it says "See what I have made!" or "See what I have made for you!" To create things for the happiness of others is the true child life, and so the playground is made to train the soul for true-hearted living. The individuality of the pupil is made sacred to the teacher, and each child is developed after his own gift, as though there were no other child in the world. Boston once had twenty-seven Kindergarten schools—charities. These schools became a part of the public school system and multiplied. The mere charitable Kindergartens in that city are now largely sustained by the churches; the city controls the others; and one may to-day see there sand gardens provided by the school board for the children of the poor, and Kindergarten rooms filled in some places largely with Jewish children, sustained by churches that have awakened to the new needs of the age.

Switzerland, in which republics and schools were born, presents a model in this rapidly developing system of education. She claims to owe her happy social condition to her school principles and methods. In Switzerland all children are educated for the protection of the character of the State. The Swiss republic has made perpetual treaties of peace with the European powers, so that revenues which otherwise might go to standing armies might be used for educational purposes. She gives the veto power to the people. The republic has abolished capital punishment, and put the restraints of reformation in place of the gallows. In some cases she pensions her faithful teachers. She is the true children's land. Out of some 85,000 heads of families about 65,000 own property. The republic claims that these favorable conditions are due to her schools.

These schools teach equality. This is no unimportant lesson at the present time. Gladstone advocated the cause of Afghanistan and of South Africa against England, on the ground that the British empire could not afford to break the law of equal rights. This teaching lies at the foundation of the stability of all Christian countries.

The Kindergarten school makes justice to all its natural atmosphere, not as a duty alone, but as a delight. The children act it, sing it, and unconsciously carry the principle as a part of their soul training into life. It trains the heart to love others first; to find its joy in such unselfish association. It brings little birds and animals into its brotherhood, and reveals life by the growing of the flower from the seed.

In our present system of primary school education, the cultivation of the imagination is neglected. In Greece, passing clouds in the sun were angels' chariots. In Germany every child goes through fairy land in the period of fancy. With us the child seeks the story of the retributive ghost, and tales of bears, Indians and war. The good fairy of life does not appear. The rapid spread of Kindergarten in our country will make a new literature for children founded on the methods of the Christ-parable and the soul-developing German tale.

We are on the threshold of a new age, which has received new light, and is awakening to higher powers of soul, and to all that the individual owes to the whole of humanity. We must have a deeper education than before, and one that will call into exercise the best that is in the soul. It is not necessary that a child should know so much about the old Roman emperors as to exclude the study of those principles of life that make all men rise or fall.

The times, too, demand a higher order of teachers. A literary cramming process, tending to the study of much that is useless, does not make a teacher who will build character or make men. True education, of the school of Cousin, is not wholly a matter of books and examinations and prizes. In fact, Pestalozzi regarded all prize giving as wrong, as a system by which wit profited at the expense of worth. To be a true educator after the Pestalozzi-Froebel philosophy one must know life, and how best to develop the latent good of the heart, and to quicken the conscience in the faith that to be noble is to be noble.

Turn away from an old time primary school to a Boston sand garden. It is summer. The brother birds are singing

in the hedges and flitting among the roses. A little girl from an overcrowded tenement house on a treeless street is playing in the clean sand amid the birds and the flowers. Her mother has gone to some plain, hard work. The child has heretofore played on the brick sidewalks. She has quarreled much, cried much, and her soul has been undeveloped. She has forgotten to cry in the sand garden. She does not quarrel. She is creating. She is building what she has seen that is most beautiful in life. She is making of sand or clay those things that she thinks will best please the benevolent heart of the teacher or the returning mother. Every hour she is developing a better and sweeter soul. Hope grows, love grows; she maps her world in the sand; she makes heroes of clay. The bright sun shines! She is grateful now; flowers bloom, and she is thankful for all. The day is one of God.

But it is not alone in the primary school that the new education is needed. The training for good citizenship must be an important factor of the new education and follow the creative school. The youth must be developed to maintain the eternal principles on which our republic was founded; to vote his conscience every time, without regard to business, monopolies, and influence by which the standard of the republic that stands for justice can be lowered. When an agent of George III. came to Samuel Adams with the offer of titles and emoluments, and said to him, "The time has come for you to make your peace with the King," the last of the Puritans replied, "I trust that I have long ago made my peace with the King of Kings, and no power on earth shall ever make me recant to my duties to my country."

The new education must foster this spirit of the Patriots of Old. It must teach equity, peace, reformation, the turning of military revenues into human help, and how to attain these ends. Over the present commercial trend of education, this soul-training must rise, and hold the front of life. Books are only expressions of life.

The primary school education has been followed in the past largely by classical studies. Greek and Roman mythology has received a large place in this system. The Eastern thought which discovers the relation of present condition to future development, of sowing and reaping, of moral cause and effect, of doing duty without hope of reward, has been little considered. The study of the results of conduct, in life and in heredity, is imperative in the advanced classes of the new education.

The new education must also follow the Swiss method in having schools of commercial languages and international law. We must educate young men to become merchants as Germany does. This education has given to young Germans every influence in South America.

The Froebel school illustrates the relation of moral law to life, and the advanced courses of education that would follow the Pestalozzian philosophy must teach the relation of moral law to life. Moral education as well as industrial education naturally follows the philosophy of Pestalozzi through the Froebel school. The coming age is to study the soul.

The new education, through the republic of childhood of the Froebel Kindergarten school,—which is filling all American republics, and which more than any other single influence promises to contribute to their growth, development and stability,—owes its beginning to the gentle philosophy of one of the most beautiful spirits that ever lived—Henry Pestalozzi. On a wall on the old castle of Burgdorf, Switzerland, may be read this inscription: "In this castle Henry Pestalozzi established the first public school in the world." He was content with a life of poverty for the sake of his purpose of educating humanity. It was written of him that he "lived like a beggar to teach beggars to live like men." On his monument at Yverdon are inscribed these words, which picture his whole life: "For himself nothing; for others all."

His purpose was to make the teaching of the Mount of Beatitudes the habit of life through educational development. He believed that this education of soul

was the necessity of the life of the State. He anticipated the wants of all future republics. In the list of modern benefactors, no man represents to-day a larger influence in the world.

He was a man of theories. Froebel appeared at Yverdon as one of his pupils, and he wrote the immortal "Education of Man," and turned into practical service the theories of his great master. He made the creative play not only teach, but model life, on the principles of equality, justice and righteousness.

"Christ was the great teacher," said Pestalozzi; Froebel saw that Pestalozzi had the true theory of education, and made it practical by methods of true spiritual development in the plastic years of life. Never did the times need the influences of such schools more than now.

Among the silent influences that stand against the commercial spirit of the age, in which wealth arises through an inventive brain out of the earnings of the many, to vaunt itself in vulgar self-display, stands this new army of moral development that is to hold steady the supremacy of worth in the true social conditions of life. One of the first books for any new club to read to-day is Froebel's "Education of Man." It is a book that leaves nothing to be said. And one of the mottoes that should find a place on the wall of the new school room is Sarmiento's clear sighted declaration, "Primary school education is the foundation of national character!" The need of the future will be men.

Pestalozzi was the father of education, but Froebel gave the true form of the primary school to the world. The true education of the future must follow the steps of Froebel.

Pestalozzi perished for his philosophy. He died in poverty and amid disappointments. After the death of his wife, he shared apartments with the poor. His biographer thus speaks of one of these: "He occupied a miserable room in a cottage with an old woman who could barely supply him with what he required." But his soul trained in all the virtues could thus sing:

"O bow of heaven! bow of heaven!
Thou shadowest forth the joys of the Creator;
Shed on me, too, thy colors and soft brightness!
Come, shine in the angry tempest of my life!
Usher in a brighter morn! send me a better day!
O bow of heaven! bow of heaven!
God hath sustained me in the days of storm;
My soul, give praise to the Eternal!
Must I die before thou appear
To bring me the joys of a happier day?
Must I drink to the dregs the cup of enmity and malice?
Must I die before I find my peace, the peace I am seeking?
I acknowledge my own faults and weakness,
And I forgive others their faults;
I forgive them with love and tears.
It is in death alone that I shall find peace;
The day of my death will be my happiest day;
How beautiful wilt thou be when thou proclaimest my happier days,
Shining on my forgotten tomb,
O bow of heaven! bow of heaven!

At the death of my dear companion,
The pure snow-flakes of winter
Fell as a sweet testimony
Into her open grave.
And thus, O bow of heaven!
Do thou bring me a friendly testimony
On the day of my death.
God hath sustained me in the days of trouble;
My soul, give praise to the Eternal,
For God himself dwells in thee,
In thee is his temple.
Praise God, O my soul,
Priestess of the temple of thy God!
Neither the heights of the earth nor the heights of the heavens,
Neither the sea of stars nor the army of clouds,
Shall pluck from thy being the presence of thy creator."

His doctor thus described his death: "He seemed to be smiling at the angel who had come to fetch him." The world has been building him monuments for seventy years. To leave an influence like his is more than all the gold of the Palgrave of the Rhine. He died poor for humanity's sake. "A nation is known by those whom it crowns," and to crown

character such as this must be one of the lessons of the new education, which must find its ideal not in wealth, but worth, and value a man not so much for what he has given as for the sacrifices he has made.

Frederick Froebel—who brought to a culmination the view of Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Fichte, and Cousin—the father of “Kindergarten,” called the Paradise of Childhood, was born in Thuringia April 21st, 1782. He visited the school of Pestalozzi at Yverdon, or Yverdun, grasped the truth of the theory, and saw the defects of the method. He saw that education must follow the methods of nature, and a child must be developed by following its spontaneous activities, and that fullness of character must be the end of the school. He established his school for Kindergarten teachers. His system was adopted and rejected by Prussia, and adopted again. It became the basis of Swiss education and the republic of the mountains

brought it to perfection and demonstrated the necessity of conscience and habit education after the methods of nature to the world. It was taken up in Boston as a charity largely under the influence of Elizabeth Palmer Peabody and Mrs. Quincy Shaw. San Francisco and other cities followed the example. It is now rapidly becoming the method of primary school education in all of the States, and in South America.

Froebel showed how to develop the child to find its happiness in creating good. This principle must last through all coming time.

It is the Froebel school of the philosophy of the poor, rejected idealist. Father Pestalozzi, whose birthday, Jan. 12, 1746, should be celebrated in America as well as in Switzerland and in Prussia, that seems destined to fulfill the prophecy of the times that a little child of simple faith shall lead, and that is to shape the destinies of The Coming Age.

LOVE AT FLOOD TIDE

BY HENRY WOOD

The ringing of Christmas chimes ushers in another joyful season, during which reciprocal love finds its most copious overflow. Every living principle has a rhythmical movement, for the law of action and reaction is universal. As we slowly wind up the spiral of human ascent it is, therefore, normal to find recurring pulsations of unusual strength. Like the floods of spring time, these accentuated hours represent the great periodic rise of human interest and affection, the mingled currents of which refresh and enrich human life and experience. There are brought to the front those diviner faculties in man, which in the ordinary stress of daily routine are latent, or at least comparatively inactive. The exuberant spirit of such a season is a temporary object lesson of a coming steady and continual state of consciousness toward which, through moral and spiritual evolution, the world is tending.

Without in any measure underrating the inspired associations of this anniversary, it is especially profitable to observe it on account of the exercise it gives to a soul-force of the highest and divinest quality. The principle which dwells back of the innumerable Christmas activities, many of which may seem trivial and unworthy, is that which alone will finally assure the salvation of the world.

The advent of the initial number of “The Coming Age” at such a time seems auspicious from the fact that its avowed purpose is not only constructive, but its special aim is “to be a constant inspiration and a real help to those seeking a higher, nobler and purer life.” Under such a prospectus, with the exercise of a wholesome optimism, it will logically help forward a coming age, when selfishness, wrong and materialism will have become outgrown, because of the transformation of the spirit which is back of

them. As is the average individual, so is the mass, and all institutions are secondary and resultant. To turn the hearts of a people, will in due season mould legislation, government and ethical and even political standards into complete correspondence. To hold the best ideals for men, and see their best side, is the most efficient means to bring these into actualized manifestation. Here at the apex of the nineteenth century, amidst the intensest moral questioning and spiritual hunger the world has ever known, there is an unbounded field for every well directed effort for character upliftment. Aggression, animalism, and the settlement of international differences by brute force, cannot be overcome by pessimism, nor by descending to fight them upon their own plane, but only by the force of moral ideals.

The spirit of love must everywhere be mingled in the complex life of mankind, for it is the only conserving element. Its absence is uniformly disintegrative. Nothing less than its sweetening potency will transform the negative and undeveloped powers of unspiritualized man. Without a liberal seasoning of this divine principle in society, the lower elements which evolution has brought over sink in an arrested development. Its absence of manifestation makes barren all the relations and activities of human existence. The lack of its warm cohesive force furnishes the essence and motive of all wars, contentions and disorders. It is common to attribute all these vestiges of brutality to the lack of intellectual development, but the repressed and frozen outflow of the basic element in man's constitution is the true reason for their prevalence.

As before noted every normal and beneficent faculty should have its vibrations of special activity, thereby lifting the general level and finding at least occasional fruition. "Times and seasons" are all needed as diverse parts of a larger unitary activity. In the broader view, reaction, or inactivity, is a period for the gathering of new potency for a stronger onrush than before. As just now the climax of darkness and lengthened nights is past, and the light and warmth

of the sun's rays steadily wax, so in the larger year of man's unfolding his higher forces and godlike powers are massing in unprecedented volume and their momentum of love will be irresistible.

The historic and local incarnation had a world-wide significance because it was an ideal and object lesson of developed humanity. It was the first ripened fruit of a great coming harvest. Man was filled with divinity, and nothing less can normally round out his complex being. But if the historic manifestation were entirely unique and unapproachable, or were an experience—in matter of any quality of soul—extra-human, it would have little significance for man. Being infinitely beyond his reach, it could neither be an ideal nor an inspiration. But how natural and compelling as a supreme specimen of moral and spiritual attainment! How thoroughly practical and important as a goal for which to strive! It exhibits man in full stature, permeated and controlled by love. If "God is love," love must be the substantial principle of the universal economy. It means fulness of life. It is the rich exuberance of the Deific overflow. Its growing subjective dominance in man, is the prophecy of a general incarnation.

The human evolutionary domain is spanned by a ladder of many steps, beginning with the Adamic and reaching up to the Christly consciousness. The ascent is made through spiritual evolution.

The Christmas spirit which finds concrete expression in giving and loving, is a fore-gleam of a universal state of consciousness. In this brief hint is wrapped up the promise and potency of an assured coming condition. It is not only a religious, but a scientific necessity, that from the law of its nature Divinity seek expressive instruments. Jesus recognized the intrinsic oneness, but through the ages such an inspiration or supreme consciousness has been veiled and mystical. But under the searchlight of recent thought, which may be defined as idealism made practical, there is a veritable renaissance.

From his very constitution, man must

be restless until he finds God. But a search through intellectual logic is certain to be unsuccessful, and may bear fruit in agnosticism. Man can know God only through the development of the divine sample—love—in his own soul. This principle is theologically set forth in the Gospel according to Saint John. This age needs also to discover its philosophical and even scientific exactitude.

The restless longing which men inherently feel to bring their souls into contact with the Great Reality is often uninterpreted, even to their own consciousness. Something is lacking; they know not what. Each, according to his own individual bias, allies himself with that church, institution, creed, or theology, wherein to him there seems to be most of the Divine. With "lo here," or "lo there," sounding in his ears, he turns to all these objective things instead of looking directly within himself. The only glimpse of spiritual verity must be found subjectively. The fulness of love is latent in his own soul, but as he is all unaware of it his restlessness continues. It is yet to be unfolded through recognition and exercise.

The rising tide of the larger Christmas is the brightening dawn of the higher self-hood; the uncovering of the image of God. The education of the love faculty is the way leading to that plane of consciousness which constitutes the "Father's House." The smaller objective and distant Christmas is not enough. Above the music of visible chimes, the spirit of the sweet hymn of the old German poet comes floating in:

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee thy soul is all forlorn."

While beautiful glimpses of the loftier aspects of love, in varying degree, have caught the eye of poets and prophets, its general exercise in the concrete has been looked upon by the world as an ideal that was very far distant. It was something for saints in the clouds, but not for mortals who stood with both feet upon the ground. It might form some

part of the furniture of a heaven beyond the grave, but, except in sentimental attenuation or low quality, it had little mundane practicality. To enlarge and clarify our views, we must therefore study the cosmical side as well as that aspect which is distinctly religious. How much larger and nearer is this great entity than we have ever imagined? While as physical beings we live in the atmospheric sea which envelops the earth, in the reality of our being, which is spiritual, we are embosomed in the Omnipresent Love. What a real though unseen environment! Is it personal, does some one inquire? It is both personal and more than personal, as we choose to view it. It is not easy to divest that term of all concepts of limitation and locality. "In Him we live, move and have our being."

Cosmical love is a larger and thoroughly normal idea of what is theologically denominated the "Holy Spirit." Philosophically, it must have as its logical basis a recognized beneficence of natural law. The inherent friendliness of the universal order has not yet come into general recognition, but it is clear to the more highly developed insight of an important minority. Nature, when spiritually interpreted, is friendly and only friendly. The theological "Holy Spirit" is spoken of as being "sent" or "poured out." How can it be sent when it is always there? If God is Omnipresent Love and Life, where can he be absent? What is the meaning of omnipresence? It is obvious that the sending and receiving of that which is always present can be only a seeming. But while we are living in, and permeated with a cosmic ether of love and life, to us it is absent if our consciousness be closed.

Nature is seemingly adverse, only when we trample upon her laws, and even then her penalties, though often apparently severe, are educational, and, when rightly understood, benignant. What a mighty Friend when we co-operate with her! Blinded by our crass materialism and lack of spiritual discernment, we are deaf to her harmonious voices and unwittingly believe that she is unmoral, if not immoral. Let us, there-

fore, enlarge the theological idea of a limited and capricious "Holy Spirit," sent only at rare intervals by a distant and extra-cosmic Deity, until it becomes identical with that Omnipresent Reality which fills the universe with unseen harmony. What is that all-inclusive attachment which men have called the blind properties of matter, naming them for convenience gravitation and cohesion; may they not be a lower plane of manifestation of the magnetism of Love? The sun sends out his wooing rays and every flower and living thing reflect his warm gladness, lifting their heads and springing forth in joyful responsiveness. Even the stars of heaven flash out their beatific sparkle to each other, and every atom of the universe is held in the raptured embrace of an universal enchantment. If "God is Love," Love must be God.

Wherever a sense of indwelling love is graphic and genuine there, and only there, is the real Christmas. When this state of consciousness becomes collective

the morning of a veritable holy day will have dawned.

We are accustomed to think of the Sermon on the Mount and the golden rule as moral ideals; but they are far more. They are scientific. They exactly fit the constitution of man upon all its planes. The intelligent and perfect adjustment of means to ends, in any department, psychical and spiritual, as well as material, properly belongs to the domain of exact science. The scope of relativity and of demonstrable continuity can no longer be restricted. The normality and sanity of nations, as well as individuals, is graded by the quantity of the love element which has been incorporated within them.

The idea of a general incarnation in no sense renders the historic ideal less impressive or beautiful, while it potentially lifts all mankind toward the same level. This is the "Father's House," which is being approached by gradual, but positive steps. The Prince of Peace is yet to set up a nativity in the common heart and life of the human family.

THE POWER OF THE IDEAL

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS

We frequently hear men dispose of a book, a movement, or a proposed reform, by saying "It is too ideal; it is not practical." Of one who proposes a change they do not like, they say "He is a dreamer, an idealist, a builder of pretty castles in the air, but his thought is impracticable." This is a very common mode of setting aside uncomfortable criticisms exposing the faults of existing institutions, and indefinitely postponing consideration of the plans proposed to remedy those faults. Yet this disparagement of the ideal, philosophically considered, is a bit of shallow sophistry, and ethically considered it is a sin against progress.

As a matter of fact nothing is so truly practical as the ideal. The ideal is the basis of the practical, the prophecy

of the practical, the creator of the practical. The ideal has moulded the world from barbarism to semi-civilization and will mould it to a civilization worthy the name. It is the power that moulds men and women and institutions and nations, as a potter moulds his clay. If it had not been for the power of the ideal we should still be savages living on nuts and uncooked roots and fish. Our fine houses and palace hotels, our railroads and factories, all our wonderful electrical devices, our libraries, schools and museums, our governments and institutions, were ideals before they were realities, and became realities because they were ideals. Every book and every nation was an ideal before it was a fact, and became a fact because of the creative power of the ideal.

After Mayor Jones's magnificent address at Detroit last August, I heard some business men and city officials make such remarks as these: "Yes, the address was very good, it sounded well, but it was not practical. Jones is a good fellow, but he's up in the clouds. It will do to talk about brotherhood and patriotism in business when we get within sight of the millennium, but it's waste time to speculate on that sort of thing to-day." I have heard similar sentiments expressed many times about such books as Bellamy's "Looking Backward"—not merely concerning the details of the plan, which certainly are objectionable in many respects, but concerning the underlying principle of the book, the realization of brotherhood in business life. Such sentiments almost always meet with approval expressed or implied on the part of most of those who are known as hard-headed business men. And yet I believe a little consideration will show that Jones and Bellamy are really more practical than their critics, for they deal with forces by the side of which the stock exchange and the railroad, finance, laws and governments are but as feathers in the gale or leaves upon the stream. All these are what the ideals of the people make them. He that changes the ideals of men changes the men themselves and all their institutions. Let the ideals of our youth have more of love and service and devotion in them than the ideals of their fathers, and less of self-interest and desire for mastery on the low plane of monetary advantage, and see what would become of the stock exchange and watered railroads, sweat shops, city slums, competitive wages, political corruption, class legislation, and all the mighty compost of conflicts and frauds and masteries which we call the competitive system. The man who runs an engine or controls a dynamo may be a practical man. But the man who arranges the wires, or changes them, or marks out a new plan by which they are to be laid is no less practical. The man who works in an electric power house, manages a railroad system, or administers a department of government, may be

a practical man; but the one who works in the power house among the moral and intellectual dynamos that light the world and run all its machinery, is working with forces that can turn the railroad system and the government inside out in spite of the resistance of "Railroad Managers" and "Politicians," and is as much more deeply and truly practical than they, as the man who builds the locomotive is more deeply practical than he who oils its joints.

Bellamy and Jones and other "dreamers*" who teach the ideal of co-operation in place of the ideal of competition, are doing more to change the face of the globe, create new facts, and make industrial and political history than all the engineers, carpenters, masons and other craftsmen put together, except so far as these men are dreamers also.

In every age of the world the dreamers have been the movers and moulders of men. Every great invention was a dream before it was a fact. Arkwright, Stevenson, Fulton, Morse, Edison, all were dreamers, theorists, idealists. Edison's interviews in the papers every now and then, as to what he is going to do, read more like "Arabian Nights" than the work of any of our novelists. Dreamers preceded each of these inventors, dreaming the thoughts that blossomed into reality in their lives, years, centuries, ages sometimes, of ideals slowly ripening till at last the bud bursts into fact. But all the time it is the ideal that ripened before that has been filling the air till the new thought is ready to bloom.

It is the ideal always that rules the real, and at bottom, as history abundantly proves, there is nothing so intensely practical as the ideal.

The British colonies in America were not fairly treated. The ideal of Independence took possession of a few courageous minds that were open to new ideas,

*To any one who knows Mayor Jones it sounds odd to call him a dreamer. He is the Mayor of a great city, and a wealthy manufacturer who has made his money by his own effort—one of the hardest of hard-headed business men, but with a tender heart and a brain full of light.

and ready to adopt the best that presented themselves, and work for their realization in spite of difficulties and dangers. The ideal captured the people. England resisted it and found it a very practical thing. It took up arms and fought for itself and conquered. What could be more practical than that?

The confederation of states was weak. The states were divided in their interests. Dissension and conflict were in prospect. Hamilton and his compatriots conceived the ideal of a solid federation, a powerful union, capable of vigorous national life, and strong enough to harmonize the interests and overcome the disagreements of individual states. The ideal persuaded men to its support, called a congress of wise men to consider the means of its realization, embodied its conclusions in a constitution and was adopted by the people. Is not the making of a nation a very practical thing? And was it not accomplished by the Federal Ideal?

The thought of a united Germany grew in the Teutonic mind. It was a "dream" of students and visionaries. But Bismarck had the dream. It possessed his soul. He lived for that dream. Through him it took arms against the hosts of Austria and drove them out of the German nest. Through him it made Prussian armies the best in the world, invaded France with the forces of the Northern and Southern Teuton-land side by side, and crowned King William Emperor of Germany, with the enthusiastic goodwill of every German State. A very practical thing, the union of Germany. France knows it is not a dream. It is one of the grandest facts of modern history. And it is the result of a great ideal in the heart of a powerful man, moving him to move the world, by force and persuasion, remolding men and nations to itself.

Jesus taught the ideal of a life of loving service, a life of devotion to truth and kindness and nobility, a life dominated by love; and, through the mighty power of that loftiest of all ideals, the influence of Jesus has permeated and transformed the civilized world, and is recognized as the strongest force that has en-

tered the life of Europe within historic times.

Luther conceived the ideal of individual freedom and self-government in religion, and the ideal tore Europe asunder, drenched her soil with blood, crippled the power of popes and creeds, and gave the world a religion which at last is beginning to manifest a kindly tolerance toward those of differing faith.

Garrison, Phillips, Lincoln dreamed of freedom for the blacks, voiced the ideal of political liberty for all men regardless of color. That ideal caused a secession which put a million men in arms and cost five thousand millions of dollars; and on the field of battle the ideal wrought itself into realization.

Ideals are dangerous things to trifle with. And the loftier they are the surer they are in the end to triumph, and the more dangerous it is to resist them. Do you wish to help in the next emancipation that has nailed its theses in the market place? Or do you wish your descendants to look back in shame upon you as one who opposed the new thought, classing you with those who crucified Jesus, tried Luther at Worms, and dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston? Will you stand with those who open their hearts to the new ideal, or with those who cling to the past and strive to hold the citadel of prejudice against the hosts of truth? "What is the new ideal?" do you ask? It is simply the ideal of Jesus, of Luther, of Jefferson, Hamilton, Garrison, Phillips and Lincoln, carried into industrial life. It is liberty and self-government, union, democracy and brother love in industry. Economic independence is to be declared as well as political independence. The princes of the market are to go with the kings of former times. The aristocracy of the dollar must follow the aristocracy of birth. All men must be free and equal before the dollar in order to be free and equal before the law. All men are to have a voice in controlling the business affairs with which they are connected, as well as the political affairs of the city, state or nation to which they belong. Political democracy is but a name without industrial democracy. The privilege of monopoly is to give way to the democ-

racy of public ownership. The struggle of workers and the mastery of employers is to give place to co-operative partnerships. The conflict of industrial groups is to give way to a great industrial union, a federation of co-operative groups under a wise and simple industrial constitution, just as the dissensions of the thirteen states gave way to a great political union under the Federal constitution. The lower self interest is to give way to the higher self interest—the egotistic to

the altruistic. The love of money is to give place to the love of man. Such is the great ideal that is moulding the present into the coming age. Will you make the ideal your own, or will you bar your mind against it, and choke the way to your heart with your pocket book and your prejudice? Will you turn your face to the coming age, or will you turn your back upon it, and do your best to pull the world back toward the Paleozoic age or the Eozoic age? Choose and work.

TELEPATHY AND PREVISION—SOME INTERESTING CASES

BY REV. ROBERT E. BISBEE

One evening I was visiting in the family of a Methodist pastor when the conversation turned on the occult. After a time Mrs. K——, the pastor's wife, asked me to explain a strange experience which she and her husband had undergone not long before. "We were driving," said Mrs. K——, "from one appointment to another. Mr. K—— had been preaching, was tired, and asked me to drive while he leaned back in the carriage to rest. Suddenly a strange thing happened. A mile or two ahead there was a little store, and in front of it I saw Mr. K—— and myself in the carriage, and our horse stumbling and falling in a way sure to break the shafts. Then two or three men came running from the store to our aid. I saw the whole thing so vividly that I refused to drive further and turned the reins over to Mr. K——. He protested at what he called my foolish notion, but took them and drove on. When we arrived at the store two or three men were standing near by. A moment later our horse stepped on a rolling stone, fell and broke the shafts, and these men came to our rescue. Now how do you explain that? I told Mr. K—— exactly what was going to happen when we were a mile or two away, but could not make him believe it until it was proved, and it has been a mystery to us ever since." Mr.

K—— confirmed his wife's story in every detail. I simply state the facts as given me, and offer no explanation except to tell of other cases nearly or quite as startling.

The Rev. Charles F. Allen, D. D., a well known preacher in Maine, related to me a strange case of prevision in his own experience. When he, Allen, was a boy, about twelve years of age, he lived in the village of Norridgewock, Maine, where he had a schoolmate whom we will call X. Norridgewock was the county seat, and court convened there several times a year. One night Allen had a dream that X was a judge and was holding the court, and that he, Allen, was a minister; that one day when the court was in session he happened in, and was asked by the judge to open the court with prayer, which he did. The dream was very vividly impressed and definitely remembered. At the time of the dream neither Allen nor X had decided on any profession. They were simply boys, and had no plans whatever for the future.

I think it was something more than thirty years later that X became a judge and Allen found himself stationed as pastor of the Methodist Church at Skowhegan, a village five miles from Norridgewock. One day Allen had occasion to visit Norridgewock, found the court in session and went in. X was presiding.

and on seeing Allen asked him to open with prayer. The circumstance, recalled the dream, the correspondence was perfect.

At one time my brother was a member of the Fire Department in the village of Skowhegan. I was living in Harmony, twenty miles away. After spending one night with me my brother arose and complained of feeling more tired than when he went to bed. His arms and shoulders ached as though he had been taking some violent exercise. He also mentioned having had a dream in which he thought he heard the fire alarm, responded to the call, and took his place at the hand engine, where he worked for several hours in an effort to extinguish the fire. He described in detail the part of the village which had burned.

There was a severe storm at the time and no communication was received

from Skowhegan for two or three days. The first traveler who came through brought the news of the fire, which had occurred exactly as my brother saw it in his dream. Later I visited with him the scene of the disaster, and he pointed out the place where he had stood in his dream with the engine and described the order in which the buildings burned. All of which was confirmed by subsequent inquiry.

The foregoing are a few of the curious things which I have received from perfectly reliable sources. It is almost impossible to mention these occurrences in the presence of three or four intelligent persons without calling up experiences equally strange within the personal knowledge of some one present. Who will reduce such facts to a science, and make prevision and telepathy a reliable art?

GENIUS AND ART AS VIEWED BY VICTOR HUGO

BY B. O. FLOWER

[It is our purpose to give from month to month, one extended review or characterization of some work of special value to thinking people—a book which we believe will occupy a permanent place in literature, or one which merits the attention of the public. It will be our aim to make the review interesting and helpful to readers who are unable to secure the work discussed.]

Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "William Shakespeare," is one of the most suggestive volumes of criticism which have appeared during the last half century. In it, we have the author's view of the true relation of literature to human life. It is a brilliant criticism of genius and art, and like "Les Misérables" was a part of the rich fruitage of his nineteen years of exile.

I have often thought that Napoleon III. was probably responsible, unintentionally, for making Victor Hugo hold a far nobler place in the galaxy of the great than he would have occupied had his best years been distracted by the multitudinous duties of political life, and the

many social demands which encroached upon his valuable time, before the coup d'état, and the subsequent banishment of the most illustrious citizen of France. I do not doubt that literature,—and indeed, through it, humanity,—has been greatly the gainer through this seemingly cruel fate, for Victor Hugo was too great a man to waste time in repining. He was nothing if not industrious; like Richard Wagner, whom he so cordially disliked, but who in so many respects resembled him, he felt life to be too short to deliver to humanity the message that filled his thought world. Great pictures, ideas, and dreams haunted his mind; it was impossible for him to be idle, for he had a message of moment for mankind.

The title of the work "William Shakespeare," is rather unfortunate, as it fails to indicate the scope or character of the volume; which deals in a thought-compelling way with (1) genius throughout the ages, (2) the utility of art, and (3) its relation to our daily life. It is one of

those rare works which stimulate that which is noble and lofty in the imagination; it calls out thought, and awakens a wealth of ideas and reflections, much as does the majesty of the noble peaks and mountain gorges of the Rockies, the Falls of Niagara, or the unrivaled beauty of the Appalachian mountains when clothed in the splendor of an autumnal dawn. To me it has proved exceedingly suggestive; and, in the hope that its thoughts may be likewise helpful to our readers, I have selected it as the opening paper of a series of studies or reviews of works of real value to earnest and aspiring men and women of our wonderful age.

In considering Victor Hugo's writings, it is important to remember that he has always a clearly defined purpose in his work; thus, "*Les Misérables*" represents man's struggle with unjust laws; "*Notre Dame*" illustrates his struggle with superstition; "*The Toilers of the Sea*" is intended to emphasize his conflict with nature; while in the volume we are noticing, the author has selected genius and art as a noble and comprehensive theme, treated it with the wealth of a poet's imagination, and from the view point of a dreamer who is also a utilitarian philosopher.

"We speak of Art," he observes at the threshold of his discussion, "as we speak of Nature. Here are two terms of almost indeterminate meaning; to pronounce the one or the other of these words—Nature, Art,—is to make a conjuration, to call forth the ideas from the deeps, to draw aside one of the two great curtains of the divine creation. God manifests himself to us in the first degree through the life of the universe, and in the second through the thought of man. The second manifestation is not less holy than the first. The first is named Nature, the second is named Art. Hence this reality; the poet is a priest. Art is as natural as nature. By the word God—let us fix the sense of this word also—we mean the Living Infinite. The latent Ego of the visible Infinite, that is God. God is the invisible made evident."

Victor Hugo possessed the modern

scientific spirit without the crass materialism that has so handicapped modern science, and tended to drive those under its influence to a position as extreme and unreasonable, in unbelief of things not tangible to the physical senses, as the superstition of the dark ages was absurd in its open mouthed credulity; each extreme has been unfavorable to normal growth, to real progress, or the wholesome development of the human soul. Victor Hugo was far more scientific in spirit than many who prided themselves on being, above all else, scientific. At a time when psychic phenomena were being everywhere ridiculed, and when men of learning were expected to display a contempt for their claim, our author stood for honest investigation; and took that sound position which years later was taken by the eminent scholars and scientists of the old and new worlds who organized "The Society for Psychical Research."

"To replace inquiry by mockery," says our author, "is convenient but not very scientific. For our part, we think that the strict duty of Science is to test all phenomena. Science is ignorant, and has no right to laugh; a sapient who laughs at the possible is very near being an idiot. The unexpected ought always to be expected by Science. Her duty is to stop it in its course and search it, rejecting the chimerical, establishing the real. Science has not the right to put a visa on facts; she should verify and distinguish. All human knowledge is but picking and culling. The circumstance that the false is mingled with the true furnishes no excuse for rejecting the whole mass. When was the tare an excuse for refusing the corn? Hoe out the weed error, but reap the fact, and place it beside others. Science is the sheaf of facts. The mission of Science is to study and sound everything. All of us, according to our degree, are the creditors of investigation; we are its debtors also. It is due to us, and we owe it to others. To evade a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it that attention to which it has a right, to bow it out, to show it the door, to turn our back on

it laughing, is to make truth a bankrupt, and to leave the signature of Science to be protested. The phenomenon of the tripod of old, and the table of today, is entitled, like anything else, to investigation. Psychic science will gain by it, without doubt. Let us add, that to abandon phenomena to credulity, is to commit treason against human reason."

BRILLIANT PEN PICTURES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Victor Hugo's graphic, picturesque, and suggestive characterizations of great representative geniuses from Homer to the nineteenth century constitute one of the most interesting features of the work, as will be seen from a few of these pen pictures.

"Homer is the huge poet-child. The world is born. Homer sings; he is the bird of the dawn. Homer has the holy candor of morning. The shadow is almost unknown to him. Chaos, heaven, earth, Geo and Ceto, Jove, god of gods, Agamemnon, king of kings, peoples, flocks from the beginning, temples, towns, battle, harvests, the ocean; Diomedes fighting, Ulysses wandering; the meanderings of a ship seeking its home, the Cyclops, the Pygmies; a map of the world with a crown of gods upon Olympus, and here and there a glimpse of Erebus through furnace mouths; priests, virgins, mothers, little children frightened by the plumes, the unforgetting dog, great words which fall from gray-beards, loving friendships, the mansions and the hydras, Vulcan for the laugh of the gods, Thersites for the laugh of men; the two aspects of married life summed up for the benefit of the centuries in Helen and Penelope; the Styx, Destiny, the heel of Achilles, without which Destiny would be vanquished by the Styx; monsters, heroes, men, a thousand perspectives glimpsing in the haze of the antique world,—this is Homer. Troy coveted. Ithaca longed for. Homer is war and travel,—the two first methods for the meeting of mankind. The camp attacks the fortress, the ship attacks the unknown by penetrating it; around war every passion; around travel every kind

of adventure; two gigantic groups; the first, bloody, is called the 'Iliad,' the second, luminous, is called the 'Odyssey.' . . . Homer is one of the men of genius who solve the fine problem of art,—the finest of all, perhaps,—truly to depict humanity by the enlargement of man; that is, to generate the real in the ideal. Fable and history, hypothesis and tradition, the chimera and knowledge, make up Homer. He is fathomless, and he is cheerful. All the depth of ancient days moves, radiant and luminous, in the vast azure of his mind."

Another genius in the ancient constellation is Job, the poet, philosopher, and seer of the Far East.

"Job begins the drama. This embryo is a colossus. Job begins the drama, now forty centuries ago, by placing Jehovah and Satan in presence of each other; the evil defies the good, and behold! the action is begun. The scene is laid upon the earth, and man is the field of battle; the plagues are the actors. One of the wildest grandeurs of this poem is, that in it the sun is baleful. The sun is in Job as in Homer; but it is no longer the dawn, it is high noon. The mournful oppression of the brazen ray, falling perpendicularly on the desert, pervades the poem, which is heated to a white heat. . . . Job has above his head the frightful Arabian sun—a breeder of monsters, an intensifier of plagues, which changes the cat into the tiger, the lizard into the crocodile, the pig into the rhinoceros, the snake into the boa, the nettle into the cactus, the wind into the simoon, the miasma into the pestilence. . . . The whole poem of Job is the development of this idea,—the greatness that may be found at the bottom of the pit. Job is more majestic when unfortunate than when prosperous; his leprosy is a robe of purple. His misery terrifies those who are there; they speak not to him until after a silence of seven days and seven nights. His lamentation is marked by a certain tranquil and gloomy magianism. . . . Job is in reality a priest and a seer. Job extracts from his drama a dogma; he suffers, and draws an inference. Now, to suffer and draw an inference is to teach; sorrow leads logically to God. Job teaches;

having touched the summit of the drama, he stirs the depths of philosophy. He first shows that sublime madness of wisdom which, two thousand years later, in resignation making itself a sacrifice, will become the Calvary of Jesus."

After the poet, the philosopher, and the dramatist, we come to the prophet.

"Isaiah seems placed above humanity, and resembles a rumbling of continual thunder. He is the great reproacher. His style, a kind of nocturnal cloud, is lighted up with images which suddenly empurple all the depths of his obscure thought, and make us exclaim, 'It lightens!' Isaiah engages in battle, hand to hand, with the evil which, in civilization, makes its appearance before the good. He cries 'Silence!' at the noise of chariots, of festivals, of triumphs. The foam of his prophecy falls even on nature; he gives Babylon over to the mole and bats, Nineveh to the briars. Tyre to ashes, Jerusalem to night; He stands upon the threshold of civilization, and he refuses to enter. He is a kind of mouth-piece of the desert speaking to the multitudes, and demanding in the name of the sands, the brambles, and the winds, the sites of the cities. And this upon the score of justice; because the tyrant and the slave, that is to say, pride and shame, exist wherever there are walled enclosures; because evil is there incarnate in man; because in solitude there is but the beast, while in the city there is the monster. Those things with which Isaiah reproached his time,—idolatry, debauchery, war, prostitution, ignorance,—still exist. Isaiah is the undying contemporary of the vices that make themselves servants, and of the crimes that make themselves kings."

The pen picture of Ezekiel is no less vivid. Like all the great representative geniuses who become, in a real sense, the voice of God, this prophet represents a great and vital truth. "The conception of duty is in Job; Æschylus the conception of right. Ezekiel introduces the resultant third conception,—the human race ameliorated, the future more and more emancipated. It is man's consolation that the future is to be a sunrise instead of a sunset."

Beyond the prophet, rises the apostle. I have only space for a few extracts from the suggestive characterization of the apostle Paul which I regard as superior to the author's picture of St. John, though like the numerous sketches which I cannot even enumerate, it also is rich in food for thought, and evinces the wealth of a luxuriant imagination such as few men of the prosaic nineteenth century have possessed:

"Paul, a saint for the church, a great man for humanity, represents that miracle, at once divine and human, conversion. It is he to whom the future has appeared. It leaves him haggard; and nothing can be more superb than this face, forever wondering, of the man conquered by the light. Paul, born a Pharisee, had been a weaver of camel's-hair tents, and a servant of one of the judges of Jesus Christ, Gamaliel; then the Scribes, perceiving his fierce spirit, had educated him. He was a man of the past, he had guarded the clothes of the stone-throwers; he aspired, having studied with the priests, to become an executioner; he was on the road for this. All at once a wave of light emanates from the darkness and throws him down from his horse; and henceforth there will be in the history of the human race that wonderful thing,—the road to Damascus. That day of the metamorphosis of Saint Paul is a great day,—keep the date; it corresponds to the 25th of January in our Gregorian calendar. The road to Damascus is essential to the march of Progress. To fall into the truth and to rise a just man,—a transfiguring fall,—that is sublime. It is the history of Saint Paul; from his day it will be the history of humanity. The flash of light is something beyond the flash of lightning. Progress will be carried forward by a series of dazzling visions. As for Saint Paul, who has been thrown down by the force of new conviction, this harsh stroke from on high reveals to him his genius. Once more upon his feet, he goes forward; he will not pause again. 'Forward!' is his cry. He is cosmopolite. He loves the outsiders, whom Paganism calls Barbarians, and Christianity calls Gentiles; he devotes himself to them. He is the apostle

of the outer world. He writes to the nations epistles in behalf of God. Listen to his speaking to the Galatians: 'O foolish Galatians! how can ye go back to the yoke to which ye were tied? There are no longer either Jews, or Greeks, or slaves. Do not perform your grand ceremonies ordained by your laws. I declare unto you that all that is nothing. Love one another. It is all-important that man become a new creature. Ye are called to liberty.' Like all men of progress, he speaks with reserve of the written law; he prefers grace to the law, just as we prefer to it justice. What is grace? It is the inspiration from on high; it is the breath, flat 'ubi vult; it is liberty. Grace is the spirit of the law. This discovery of the spirit of the law belongs to Saint Paul; and what he calls 'grace' from a heavenly point of view, we, from an earthly point of view, call 'right.' Such is Paul. The enlargement of a mind by the inbreaking of light, the beauty of the seizure of a soul by the truth, shine forth in his person. Herein, we insist, lies the virtue of the journey to Damascus. Whoever, henceforward, shall desire such growth as this, must follow the pointing finger of Saint Paul. All those to whom justice shall reveal itself, every blindness desirous of the day, all the cataracts looking to be healed, all searchers after conviction, all the great adventurers after virtue, all servants of the good in quest of the true, must follow this road. The light that they find there shall change nature, for the light is always relative to darkness; it shall increase in intensity. The road to Damascus shall be forever the route of great minds. It shall also be the route of nations. For nations, those vast individualisms, have, like each of us, their crisis and their hour."

It is impossible to give further space to this part of the work, beyond a few words concerning England's greatest poet.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Shakespeare: what is he? You might almost answer, He is the earth. Lucretius is the sphere, Shakespeare is

the globe. There is more and less in the globe than in the sphere. In the sphere there is the All; on the globe there is man. Here the outer, there the inner mystery. Lucretius is being, Shakespeare is existence. Hence the shadow that is in Lucretius; hence the teeming life in Shakespeare. Space—the blue, as the Germans say—is certainly not denied to Shakespeare. The earth sees and traverses the heavens; the earth knows them under their two aspects,—darkness and azure, doubt and hope. Life comes and goes in death. All life is a secret, a sort of enigmatical parenthesis between birth and the death-throe, between the opening and the closing of the eye. The possession of this secret renders Shakespeare restless. Lucretius is; Shakespeare lives. In Shakespeare the birds sing, the bushes are clothed with green, hearts love, souls suffer, the cloud wanders, it is hot, multitudes speak, the vast eternal dream hovers over all. Sap and blood, all forms of the multiple reality, actions and ideas, man and humanity, the living and the life, solitudes, cities, religion, diamonds and pearls, dung-hills and charnel-houses, the ebb and flow of beings, the steps of comers and goers, all, all are on Shakespeare and in Shakespeare; and this genius being the earth, the dead emerge from it. Certain sinister sides of Shakespeare are haunted by spectres. Shakespeare is a brother of Dante: the one completes the other. Dante incarnates all supernaturalism, Shakespeare all Nature; and these two regions, Nature and the supernatural, which appear to us so different, are really the same unity. Dante and Shakespeare, however dissimilar, have coterminous boundaries and domains in common: there is something of the human in Alighieri, something of the spectre in Shakespeare. The skull passes from the hands of Dante into the hands of Shakespeare. Ugolino gnaws it, Hamlet questions it; and it exhibits perhaps even deeper meaning and a loftier teaching in the second than in the first. Shakespeare is the sower of dazzling wonders. At every turn, an image; at every turn, contrast; at every turn, light and darkness Shakespeare—the condor alone gives some

idea of such gigantic flight—departs, arrives, starts again, mounts, descends, hovers, sinks, dives, drops, submerges himself in the depths below, merges into the depths above. He is one of those geniuses that God purposely leaves unbridled, so that they may go headlong and in full flight into the infinite. From time to time there comes to this globe one of these spirits. Their passage, as we have said, renews art, science, philosophy, or society. They fill a century, then disappear. Then it is not one century alone that their light illumines, it is humanity from the beginning to the end of time, and we perceive that each of these men was the human mind itself contained whole in one brain, and coming, at a given moment, to impart new impetus to earthly progress. These supreme spirits, their life ended and their work done, in death rejoin the mysterious group of things who are at home in the infinite."

THE OTHELLO OF SHAKESPEARE.

A notice of this work, which was written as an introduction to a translation of Shakespeare by one of the author's sons, would be incomplete without a glimpse of Victor Hugo's method of treating the colossal creations of Shakespeare. Here again, however, it is impossible to dwell at length, and I will give his summary of Othello as an illustration of the suggestive character of the work, but before doing so let us quote a few sentences, touching Hamlet and Macbeth. "Doubt counselled by a ghost, such is Hamlet. . . . There is between life and him a transparency,—the wall of dreams. . . . He is the mournful man that we all are in certain situations. Unhealthy as he is, Hamlet expresses a permanent condition of man. He represents the discomfort of the soul in a life unsuited to it."

"Macbeth represents that frightful, hungry creature, who prowls throughout history—in the forest, called a brigand, and on the throne, a conqueror. The ancestor of Macbeth is Nimrod."

"Now what is Othello? He is the night. An immense fatal figure. Night is amorous of day. Darkness loves the dawn. The African adores the white woman. Othello has for his light and for his frenzy, Desdemona. And then, how easy to him is jealousy! He is great, he is dignified, he is majestic, he soars above all heads; he has as an escort bravery, battle, the braying of trumpets, the banners of war, renown, glory; he is radiant with twenty victories, he is studded with stars, this Othello: but he is black. And thus how soon, when jealous, the hero becomes the monster, the black becomes the negro! How speedily has night beckoned to death! By the side of Othello, who is night, there is Iago, who is evil—evil, the other form of darkness. Night is but the night of the world; evil is the night of the soul. How deeply black are perfidy and falsehood! It is all one whether what courses through the veins be ink or treason. Whoever has jostled against imposture and perjury, knows it: one must blindly grope one's way with knavery. Pour hypocrisy upon the break of day, and you put out the sun; and this, thanks to false religions, is what happens to God. Iago near Othello is the precipice near the landslip. 'This way!' he says in a low voice. The snare advises blindness. The lover of darkness guides the black. Deceit takes upon itself to give what light may be required by night. Falsehood serves as a blind man's dog to jealousy. Othello the negro and Iago the traitor pitted against whiteness and candor: what more formidable? These ferocities of darkness act in unison. These two incarnations of the eclipse conspire, the one roaring, the other sneering, for the tragic suffocation of light. Sound this profound thing. Othello is the night, and being night, and wishing to kill, what does he take to slay with? Poison? the club? the axe? the knife? No; the pillow. To kill is to lull to sleep. Shakespeare himself perhaps did not take this to account. The creator sometimes, almost unknown to himself, yields to his type, so truly is that type a power. And it is thus that Desdemona, spouse of the man Night, dies, stifled by the pillow upon which the

first kiss was given, and which receives the last sigh."

AN APOSTROPHE TO GOD.

In that part of the work entitled "Souls," we have a striking apostrophe to God which reminds one more of an oriental sage than a nineteenth century philosopher. "No, Thou art not worn out," exclaims the poet, "Thou hast not before Thee the hourn, the limit, the term, the frontier. Thou hast nothing to bound Thee, as winter bounds summer, as lassitude the birds, as the precipice the torrent, as the cliff the ocean, as the tomb man. Thou art without end. . . . The huge concentric waves of universal life are shoreless. The starry sky that we study is but a partial appearance. We grasp but a few meshes of the vast network of existence. The complication of the phenomenon, of which a glimpse can be caught beyond our senses only by contemplation and ecstasy, makes the mind giddy. The thinker who reaches so far is to other men only a visionary. The necessary interlacement of the perceptible with the non-perceptible strikes the philosopher with stupor. This plenitude is required by Thy omnipotence, which admits no gap. The interpenetration of universe with universe makes part of the infinitude. Here we extend the word 'universe' to an order of facts that no astronomer can reach. In the Cosmos, invisible to fleshly eye, but revealed to vision, sphere blends with sphere without change of form, the creations being of diverse density; so that, to all appearance, with our world is inexplicably merged another, invisible to us as to it. And Thou, centre and base of things, Thou, the 'I Am' exhausted! Can the absolute serenities be distressed, from time to time, by want of power on the part of the Infinite? Shall we believe that an hour may come when Thou canst no longer furnish the light of which humanity has need; that, mechanically unwearied, Thou mayst grow faint in the intellectual and moral order, so that men may say, 'God is extinct upon that side'? No! No! No! O Father!"

ART FOR PROGRESS.

To me, the most interesting part of this volume deals with the true mission of art, and the duties and responsibilities of life now and here. At a time when "Art for Art's sake" was the popular shibboleth among the literati of France, Victor Hugo raised his voice in behalf of progress. "Be of some service," he exclaims. "Do not be fastidious when so much depends upon being efficient and good. Art for Art's sake may be very fine, but art for progress is finer still. To dream of castles in Spain is well; to dream of Utopia is better. Ah! you must think? Then think of making man better. . . . Let us consecrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just; it is well for us to do so. . . . Some pure lovers of art, moved by a solicitude which is not without its dignity and its nobility, discard the formula, 'Art for Progress,' the Beautiful Useful, fearing lest the useful should deform the beautiful. They tremble to see the drudge's hand attached to the muse's arm. According to them, the ideal may become perverted by too much contact with reality. They are solicitous for the sublime if it descends as far as humanity. Ah! they are in error. The useful, far from circumscribing the sublime, enlarges it. . . . But people protest: to undertake the cure of social evils, to amend the codes, to impeach law in the court of right, to utter those hideous words, 'Penitentiary,' 'convict keeper,' 'galley-slave,' 'girl of the town;' to inspect the police registers, to contract the business of dispensaries, to study the questions of wages and want of work, to taste the black-bread of the poor, to seek labor for the working woman, to confront fashionable idleness with ragged sloth, to throw down the partition of ignorance, to open schools, to teach little children how to read; to attack shame, infamy, error, vice, crime, want of conscience; to preach the multiplication of spelling books, to proclaim the equality of the sun, to improve the food of intellects and of hearts, to give meat and drink, to demand solutions for problems and shoes for naked feet,— these things are not the business

of the azure. Art is the azure. Yes, art is the azure; but the azure from above, whence falls the ray which swells the wheat, yellows the maize, rounds the apple, gilds the orange, sweetens the grape. Again I say, a further service is an added beauty. At all events, where is the diminution? To ripen the beet-root, to water the potato, to increase the yield of lucern, of clover, or of hay; to be a fellow workman with the ploughman, the vine-dresser, and the gardener,—this does not deprive the heavens of one star. Ah! immensity does not despise utility,—and what does it lose by it? Does the vast vital fluid that we call magnetic or electric flash through the cloud-masses with less splendor because it consents to perform the office of pilot to a bark, and to keep constant to the north the little needle intrusted to it, the gigantic guide?"

He urges that our duty, here and now, is, "To sing the ideal, to love humanity, to believe in progress, and to pray towards the Infinite." And again, he exclaims: "All power is duty. Should this power enter into repose in our age? Should duty shut its eyes? and is the moment come for art to disarm? Less than ever. Thanks to 1789, the human caravan has reached a high plateau; and the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. This is all. To every widening of the horizon, an enlargement of conscience corresponds. We have not reached the goal. Concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony,—that is yet far off."

THE AUGUST CHARACTER OF LIFE.

His view of life was lofty—indeed exactly such a conception as one would naturally expect from a nature profoundly convinced, not only of the truth of immortality, but that life beyond the grave was a perpetual ascent for the aspiring soul. Thus, we find him exclaiming: "To live, is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, commonsense, right, and duty welded to the heart. To live, is to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do. Life is conscience. . . . Let us consecrate our-

selves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just; it is well for us to do so."

After noting that "Excessive devotion to the material is the evil of our epoch," he sums up the true aim or duty of men of thought and action at the present hour. "What an aim—to construct the people! Principles combined with science, all possible quantity of the absolute, introduced by degrees into the fact. Utopia treated successively by every mode of realization—by political economy, by philosophy, by physics, by chemistry, by dynamics, by logic, by art; union gradually replacing antagonism, and unity replacing union; for religion God, for priest the father, for prayer virtue, for field the whole earth, for language the word, for law the right, for motive power duty, for hygiene labor, for economy universal peace, for canvas the very life, for the goal progress, for authority freedom, for people the man. And at the summit the ideal. The ideal!—stable type of ever-moving progress."

THE POET'S SOCIAL IDEALS.

"There is," he tells us, "something beyond satisfying one's appetite; the goal of man is not the goal of the animal. A moral lift is necessary. The life of nations, like the life of individuals, has its moments of depression; these moments pass, certainly, but no trace of them ought to remain. Man at this day tends to fall into the stomach, man must be replaced in the heart, man must be replaced in the brain—the brain, this is the noble sovereign that must be restored. The social question requires today more than ever to be examined on the side of human dignity."

From early manhood to the close of his noble and eventful life, Victor Hugo displayed a profound interest in the welfare of the people; the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy, these were ever in his thoughts. There is something almost passionate in his appeals for those who were under the wheel. Thus we find him exclaiming: "The future presses. Tomorrow cannot wait. Humanity has not a minute to lose. Quick! quick! let us

hasten. The wretched have their feet on red-hot iron; they hunger, they thirst, they suffer. Alas! terrible emaciation of the poor human body. There is too much poverty, too much privation, too much immodesty, too much nakedness, too many houses of shame, too many tatters, too many defalcations, too many crimes, too much darkness; not enough schools, too many little innocents growing up for evil! The pallet of the poor girl is suddenly covered with silk and lace—and in that is the most misery; by the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging the other. Such a society requires prompt succor. Let us seek out the best. Go, all of you, in this search! Where are the promised lands? Civilization must march forward! But before all, above all, let us be lavish with the light. All sanitary purification begins by opening the windows wide. Let us open wide all intellects; let us supply souls with air. Quick, quick, O thinkers! Let the human race breathe. Shed abroad hope, sow the ideal, do good. One step after another, horizon after horizon, conquest after conquest; because you have given what you promised, do not hold yourself quit of obligation. To perform is to promise. To-day's dawn pledges the sun for to-morrow."

THE POET SHOULD BE THE
PRIEST OF JUSTICE, THE
SERVANT OF THE
PEOPLE.

Victor Hugo was never more strenuous or more in earnest than when insisting that the people be the first and chief concern of the man of genius. These lines are thoroughly characteristic of the impassioned appeal that runs through the last half of the volume we are considering:

"Sacrifice to 'the mob,' O poet! Sacri-

fice to that unfortunate, disinherited, vanquished, vagabond, shoeless, famished, repudiated, despairing mob; sacrifice to it, if it must be, and when it must be, thy repose, thy fortune, thy joy, thy country, thy liberty, thy life. The mob is the human race in misery. The mob is the mournful beginning of the people. The mob is the great victim of darkness. Sacrifice to it thy gold and thy blood, which is more than thy gold, and thy thought, which is more than thy blood, and thy love, which is more than thy thought; sacrifice to it everything except justice. Receive its complaint; listen to it, touching its faults and touching the faults of others; hear its complaints and its accusation. Give it thy ear, thy hand, thy arm, thy heart. Do everything for it, excepting evil. Alas! it suffers so much, and it knows nothing. Correct it, warn it, instruct it, guide it, train it. Put it to the school of honesty. Make it spell truth; show it the alphabet of reason; teach it to read virtue, probity, generosity, mercy. Hold thy book wide open. Be attentive, vigilant, kind, faithful, humble. Light up the brain, inflame the mind, extinguish selfishness, and thyself give the example. For it is beautiful on this sombre earth during this dark life's brief passage to something beyond, it is beautiful that Force should have Right for a master, that Progress should have Courage as a leader, that Intelligence should have Honor as a sovereign, that Conscience should have Duty as a despot, that Civilization should have Liberty as a queen, and that the servant of Ignorance should be the light."

This volume, though broad in its scope, and very suggestive to earnest thinkers on almost every highway of research, is marked throughout by unity of purpose. The high mission of genius, the true function of art; such is the burden of the message which is at once elevating, inspiring and suggestive.

By noble effort in the right direction man produces the good which he thinks he finds.

A man may fear God without reverencing Him, and fear men who are in power without respecting them.

DREAMS AND VISIONS

A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

PART I.

I believe that all human experiences are natural, whether they be "in the spirit or out of the spirit." It is natural to sleep, and if the eyes of the spirit are open when the eyes of the body are closed, it is as natural to see spiritual things with the spiritual eyes as it is to see material things with the natural eyes. I do not believe there is any radical difference in the organization of persons who have different experiences. The thought, feeling, education, and environment alone make the apparent difference. I do believe that an unquestioning, unswerving faith alone constitutes the only difference, and if you have never had experiences that another claims to have had, question your own heart and see if you have the same faith. "Oh, faithless generation!" "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Peter could not walk upon the waters without faith and without having hold of Jesus' hand.

In various instances the unbelieving had experiences that some call supernatural. Paul had to have such an experience, even being made blind before he could see, and receive the truth. My observation confirms my belief that faith is the sole secret of this power. Faith in the nearness and reality of the spiritual world, faith in the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, in his life, his death, and, greatest of all, faith in his resurrection from the dead, has given to certain persons—from the beginning to the present day—a gift which, because not generally bestowed, is considered abnormal. God has no favorites among his children. He promised to all who knock that he

would open, to those who seek that they should find, and to those who ask that they should receive. They must comply with his conditions and believe in order to receive.

I make no claim of having supernatural gifts; I know I have not. I have seen many people with greater talents, but I can most sincerely say that I have never found one having greater faith. There may be many who have, and of all people in the world those are the ones whom I should love most to meet.

Perhaps what I write may at least convince the reader of my faith in practical things. I have no faith in the education that is not perfectly practical. I have no faith in religion that is not practical, every day, from the greatest to the least things in our lives. I have no faith in a faith that is not practical, therefore I have no faith in a dream, vision, or instruction that is not practical. Everything that is good comes from God, and that is my test if it be from God, immediately through his angels (Ps. civ, 4) or immediately.

"Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." (I John iv, 1.)

To disbelieve in visions and dreams is to discard the Bible—the New Testament as well as the Old. Take out the dreams of the first and second chapters of Matthew and the Christian has no God.

A scientist may trace a bad dream to a bad supper, and he may be perfectly correct; for if a man feeds the animal part of his nature he opens his spiritual eyes when asleep into the very same company he has invited to sup with him.

A man dreams of falling off a house-top or down a well; that is merely from a contraction of the viscera, and is not really a dream, or a vision, or a psychological experience, but purely a physiological phenomenon.

A dream in the Bible is a positive instruction given in clear language or pictures, or else in symbolic language or forms, such as the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar, which the Prophet Daniel interpreted, and which must often be explained by another than the dreamer, as is the case with some of the dreams about to be related.

Dreams sometimes pass from the memory, as in the case of Nebuchadnezzar, and as there is no Daniel to recall them the instruction is lost.

I believe that the spiritual condition of a person is more truly revealed in his dreams than by any of his waking experiences.

I heard a person once say, "Awake, I am a perfectly honest man; asleep, I commit theft at every opportunity," and I wondered if he knew whether he was free from spiritual theft when he was awake.

In dreams or visions I have received instructions of great value and warnings of events and dangers that I could not possibly have foreseen on the material plane.

I have been asked to relate some of these experiences, and I do so willingly, knowing that all persons who have had similar ones will understand and can believe them, and hoping that my testimony may not be without interest, or seem unworthy of honest consideration to those who, as yet, do not so believe and understand.

I.

One Saturday night during the latter part of May, 1891, I was lying in bed at home. The inside blinds were closed and the room was quite dark. My husband was asleep beside me. I closed my eyes. Instantly there appeared clearly and distinctly before me a man

facing me, sitting at a table at the foot of the bed. His face was pure and perfect in every particular, and it held me spell-bound. It was so vivid, and I was forced to look so intently, that it was indelibly and forever impressed upon my memory. His hair was long and white, and fell upon his shoulders.

He wore a student's robe of black, with soft white ruffles at his throat and wrists, and as he held my gaze with his calm, steady eyes, he took up a pen and, reaching forth to me, seemed by the motion to command me to write, at the same time smiling benignant encouragement upon me. I was conscious that this was not a material man, but a substantial man—more real than anything I had ever seen, and its effect upon my mind has remained as vivid as at that moment.

I woke my husband and told him, and afterward drew the face and endeavored to discover the identity of the original by comparison with portraits of writers of the century. We compared it with that of Thomas Paine, but it was wholly unlike.

I was ill, and went to Kansas City the following night, which was Sunday, and was under treatment by a physician there. One day I showed him a picture I had drawn, and told him my experience. He told me it was the likeness of a celebrated philosopher of the last century, and I became convinced that he was correct. I did not see the face of this substantial friend again (for such I felt him to be) for many months, but I sometimes felt that this same presence was with me, that it urged me to write, and guided my pen when I did write.

One day I was sitting in my room alone, and I felt conscious that the same presence was in the room. I involuntarily closed my eyes, and immediately the same face and figure were before me, with the same command to write, and I was given the same promise that he would help me.

I took up my pen and wrote rapidly fifty or sixty pages, in an entirely differ-

ent style from anything I had ever written. Many words were unusual, and I noticed that all the unusual words were derived from the Latin. The article I wrote that day was filled with wonderful promises of restored health if I would obey his instructions, which were clearly and minutely given. Some day I may repeat them, but am not yet willing to make them public. Most of them have been verified to the letter, but I was ill so long that sometimes I doubted if the message were true; yet I was conscious that I was not obeying the instructions, and there was no promise given except after absolute obedience on my part, and I never did begin to improve in health until those instructions were obeyed. They were very rigid and hard to live up to in this world.

I confided the matter to Dr. H—, of New Orleans, and asked him if he thought that such experiences were harmful, and whether I should banish the entire thing, or should listen and follow. He told me that he saw nothing in the matter that could hurt me; that the instructions were on the highest plane, and it followed could not but aid me spiritually, and in so doing, bring physical help as well.

II.

January 5, 1892, I dreamed that my mother sat in a rocking-chair in front of me and that I saw her spiritual body come forth, and I gazed upon the two—the earthly, material body and the pure, spiritual body. The faces were the same, except that the latter was more beautiful and youthful. I realized that she was dead—that is, the earthly body—and wild with grief I awoke. Very soon the clock struck four.

My sister Adele dreamed that same night that our mother died; she awoke and her husband looked at the clock; it was twenty minutes to four.

She died January 9, 1893—one year later.

III.

August 3, 1892, I was ill. I lay upon

my bed and my sister Adele sat on the foot of it. We were conversing. I closed my eyes and saw my father distinctly at her left side—his spiritual body. I told her so, and said, "He must be thinking of you." She replied, "I guess so; it is his birthday."

Our father was ill then, and never got well. He died March 14, 1893.

IV.

In the latter part of September, 1892, I dreamed that my mother died and that I wanted to go to T— to see her buried, as I had not been with her when she died. I had on a long, black velvet cloak, and was looking down a street built on either side of large brick houses; but it was impossible to get to T—.

The next night I dreamed again of her death, and that I went to T— after she was buried.

The third night in succession I dreamed she was dead and buried, and that I went to T— to meet Adele to hear something about our mother's death. I wanted to stop at Mrs. H—'s, but when we arrived there it was a public and not a private house.

January 10, 1893, I was in my son's office in the Girard Building, Philadelphia. I wore this same long velvet cloak. A telegram was handed me, announcing my mother's death the day before. I was facing a window that looked upon Chestnut street—the same I saw in my dream many miles from the place I dreamed it. I could not get back to T— to see her buried.

March 9th I went via T— to see my father. I stopped at Mrs. H—'s home. I had not seen her for years—she kept the hotel there.

The 14th of March my father died. I went to T— to see him buried and heard my sister tell how our mother died, and was dressed exactly as I dreamed it in August.

V.

My father had one brother near his

own age, from whom he was separated when my father was fourteen and his brother twelve. Before the War they corresponded very regularly, but had never visited each other. During the War the letters ceased, and my father became convinced that he had died or had been killed in the army.

One night in May, 1866, I dreamed that my father went to the depot and returned with his brother, who bore an extraordinarily close resemblance to him. I had never seen two faces and forms so much alike, except that my uncle was about an inch shorter, but with the same color of eyes and hair. In the dream I noticed his clothing minutely, even to his tie and cuff buttons. Indeed, from hat to boots the inspection was minute.

The next morning when I got up I walked across the hall to the room opposite my own to see that everything was in perfect order, for I was confident my uncle would come that day and that would be the room he would have to occupy.

My mother came into the room while I was there making some slight changes, and asked me what I was doing. I told her my dream and said, "I know that Uncle Ambrose will be here to-night." She laughed at my confidence and said she hoped so, but added, seriously, "I fear he is dead;" but I said positively, "He is not, and will be here to-night."

My father had already breakfasted and gone out, and I did not see him until after noon, when he came from the depot with another man. We were watching him from the front door. As we saw him coming at quite a distance accompanied by some one, my mother smiled and said:

"Look, Anna; there comes your father."

"And his brother," I said. "The man with him is his brother."

It turned out to be true. He was dressed precisely as I had dreamed, was just one inch shorter than my father, and resembled him closely in every particu-

lar as I had dreamed, and had already described to my mother.

VI.

My uncle remained with us that summer and intended, if he liked the climate, to remove his family the next spring.

In August I dreamed that I was sitting in the parlor before the fire on a sofa, and beside a friend who had come a long distance to see me. While we sat there talking in my dream my Uncle Ambrose came to the door with an open letter and a telegram in his hand. The letter stated that his wife was ill; the telegram, that she was seriously so, and asking him to return at once. He said:

"I must leave on the first train, and I feel that I shall never see you again."

My first dream regarding my uncle, having come true to the letter, had made a great impression upon us all, though he explained it to me this way:

"Little girl," he said, "I was thinking during all my journey about my brother and his children, and of you most of all as I had received several letters from you. I was forming a picture of you in my mind, I remember, during all that journey. It was my mind upon yours that touched you, as you were more sensitive than your father or mother; therefore you dreamed of me. That is all there is about it."

I told my mother the second dream, and she said:

"As your first dream came true it may make Uncle Ambrose feel uncomfortable to know of this one. Say nothing about it, then, not even to your father, lest it give them needless worry."

The next December our friend who had visited me in the dream really did visit me, and I had told him the dream.

During his visit one Saturday evening we sat before the fire. It was snowing hard, and he asked me, as he looked through the window, "What does this remind you of?"

I said, "I recall nothing special."

"I do," he said. "This is our first

snow this winter. Here I am in this very room and your uncle has gone to the post-office, as it is near mail time. I am thinking of your dream that you had in August."

My mother came into the room, and we sat down and recalled the dream and discussed it, wondering if it would ever come true as did the first.

While we sat there my uncle came, just as I had seen him in the dream, with the letter and telegram in his hand. The letter announced the fact that his wife was ill, but her friends saw no cause for alarm; would telegraph him in case she grew worse. The telegram stated that she was seriously ill, and that he must return at once.

He did not say anything about the feeling that he would never see us again. That was all that was different from the dream. In a few moments we were all busy assisting him to get ready to leave on the first train, which was due in a very short time.

He returned to his home. His wife recovered, but he died within three weeks.

This was the first dream I ever had that came literally true. I was then sixteen. I often thought of my uncle's explanation of the first dream. How could any one impress my mind in a way to make me dream the second? No one knew his wife would be ill, no one knew that he would die so soon.

VII.

My sister and I had planned a trip to the country to visit our eldest brother, whom we had not seen for several years, and who lives in an inland town sixteen miles from W— Station. He had promised to meet us Monday at W—, where my husband's brother resided and where we had concluded to remain over night, as I was not strong enough to make the entire trip in one day.

We were to leave on the five-o'clock train Sunday, and would reach our destination about eight that evening.

I was wakened Sunday morning by a voice saying, "Have your husband tele-

graph his brother to meet you, as there will be no conveyance there." The voice was so distinct that I awoke and was surprised to find there was no one in the room. I called to my husband, and told him to telegraph his brother to meet us; but he insisted that there would be buses there, as he had always noticed them in passing that station. I was uneasy, because I felt confident that unless he telegraphed we should be at the depot alone. Finally my husband said there would be plenty of time when we reached the train. I began to feel satisfied in the afternoon, and when we arrived at the depot my husband asked the porter if there would be any conveyance to meet us. The porter answered, "Yes, sir; they are always there." My husband turned to me and said, "Do you hear that?" I said, "Yes, but I do not believe it." My sister met me at the depot, and when we were seated in the train I told her my dream. We spoke of it several times during the evening, and sure enough when we arrived at our station my dream was realized, as the station was locked and there was no conveyance for passengers; but my brother, who had taken a sudden notion to meet us on Sunday instead of Monday, was himself there. He had met my brother-in-law and told him I was coming on the eight-o'clock train, and suggested that they go to the depot to meet us. He wanted to go down to meet us in the surrey; but my brother-in-law said they would walk down, as the buses would be there, as they always were; so they came down, and by running got there just as the train arrived. We had to remain there with my brother-in-law until my brother went back and brought a carriage for us.

It was a miserable night, very muddy and quite dark, and the station was a mile from the town. Had no one met us, my sister and her little child and myself would have been alone there on the depot platform, a mile from town, unable to walk through the lonely, dark, and muddy road.

As I pondered over the entire occur-

rence after we had reached my brother-in-law's house, and my sister and I had retired, I believed my guardian angel, who had visited me in my dream and told me to have some one meet us at the lonely station, had then impressed my brother with the importance of going to meet us Sunday instead of Monday. Our

anxiety to know how it occurred that no buses were at the train after the porter had told us there would be, revealed the fact that W— Station was always closed on Sunday after six o'clock, and that no buses were ever there on Sunday except by special order.

This occurred in October, 1898.

THE COMING RACE

BY J. A. EDGERTON

A glory shines across the coming years.
 The glory of a race grown great and free.
 'Twas seen by poets, sages, saints and seers,
 Whose vision glimpsed the dawn that is to be.
 A shining shore is in the Future's sea,
 Whereon each man shall stand among his peers
 As equal; and to none shall bend the knee.
 Awake, my soul, shake off your doubts and fears.
 Behold the hosts of darkness fade and flee
 Before the magic of the morning's face;
 And hear the sweet and wondrous melody
 That floats to us from far-off, golden days.
 It is the choral song of Liberty.
 It is the anthem of the coming race.

ORIGINAL FICTION

THE CORNER WATCHMAN

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

The snow came in long filmy sheets made up of flakes so small that one could almost fancy a great veil was being wrapped, by the winds, about the world.

The side-walks were bare and clean, save for the crevices close against the great buildings into which the stiff December wind had swept the tiny flakes in their descent. The same winds had swept clean the pavements, and the frozen streets, along which the great lumbering drays were rolling into night quarters as fast as the weary horses could drag them. The drivers blew upon their gloveless hands, rubbed their knees, and drew in long breaths of utter weariness when, as often happened, a blockade held them up at some crowded corner. Sometimes they swore, under their breath, regretting it immediately, as they remembered that it was Christmas Eve. Sometimes they forgot the season, or only remembered the grim inconsistency that worshipped and feasted and prayed and mercilessly ground some fellowman, all at one and the same time. Then there were others who forgot everything except that it was a season of privilege, and thought the wife would not scold, the police not meddle, perhaps God himself not care—if a frozen fellow stopped a moment at the saloon on the corner. One takes privileges at Christmas time,—privileges which, like the usurer's loan, demand fatal interest by and by.

At the junction of two rather obscure streets—though they had their trade, a rushing one sometimes, among the poorer classes,—a young man was leaning upon the counter in a little fruit and

bread store, watching without knowing it the steady fall of snow. The store was neat and fresh smelling, filled with new, ripe southern fruits and warm, sweet rusk scents.

The man's face was not in accord with his surroundings. Perhaps he understood, better than the passer by, whose hand had worked the tidiness, and whose back had ached, and whose soul rebelled against the demands of a selfish "Boss," and the restrictions of a slender salary with little helpless children dependent upon it. His face hardened as he stood looking out into the dusk of the Christmas Eve. The street lamps were not lighted yet, and the great glass window of a clothing store looked straight into the big glass door of the fruit store before which the overburdened clerk was staring.

Many thoughts passed through the clerk's brain while he waited there. A little white hearse had rolled away from his door only yesterday. It might do the same the next day. He thought of this—of many things—but all his thoughts went back, or around, as in a circle, to light upon and centre in that one hideous, horrible temptation that was nagging at his heart like a thief at a house door.

Like a thief—the pale face of the subordinate flushed and paled again. Like a thief! There was scant food in the nest that he called home—no good Christmas cheer there. Several bad claims had been paid into the clerk's hands since the Boss went home. No receipts had been given, for all were hurried, some none too sober, and the store

was regarded as an honest dealing place. There were fifty unreceipted dollars in the money drawer.

The clerk had not moved for ten minutes. Suddenly he roused, turned, lifted his hand to the cash drawer, glanced hastily across the street, and stopped. A boy from the clothing house over the way was looking straight at him.

At first he did not understand; he only saw a clean, handsome, well dressed boy looking at him, with bright eyes and smiling parted lips, while he was robbing the drawer. But an electric light suddenly flashed upon the gloom, and he saw that the sturdy little watchman across the way was no boy, but merely a little advertiser's dummy, which had been placed in the big plate window over Christmas Day.

The clerk drew in his breath, laughed a nervous little laugh, choked back a great sob and turned stubbornly away from his temptation.

"I thought," said he, "the kid was watching me. I thought it was Jimmy, for a minute. God, how it hurt me." He never once touched the drawer again, save to drop the money into it as it came in during the evening. But many times during the Christmas rush he glanced across the street at the smiling boy in the window, and went bravely on with his work. Once he went so far as to nod to him, and to whisper, "All right, son." And once he waved his hand during a quiet moment, and said softly, "I will; don't you fear now."

And when the last customer was gone home—to straw or down, who shall say?—he put up the shutters, turned off the lights, locked the door, and stepped across the street.

The little figure was still smiling—such an innocent, babyish smile, and in the small extended hand some one had slipped—a Christmas card. The clerk's eye ran along the glistening gilded letters, and again he laughed. The boy in the window had brought him a Christmas message. There it was, staring at him from the white cardboard:

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

The clerk involuntarily lifted his hat.

The next moment he laughed again, and knocked off with his hard working hand something that trembled upon his cheek, and shone, in the street lamp's light, like a star.

"Little Dummy," he said, "good night—good bye. You've kept me from a crime to-night. You didn't know it, but you did. I thought it was my boy watching me while I became a thief—my boy that I buried yesterday noon. Maybe he is watching? Maybe so—maybe so; I'll think so anyhow. And his presence will go with me? I hope so—I believe so. I ain't minding about the rest—but I want the Presence, sure. Good-night, little Dummy—little Jimmy; may the Presence go with—us."

The bells rang all night over in the city, and the lights streamed along the pavements as free and as cheery as the daylight itself. The spirit of the season was abroad—or the spirits; for verily it isn't the spirit of Joy alone that walks the earth, or hovers in the heart of humanity at the Christ time.

The tempted and triumphant clerk had scarcely passed on his way when into the electric's radiance a figure shambled, tottered, and stopped before the clothier's big plate window.

He saw the little dummy and gasped, drawing nearer until his liquor-laden breath marred the glass. "Hul-lo—'d evenin', little chap."

The small face at the window smiled on into his—innocence and vice, childhood and bloated uncouth manhood; cleanliness and filth. The comparison seemed somehow to pierce the clouded brain of the drunkard, and he edged a trifle nearer the big glass window. "Ni-ce lil' chap. Mer' Chris'mas—to you."

Then the drunkard's eyes fell upon the card in the little outstretched hand.

"My presence shall go with thee."

"All ri', lil' chap, you go with me. Lead me home; boy my home, too."

And then the blearing, bloodshot eyes detected the cheat, and the drunkard lifted his fist—his great, knotted, liquor-weakened fist. Another moment and it would have crashed into the plate window; but at that instant the strong unyielding grip of a policeman closed upon

the uplifted arm that would have carried destruction in its descent.

"Oh, no; oh, no, now. You won't do that—not this time. You come along with me. I'll put you where they don't furnish plate glass windows for your knuckles."

The drunkard began to whimper. "Didn' do nothin'. Ain' goin' t' lock-up."

The officer lifted his club, and with that fearful threat the clouds rolled from the drunkard's brain, and he saw his danger.

"I won't do anything," he said. "Don't take me there to-night—it's Christmas Eve. I was only talking to the little chap in there. He said he'd go—with me."

The officer turned, and met the guileless little face behind the glass.

"Hello, they've put a new dummy here. Let's see what he says: 'My presence shall go with thee.'"

"There's a boy at my home," the drunkard was saying.

"And one at mine," said the policeman, his eye still fixed upon the fascinating little face beaming through the window. "Mine only came last night, and his coming cost me his mo—ther."

Was it a sob in the burly officer's throat that cut the blessed word in twain, and set his stout heart throbbing under the blue and brass of his official uniform?

O woman! woman! How blessed, how doubly blessed! since in the heart of the coldest, the bravest, the weakest, and the best God has made you a home, a throne, an abiding place forever.

"My presence shall go with thee."

Under his helmet the officer's eyes held tears. He was not thinking of the pretty little dummy now, nor yet of the great All-Presence brooding over the sorrowing world at the Christmas eve. He was thinking of her, the wife fallen to solemn sleep that Christmas eve. And the sleep took on a new meaning to his heart—she who had passed away was not gone from him; her presence would go with him forever.

He turned to the snivelling wretch at his side—his hard, iron-seeming hand still rested upon the fellow's arm. "See

here, now," he said, "I don't want to lock you up. If you will go straight home—"

"I'll go strai' home. Lil' chap go with me."

"I'll go with you, and put you in the door. Come."

He faced him about, and slowly led him away; looking back just once to see the glad, golden message in the dummy's little outstretched hand.

"My presence shall go with thee; and I will give thee rest."

Ah, Christ be thanked for the thought which remembered that Christmas isn't a season of "peace" and of "good will" to all alike. Christ be thanked for the thought which remembered the wretched that blessed Christmas eve—and every Christmas eve forever, as long as time shall be—the wretched, who have but that comforting Presence "to go with them."

The officer and his charge had hardly turned the first corner, when a little face pressed against the window pane of a dwelling near by, suddenly disappeared. A door swung back, closed, clicked with telltale care, and a delicate, golden-haired child,—a boy,—tripped nimbly down the stone steps through the snow, bearing his arms full of bundles, heaped up until his delicate chin rested upon the topmost package. Straight across the street and down the pavement he sped toward the clothier's plate glass window. At the same moment another figure, a sooty, smutty, ill-looking boy slunk out from a cellar behind the clothier's building. He had been dodging the officer, who had just acted as escort to the drunkard, and in his pockets were crammed the pillagings of the afternoon. The last, a broken whistle, had almost been his undoing. It was the drunkard who had saved him, or the dummy, for the officer was close upon his heels.

As he came down the pavement he saw the little figure tripping down the street, and the rogue's sense awakened in his heart to the utmost fullness of its perfection. No need to tell him what was in that boy's arms. No need to tell

him the boy was alone and unprotected. The children of vice are keen witted as well as deft fingered.

The rogue slunk into the shadow behind the child, who suddenly stopped before the plate window, laughed a low, chuckling boyish laugh, and deftly deposited his treasures upon the pavement.

The next moment he gave a sharp cry of disappointment, and the quick tears sprang to the babyish eyes.

"Oh!" said he, "I thought you were another boy. I brought my Roman candles—and—and—rockets—and things. I thought we were going to have a nice play. And now—you—are—only—a—dum—dum—dummy!"

He was crying now, and trying to gather up his treasures again, watching the while the face he had mistaken for "another boy's," the little smiling, roguish face behind the window.

"You look like a boy. You've even got a Christmas card, and I thought you'd like to play. My brother died—last June—and it's a lonesome Christmas."

From the shadow a dark, crouching figure crept stealthily. His back was turned to the window, and his slender, pilfering fingers reached stealthily out to the heap of fireworks the other had forgotten while he again talked to the dummy.

Suddenly the rogue glanced over his shoulder, the little eyes looked straight into his. He started; gasped—

"Sav, now, whatcher watchin' me fur?" he demanded. "I wan't a-goin' to filch nothin'. Darn yer; I ain't no thief."

The startled owner of the bundles turned quickly. "I didn't say you were a thief," he faltered, "and I wasn't watchin' you."

"I'm a talkin' ter him." The street boy pointed to the window, and the other boy forgot his fears in the laugh that gurgled from his throat.

"That isn't any boy," said he; "it's just a dummy. I thought it was a boy, too, and I came over to shoot my rockets with him. But he can't shoot—he's a dummy. Won't you come over to my house, that is it, right there, and shoot with me? They'll be hunting me, out

here—I ain't strong, you know, and I slipped off. Won't you come? There ain't any boy at our house, and it's—it's lonesome."

Was it the "Presence," the blessed Christmas "Presence"—that stirred in the street boy's heart? That reached down under all the crimes and stain and filth of debauchery, to find one good, pure feeling all alive and glowing like a jewel in the swine's bed? That showed him his own black soul and opened his eyes to its fullness?

"Psher!" said he, "I ain't fitten. I ain't—nothin', I ain't."

"You're a boy," said the other, "and my mother said I was to call in any boy I saw go by. I was watching for one when I saw the dummy. Oh, we'll have good times. There's two dozens of the candles, and lots of things besides. There's more at the house, and you may have half." It was too much—too daringly delicious for the street boy's powers of resistance.

"I'll help you fetch these home anyhow," said he, "I reckon I'm stouter'n you be."

As they turned to go, they looked back. The painted boy in the window smiled on, as though he might have understood how the "Presence" had gone with those two that blessed Christmas eve; as though he understood that the Presence that came to him that night, never, never would leave the poor gamin's life again, never! The sweet presence of innocence that had opened the rogue's eyes to his own soul's slumbering possibilities, awakened once, was awake forever. Both glanced back at the boy in the window.

"That's a nice dummy," said the innocent. The street boy thought of the act about to be committed, when he had met the dummy's eye.

"I reckon," said he,—"I reckon he is. Nobody don't know what that boy has seen this night. I call him the Corner Watchman, I do. I reckon he sees—sights."

Sights! The boys had not disappeared within the lighted doorway across the street when a woman came down the pavement. She carried a bundle, wrap-

ped in brown paper, under her arm. Her face, when she lifted it to the electric light, shone through the descending snow ghastly and white. She was pinched and hungry. The bundle under her arm was a loaf of bread; when that was gone—? She lifted her face Eastward, where the river ran, swift and sullen, and inviting always to the wretched. Many times she had turned her face toward the river, on the east side of the city, and many times had said to her own heart: "It must come some time. I am quite alone."

To-night the thought took real shape. The river rolled nearer and more near; the deadly idea became a determination. It looked inviting, too; restful indeed, after life's lonely unrest.

She paused, lifted her poor pale face to the snow and looked away through the silverish fall to the East.

Instead of the black water she saw the electric lighted window and the smiling baby face of the Corner Watchman.

"Oh!" she gasped. "It startled me. I fancied for a moment it was Charlie."

She drew nearer; so near that the gilded letters of the Christmas card seemed actually smiling into her face. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

The river rolled on, rolled by, out of her life forever. She grasped the bundle of common brown paper, grasped life more closely, hope more securely, and passed on out of range of the little Watchman. But she, too, glanced back, smiling, nodding.

"I fancied the dear little dummy was Charlie. I know it was a message from him. 'My presence shall go with thee.'"

Sights! A man, with a full pocket and close hand came by; a rich man, niggardly and full of his own conceits.

There had been a boy at his house once, years ago. But he had died, and the boy's empty room in the man's heart had long ago become cobwebbed and musty with avarice and selfish aims.

He came down the pavement in the

wake of the woman. He was planning a mean surprise. He meant to steal off to-morrow, and do a mean, unholy thing, —desert his home, his wife, on Christmas Day, and spend it—he glanced up at the plated window:

"My presence shall go with thee." Go with him? Into the vile hole he had planned for his Christmas revel? God's presence go with him there? Sit with him, watch him? Not much! He faced about and looked squarely up into the face of the Watchman:

"I don't know what you are," said he, "wax or human, but I know you shamed me. I shan't go, but I'd like to—keep the Presence." Did the little dummy smile? Did he know how the presence would follow that flinty soul all the way, to its last moment on earth? All the way: blessed Christmas Presence.

Sights! All night the Corner Watchman saw sights. All night the crowds passed and repassed; some overburdened, some empty handed, some with all, some with nothing; lovers of life and haters. All night the little Watchman saw the world pass and repass. All night he delivered his message, assuming to each the shape he loved—the presence he needed, missed, longed for. Sometimes it was old age, stopped to think a moment on youth time, dead and gone forever. Sometimes it was a woman, sad-eyed and empty of arms. Now, it was innocence, and now vice, now youth, now poverty, now wealth. But always the little Corner Watchman smiled his greetings, delivered his message, and saw the multitudes pass on: poor struggling, heart-heavy, soul-sad humanity, reaching out forever for the crumb of comfort, the "bread of heaven," the touch of pity that makes the world akin. And all night the dumb Watchman's message rang in the souls of the desolate, like church bells in glad pæan.

"My presence shall go with thee."

Aye, dear Christ, all the weary way.

Our possibilities are folded within like the leaves of a bud: it is for us to develop them into a life as perfect as the full-blown rose and fruit of rare perfection.

WHO HATH SINNED?

THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

CHAPTER I.

I am a scientist. The best hours, days, and years of my life have been given up to the study of the exact sciences, which later drew me into a study of natural or physical science.

Early in my study, which was confined to no one branch exclusively, I learned the proverb, "The proper study of mankind is man." I resolved to begin there, for as man is the end and aim of creation, the ideal of the Divine Creator, why not begin at the center and study to reach the circumference? It was a great subject, but I determined not to waste my energies upon distracting speculation, getting a smattering of one science which might destroy all the theories of another. Where, then, should I begin? With myself? A man never can understand himself, save in his relation to the human family, and any method of studying the whole human family through a far-away telescope, as an astronomer might study the stars, without knowing anything about the earth, or those persons with whom he came in daily contact, must be futile. So I resolved to study those people nearest me, and in doing so to see my inner self daily reflected.

I had a friend who was just married, and as I expected to remain unmarried, I was glad when he asked me to rent a portion of a quaint old house that his young wife fancied, but which was too large for him to furnish.

It was in a college town. The house in question had been originally built of logs, then weatherboarded and plastered, and it had had so many additions made to it by the different owners, according to their own particular tastes, that the

original design had entirely disappeared.

It stood on the crown of a great hill that sloped gradually eastward to the main street of the town, and this hill, at the time we took the lease, was a wilderness of rose bushes. To the south the hill fell in a perpendicular dash to the river, which wended its way over a rocky bed, with wild, picturesque bluffs covered with cedars on either side. To the north was a meadow, and on the west an orchard.

In order that I might be as quiet as possible, I bargained for the west half of the house, it having south, west, and north exposure; and a projecting room with a veranda round it also gave me a view of the town, the beautiful school buildings, and the magnificent campus.

I took my meals at an hotel, and as professor I spent four hours each day at the college.

CHAPTER II.

It was interesting to me to watch how these two natures would adjust themselves to each other. The bride was a very pretty woman. I believe a novelist would say beautiful, but I have reservations as to the term; to me it is all embracing; "pretty" says just what I mean to convey—her exterior. I had never had an opportunity of knowing whether she were beautiful—in soul and spirit—or not. She was tasteful, bright, and cheery, fond of company, and, fortunately for her, so was her husband; and I often blessed the builders of that old house for the huge logs that separated them in their merriment from me when I was absorbed in study or experiment.

I believe that people are born, or created, not made, except so far as environment and education make them.

I saw that these people were born under entirely different planetary influences, and had been educated differently, and that the parentage had been widely different in every way. In these early days the world went well with them, and they were happy. What pleased me most, they loved children, and were, the husband told me, looking forward to the advent of an heir with great joy. Here then was my opportunity. I should begin my study of the human family with this child.

In due time the little stranger arrived—a girl.

I was careful to note the day and hour of birth and the position of the earth, moon, and planets, and hoped to live near them long enough to make satisfactory observations and record them.

The child was puny and sickly, and the doctor called daily. The mother was healthy, and the physician could give no reason why the child of two such healthy people, born under such favorable circumstances, should be ill conditioned in point of health and disposition, for it would scream when its mother took it in her arms, and the first nurse was discharged on the suspicion that she pinched or otherwise abused it.

I met the physician one evening and asked about the child.

"Oh, it will die—scream itself to death, if not die of disease."

The doctor was a young man, just becoming established in the town.

"Doctor," I said, "make a reputation for yourself on this case; cure this child by taking it away from its mother."

He looked at me in amazement, but with respect.

"Advise that the child be weaned, and put wholly in charge of a competent nurse whom the little one shall choose for herself."

"How can a baby choose?"

"Take the first woman to whom the child puts out her arms, or who does not make her scream when she is held."

He took my advice and such a person was found.

So far so good. The mother was poison to her babe, owing to the nativity of her child, and its screams were nature's only means of self-defense.

As I have said, it was my purpose to study this child, and in order to make my abode permanent in the same house I understood that I must in no way let them feel conscious of my presence. I came, I went, I sat in my room, and at long intervals, by invitation only, joined them in the grounds or garden.

Not so with baby Ruth. I was eager to take her into my arms, to see whether that law, as immutable as that of the Medes and Persians, would cause her to scream. She was old enough to notice persons and make her choice when I first held out my arms to her. She looked at her nurse, who reassured her, and then with a quick, nervous movement that reminded me more of the motion of wings than of arms, she flew into my bosom, and nestled and cooed, and looked at me with a gentle, pleading, confiding expression.

I carried her in my arms until she fell asleep.

It was my first lesson in baby life, in the science of human joy and sorrow.

CHAPTER III.

The study of this child-life was a revelation to me. It was a delicate bird that needed sunshine and harmony. It reveled in nature, and would sit for hours out of doors looking up into the sky, watching the changing clouds or the motion of birds in the trees, and seemed to delight in the rustling of the leaves in the summer breeze; but her joy was greatest when the roses and honeysuckle were in bloom.

A good novelist can write a volume from one incident in the life of his heroine, but I doubt now if I can write a chapter of this child's life from her babyhood to her marriage, so sudden and rapid was the transition. At a tender age she came once more under the con-

tol and almost constant influence of her mother. The effect was marvelous. The mother loved her child, and was loved in return, but the sensitive little creature took on her mental and physical states and conditions so completely that she ceased to be a child at seven years of age. The mother and little one sat side by side sewing or embroidering. She listened to all the conversations of the grown-up visitors, who found her father's house a pleasant summer resort to idle away their vacations, and in the winter time a comfortable place to gather and amuse themselves with dancing and a general merry-making, into which they often drew the child as a compliment to her parents. The result was that she might be seen hopping around among the merrymakers, a demure and self-conscious little woman, older by far than they, for she took it all seriously, while they were killing time in the frivolity of the hour that was forgotten as soon as past. The impressions made upon her plastic nature were deep and lasting. She was no longer permitted to live in the free air with the birds and flowers, the grass for a carpet, the sky her ceiling and nature's great picture gallery—the illustrated Book of God—for her instructor. She was placed in school, and made marvelous progress in certain studies, but was mediocre in others. She was quite eager for knowledge, and in those studies which appealed to her perception and imagination she excelled with ease; but the reasoning faculties developed very slowly, and mathematics brought on headaches and nervous, sleepless nights.

She had a wonderful command of language and insight into the meaning of words, and grasped quickly the purport of books and teachers. Still, I noticed that contact with certain persons robbed her of her finest qualities. I found this to be the case in school. In those branches in which she excelled, I found she had congenial teachers, and where there was antagonism she was pronounced dull.

Her father was very proud of her, very

lenient; her mother idolized her, but was strict almost to severity, believing that rigid discipline was the surest method to develop her better qualities. Under my directions, her father permitted her to select her teacher, and she chose me, and I arranged to instruct her in all those branches in which she was most deficient. The result was that she distinguished herself by being the youngest graduate ever turned out of the college.

CHAPTER IV.

Out of school with no regular employment,—for now her mother considered her a young lady at the tender age of fifteen, and allowed her to do as she pleased in all things,—she seemed like a suspended magnetic needle that is seeking its pole. At this time I visited her frequently, sometimes finding her alone with her mother, who sat by the window sewing, while Ruth played the piano in a manner peculiar to herself and not the least pleasing. The pieces she played were not difficult or classic, and those tunes she played by ear were extremely beautiful.

Her voice, too, was clear and sweet, but she made no claim to being a musician, though I have seen persons with less talent claim more. She read music readily, and if a song appealed to her she sang it with great expression. It was the same with instrumental music. She never dreamed of using her talent except to amuse herself and her parents, but her love of thoroughness had caused her to lay a good foundation in the study. One thing I observed in this child (for I call her child) was a determination to conquer whatever was difficult for her. She might give it up for a while, and when every one else had forgotten it she would be found hard at it again, and I never knew her to fail in the long run. I put it down to her credit, and I am sure it was a promise of the great strength of character which she afterward developed.

She was not a happy girl. There was that unsatisfied longing so remarkable in

her early childhood, that shrinking from contact with people, and yet great enjoyment in the society of those she loved. I would better say that her school days had not been flowery; she excited the envy of her girl classmates and the admiration of the boys. She outstripped all of her age, and in a few years accomplished more than they had done in double the time. Her wit, sarcasm, bold defiance of conventional rules, her power of winning when she chose, made her life what any girl's life is in a mixed school where both sexes strive in rivalry and where competition is far sharper than in the separate male and female colleges. What girl cares so much to excel before girls only, as before handsome young men? and the strong masculine intellect is a wholesome stimulus to feminine pride. It was not the girls that Ruth tried to emulate or eclipse, it was some future representative or senator she singled out as her special mark and challenged; and she found that when she equaled or eclipsed him, he took off his hat to her in gallant acknowledgment of her ability.

I am sorry to say little Ruth flirted desperately, and was engaged to be married several times while yet in her teens. She was not scrupulous in such things; how could she be—so immature in thought and feeling? Yet she realized very early in life what she had been robbed of, and the blank it must ever make in her life—a free, natural childhood, a happy girlhood, an earnest young womanhood. It may be inconsistent to say that Ruth had always been in earnest for a time in her love affairs as well as her studies, but she saw nothing deep or inspiring in any nature. She idealized what she loved, but close analysis showed her mistakes; then she simply threw the matter aside, and nobody was hurt, she thought, except herself.

At this juncture there appeared upon the scene a fine-looking young man of seven-and-twenty, college bred, with much more knowledge of the world than

most men of his age, but of the wrong kind. In less than a month almost every marriageable girl in the town believed herself to be the object of his special admiration. He purchased a house in the town, drove the best horses, and kept a carriage in which his mother and sister were the envy of all. The old lady—who was quite proud and exclusive—and her son and daughter became the center of interest. Their nice, well-kept house and grounds soon became the hope of the daughters and envy of the mothers of the town.

From the time of their introduction, which occurred at a school commencement, I knew little Ruth had met her fate. Not that she seemed to be attracted to him, but I knew this peculiar child-woman would attract this world-wise man, for Ruth was indeed a child in innocence, seldom having been beyond the boundary of the county in which she lived. I was not wrong; but I was uneasy when I saw her mother encouraging a friendship which could end in but one way.

In a short time, before she could possibly understand him, or he her, she had promised to marry him. Every one thought she had caught a prize. I went to her father and said:

"Do you intend to permit this marriage?"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because the man is dissipated, and will wreck your daughter's life."

"I've heard that he drinks at times, but all young men do that, and yet women marry them just as though they did not."

"Very true, but your daughter is no ordinary girl. She is capable of great achievements, worthy a noble man, and unhappiness in marriage to her will mean a wrecked life."

"I do not intend to choose for her, and Davis can do better for her than I can. If he can't, why, she can and I dare say will look out for herself."

"You treat the matter very lightly. Ruth has rejected a dozen better men,

and she should be saved from this blind infatuation, for it is but the attraction of two opposite poles," I said.

"Well, I've given my consent, and I shall not withdraw it."

He signified his desire to drop the subject, and it was never revived.

A short time after this, and only a few weeks before Ruth's marriage, I met her at a ball given by the young men of the town at one of the hotels. It was a beautiful evening in June.

It was a gay party, but Ruth seemed not to care to dance, and so we sat apart after the first few quadrilles. Her eyes followed her betrothed with a restless, unhappy gaze. He moved among the throng a very prince. He was a handsome fellow of fine presence, tall, strong, square and upright in carriage, elegant in manner, dignified and courtly in his treatment of ladies, and was always the center of a gay group. His attention was claimed by every one, and he gave it apparently unmindful of the sweet child who sat beside me, watching him with that strange, wistful expression.

"Of what are you thinking, Ruth?" I said, to break the silence.

She turned her great blue eyes upon me and answered:

"I was wondering if it is really true that I am to be married so soon to Mr. Davis. It is like a dream from which I am always expecting to awake."

"Is it not a happy dream, Ruth?"

"Why, no; that is the singular part of it. There is a strange magnetism about it that seems to benumb my faculties for either joy or sorrow, and makes everything unreal, just as grief at the death of a friend is said to affect certain people. I walk miles in my room trying to rouse myself, and when I try to think of the future it is as though a wall were built only a short distance before me over which I cannot mount."

She spoke with a dreamy abstraction that showed she often dwelt upon the matter and strove vainly to unravel it.

"I wish you had waited a year longer, Ruth; you might have understood yourself better."

"Oh, no; I should not! No one but

yourself ever understood me, because, you see, no one else ever had so good an opportunity to find out all my shortcomings. You have dealt so lightly with them that I shall ever remember you as my best friend. One thing puzzles me," she continued, "even more than my own peculiar state, and that is his. While I know he could have married any girl in this room—you believe that?"—

"Yes, certainly."

"He chose me from all, but he seems to enjoy the company of others more."

"You are not jealous?"

She looked at me a moment with scorn, and then smiling, asked:

"Do you think so?"

"No, I do not. I almost wish you were; then I should be sure you loved him."

"No, no," she said; "I am too old for that. Only children—babies—can be jealous. I was in love when a mere baby; it pained me then for my first sweetheart to smile upon another girl. I see my future husband smile upon a dozen there, and I smile to see how it pleases them. There is neither pain nor pleasure in my heart, so you see I am in a very proper frame of mind to become the future Mrs. Davis."

Just then supper was announced, and Davis came to take Ruth. She laid her hand in his arm with a confiding air pleasant to see, and as they walked out I noticed there was an air of triumph about her that puzzled me. They were an interesting couple—he so tall and strong, she so graceful. It was the oak and willow.

Ah well!

There was wine at table. Davis did not drink, for her eyes were upon him; but I knew he had taken wine before supper and afterward, and when the ball was over his flushed face told the tale so plainly that Ruth could not but know. Her face was sad, and her lips were firmly set together, when she bowed good-night to me. He took her home early, but it was many years before I knew what occurred; and I shall write it in its order.

CHAPTER V.

It was a simple wedding, but the reception given by the groom at his mother's home was large and quite pretentious. Through it all Ruth passed in apparently the same mental state she had described to me at the ball, a kind of magnetism rendering her passive, and as little interested as though she had no part in the solemn contract that was to seal their lives together for weal or woe.

The bridegroom had rented a cottage where there were fine trees and a small orchard of choice fruit, and a garden. The house was one of the first built in the old town. It was log, weather-boarded and plastered, which made it warm in winter and very cool in summer, and it had as deep windows as any stone house can boast. Honey-suckle, sweet-briar, and climbing roses almost hid it from view. The rooms were large and square, the attic low and gabled, and this Ruth fitted up for bedrooms, three in number. She took her parents and myself through it all after it was complete. It was furnished simply enough—almost meager—but in exquisite taste. Washstands and dressers were of her own improvising, being boxes curtained with white in one room, blue in the second, and pink in the third, with long old mirrors in gilt frames that her mother and grandmother had given her placed above them, and daintily draped. The house was supplied with closets which she assured me were her pride, and as she said, would enable her to keep her rooms orderly. For the rest, there were simple chairs, bedsteads, and ingrain carpets.

Below it was a little more pretentious. The parlor contained her piano, which her father had given her, as he was unable to give her anything else. Ruth was a portionless bride, which, I knew, was a sad thought to her. There were a few pictures, among them steel engravings of Washington and Abraham Lincoln, besides a few simple wedding gifts that adorned the room.

"If I only knew how to keep house," she said, nervously, "now that I have one to keep."

"That will come," said her mother, gently but confidently. "You have never tried to learn anything in your life that you did not succeed in, and housekeeping is a simple thing if you love it."

Poor Mrs. Noel! She had never learned the lesson herself, though it must be admitted she was expert in all else she had ever attempted to do. "But," Ruth said to me, "that was not mamma's fault. We had too many troublesome, disorderly visitors. Our house was no home, and mamma couldn't make a home of a hotel."

Then there was a pretty sitting-room, with cheerful carpet, pretty chairs and tables, Swiss curtains, and bright cushions in the window-seats, with a book-case filled with choice books. The dining-room and kitchen were separated from each other by a short, wide hall. All was freshly painted and papered and tastefully arranged, and it made an attractive retreat.

"Here is where I sit," she said, when we again entered the sitting-room. There were a door and window south, and the same on the north. The north window gave a view of the orchard, and the south of the large yard, where two giant pear-trees, now loaded with fruit, cast their shade over the yard, turning the grass into an inviting carpet.

There were rustic lawn seats dotted here and there, and I promised to occupy them frequently during the summer upon which we were just entering, and which came on with scorching heat.

My interest never slackened. I determined to spend my vacation in the town, for I could not afford to lose an opportunity to study this life, which had so intensely interested me from its beginning, in its new environment and watch its unfolding. I made myself agreeable to Davis, though I never hoped to be a favorite of his. He was well aware that I understood him thoroughly, while he knew that few people did. I found his birthday to have been when the earth was in Capricorn, which made him the antipode of his little wife, who was born under the auspices of Cancer. He was a man of many plans, and true to his

nativity he liked to be at the head of servers, but would not work with his own hands. He had been born and reared some twenty miles distant, and educated at the State University. I made a visit to his place of birth, to ascertain all that I could of him. I remained at the hotel a month, and became acquainted with and visited all the old ladies who had been friends of his mother and had known him from babyhood.

They told me that John had been a good boy, the very best boy ever reared in the town, until he went off to college. There he got spoiled, forgot all his religious training, and spent the last year in the army in the Civil War, where a fine uniform, "wine and women" did the rest. He had returned home just as handsome, just as charming in manner as ever, but with the foundation laid for a life of dissipation. "For, you see," said one good old lady who was only too glad to see some one from the town to which her old friends had moved, who knew them and the girl John had married,—

"For, you see, his mother's brothers were, with one exception, dreadfully dissipated men, and there never was one who tasted liquor who didn't become a drunkard, live a drunkard, and die a drunkard. One resolved never to taste liquor, so he saved himself, and was a fine man and reared a good family. Poor John was the most promising of all of the Davis name, but he's on the road all his uncles went, I am afraid."

She was a good woman, and seemed deeply in sympathy with the young man, but not with his mother, much to my surprise.

"His mother is a proud, self-conceited woman, who never had any charity for the errors of youth. She had no mercy on anybody's faults, man's or woman's. If a woman got herself scandalized, though she might be innocent as a baby, Mrs. Davis's motto was always to ostracize her socially. If a young man went wrong he was gone to the dogs from the first wrong step he took, in her estima-

tion; so as she has had no pity for others, she will find nobody will ever have any for her, but think it a just punishment for her hardness of heart toward all others. John has the good wishes of everybody who can remember his childhood and boyhood, for he was a good boy—a very good boy."

I need not say this old lady gave me great comfort; for if he had been a good boy, I hoped the companionship of his young wife might win him back. But it was not to be. The young wife was most shamefully neglected. John was seen alone at all the picnics and parties during that first summer, always more or less under the influence of liquor, always the center of a group of women, one at least of whom bore a sullied character and the reputation of having wrecked more than one home. She was a bold creature, who had come from the city and lived with her father, claiming to be widowed, which I found to be untrue, as her husband had divorced her on statutory grounds. She dressed well, danced well, and had more money to spend than any other woman in the town; but she lived under her father's protection and was received into many houses without distrust. She even called upon Ruth, who afterward told me her husband had forbidden her to return the call.

"He is right," I said, "and I respect him for it."

I am convinced that the pure mind of the young wife could no more have grasped the infamy of the woman who was trying to win her husband from her than she could have conceived a crime in her own heart. I never realized until then what a very baby she was, for her innocence was the innocence of childhood—the innocence of ignorance. Of all the coarse sins of humanity she was wholly ignorant, and of this fact I once heard her husband boast when some one alluded to his intimacy with the "Siren," as the widow was called among the men of the town.

"What does your wife think?" said one.

"Think?" said Davis; "you don't suppose my wife can think about her? Oh, no, I am safe on that score."

"Suppose somebody else thinks for her and gives you away," suggested another.

"I'd like to see the person who had the hardihood to speak of me to my wife. She is not a baby there. In truth and purity she's a perfect woman; as for wickedness a baby in arms knows as much."

I felt that he was right in his reading of his wife's character, but doubly wicked in his intrigue with the Siren, for such I was convinced it was.

His money went like water. He had inherited quite a little fortune from his father's estate, of which he had been administrator; but his mother had recently taken it out of his hands, and whispers went about that he had squandered a goodly portion of her means.

Be that as it may, just one year after his marriage I found that he had arranged with the county clerk, who was also probate clerk, for work. The board of equalization had met, and changed valuations; and a new tax book had to be made. It was not long until I found that Ruth was doing all this work.

I called one evening and found her pale and tired, adding up the long column of figures of the great tax book, which was more than she could have lifted.

She greeted me cheerfully, and showed me her work.

"See," she said, "I shall take care that it is the handsomest tax book in the State."

She wrote beautifully, and did all her work with care. Her figures were perfect, and I complimented her as she turned over the pages for my inspection.

"I thought Mr. Davis was doing this work?" I said.

"No—I—our writing will not go together—at least I want to do it all. You see," she said, blushing, "I was a portionless bride."

I held up my hand lightly to stop her, and replied:

"A pure heart and willing hands are a fortune to an American gentleman. He does not seek the dowry, but the love of a true woman."

"Ah, well," she said; "but let me continue. This cottage, which you know is very comfortable, and the grounds valuable with the garden and orchard, belongs to the county clerk, who will sell it for one thousand dollars. He gets \$1200 for the new tax book and allows \$600 for the work I am doing. Then the recording of wills, deeds, etc., will enable me to pay it all this summer, for you know I am no drone with a pen, and figures, thanks to your drilling, add up of themselves."

This she said to ease my mind about her work, for I knew that while she was accurate and rapid in adding the long columns, it was a task that worried her more mentally than anything else she could have done.

She chatted merrily about her purchase of the cottage. She took new pride in it now that it was so soon to be theirs, every dollar paid by her own work.

"What an energetic little woman it is," I said, "who undertakes so much and is so happy in it."

"I am working for a prize—a home. You remember how I would study and toil for a medal at school! Well, this is the greatest prize I ever worked for, and yet, I sit there," pointing to her little rocker, which stood as she had occupied it the evening before, facing the south,— "I sit there watching the moon these bright evenings peep at me through those great pear trees, and wonder if indeed I shall live long at this place. I do not see it so. I am always picturing myself in a great, crowded city. So often do I dwell upon this that my dreams are filled with it, or else my dreams cause me in waking hours to dwell upon another and different home or place to live."

She never mentioned her husband's name without a cadence of tenderness in her sweet voice. I saw her very frequently this second summer of her mar-

riage, and always found her busy at the tax book, record book, or else sewing. Many times I found her absorbed in her little Bible, with her sewing in her lap. There were no idle moments for her—no, not one—she seemed to fear to be unoccupied. With the exception of an occasional visit to her mother, she did not go out; but she had company that made her life hard. She had a colored servant upon whom she relied implicitly, for she had known her all her life. Their house was a stopping-place for any one who had ever known Davis who might come to town, a guest of this sort sometimes remaining for days. The work was neglected then, and I have passed at midnight after visitors were gone, and found her lamp burning, and knew that she still pored over the long columns of figures. I called one afternoon in September with her father. She sat with the heavy book resting partly on the table, partly on her knees. When we entered unannounced (for the doors stood wide open and her table was in the center of the room between them) she started up, pushing the book upon the table. She wore a loose white wrapper, and her hair floated in ringlets upon her shoulders, as she had always worn it in childhood and girlhood. I noticed she was very pale. Her father put out his arms, and she fell in a dead swoon into them.

"Confound the tax book," he said, with emphasis. "Water, quick."

It was some time before we revived her. I sent the servant after Davis, who was considerably annoyed when he came and heard of her indisposition. She did not rally quickly, but lay quite still and pale for a long time.

Mr. Noel expressed his opinion that it was overwork, and that Davis had better be doing the work himself that she was endangering her life to do.

"It's nothing, papa," she said. "I faint very easily, but I'm over it quite soon."

"Then it's nothing rare; so much the worse. If Davis can't find time to do this work, then he'd better hire it done."

Davis bit his lip, and said nothing. He

was a man of few words, and I never heard him contend a point with any one.

I saw her no more for weeks. On the second of October she gave birth to a son.

When I saw her with that child in her arms I knew that she was a woman now. There had been another birth, a soul birth, a character birth for her. Ah, a Cancer mother is the mother of all mothers if true to the nature God gives her. That is a fixed law, for they are the head of the Maternal Trinity of the Tribe of Zebulun, the home-dwellers. Her child was a Libra of the Tribe of Reuben, of which Jacob said, "Thou art my first born, my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power. Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." But there lay wonderful possibilities in-folded within the little frame that nestled in her arms.

I realized the old Ruth was vanishing; the childish, tender, clinging creature would give place to a strong, self-reliant woman. The child was "the beginning of her strength, the excellency of her dignity and the excellency of her power."

In less than a month she was up and at her work again. She was to have the deed of the home, she confided to me—a home for her boy. Already in fancy she saw him playing in the orchard and climbing the great pear trees.

But alas, Davis had anticipated her. He owed a large bill at the saloon, and drew every dollar of the money she had earned and paid his debts. This created quite a stir among the men who frequented the court-house. I heard the presiding judge of the county court give the clerk a sound rating for it.

"What was I to do? I owed the money, and he came to collect it," said the clerk. "I asked him if he had given up the idea of purchasing the cottage and letting the money go on the payment. He said emphatically 'Yes,' and walked off with his money, and to my knowledge played cards till one o'clock next morning, and went home drunk as Bacchus.

And that's what Mrs. Davis was doing all summer—earning the money to pay his saloon bill and one night's carouse."

I turned away from this conversation sick and disgusted. It came to her father's ears, and he did some tall swearing. It was known that Ruth was very ill soon after this, and people did no little gossiping over the affair, which was pronounced most shameful. But there were those who blamed her. "She ought to have made him do the work, or she ought to have collected the money herself." Such were the verdicts. But from Ruth's lips no word came.

Alas, not the saloon-keeper only got the benefit of her earnings. Other women there were who laughed at her last winter's hat when they met her with their new ones purchased with the money Ruth had earned.

Davis found he had made a mistake. No community will respect a man who will do such a deed. They may blame the wife—there are always plenty to do that—but he had lost his footing, and instead of trying to regain it he went on down, down, down. Always hunting work ostensibly for himself, he took it home for his wife to do.

Then came the part that hurt most. When the county clerk found out that she did it, he paid only about one-third of what he would have paid a man; but she toiled on, and finally, the four years ended, another clerk was elected. The county clerk's office and probate office were separated, and the salary di-

vided between two men who were willing to do their own work. Ruth could no longer rely upon that for a support. The college, through my influence, took her for one term. But it was the same—her salary went to the saloon, as well as to pay all their expenses; for her husband had now abandoned all intention of work, it seemed.

The next term the president refused to employ her, saying it was right to force him to do his duty, and so long as she supported him he would not work.

He went to the city with the last dollar of her earnings to find work, and wrote her to borrow money with which to come to him, as he had work.

I shall never forget the evening she received this letter. She believed every word of it, and wept tears of joy. She insisted upon giving me a chattel mortgage on her piano to secure a loan of seventy-five dollars. Her father told me to do it, as it might eventually save that for her. I did so, and sent the piano to her father's house. She packed her household effects cheerfully, and seemed happy as a child; and taking her baby, went to the great city one hundred miles distant to begin life anew.

I would not lose sight of her. It had long been my wish to complete the study of medicine. I went down and entered the medical college, where an uncle of mine was dean; but I did not see her for many months, hearing sufficient to make me understand it was best for her that I should not.

(To be Continued.)

It is better to be known by good work than by fair promises.

No man can teach another what he does not understand himself.

The busy man is fertile in plans; the idle man is like unused soil.

It is better to feel pure internally than only to be clean externally.

Goodness dies a natural death if not used for the benefit of others.

Conceit and insolence destroy a man's usefulness in any line of work.

No general would take charge of any army that expected to be defeated.

False methods never won true ends. A man reaps the false if he sows it.

HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

PRACTICAL TALKS ON HEALTHFUL LIVING

It is as a mediator between the sick and the well that I desire to appear before our readers. Not as one who has studied only the needs of the well and would cater to their tastes, nor as one who claims to know all the needs of the sick and puts them into one common class.

As there are no two faces alike in the world, so there are no two temperaments exactly alike, and as there are no two temperaments alike there may not be any two persons who need the same treatment.

I do not desire to be considered as advocating a strictly vegetarian diet. I have, by close study of many persons suffering from various diseases, arrived at the conclusion that through a proper diet their sufferings may be alleviated, and in most, if not all cases, a cure be effected.

There are many cases of dyspepsia, insomnia, nervous prostration, headache, melancholia, that require no argument to satisfy any one as to the cause of their trouble. A little observation after such a patient has eaten a hearty meal of mixed food is sufficient to show where the trouble lies. Take a case of melancholia, and observe how much worse the sufferer becomes within an hour after he has eaten a hearty meal of food difficult to digest, and from being melancholy irritability and almost frenzy follow. Then to test if it be the food, wash out the stomach and see the result.

There is another form of indigestion that manifests itself in symptoms of heart failure, the gases inflating the stomach to such a degree that the cardiac end

presses the heart and causes functional disorder of that organ. Again, rheumatism and neuralgia are diseases which yield readily to proper diet.

To the well I can only extend congratulations upon their good fortune, and show them how to keep well.

To those suffering from any curable disease I would offer aid.

I shall not say one word of food values unless requested to do so; then I shall furnish an authenticated table.

Sick headache is one of the most frequent ailments of the overworked business man or woman, and yields, as I know, after periods of long standing, to proper food. Sick headache is alike the heritage of the bilious and the nervous temperament. The pneumogastric nerve connects the stomach and the brain, and they act and react upon each other. If a man has eaten a good meal of mixed food, and soon after becomes angry, or excited, or worried in any way, his digestion is impeded.

"The process of life," says a great scientist, "is not merely action of the soul on brain and body, for the conditions of the body in health and disease continually act and react on the brain and soul, and under the influence of alcohol, or of fever, the psychic action is entirely changed."

I have seen food change the conditions as much as alcohol, and a sufferer's explanation that he was drunk on a beefsteak or coffee was not wide of the truth.

Remember that digestion begins in the mouth. Mastication, the first process, must be perfect. Foods that cannot be

masticated must be held in the mouth until thoroughly insalivated.

Next to your prayers a good breakfast is the most important thing with which to begin your day's work, and I am asked by some one, "What is a good breakfast?" I answer, choice food, prepared so as to be palatable, and warm enough to draw sufficient blood to the stomach to digest it. No weak stomach can digest cold food and drink. All food that is palatable is more readily assimilated than unpalatable food.

Where the stomach is sensitive all cereals should be strained. Oatmeal well cooked and strained can be taken with safety, where unstrained it would cause irritation. Bilious temperaments should not use cream with cereals. Fruit juice is more healthful.

A word about fruits. (Remember I am talking not to the well, but to the sick.)

Evaporated fruits are far more wholesome than canned fruits, as they retain all the juices in their natural form. Canned fruits have sugar and water added, which renders them positively hurtful.

Evaporated fruits should be soaked for twenty-four hours in clear water, and boiled in the same water until perfectly soft; and for invalids put through a colander until smooth, as lumps of fruit will cause distress.

Instead of drinking cream, make your biscuit with it. If it is very rich you need not add shortening. When you desire shortening, fine olive oil and fresh cocoanut butter are the best. Cocoanut butter is cheaper.

If you become accustomed to whole-wheat flour you will find white flour tasteless.

Unless your teeth are perfect, have all meat chopped fine and free from fiber. Broiled meat and roast are the most wholesome. "Never sodden meat with water."

Soups should be made of good lean meat, boiled until it falls to pieces, and the rice or barley boiled with it to form the thickening. Never put "sloppy" soup into a delicate stomach.

Some persons can eat soup made of

marrow bone. It is very rich, and should be handled daintily.

Scientists have discovered that microbes thrive best in fats and alkalies. Use plenty of fruits without sugar, and they will take care of the microbes.

Pure maple syrup is preferable to all other forms of sweet. It is the natural product of the tree. Sugar is made hurtful to a delicate stomach by the chemical process of bleaching, and by various impurities, but if you are tempted to use brown sugar first get a magnifying glass and study its inhabitants. You will see that refined sugar is preferable, but avoid glucose for all purposes. It turns dark when heated to boiling point, so any housekeeper can make her own test.

Never cook anything with salt. It will draw all the juices from meat and make it hard and indigestible. It also renders vegetables indigestible. If you use salt do so in moderate quantities after the food is cooked.

Coffee should be clear as wine, and is more wholesome without cream or sugar. If it disagrees with you with cream and sugar, try it without; if then, leave it off. It should be taken before or after eating, never at meals. Never wash down your food with any drink, least of all with cold water. It will immediately check digestion by driving the blood from the stomach, which cannot in weak patients react with sufficient promptness to prevent the harm. Drink a glass of water midway between meals to give sufficient fluid to the body.

Remember, in baking bread according to receipts, to have the pans hot when you put it in, and never stir or let stand any bread that has baking powder in it. Use only the purest baking powder. Avoid all powder that contains alum.

Know to the minute how long it takes to heat your oven, how long it takes to bake biscuit, gems, etc., and do not ruin your food by slow oven. After you have selected good meat or fish, do not spoil in the cooking.

When potatoes are boiled until tender pour off the water immediately and dry them in the hot vessel. Have your covered dish hot. If you put hot food in cold dishes dew will form and spoil it,

and well-cooked potatoes will soak water like a sponge. Potatoes baked too long are equally unwholesome. They should be so dry and smooth as to form a cream-like substance when kept in the mouth until insalivated. In that way the most delicate invalid can use them with safety.

"Which meal is most important?" asks another. I answer each meal is most important.

Breakfast to enable you to do the work the forenoon brings.

Dinner to enable you to continue it with equal vigor and pleasure in the afternoon.

Supper to enable you to sleep well.

I put meals in the order of breakfast, dinner and supper, as physicians prescribe them thus for invalids. Business men can reverse the order, taking lunch at noon and dinner at night.

How many really well people do you know? How many persons who are in perfect health?

A perfectly healthy organ has no sensation. It goes on quietly attending to its own natural functions so perfectly that you are unaware of its existence. You do not think of your liver, lungs, stomach, heart, as long as you are in a perfect state of health.

The first "friendly pain" comes as a warning "not to sin again." Pain would be our best friend if it would locate the cause, but it is like a physician who has his dwelling on one street and his office and sign in quite a different part of the town. For instance, you may feel a pain in the region of the heart when the cause is in your stomach or liver.

Take a glass of warm water and wash out your stomach, and the pain ceases; you have caught the doctor at home, and not where his sign was.

Some persons suffer with pains in the shoulders, arms, and hands, sometimes pronounced rheumatism. Try the water remedy and you will find the doctor at home again instead of at the office. But I do not want you to understand that you are to learn only to wash out your stomach, but to convince yourself by this means what and where the trouble is, and that proper food in the right quan-

tity and combination will give the stomach no trouble.

Never take a medicine to deaden pain. It stops secretions and causes a more serious trouble than it kills. Never take any medicine unless prescribed by a good physician.

Business men suffer with headaches caused by indigestion from eating when worried or tired.

It is of great importance to understand that mental conditions influence bodily conditions. We start out by saying digestion begins in the mouth, the saliva and other secretions preparing the food to enter the stomach where the gastric juices are acid.

Now, if you have a sufficient quantity of saliva (which is alkaline in quality) mixed with the food it neutralizes the acid. If not, what occurs? Sour stomach, which some people try to remedy with soda and other chemicals, thus creating disease.

Saliva in a healthy state consists of four-fifths water, with a mixture of mucilage, albumen, muriates of soda, phosphate of soda, phosphate of lime, and phosphate of ammonia. The gastric juice is a clear, transparent fluid, a little saltish, and containing hydrochloric and lactic acids, also a peculiar organic substance called pepsin. The gastric juice dissolves the food in the stomach, reducing the nutritious portions of it to a state fit for absorption into the system.

The blood derives its quantity and quality from the food, water, and air.

HEALTH HINTS

Most people eat too much.

Invalids should eat lightly, and rest immediately after meals.

Cultivate cheerfulness during meals, never eat when angry, sad or worried, or very tired.

Anger changes saliva into a poison.

Warm applications for the spine and stomach and between the shoulders are valuable, and aid digestion.

I find that scientists differ concerning the value of the tomato. Some declare the acid useful and nourishing, others hurtful and injurious.

MENU FOR WELL PEOPLE

SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Apples, raw. Oatmeal.
Stewed cranberry sauce.
Poached eggs on Graham toast.
Unleavened Graham rolls or loaf bread.

SUNDAY—DINNER.

Pea soup.
Roast turkey, with cranberry sauce.
Celery. Mashed potato and turnip.
Dessert—
Oranges. Nuts.

SUNDAY—SUPPER.*

Fruit sauce.
Well cooked grain of some kind.
Graham stems. Bread and butter.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Oatmeal.
Apple sauce, with cream biscuit.
Unleavened rolls or Graham bread.

MONDAY—DINNER.

Baked beans.
Stewed tomatoes. Lettuce, with lemon juice.
Nut meats. Baked potatoes.
Dessert—Pumpkin pie.

MONDAY—SUPPER.

Cold meat.
Baked potatoes. Fruit sauce.
Graham bread and butter, or gems made with water or milk.

TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Cornmeal mush, with milk.
Baked apples. Boiled eggs.
Corn gems or rolls.

TUESDAY—DINNER.

Bean and tomato soup.
Baked potatoes. Stewed corn.
Dessert—Rice pudding.

TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed corn.
Mashed or boiled potatoes.
Stewed or raw tomatoes.
Graham or whole-wheat bread, and butter.

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Cracked wheat, with cream.
Stewed peaches (dried). Potato cakes.
Rolls and bread.

WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Stewed chicken, with cream gravy.
Sweet potatoes. Turnips or squash.
Dessert—Apple and tapioca pudding, with fruit sauce or cream.

WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed prunes.
Corn grits with cream. Apple tapioca.
Bread, roll, or cream biscuits.

THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Oatmeal and cream.
Milk toast made of Graham bread.
Boiled eggs. Rolls and bread.

THURSDAY—DINNER.

Pot roast of beef, with gravy.
Boiled or mashed potatoes.
Stewed tomatoes. Celery.
Dessert—Rice cooked in water, with fruit sauce (grape or gooseberry).

THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed cherries.
Baked apple dumplings, with fruit sauce or cream.
Plain sponge cake. Bread and butter.

FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Corn cakes, with maple syrup.
Stewed apricots. Rolls or bread.

FRIDAY—DINNER. (French dinner.)

Baked or boiled potatoes.
Stewed corn. Stewed dried apricots.
Corn gems.
Hominy grits, with fruit sauce or cream.
Dessert—Apple dumplings.

FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Creamed potatoes.
Baked tomatoes with bread crumbs.
Lettuce with nut meats and lemon juice.
Whole-wheat bread and butter.

SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit, oranges, apples, or pears.
Oatmeal and cream.
Stewed prunes, without sugar.
Batter cakes from whole wheat.
Corn gems and bread.

SATURDAY—DINNER.

Vegetable soup, with barley and tomatoes.
Baked potatoes and peas.
Spinach, with lemon dressing.
Dessert—Farina pudding.

SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Scrambled eggs and toast.
Baked apples. Graham mush and cream.
Bread and butter.

*People who have a good substantial dinner in the middle of the day do not require a heavy supper.

MENU FOR INVALIDS

SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal. Sticks. Cherries.

SUNDAY—DINNER.

Chicken soup. Tomatoes.
Baked potatoes.

SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Evaporated peaches. Bread.
Whole wheat.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal (strained). Sticks.
Cream biscuits. Evaporated apples.

MONDAY—DINNER.

Sticks. Rice.
Boiled potatoes. Cornmeal pudding.

MONDAY—SUPPER.

Graham mush. Soft sticks.
Canned peaches.

TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal mush. Silver prunes.
Sticks.

TUESDAY—DINNER.

Grits. Baked potatoes.
Ground nuts. Evaporated apricots.
Apple pie.

TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Graham mush. Graham toast.
Canned peaches.

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Sticks. Graham mush.
Evaporated apricots.

WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Chicken soup, with rice. Strained tomatoes.
Baked potatoes.

WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Graham mush. Plums.
Sticks. Graham toast.

THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Graham mush. Evaporated peaches.
Sticks.

THURSDAY—DINNER.

Tomatoes. Sticks.

THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Sticks. Prunes.
Graham mush. Biscuits.

FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Cherries. Mush.
Sticks.

FRIDAY—DINNER.

Sticks. Boiled potatoes.
Evaporated apricots. Tapioca pudding, with apples.

FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Sticks. Cracked wheat.

SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal mush. Sticks.
Light bread. Silver prunes.

SATURDAY—DINNER.

Chicken soup, with rice. Tomatoes (stewed or strained).
Potatoes. Bread.

SATURDAY—DINNER.

Graham toast. Bread.
Wheat. Evaporated peaches.
Wheat mush.

STICKS OR HARD ROLLS.

Mix graham flour with cold water, forming a dough about as soft as you can handle. If the flour is of red wheat, or is coarsely ground, it must be sifted. Knead ten to fifteen minutes, or until the dough is smooth and elastic. Form into little rolls three or four inches long and about three-quarters of an inch thick; leave no dry flour on the out-

side. Mould rapidly, and place a little apart in a pan; prick them with a fork, and put them into the oven. It must be hot enough to brown nicely, but not to scorch; bake about thirty minutes. When done, the rolls should not yield to pressure between the thumb and finger. When taken from the oven spread them on a table to cool. They may be eaten for breakfast a little warm, or cold for dinner or supper.

EDITORIALS

A MAGAZINE WITH A MISSION

The COMING AGE is a "magazine with a mission;" which does not mean that it will be less entertaining than journals which seek merely to tickle the eye and ear, without awakening the soul. Indeed, we shall strive to make this monthly a journal of absorbing interest to all serious, earnest, and aspiring natures. And while it is proposed to give ample opportunity for a broad and thoughtful consideration of the great issues and problems which touch modern life in a vital way, we shall devote little or no space to those political issues over which rival parties, factions, machines, and rings wage warfare in the mad struggle to enjoy the spoils of office. The COMING AGE will not be a political magazine, because I conceive a higher and more imperative demand in the broader and more fundamental work which the present time requires.

My studies in social conditions, and the trend and influence of political bodies and organizations during the past fifteen years, have forced upon me the conviction, which has been greatly strengthened since I have carefully considered social progress in the light of history—that only through the education of the units and the quickening and development of the individual conscience can a nation be raised to a nobler and juster estate. Changes may come from without, but unless the people are made ready for them by an educational process which has touched heart and brain with the holy fire of love and a passion for justice and freedom, the innovation, no matter how salutary in essence it

may be, will either degenerate into a reflection of the dominant, popular impulse—which may be hate, revenge, lust, or greed—or it will prove a dead letter.

History and experience will, I believe, bear witness to the correctness of these conclusions; in fact, the story of the ages bristles with suggestive illustrations emphasizing these phenomena. Perhaps in the French Revolution we have the most striking example of the degeneration of a noble movement into a carnival of blood and spoliation known to modern times. Never were the popular leaders in a great revolutionary movement actuated by nobler motives or ideals than those which inspired Lafayette and the philosophers who made the success of the revolution possible. And it is probable that the magic of these splendid dreams of justice, equality, and fraternity may have fascinated the public mind in the early stages of the revolution. But back of any sentimental or emotional feelings that temporarily stirred the public heart was the sodden condition of mind of the masses, made brutal by centuries of oppression and unawakened by any true educational progress. The conscience of the people had not been enlightened, or their emotions appealed to on the higher plane of being; hence, how easy, natural, and inevitable it was that the tiger should strangle the angel in the popular imagination, and that Lafayette and all those who cherished the lofty ideal of a civilization resting on justice and freedom should be brushed aside—when the passion, greed, and pent-up

hate that had so long smouldered in the heart of the people was aroused—and that the real representatives of the masses blossomed out in a Robespierre and a Marat. Had the people been prepared for the Republic that lived in the mind of Lafayette, the French Revolution, instead of being one of the most bloody and heart-sickening tragedies known to time, would have made one of the most luminous pages in the history of our race. Of the second result—which follows changes that in themselves are good and wholesome, and laws that enlightened civilization demands, but which the people have not been prepared for by proper education—we have simply to turn to the many excellent statutes which have been passed in recent years to curb rapacity and promote justice, but which are dead letters when not invoked in the interest of oppression. It seems to us that nothing is more clearly taught by history and experience than that it is only through the education and development of the individual that political life can be regenerated and uninterrupted progress assured. The wisest of laws and the noblest of rulers are powerless unless behind the statutes and statesmanship is found an alert conscience and an intelligent comprehension of right, duty, and justice on the part of the people. Nation after nation has eloquently borne witness to this solemn fact. Time and again great and pure-minded law-givers and rulers have sought to change the downward tendency or drift of a people, only to be overwhelmed with the wrong they opposed. In the case of Marcus Aurelius we have a wonderful illustration of a great personality clothed with almost unlimited powers checking, in a measure, the decline of a great people for a little time; but no sooner had the scepter fallen from his hands than we behold the melancholy spectacle of a mighty empire resuming its headlong descent toward that pit which awaits all people who allow the sensual to eclipse the spiritual.

The lessons of history and experience

show that freedom, justice, and righteousness depend on the conscience and intelligence of the people, rather than upon statutes or rules. Hence, it seems to me that here lies the supreme duty devolving upon the molders of civilization to-day. In the home is found the hope of humanity; in the development of the individual into a broad, noble, loving, generous, and reverent manhood and womanhood lies imperaled the promise of the ages—a glorious destiny for humanity. Only by development along these lines can we hope to avoid the fate which has visited all past civilization, whose gloomy ruins strew the pathway of the centuries. Hence, it will be the supreme mission of the COMING AGE to deal in a broad and helpful way with these fundamentals of enduring progress. We shall earnestly strive to help in a real way every parent, teacher, and individual who is seeking to uplift the race, while to the great army of youths who, to-day, are seriously facing the future with hearts full of high aspirations, and whose minds and imaginations are aglow with the light of truer ideals than have ever before enthused the young, the COMING AGE will seek to be a guide, a helper, and a friend.

In this great work we confidently ask for the hearty co-operation of all who desire to be leagued with the dawn, not as a personal favor but as an august duty.

We are living to-day in one of the most wonderful transition periods known to man, and during such epochs more can be accomplished in a year than would be possible in a decade of the peaceful years, when the thought of the world moves sluggishly and the imagination of the people is dormant. To-day is a supreme moment for achieving great good, for so directing the current of civilization that humanity may be thereby elevated, humanized, and ennobled. Your aid and influence, dear reader, is needed in this glorious work; to you is given a great but solemn trust. You can help advance civilization and become an active influence in the noblest

of all crusades—the constructive work which seeks the development of the individual, the elevation of the home, and the ennobling of the people through stimulating life's highest ideals. Are we wrong then in confidently counting on your assistance?

We propose to make the COMING AGE at once instructive, entertaining, and indispensable. We shall speak to all members of the family circle; and we shall at all times seek to arouse the mind on the higher plane of being, and thus make man master of himself.

B. O. F

KNOWLEDGE AND HEALTH

All men desire happiness. Indeed, it is the end and aim of every human being from the cradle to the grave. There is no condition in life in which this is not the motive power of all human energy. It may be in the pursuit of knowledge, wealth, honor, power, peace, but each pursuer has but one goal—happiness. He seeks that which, according to his state of development, would secure to him the prize, and thus make him a happy man.

I believe this aspiration for the chiefest good is implanted in every human soul by an all-wise Providence as the Divinest gift. It is God's will that His creatures should be happy. We cannot doubt this when we behold the work of His hands, and read His Divine Word. There is nothing He has left undone to enable us to accomplish this end during our life here, and we are promised still more, a fuller, more complete happiness; eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the joy He hath prepared for us, to be ours through all eternity. And yet, how few of His children are happy. How few know what happiness is, even though they seek it so diligently.

Happiness can only be gained by the right use of the things of life; and the right use of them, and the good fortune in the use of them, is given by knowledge only. Does it not then follow that every man ought, by all means, to try to be as wise as he can? No man can be happy without good health. Though he may have wealth, fame, power, the one thing needful is always tan-

talizing him, and defying his enjoyment of his attainments, however great they may be, without her favor—health. The right use of the things of life will alone insure good health. Knowledge is power; if rightly used a power for good, if wrongly used a power for evil. Wisdom forces knowledge to use and not abuse her power. Then wisdom is greater than knowledge.

Perfect physical health depends upon proper food, drink, air, and exercise—the most wholesome food improperly prepared becomes unwholesome. The purest water taken at the wrong time is hurtful, air—which ranks first in importance—coming upon a delicate portion of the body in a draft will cause disease, and exercise unwisely taken weakens instead of strengthening.

All these things are well known to every educated person, and many, in spite of their knowledge, suffer from one or more diseases, all from a lack of wisdom in not making practical use of that knowledge. We know many rich people who dare not take a long journey without a physician who is acquainted with their special complaint. I believe a wise cook would be equally useful, and might aid the physician in his task more readily and effectually than the change of climate they travel to seek.

Alcohol destroys hundreds, fashion thousands, narcotics millions, but no mortal tongue, no human intellect can compute the myriads of benighted creatures who sacrifice both soul and body upon the unholy altar of gluttony.

We see mothers dreading motherhood as a curse instead of the blessing God

designed it to be, shrinking from the great responsibility of rearing children, and all because they are ignorant of the laws of health, or else too weak to enforce them in the maintenance of home and family. Every child that is healthy is happy. I make this statement fearlessly, for I know that it is God's law that it should be, and every child that is happy is sweet-tempered, loving, and a blessing, the very greatest blessing in any household. When there is no organic disease present proper food, drink, air, rest, and exercise will insure good health and all the blessings attendant upon it. Whenever organic disease is present the only hope of recovery or alleviation is through the above-mentioned remedies; I believe every true scientist will bear me out in the assertion.

Much is being said and written about food values. I remember that all these things were ably set forth in our text book on anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, but I do not remember that one of us ever made practical use of the lessons, thus showing that in getting our knowledge we did not learn to be wise.

We may learn and verify by practical experience that many intellectual people do not live very happy lives.

We start out with the assertion that good physical health is the basis of a good natural life, and that happiness is attainable only by the right use of the things of life, and no one can do this without good health.

Having made the demonstration in our own case, and brought to the subject the most earnest study of our life, we desire nothing so much as to be able to assist others in the attainment of the same blessing.

We may agree with those who maintain that the spiritual man is of paramount importance, but we know equally well that the spiritual must operate through the natural.

We know it is the spirit of man that

sees, but he views natural things through the physical organs of vision, and if they refuse to perform their functions the man is blind. The spirit is the power, but the body is the vehicle through which that power manifests itself, and, we maintain, it is man's religious duty to care for this body, with the full realization that it is the "Temple of the living soul."

The physician often realizes the lack of intelligent assistance in the proper preparation of food. The young mother wears her life away with ungovernable children that are made so by her own unwise management and ignorance in preparation of their food, clothing, etc., and to her we appeal most earnestly to become interested in our work.

We shall have articles on all subjects vital to home and health, such as:

Talks with well-known physicians, the danger of taking medicines without diagnosis, Stimulants, Food for children, Hours for sleeping and eating, Baths, Massage, Osteopathy, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, and all diseases wherein proper food forms the prime curative factor.

This then is the work upon which we enter, in which we seek the hearty co-operation of every thinking man and woman who is interested in the human family. Scientists, religionists, heads of homes and families, teachers and breadwinners of all classes.

To one and all we shall devote the energies of a life that has been preserved by the methods we shall set forth, with many other instances which we shall give where health was regained by the aid of properly prepared foods given in their orderly combinations. Each number of our magazine will have an article on some subject of interest to health seekers, also a complete menu for each season with proper combination and instructions for the preparation of food. We shall be ready to answer all questions asked in the right spirit.

MRS. C. K. R.

WHAT OF TO-MORROW?

What of the coming age? We are standing on the threshold of the twentieth century. Behind us lies one of the most momentous epochs known to history—an age which in many respects has no parallel, and which has witnessed more rapid progress, and over a wider area, than was possible at any previous time. The period may be said to have touched the hand, the brain and the soul of man. It has been the golden age of invention, while from its throbbing brain and palpitating heart Music has risen full statured, as did Painting in the Renaissance. It has been an epoch of unrest, of feverish activity, and of preparation for better things—for the enjoyment of a fuller life by all the people than had before been possible.

As is always the case in times of rapid transition, there has been much tragedy present, and startling contrasts have abounded. In a civilization no further advanced than ours, this could not be otherwise, when so many fundamental and far-reaching changes were taking place with lightning-like rapidity. And yet, nothing is more clearly demonstrated than that the general trend has been upward, while the foundations for world-wide growth have been broadly laid; nor is anything more pronounced than the widespread and growing heart-hunger for harmony, for real growth, and for the realization of a happier state through a nobler life. Never before have the poets of the people sung so feelingly or so confidently of the advent of the golden age as they have during the past fifty years; and the true poets are the real prophets and couriers of progress. Listen for a moment to three strains from that sturdy trio of nineteenth century poets, Whittier, Massey and Mackay:

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,
And not of sunset, forward, not behind—
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with
thee bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard hath sung
Or seer has told of when in trance or dream
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
Let Justice hold their scale, and Truth divide
Between the right and wrong; but give the
heart

The freedom of its fair inheritance.

* * * *

Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery about us, make
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir,
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
Should minister as outward types and signs
Of the eternal beauty which fulfills
The one great purpose of creation, love,
The sole necessity of earth and heaven!

Though hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
For, lo! Our day bursts up the skies!
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world is rolling Freedom's way,
And ripening with her sorrow;
Take heart! Who bear the Cross to-day
Shall wear the Crown to-morrow.

* * * *

Old legends tell us of a Golden Age.
When earth was guiltless,—God the guest
of men,
Ere sin had dimmed the heart's illumined
page,—

And prophet voices say 'twill come again.
O happy age! when Love shall rule the
heart
And time to live shall be the poor man's
dower.

* * * *

Bless, bless, O God, the proud intelligence,
That now is dawning on the People's fore-
head,—
Humanity springs from them like incense,
The Future bursts upon them, boundless—
starried—
They weep repentant tears that they so long
have tarried.

I hear a song

Vivid as day itself; and clear and strong

As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.

He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay
Tells of the brightness of the peaceful day!
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.

He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace;
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;

When war shall die, and man's progressive
mind

Soar as unfettered as its God designed.

It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near.

These voices from the two Englands fairly illustrate the carol of the poets of the people during the past half century; and what is more, they reflect the dream, or the ideal, which haunts the public mind. And, as the dreams of yesterday become the realities of to-day, so we believe the coming century will be in many ways a golden age. Not that wonders will be wrought in an hour, but that which has gone before must cause rapid growth to follow. The whole wide world is bound and knit together. Electricity and steam have rendered knowledge and growth possible to all. The rise of popular education, the greater diffusion of knowledge, the spread of high ideals, and the broadening of man's vision, together with a passion for liberty and justice, which is permeating nations, and more or less perceptibly stirring the public conscience in almost every great country of the earth—make attainable a glorious to-morrow, which would have been almost impossible at any previous moment in history. And, furthermore, the multiplication of labor-saving machines and devices has made it possible for man—not a few men or a certain favored class or individuals, but all men—to enjoy life, and have the leisure to grow Godward the moment society reaches that point where it is great enough to be just, and wise enough

to overcome evil with good. We have reached a point where social growth can be made almost as rapid as has been man's progress in music and invention during the past hundred years. Indeed, all the real advances of the wonderful centuries that have blossomed since the opening of our era, have tended to this splendid consummation—a free and joyous humanity ennobled through goodness and rendered great through being just.

And this suggests the supreme problem for the twentieth century to solve, if her people are true to their trust: The reduction to the minimum of crime, ignorance and misery, by affording all men opportunity to earn a living under wholesome environments; by appealing to the divine in every soul; by surrounding the people with conditions at once healthful, pleasant, and morally and mentally stimulating, instead of abandoning many of them to temptation and permitting conditions of moral and physical sanitation which tend to weaken, instead of strengthening, virtue, probity, and health.

But while this consummation of the world's age-long dream floats before us on the horizon of the twentieth century, its realization is by no means inevitable. Indeed, it can only be attained by the united effort of all who hunger for the higher and holier day. Every man, woman and child is a real help or a hindrance to progress at this time; each individual has a sphere of influence. I have known persons, who little dreamed of wielding any influence, to affect sensibly the whole current of a life which, in turn, has influenced tens of thousands of other lives. The humblest individual is a factor for good or evil, and, potentially, a great factor. Who can gauge the effect on some other life of the spoken word, the act, or the life? None of us can live to ourselves; we are moulding the coming age, and upon every one devolves a sacred duty; to live truly, to think high and noble thoughts, to act

worthily of the God within us, and to make life an inspiration to all who come within the sphere of our influence.

"Life," says Mazzini, "is a mission,"

and to-day that mission should press upon the conscience of each of us, for every soul can help to hasten the Golden Age.

B. O. F.

WHAT HOME SHOULD BE

The home is the truest index to character, the key to life of the individual, the social safeguard. No man was ever led astray whose home was the most attractive place on earth to him. No woman ever stepped aside from the path of virtue who found her chiefest joy in her home.

A home means that place where the most perfect freedom is enjoyed, where the greatest privacy is secured, where love, sympathy, and comfort abound—the place to which the business man's thoughts revert with pride and pleasure in the midst of cares and worries incident to his occupation, and to which he hurries when the day is done. I know what kind of home a man has when I see him walking toward it in the evening, and when he starts out in the morning. There is no mistake about it. The man who has a happy home has no more resemblance to the man who has a house but no home than if he were not created in the same shape and form. There is a proud independence about him, combined with a gentle consideration for others. Business men find him out; he is a prince among men, whether he be employer or employee. His coat is a robe of royalty and is recognized wherever he goes, and his face wins confidence and brings prosperity.

What a happy man it is who can invite a friend home at any time, assured of a bright welcome, an orderly, attractive house, and a good meal, the very best he could find anywhere, and the most appetizing. His wife has no gossip to retail, no trials of servants, or grocers, or meat markets, but can make him forget everything but the restful sphere of the place. Her quiet taste in the arrangement of the rooms, which, like a well-dressed person, make no impression of form or color, and her sweet presence in them, bring peace and rest.

It does not require wealth to build a

home. It needs only unselfish love for each other, and love of home. It must be so arranged as to appear to run like a perfect piece of machinery, without noise or friction anywhere, each servant, where there are servants, conscious of filling a post of honor.

We owe it to our husbands, our children, and ourselves to create a happy home. Yes, I believe we owe it to God; for the home is the center from which every good thing in this world comes. A home where God is feared, a home in which the neighbor is loved, a home whose motto is, "As ye would that others do to you, do ye even so to them," is a refuge from every ill of life. That is a home where in health you find the very highest pleasure you can desire, in sickness the tenderest care, at all times feel that God is nearer to you—more consciously with you than elsewhere in the world. Living within your means, striving to please no one but those about you, envying no one's better fortune, in fact seeing no better, because no happier, that makes home. Learn the secret of building a home, and your husband will not be a member of any club. Learn to be the most attractive woman in the most attractive place on earth to him, and if he is a true man he will never wander from you even in thought. Be ready to go out with him at all times, happy to stay at home with him at all times. Remember the crown of womanhood is wifehood, the crown of wifehood is motherhood, and the safest haven on this earth is the home where you can close your doors and shut out all the world at will, or open to receive whom you will. No one can be thrust upon you in your home. No evil can enter there uninvited by you, and if by contact with the world any loved one steps astray, the only hope of redemption is through a home.

MRS. C. K. R.

THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

A BACKWARD GLANCE OVER 1898

[It is my purpose from month to month to notice leading events occurring in various parts of the globe, and to point out what seems to be the significance of such happenings as mark in a decisive way the progress of civilization. This month, however, as we are standing on the threshold of a new year, I feel that it will be more interesting and profitable to glance at a few of the leading events of 1898, than to notice at length the less important happenings of the past sixty days.]

Our war with Spain, though by no means the only occurrence of world-wide interest and significance, has proved the most important event of the year, at least to the New World. Indeed, the real significance of the conflict, its many lessons, its fruits and its promised fruition, are so momentous in character that it is impossible at the present time even approximately to estimate results which will necessarily reach far into the coming century.

SPAIN OF
YESTERDAY AND
TO-DAY.

If the reader will examine a map of the world under Charles V., and from it turn to the map of to-day, keeping in mind the fact that even this representation will soon be changed so as to mark the exit of Spain from the New World—he will find himself in the presence of one of the most solemn and impressive lessons of history, and see at a glance how it is possible for a nation of wealth and power to destroy itself by suffering passion, prejudice, greed, and

that insanity of selfishness which cares for naught but self, to master the nobler impulses and the higher motives which ever must be the crown and glory of men and nations. With governments, as with individuals, a high and holy trust is lodged, commensurate with the power they enjoy; and woe to that nation which permits the lower impulses to overmaster the divine promptings, so that intolerance, bigotry, avarice, treachery, cruelty and oppression work the inevitable degradation of the people in which downfall the brutalization of the master is only eclipsed by the misery of the slave.

The Emperor Charles V. counted among his possessions or dependencies in the old world Spain, Germany, Austria, The Netherlands, most of Italy, Sardinia, and Sicily; while more than two-thirds of South America and one-third of North America, together with practically all of the West Indies, were accounted Spanish possessions. These, with about a hundred islands in the Pacific, made Spain the richest and most powerful nation of western civilization. Never did a government enjoy greater opportunities for the furtherance of civilization and the lifting of millions of souls by the lever of the Golden Rule; never did a nation so abuse its sacred trust. To-day, as legitimate result, the flag of Spain no longer waves in the western world, and her possessions, outside the narrow limits of her impoverished peninsula home, are inconsiderable

and of doubtful value; while the once fertile plains which under Moorish civilization blossomed in tropical loveliness now are practically desert wastes. Superstition in the brain, materialism in the heart, blossoming forth in intolerance, cruelty, oppression, injustice, and greed, have done the work; her greatness, power and glory are gone; her throne is unstable; her home is desolate.

**WHY THE WAR
WAS
INEVITABLE.**

War with Spain was rendered inevitable by an aroused and horrified public conscience on the one hand, and the fatuous blindness of a doomed nation on the other. No one can justly accuse President McKinley of leaving a stone unturned in his resolute determination to avert war if possible, and it is a singular fact that this conflict was forced by the conscience element in American life overcoming the counting-house opposition. After the awful facts of Spanish cruelty, the well-nigh incredible story of murder and spoliation, had been verified by the personal investigation of leading American statesmen, one of two things became inevitable—Spain's prompt exit from the island she had so barbarously despoiled, or war with the great Republic. The evidence which indicated that the Maine had been blown up through Spanish instrumentality was an additional factor heightening the lurid picture of Spanish savagery, and also forcing the conviction home to the hearts of statesmen that the wholesale slaughter of American citizens had become possible by the general belief that Americans were so absorbed in money-getting and money-hoarding that they would prefer a paltry dollars-and-cents settlement for the murdered men—such as had been accepted in the *Virginius* affair—to the cost of war. But the awakened conscience of the Republic was in no mood for trifling. The cause of humanity and the safety of American citizens, the two strongest reasons for the arbitrament of force, drove the unwilling administration to action, against the protest of the

counting-house. It was a case of humanity and national honor against commercialism, and humanity won.

Never has so brief a struggle wrought such decisive, far-reaching, and civilization-influencing results as has this

**ABSOLUTISM
AGAINST
REPUBLICANISM.**

war with Spain. In its early stages we had the commanding spectacle of the genius of Absolutism and the spirit of Republicanism unconsciously marshaling their forces in hostile camps; for Germany, Austria, Russia, and France moved by common impulse to the side of Spain. All these nations, save France, were in name, as well as reality, autocratic, and those who have most carefully studied the government of France know that there the soul of the Second Empire lives under the shell of the republic. Absolutism heard with alarm the cry of despairing despotism, and instinctively sought to rescue the imperilled throne. But England, which more than any other nation of the Old World, save Switzerland, represents free institutions and representative government—England, which during the past half a century has taken more gigantic strides toward republican government than any other great nation, became a lion in the way of Absolutism—and the United States was saved humiliation, and possibly ignominious defeat, on the threshold of a war which could only mean the enlargement of freedom. This action of Great Britain, which so amazed the world, was as logical as was the action of continental Europe in moving to the side of Spain. And happily, I think, for the cause of civilization, it has resulted in drawing the English-speaking world into closer relations than have existed since the Revolutionary War. The concert of the English-speaking world in the future, when questions arise which touch civilization and humanity in a broad and vital way, is by no means improbable. A closer union between the great peoples who enjoy a common tongue and are

of common blood, will, I believe, be more potent in maintaining peace with progress and honor than anything that could take place at the present stage of civilization.

Another result of the war which affects our nation in its broadest relations is the demonstration made by the navy of its strength, and the character of men in command, and of those behind the guns. The spectacle of two great fleets being annihilated by two squadrons, with almost no casualties on the part of the victor, stands without parallel in naval history. The splendid courage and heroism of our seamen, from the Rear Admirals to the common sailors, have awakened the wonder of the world, and contributed more than the number and strength of our ships toward inspiring for the American navy the fear or admiration of all European powers. With the close of the war the Republic became one of the world's great powers, and one which must be reckoned with in the future.

THE WORK OF THE NAVY.

THE OBLITERATION OF SECTIONALISM.

Another result which, for us, is perhaps more important than any external ones, is found in the obliteration of sectionalism. Never since the nation was with difficulty welded together has there been so united a people as to-day. The bitterness engendered by the Civil War vanished entirely when the troops that fought in the blue and the gray joined hands and marched against a common foe. And along with this union of the nation has come a mingling of the rich and poor which cannot fail to be helpful. Indeed, the action of Col. Astor, since his return, speaks eloquently of what this coming in touch with the people has done for one rich man. A war undertaken, as was this conflict, at the imperious demand of an aroused national conscience that would brook no longer wholesale murder and rapine at its door, necessarily

appeals to the moral energies of a people, and calls forth the sleeping heroism of life. Never was this more strikingly illustrated than in the American navy, from Admiral Dewey down to the hundreds of common sailors who pleaded with Admiral Sampson to be allowed to face death with Lieutenant Hobson on the Merrimac; or as was witnessed by our soldiers, regulars and volunteers, white and black, on the heights of San Juan and elsewhere.

In looking at these results from another point of view, we behold Cuba freed from her old-time oppressor; Porto Rico, that wonderful gem of the Antilles, gladly coming to us; Hawaii's prayer for annexation heard and that luxuriant little garden-spot of the Pacific now a part of our domain. The principal island of the Ladrone group flies the stars and stripes, while the Philippines, whether they become a part of the possessions of the United States or are governed under a protectorate of the stars and stripes, will afford us a naval base and a commercial center for our Asiatic trade. More than this, the war has revealed the value of the Nicaragua Canal, which will doubtless soon be pushed to completion, to the immense benefit of the world.

NEW LANDS
GIVEN TO
FREEDOM.

The commercial spirit has been stimulated as never before, and with our new possessions, the security which the American navy will henceforth afford our commerce and our friendly relations with England, it is reasonable to expect that the Republic will soon become the foremost commercial nation of the world. On the other hand, we have new duties and grave responsibilities which, to meet wisely and faithfully to discharge, demand the highest order of statesmanship. Are we great enough to rise to the height demanded by the hour, or shall we imitate the failures of the past by heeding the voice that opposes the imperious commands of progress? Upon our action, here and now,

depends our glory or our shame. We have it in our power to be the light-bearer of civilization; if we falter, that which should have been a blessing will become a curse. We must not attempt annexation unless it comes in answer to the desire of the inhabitants of the territory most concerned in the changed relations. We have a solemn duty placed upon us—that of establishing a stable government under conditions of the widest possible freedom. If we try to draw

the people, so recently in bondage, to us it must be by the bands of mutual interest and love; else we shall be imitating the despotisms of Europe. The closing years of the century have given the Republic a solemn trust, as the last quarter of the eighteenth century gave it the momentous duty of establishing a free government. Are we great enough to be wise and just? Is the Republic to prove to the world that she is worthy to be a leader of civilization?

THE WHITE CZAR'S DREAM OF PEACE

Perhaps the greatest surprise of the year was the Czar's appeal for a conference of the great nations for the purpose of arriving at some understanding by which the enormous expense occasioned by the modern army and navy might be reduced, and the age-long dream of universal peace fostered. In this notable rescript the most autocratic ruler of the civilized world placed himself with the philanthropists, humanitarians, and prophets who have worked for the realization of civilization's golden dream since the time when Isaiah's prophetic vision beheld the people of earth beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and nations learning to war no more. But the Czar's voice is a new note in the call to ground arms; he has approached the great question from the standpoint of wise and practical statesmanship.

However much peace may be desired from an ethical point of view, it is no less urgently demanded by economic considerations. The growing discontent of the poor, induced by heavy taxation which becomes greater with every year, the famines that are almost yearly occasioned in some part of the vast empire; the outlay for the great Siberian railway, and other gigantic schemes for internal development, and the importance of settling Siberia as rapidly as practicable, are doubtless among the

motives which led the ruler of the most aggressively warlike, and, in some respects, the most formidable military power, to raise his voice for universal peace.

Many journalists have advanced the opinion that the proposal emanates from the ministers rather than from the Czar. Mr. Wm. T. Stead, who has recently visited St. Petersburg and other European capitals, for the London Daily News, insists that this impression is erroneous. He observes:

"The Czar is entirely in earnest. Neither M. Witte, Minister of Finance, nor M. Pobiedonosteff, Procurator General of the Holy Synod, nor Count Muravieff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was the author of the proposal, which was due to the personal initiative of the Czar. He imposed his will on his ministers." Mr. Stead adds: "The scheme was conceived in a mind imbued from childhood with the horror of war and the passion for peace which distinguished the Czar's father. It was fostered continually by the increasing evidence of the fatuous, suicidal policy of 'beggar my neighbor,' and found congenial environment in the personal and domestic entourage of the Czar, and was finally launched with the splendid audacity of youth."

M. Witte welcomes the proposal in the hope of checking the ever increasing demands of militarism. M. Pobiedonosteff

is not enthusiastic over it. Court Muravieff will do his master's bidding.

It is hardly probable that there will be any immediate results of a permanent character following this proposed conference, unless the representatives happily hit upon some method by which an international Court of Last Resort can be devised, whose decision shall be binding on all nations entering the compact. But though the immediate fruits may be disappointing to the friends of peace, there can be no question but what the stand taken for peace by the ruler of the most autocratic nation, on

the grounds of practical economy, will give great impetus to the world-wide undercurrent which is making for peace, and which has found tangible expressions in the settlement by arbitration of so many grave disputes during recent years.

The Czar has set his face towards the dawn: he has taken a position in alignment with the best thought of the age; and his position reveals, in this instance, wise, far-seeing statesmanship which seeks economic reform along the highway of human happiness and progress.

THE PASSING OF GLADSTONE AND BISMARCK

The year 1898 witnessed the passing from earth of the two men who, during the past half century, have been, not only the most commanding and masterful minds in the statecraft of Europe, but the statesmen who have, in all probability, directly or indirectly, wielded the greatest power of any two individuals in the old world. And what to us is still more interesting, these men were the concrete representatives, I had almost said embodiments, of the two great world ideas which, at the close of the nineteenth century, are actively struggling for mastery in the political arena—Republicanism and Absolutism. Gladstone and Bismarck; the commoner and the king-maker; the man of conscience and "the man of blood and iron." What great revolutions and changes do the two names bring before the mind!

Gladstone became an active power in political life when Sir Robert Peel repealed the Corn Laws and became the great exponent of free trade; which is to say that Gladstone became a real factor in English life at the period when the British government entered upon a career of progressive liberalism which has carried England with surprisingly rapid strides towards Republicanism. And in this movement, the magnitude of which I doubt if many Englishmen as yet fully

appreciate, and which has been characterized by a growing recognition of popular rights, Gladstone was the leading Liberal spirit. His voice, his influence, and his mighty intellectual powers, no less than his heart, were thrown on most occasions on the side of freedom, justice and progress. And, largely to his guidance, far-sighted statesmanship, and splendid humanity is England indebted for a more healthy and normal growth toward self-government than any other old-world country, except Switzerland: while, owing to these conditions, there is, I think, less of the violently revolutionary sentiment among her people than in any other leading government, our own country not excepted.

The ideal aim and life-work of Bismarck was diametrically opposed to that of Gladstone. His whole energies were spent in striving to increase the power of his royal master, and to bulwark the throne. His mighty intellect, indeed, his very life, was given to fostering Absolutism and striving to strike down the Republican spirit. When still a young man he studied men, nations, and armies, and peered into the coming years; he dreamed of a united Germany under the rule of the Prussian king, with Austria and France handicapped and abased; and he set out to make this colossal

dream a reality. How well he succeeded. history bears witness. But if "blood and iron" was his motto in compassing these great ends, it was no less his slogan when dealing with the nobler aspirations of the German people for wider freedom and juster conditions. In his treatment of the masses he represented the spirit of the brutal and despotic past, and thus unwittingly scattered far and wide the seeds of social discontent, while arousing hate and intensifying class prejudices, until, to-day, Germany is rife with the revolutionary spirit. When

William I. died, Bismarck's star suffered an eclipse. The wise, tolerant, and truly great Frederick was a man of the future, as Bismarck was of the past, while the present emperor from the first proposed to be his own master; hence, gloomy brooding and bitterness of spirit mark in a large measure the closing years of Bismarck.

When Gladstone died, Liberty wept; in the passing of Bismarck, Absolutism lost the most masterful exponent that this century has produced.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION

One of the most important events of 1898 in the New World has been the wonderfully successful Trans-Mississippi Exposition, at Omaha, Neb. It would be difficult indeed to attempt to measure the good that must result from this wonderful exposition, which has been in the truest sense a real educational force in our midst. Its success will doubtless lead to other similar fairs, and every such exposition is a real force for progress.

I shall never forget the pleasure I derived from the World's Fair, and I am confident that at no other period in my life did I gain so much practical knowledge during a similar length of time. To hundreds of thousands of people the World's Fair will live in memory as a fair oasis in a life more or less prosaic; but still more important, thousands of people carried from the wonderful White City ideas and impressions which were destined to bless and benefit and beautify the earth.

What was true of the Chicago Fair was, in a more limited degree, true of the Trans-Mississippi. It came as a dream of spring into thousands of lives that have been too much given to hard and incessant toil; it rested, refreshed, and educated its visitors. By reason of the splendid architectural and artistic results seen in the buildings, the grouping, and the landscape effects, the architects of

the western towns and cities went away with grander ideas than they heretofore entertained, and it is safe to say that hereafter in place of monotony we shall have more variety, and though some brains may run riot, and grotesque effects be produced here and there, the general result will be to further art and the artistic taste among the people. The effect of the buildings at Omaha, which, without partaking of the nature of servile imitations, resembled the beautiful structures of the White City, was soul-satisfying and in every way helpful to the people in general, as well as to the architects in particular. It broadened the horizon, and stimulated the imagination in a wholesome and beneficent way, while the wonderful exhibits were in themselves real aids to a liberal education. The electrical, agricultural, and mineral departments, it is said, equalled, when they did not excel, those of the World's Fair. The electrical exhibit surpassed that at Chicago, this being due chiefly to the astonishing progress made in this line of research.

The mining and mineral exhibits, probably more than any other feature of the Fair, amazed the visitors from the East. The manifold varieties of wealth stored in Nature's dark treasure-house in our great West, and here displayed to such excellent advantage, were well calculated to inspire sentiments of

awe in the thoughtful mind. And from an educational point of view, the exhibit was greatly enhanced by such features as the miniature gold mine, where the method of treating the earth in placer regions was fully illustrated.

The agricultural and food exhibits were also a revelation. It is perhaps safe to say that no other region in the world could present so rich and varied a display of real or natural wealth from above or below the earth as that section of our country extending from the eastern limit of the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific; and the Omaha exhibit gave an impressive and concrete illustration of this.

It is to be regretted that the art exhibit was not in keeping with the other departments, but this was doubtless largely due to lack of adequate funds. A very mistaken idea prevails in many parts of the world—not excepting the eastern section of our country—that broad culture and an appreciation of fine art is wanting in the people of the great West, who in such an incredibly short time have made the desert blossom as a garden of roses, and the mountains surrender the stored-up wealth of the ages. If, indeed, many years have been slavishly devoted to the work re-

quired in order to compel Nature to serve man, the noble service has by no means dimmed the intellectual faculties, or benumbed the artistic impulses, or lessened the appreciation of the value of broad culture, among the sturdy and heroic men and women who have made the West so truly great. And the children of those who have sacrificed lives of pleasure in developing the land have been quick to utilize the many avenues for obtaining a larger measure of true culture, and have proved themselves to be strong in intellect, broad in thought, and nobly ambitious to live worthily, and to grow in the largest sense of the word.

The success of the Trans-Mississippi Exhibit is truly characteristic of the men who have made the great West. Its value as an educational influence, quite apart from the pleasure it has afforded the people, cannot be estimated, for it will prove a real factor in helping our nation onward and upward. It is to be hoped that it will prove the beginning of a series of similar expositions which, through the liberality of citizens and of the state and national governments, shall carry forward the educational work in various parts of our great land. Money thus expended will be well spent.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS

The autumn elections were by no means decisive. In the West, where the progressive foreign policy of the Administration seems to be very popular with the people, the Republicans have made heavy gains. In the East, in certain sections where the annexation of the Philippine Islands is looked upon with disfavor, the Democrats have gained many congressmen. This seems to be the chief fact brought out by the election.

The conduct of the war, so far as it related to the soldiers in our camps, doubtless cost the Administration many thousands of votes, but on the other hand, the popularity of the aggressive

policy more than counter-balanced this defection.

Indeed, it is probable that many Republican seats in Congress were gained and more than one Western State carried over to the party of the Administration on account of the repeated declarations, made by the Republican press and orators, that Spain was awaiting the issue of the election in the hope that the opposition would triumph, in which event the Spanish government would break off all negotiations rather than relinquish the claim to the Philippine Islands, in the belief that a Democratic Congress would not sustain the President in his position.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

"CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL STATE."*

Dr. Lorimer's "Christianity and the Social State" is one of the most important new contributions to the economic literature dealing with social problems. Indeed, when we remember that it is from the pen of the foremost pulpit orator in the Baptist church, and one of the ablest thinkers among the Protestant divines of America, the importance of the work assumes still greater proportions; and though Dr. Lorimer does not go as far as many reformers could wish, he is far in advance of most of the clergy, and it is at least safe to say that few would dare to speak so boldly and bravely for the toiling millions as does this author.

The work evinces breadth of spirit, and an earnest desire to deal honestly, justly, and frankly with all of the great problems under consideration, a merit too often absent in books on political economy. The introduction strikes the key-note of the volume, and from it I take the following extracts:

"The call to idealism has been going forth for several years from pulpit and college, and has been voiced by preacher, poet, and philosopher; and even society, though still deafened by the roar of its commerce and dazzled by the glamour of its unparalleled successes, is beginning to realize, and perhaps has gone farther than the beginning, that, while idealism can bake no bread, it can give us God,

freedom, and immortality. It is not, however, to be inferred that a reaction has set in on either side of the Atlantic toward Lessing, Goethe, Kant, Schiller, Fichte, or Hegel. It is rather a new idealism that is being born, not an old idealism that is being resuscitated."

"But the new idealism has broken with the old. In name and spirit they are one, but in aim and scope they differ. The new is rather practical than speculative. It is not theorizing, but actualizing. It holds that all things, all words, all deeds, and beings, should be seen and interpreted in the light of 'God, freedom, and immortality;' and it demands that human conduct, individual and communal, should be governed by the highest and not the lowest, and that the earthly should reflect the glory of the heavenly. Materialistic conceptions of society involving the supremacy of the selfish and the meritoriousness of the mercenary it rejects with scorn and horror, as it does the notion of a materialistic universe. Its philosophy is essentially a religion, and its religion is the organization of the world's life according to the form of a divine pattern."

"In harmony with the new idealism, and to some extent as an exposition of its sociology, I have penned these pages. From the title of my book it will be inferred that I have derived the essential features of my idealism from the teachings of Jesus Christ. This, at least, has been my aim, and I trust that I have not failed to understand aright the mind of the Master. To me the prime mistake of Christianity has been in attempting to shape itself exclusively in ecclesiastical organisms, instead of unfolding its meaning and exercising its functions

*"Christianity and the Social State," by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D. Cloth, stamped in gold; gilt top; pp. 488. Price, \$2.00. Philadelphia, A. F. Rowland.

in the social life of the world. It is in the hope of discrediting to some extent this fatal error that I have written. I shall not be surprised if many of my readers entertain doubt as to the practicality of measures I have advocated, and neither shall I be astonished if I am voted a visionary by those who pride themselves on being sagacious. But if I have only seen visions, who knows whether they may not become realities in the future? The ideal always antedates the real. The prophet anticipates the worker."

The work is divided into twelve chapters, as follows: "A Gospel according to Zola," "The Clergy and Social Reform," "Other States and the Social State," "Religion and Social Evolution," "The Conservation of the Individual," "The Socialistic Salvation," "Corporations and Co-operation," "Time and Taxes," "The Crimes against Humanity," "The Redemption of Childhood," "The Social Value of Liberty," "Passing of the War God."

I know of few men who possess the rare power of investing subjects usually considered dry with real interest to such a degree as Dr. Lorimer. The present volume affords a striking illustration of this happy faculty. The problems with which he deals are so clearly and interestingly set forth that the reader forgets that he is considering problems which in less skilful hands would prove tedious, while the spirit is so human, so genuine and frank, that even if we do not agree with the author, we feel that he is sincere, and that it would be a pleasure to discuss with him the questions under consideration.

I have not been able to give the work the careful reading which it merits, and therefore cannot give extended review at present. I hope, however, to be able to make it the subject of one of the reviews or studies which are to be regular features of THE COMING AGE, as it is evidently a book that will broaden the vision and touch in a helpful way the heart and conscience of thousands of Christian people who have not hereto-

fore had these great, all-important subjects brought home in a thought-compelling manner.

TWO WORKS BY E. P. POWELL.*

"Our Heredity from God" and "Nullification and Secession" are two admirable works by Mr. E. P. Powell. They illustrate the breadth of the scholar and emphasize the fact that the author is at once a philosopher and historian of no mean rank among the authoritative writers of our time.

In "Our Heredity from God" Mr. Powell has given us a scientific book written in a popular style. He is a firm believer in evolution, but he is also deeply religious. This volume appeared before Prof. Drummond's lectures on Evolution, and it did much toward reconciling thinkers who were at sea regarding modern scientific theories and a settled belief in God. One critic asserts that this volume has done more, in his judgment, than any other book to check the drift toward atheism. It has been translated into German and published in Berlin, where it is being very largely used by the ministers in their classes.

In "Nullification and Secession" Mr. Powell is thoroughly at home. He is devoutly fond of historical research and possesses an eminently judicial mind. In taking up the study of the growth of the nation, he became convinced that this work could be best pursued by studying the nation's successive struggles for permanence and the shocks that menaced its existence. These threatened dissolutions of Federal authority occurred, as Mr. Powell vividly portrays, at six different periods. The first was in 1798, when Virginia and Kentucky nullified the Alien and Sedition laws; again in 1803, when the old Federal leaders were engaged in a plot to create a Northern Confederacy, consisting of New Eng-

*"Our Heredity from God," by E. P. Powell. Price, \$2.00. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

"Nullification and Secession," by E. P. Powell. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

land and New York; in 1807 when Aaron Burr undertook to cleave off the great Southwest; in 1813 when New England Federalists nullified national authority and did what they could to hinder the war with England; in 1833, when South Carolina declared it would not allow the high tariff acts to be enforced within its boundaries, and again in 1861 when twelve States seceded to form a Southern Confederacy. The concluding chapter is concerned with the present outlook for the republic, and in it Mr. Powell discusses the grave dangers which seem to menace our Government at the present time.

"THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE CAR."*

I think it was about three years ago that I had occasion to review a volume by Prof. John Uri Lloyd, entitled "Eti dorpha," one of the most original stories I had ever read. It was a work that one would little suspect to be from the pen of one of the most eminent working chemists of the time—suggesting as it did Bulwer and Verne at their very best, and containing a vast amount of philosophic thought most engagingly presented. It is not, however, my purpose to speak of this work at the present time, but rather to call the attention of our readers to Prof. Lloyd's last book, "The Right Side of the Car."

This is a small volume of only 60 pages, but it is a real gem. It is not a prose poem, for it lacks something of rhythm, although it displays the imagination and thought of a poet. It may, perhaps, be best described as a pen picture by an artist who conceives the soul life to be a cardinal factor in all true existence—and, indeed, is not the realization of this fact one of the distinguishing marks of a great poet or an artist? The

*"The Right Side of the Car." by John Uri Lloyd. Four full-page illustrations, bound in cloth, richly stamped in gold, gilt top, rough edges. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Richard G. Badger & Co.

story concerns two persons, the supposed author and a fine-souled girl, who slips into the beyond while nearing her home at the foot of Mt. Tacoma. With a master hand Mr. Lloyd makes us feel the spiritual loveliness of the chaste maiden by drawing us so near that wonderful thing, a pure, holy child heart, that we love the girl, and when her eyes light up with more than earthly beauty as her gaze falls on beautiful Tacoma, our eyes are suffused with tears. It is an exquisite little creation that well deserves to live in literature.

"WAR ECHOES."*

Ernest Howard Crosby is a virile thinker. He is nothing if not vigorous and outspoken, frequently suggesting Walt Whitman and at other times—when, for example, he calls the nation to account for engaging in war—he reminds us of the Prophet Isaiah. He is a man of peace and a friend of justice and humanity. In his new pamphlet entitled "War Echoes," he has arraigned our nation in burning phrases for what he considers the crime it committed in engaging in war. He also has occasion to speak of Russia's peace proposal which came when the "Daughter of the West was busied in War."

Here are some lines which illustrate Mr. Crosby's style and his thought as found in this thought inspiring pamphlet:

"I am a soldier, too, and I have the battle of battles on my hands.

"You little warriors who, while fighting each other, are yet at heart agreed and see the same false life with the same distorted eyes—

"I have to make war upon all of you combined, and upon the infernal War Spirit which inspires you in the bargain.

"I set my courage against your courage.

"It is fine not to flinch under fire.

*"War Echoes," by Ernest Howard Crosby. Price 10 cents. Published by Innes & Sons, 200 South 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"It is also fine to tell an unwelcome truth to a mob and to call you the mad lot of murderers that you are.

"It is war between us to knife, and I will not tell you how well I love you until you are shamed into unconditional surrender. Then I will show you my commission, and you will see that it is signed by a Commander-in-Chief who may wait long for victory but never waits in vain."

"THE VALLEY PATH."*

In "The Valley Path" Miss Dromgoole demonstrates the fact that an author who stands in the very front rank of the short story writers can also produce a popular novel, thereby putting to confusion the critics who would have us believe that writers who are strong in short stories cannot sustain the reader's interest in a longer work. "The Valley Path" is an exceedingly strong story, dealing for the most part with the common life as found in the mountain country of Tennessee. The doctor, it is true, is a foreign importation, but for the rest they are the true children of the country district, simple hearted and honest minded. Alicia, Joe, Dr. Bolin and the country minister, who is more zealous than rational, make up the stars in the cast. In the hands of a writer of ordinary ability this story would hold little interest; but under the direction of Miss Dromgoole it becomes, from first to last, a fascinating and absorbing romance, rich in lights and shadows, while the noble doctor is made to preach a powerful sermon for religion of life versus the religion of profession. To me the portrayal of Dr. Bolin is one of the finest pieces of character delineation found in recent American fiction, while the characters of the heroine and her country lover are drawn with a master hand. The volume is Unitarian in its theology, something

rather surprising coming from a Southern writer. Knowing the interest the people feel in the genesis of a popular work I requested Miss Dromgoole to give me a few lines describing how she came to write this story. In response she has furnished us with the following sketch:

HOW I WROTE "THE VALLEY PATH."

The editor of THE COMING AGE has asked me to tell how I wrote, or why I wrote "The Valley Path." To do this requires that I shall write so much about myself, my home and surroundings, that I hesitate; feeling somehow that I am lifting the lid of a casket in which most tender things lie buried. Our books are more or less a part of us, and the author unconsciously puts himself largely into his work. Not his own story, of course, but his feelings, his fancies, fears, griefs and joys. These are sacred things—the one part of heaven we carry with us through our earthly journeyings.

"The Valley Path" came to me first while one day alone on a tramp along the Tennessean hills. I am fond of those lonely ways among which fate has cast me,—fond of the quiet walks, the old sentinel cedars that have crooned their music adown the years of my life. But this special walk was not a quiet one; life did not smile at me—sorrow had clogged my steps so long, and in the nearing distance hung always the shadow of a great grief—the parting from my father. I remember that I walked down to a spring which bubbled up along the bank of a beautiful mountain stream not far from my cabin door. The path I followed came down a bluff's side, cut straight through a little sand level, and stopped at the first log that spanned the stream. Beyond it were brown, ungathered fields of corn, upon which the autumn sun shone hot and sickening. The little brown trail seemed to lead to nothing but that desolate, unrepaid field.

I stood looking at it, and thinking how all the world was happy and fortu-

*"The Valley Path," by Will Allen Dromgoole. Cloth. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Dana Estes & Co.

nate—everybody but me. The real world, great and glad and bright, lay beyond that browning cornfield; my world was bare and restricted; without beauty. Thinking of myself set me thinking of others, and other lives. The great drops of sympathy awakened my heart, for that little brown footpath through the wilderness represented to me the lives of so many of God's creatures! Alicia Reams took shape and form in my brain, set off against that other life of the physician who had walked the brighter ways and found them full as unsatisfying. I meant to show in my story that life never is satisfactory; and at first I called it "A Wandering Star," a title I took from the Bible—"Wandering stars are they—doomed to wander," etc.

My idea was to picture a young soul alive to all things beautiful and true, keenly sensitive, ready to grasp, eager to know, but unskilled, unlearned, a creature of adverse circumstance; a soul without light, without guidance, "Doomed to wander." The story changed, however, of itself. I let it take its own course. It was finished without a name. It went nameless, indeed, until one day I saw, walking that same old path, that had become familiar to his steps, a man whose life had been a thing of such rare beauty, such clean courage and exquisite truth, that watching him I unconsciously exclaimed, "He might have walked the heights; he chose the Valley Path instead." Then I went back to my desk and wrote the title to my book—"The Valley Path."

As to the religious strain to the work—I think I ought to say that I was always a victim of doubt, and when a child I went to my minister and carefully broached the subject. He shut me up, silenced me with an answer so sharp that it rankles in my heart to this day. If there is a tinge of the old doubt that made a torture of my early girlhood, it may in part be laid at his door. If there are—as sometimes I seem to feel—skies so blue, visions so fair, ways so clear that I can look beyond them straight into God's heaven. I like

to think it is the lessons of those humble ways among the hills of home that have revealed life's larger and nobler meaning.

"IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE."*

"In Tune with the Infinite," the second of Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine's inspiring "Life Books," though it only appeared last spring, has reached a sale of over 10,000 copies. This fact is interesting as illustrating how widespread is the hunger for pure, high and fine thought which appeals at once to the heart or spiritual nature and to the intellectual faculties. Mr. Trine's book reflects something of the philosophy of Emerson and much of the spiritual warmth which characterizes the work of the late Professor Drummond. The author holds that

"Everything is worked out in the unseen before it is manifested in the seen—in the spiritual before it shows forth in the material."

"The realm of the seen," he tells us, "is the realm of effect. The nature of effect is always determined and conditioned by the nature of its cause. To point out the great facts in connection with, and the great laws underlying the workings of the interior, spiritual, thought forces, to point them out so simply and so clearly that even a child can understand, is the author's aim. To point them out so simply and so clearly that all can grasp them, that all can take them and infuse them into everyday life, so as to mould it in all its details in accordance with what they would have it, is his purpose. That life can be thus moulded by them is not a matter of mere speculation or theory with him, but a matter of positive knowledge. There is a divine sequence running throughout the universe. Within and above and below the human will incessantly works

*"In Tune with the Infinite," by Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth, pp. 222. Price, \$1.25. New York and Boston, T. Y. Crowell & Co.

the Divine will. To come into harmony with it and thereby with all the higher laws and forces, to come then into league and to work in conjunction with them, in order that they can work in league and conjunction with us, is to come into the chain of this wonderful sequence. This is the secret of all success. Each is building his own world. We both build from within and we attract from without. Thought is the force with which we build, for thoughts are forces. Like builds like and like attracts like. In the degree that thought is spiritualized does it become more subtle and powerful in its workings. This spiritualization is in accordance with law and is within the power of all."

Again, in his opening paragraph he tells us that "The optimist is right. The pessimist is right. The one differs from the other as the light from the dark. Yet both are right. Each is right from his own particular point of view, and this point of view is the determining factor in the life of each. It determines as to whether it is a life of power or of impotence, of peace or of pain, of success or of failure. The optimist has the power of seeing things in their entirety and in their right relations. The pessimist looks from a limited and a one-sided point of view."

The purpose of the book is thoroughly practical. It deals with the power of the interior forces in moulding the everyday conditions of life. The author shows us how fear, worry, anger, hatred, jealousy, continual fault-finding, grieving over losses, lust and greed for gain, exert a poisonous influence, while hope, faith, love, good-will and good-cheer have a life engendering effect; and furthermore how by a knowledge of the higher laws one can bring himself into rapport with the subtle, silent forces that make for health and happiness.

HERO CHUMS.*

No sweeter, purer, or better book for children has been written in years than

"*Hero Chums*," by Will Allen Dromgoole. Illustrated; cloth. Price, 50 cents. Boston, Dana Estes & Co.

Miss Dromgoole's "*Hero Chums*." It is the story of a crippled child and an old miner, and has all the beauty and fascination of "*Little Lord Fauntleroy*" without any of the straining after effects which seems at times present in that volume. Indeed, one of the charms of "*Hero Chums*" lies in its naturalness. The little crippled child is the son of a mine superintendent, the idol of a devoted father and mother. He has a passion for heroes which his parents gratify by telling him stories of the great and good of all ages, and in an ideal world peopled by these worthies his days glide by until he meets the old miner, whose fate has been very hard and who is known as "Old Despair." The two unfortunates are drawn to each other and become the best of friends. The redemptive influence of the pure, radiant little spirit on the darkened soul of the old man is brought out in a beautiful manner, while the action of the story never flags. I wish this book might be read to the little ones everywhere on Christmas Day. It would brighten and gladden the day and, what is far more important, it would leave its high, fine lesson implanted in the receptive hearts of the young.

"VICTOR SERENUS."*

"*Victor Serenus*," by Henry Wood, is a metaphysical novel well worth the attention of persons interested in the various phases of psychical thought. The scenes are laid in the time of the Apostle Paul. Indeed, the story is largely concerned with the life and ministry of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. Mr Wood has evidently spent time and pains in preparing a work that should be historically accurate in every detail, and the descriptions of some of the places and the prevailing conditions during the first century of the Christian Era are highly instructive. The story deals very largely with the metaphysical healing and psychical phenomena which prevailed

"*Victor Serenus*," by Henry Wood. A metaphysical romance dealing with primitive Christianity. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

during the first century of our era. In the characters of Victor Serenus and the Apostle Paul the author introduces us to two types of men—one the bold, intellectual warrior, the other the calm, serene, and love-compelling teacher who wins hearts by appealing to their better nature in such a manner as to avoid arousing antagonism. In one chapter Mr. Wood places St. Paul before Nero and contrasts the two representatives of light and darkness in a most vivid and dramatic manner. The thought of this work, as of all Mr. Wood's writings, is clothed in faultless language, and indeed, I regard this author as one of the most finished of our present-day writers. "Victor Serenus" is the best metaphysical romance of the past year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Christianity and the Social State," by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D. Cloth, pp. 488. Price, \$2. Philadelphia, A. F. Rowland.

"South America;" a popular history of the struggle for liberty in the Andean Republics and Cuba, by Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated; pp. 266. Price, \$2. New York, Doubleday and McClure Co.

"Hand and Brain: A Symposium of Essays on Socialism." Printed on Kelmscott hand made paper, bound in boards. Price, \$2. East Aurora, New York, the Roycroft Shop.

"Nullification and Secession in the United States;" a history of the six attempts during the first century of the Republic; by E. P. Powell. Cloth; pp. 462. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Our Heredity from God," by E. P. Powell. Cloth; pp. 424. Price, \$1.75. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

"The Right Side of the Car," by John

Uri Lloyd. Cloth; pp. 60. Price, \$1. Boston, Richard G. Badger & Co.

"In Tune with the Infinite," by Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth, pp. 222. Price, \$1.25. Boston, T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"The Greatest Thing Ever Known," by Ralph Waldo Trine. Leather; pp. 56. Price, 35 cents. Boston, T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"The Valley Path," a novel by Will Allen Dromgoole. Cloth; pp. 363. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Dana Estes & Co.

"The Heart of Old Hickory, and Other Stories," by Will Allen Dromgoole. Cloth; pp. 208. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Dana Estes & Co.

"Hero Chums;" a story for children, by Will Allen Dromgoole. Illustrated; cloth; pp. 148. Price, 50 cents. Boston, Dana Estes & Co.

"Three Little Crackers from Down in Dixie," by Will Allen Dromgoole. Illustrated by Ethelred B. Barry; pp. 250. Price, \$1. Boston, L. C. Page & Co.

"The Farrier's Dog and His Fellow," by Will Allen Dromgoole. Illustrated; cloth; pp. 76. Price, 50 cents. Boston, L. C. Page & Co.

"The Fortunes of the Fellow," by Will Allen Dromgoole. Illustrated; pp. 122; cloth. Price, 50 cents. Boston, L. C. Page & Co.

"The Moonshiner's Son," by Will Allen Dromgoole. Illustrated; pp. 338. Price, \$1.25. Philadelphia, Penn Publishing Co.

"Helps to Right Living," by Catherine H. Newcomb. Cloth; pp. 122. Price, \$1.25. Boston, George H. Ellis.

"Voices of the Night," by J. A. Edgerton. Cloth; pp. 121. Price, 75 cents. Chicago, Charles Kerr & Co.

A man of business sense knows that the man he can bribe against his competitor can be bribed against himself.

OUR MONTHLY CHAT

THE COMING AGE greets its friends with the earnest hope that the dawning year will be marked by prosperity, happiness and growth for each and all. We are approaching the close of a wonderful century, one which has been strongly marked by lights and shadows. Soon we shall face another century, one which we trust and believe will be brighter and more essentially regal than any age known to our history. We believe that the night is far spent and we propose to help, so far as it lies in our power, to hasten the glad dawn when man shall have time to grow Godward, and a full, round, ripe life will come as the legitimate fruition of freedom, fraternity and justice. We shall aim to call out the best in the lives which we are able to touch—to develop character, to enoble and dignify life, to make man earnest and serious without being pessimistic. We believe that the dawn is breaking. It is the morning and not the evening star that shines before us.

Our present issue is an earnest of what THE COMING AGE is to be, and it is our purpose and determination to make each number stronger and more interesting and instructive than its predecessors. Many friends have expressed the hope that we would have something similar to the notes which I conducted when editing The Arena and I believe that a monthly chat, thoroughly informal in character, will be helpful, even if it serves no other purpose than to make our readers better acquainted with the strong, fine thinkers who monthly give them the best thought of our time. We all like to know something about the writers who entertain us, hence this department will be largely given to notices of our contributors and to the subjects which they are to discuss. We shall also, from time to time, have occasion to touch briefly upon other matters in which we believe our readers will be interested.

The present is rich in promises for civilization. It is freighted with splendid opportunities and laden with great responsibilities. It is a glorious age in which to live; but no period in the world's history has carried with it duties so momentous or obligations so solemn as the present. It is our purpose to emphasize the lessons of this wonderful age; to stimulate the brain; to touch the conscience and to warm the heart. We wish to help each one to help himself in such a way that he must perforce aid his neighbor. No one can afford to be idle or to live merely for self. Each should be up and doing something to enrich and sweeten life and to broaden the vision of humanity. We hope to make THE COMING AGE a perpetual aspiration to our readers, awakening in each one a passion for high thinking and noble living. And in this good work we ask the active co-operation of every friend of Progress.

A great number of my old correspondents, who have written me personally and who have followed me in my editorial work, are now rallying to the support of THE COMING AGE in a manner that touches me deeply. Many of these friends, not content with sending their subscriptions, have forwarded clubs containing many names, while others have promised to become missionaries as soon as the magazine appears, as they desire to help THE COMING AGE and to widen its sphere of influence. I desire to take this opportunity to acknowledge my appreciation of the loyal faith and friendship which is far more precious to me than words can express. To my hundreds of friends who have sent messages of good cheer, but to whom I have not been able to respond by letter on account of the press of work, I can only say that I would that I could touch hands with one and all, and I trust that in many cases this pleasure may yet be mine. Until then, dear friends, let me once again express my heartfelt thanks for what you have said and done.

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AT THE ROUND TABLE OF THE COMING AGE.

From month to month conversations will be given by the ablest and most competent thinkers of our country, on themes that will interest and help every intelligent American.

This is to be a Twentieth Century Round Table, at which the thought and ideals stirring the minds of our noblest and best thinkers will be clearly and forcibly presented. We believe that this feature will prove exceedingly popular, as it will be the means of giving our readers, in the form of delightful, informal conversations, bright, pointed and entertaining opinions on questions and problems that concern the thinking world, from representative men and women who through their peculiar training are specialists and authorities on the subjects discussed. These conversations will be preceded by brief editorial sketches of the men and women who gather at the Round Table of THE COMING AGE.

Our readers may be interested in knowing the methods pursued in preparing our Round Table conversations. In each case the questions are prepared and submitted to the thinker who is to discuss them. A few days later the conversation takes place, when the answers are taken down in shorthand; then after being typewritten they are resubmitted to the author, so that there may be no error in presenting the thought. By this method we are able to give a verbatim report of the conversation, a result which would otherwise be impossible to attain.

This month we have the pleasure of introducing three distinguished citizens—men who have no superiors in the special lines of work which they herein consider.

1. Hon. Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston, discusses Municipal Progress.

2. William Ordway Partridge gives us a delightfully suggestive talk on Art, its mission and influence, and the outlook for Art in the new world.

3. Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., one of the most scholarly and painstaking scientific investigators of psychical problems among the many distinguished men who are now applying modern critical methods to supernatural phenomena, gives our readers many interesting facts touching that important scientific body—the English Society for Psychical Research, and the work which the society has accomplished, together with views respecting questions which are now challenging the attention of thinking men and women on both sides of the ocean.

It will be observed that these conversations give the views of three individuals who are second to none in the country as

specialists on the subjects which they discuss. They also give our readers some idea of the breadth and character of this feature of our magazine. It is our purpose to give during the year brief and succinct expressions from a large number of America's leading scholars, on various problems which touch life in a vital way and which are engaging the attention of earnest men and women everywhere.

TWO VIEWS OF COUNT TOLSTOI.

It is our purpose, as announced in our prospectus, to give, from month to month, character studies or pen pictures of the master minds of our age, written in such a manner as to be at once interesting and instructive, while bringing out boldly that for which the thinker stands and the lessons which may be drawn from the life portrayed.

Count Tolstoi, long years ago, stood as the foremost novelist of Russia and one of the greatest men of letters of this century;

WHAT COUNT TOLSTOI

REPRESENTS.

but this unique colossal personality possesses a peculiar interest for hundreds and thousands of men and women quite apart from the novelist or the man of letters. He stands for a great moral idea. He has made a great renunciation. He represents unswerving loyalty to a high ideal. He is conscience personified, as much as was the Apostle Paul. We may not agree with the great Russian's ideals or we may feel that his methods are not so well adapted to hasten the nobler order of freedom, justice and goodness as other plans which are being presented, but no one can fail to admire this really great man, who at the height of his popularity—the idol of the court and the favorite author of the Empire—renounced ease and the adulation of the world that he might further the cause of human brotherhood and help bring people back to the high ideal of the primitive church before it became corrupt. The life of Count Tolstoi appeals to the conscience. It is an inspiration to higher living and nobler thinking. Hence we have arranged for two carefully prepared papers, giving pen pictures of the Count by eminent Americans, who have visited him in his home and made a study of the man "in the habit as he lives."

The first of these papers has been prepared by the Rev. Thomas Van Ness, one of the leading Unitarian clergymen of Boston, a gentleman whose strong mind, clear brain, and warm heart render him peculiarly fitted to write on the great Russian reformer. The second paper will be

from the strong and brilliant pen of the well-known author, Ernest H. Crosby. Like Dr. Van Ness, Mr. Crosby has visited Count Tolstoi in his home and will write from personal knowledge. These papers, apart from their interest at the present time, will be valuable additions to the biographical literature of to-day.

THE WORK OF MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER.

Mrs. Reifsnider is too well known as an author of ability to need any introduction to our readers. Her story, "Between Two Worlds," originally published in serial form in *The Arena*, was received with marked favor by the subscribers to that magazine. Since being published in book form it has enjoyed a large sale, as has been the case with her other works. Mrs. Reifsnider brings into her work that earnestness and conscientiousness so essential in thought that appeals to man's better nature. Her editorials and other contributions will be able and helpful, and in her special department of Health and Home she will deal with subjects of vital interest to every home circle in such a practical manner as to make this department alone worth many times the subscription price of *THE COMING AGE*. She will have the assistance of the best minds of our time in the furtherance of her work, which, together with her wide personal experience, will render this feature of our magazine of special value to our readers. We confidently predict that the Health and Home department of *THE COMING AGE* will be one of the most widely read and influential features of this magazine.

PROMINENT CLERGYMEN ON CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

Rev. George C. Lorimer, D. D., who is recognized as the leading pulpit orator in the Baptist Church and one of the ablest thinkers among the orthodox Christians of our time, has given our readers a short talk on the Significance of Christmas and what it means to millions of people. It is our purpose to publish, from time to time, short talks by leading clergymen of all denominations on seasonable topics, and in this way keep our readers in touch with the best thought of the leading representatives of the various faiths. Dr. Lorimer has just written a noble work on "Christianity and the Social State," which I briefly notice in this month's number of *THE COMING AGE*. From my reading of this work I am led to believe that it is the most important contribution from the pen of a leading theologian to the eco-

nomic literature of the time which has appeared for many years.

The Rev. H. C. Vrooman gives us an "exceedingly suggestive and lucid paper, entitled 'The Christian's Christmas.'" Mr. Vrooman is one of the clear thinkers, and an earnest Christian gentleman, and his paper will be read with deep interest.

REV. H. C.
VROOMAN.

Very thoughtful and timely are the words of Dr. Carradine on the new year. This distinguished minister is widely known as a clergyman and author; his persistent and effective war on the Louisiana lottery gained for him a very high place in the thoughts and affections of those who felt that that institution was exerting a most demoralizing influence upon the manhood of the United States.

REV. B. CARRADINE ON THE
NEW YEAR.

Another interesting paper in our symposium this month is from the pen of the well-known New Churchman, the Rev. S. C. Eby, of St. Louis.

REV. S. C.
EBY.

I believe that this group of messages will prove helpful and stimulating to our readers; and, though we may not agree with all the views expressed, I imagine that no one of us can peruse them without being made stronger and better from reading them.

FROEBEL, THE DEMOCRACY OF CHILDHOOD, AND THE NEW EDUCATION.

Our readers will be deeply interested by Mr. Butterworth's admirable paper on Froebel, the Democracy of Childhood and the New Education. Mr. Butterworth is well known as one of the most popular authors of the East, but his new work on South American Republics will doubtless give him a much higher position than he has heretofore occupied in the literary world.

It is a fascinating and picturesque work, very accurate and containing in outline the great facts touching the birth and progress of the South American Republics, but containing no dry or uninteresting lines.

Mr. Butterworth's paper in this issue is the opening contribution to a series of discussions on the New Education, which will be a feature of *THE COMING AGE* during 1899. It will be followed by a conversation on this subject by Prof. S. T. Dutton. Another notable paper in this series which will shortly appear will be from the pen of Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, who deals with Humane Education of the Young. Parents and teachers will find this series one of great practical benefit.

DREAMS AND VISIONS.—A RECORD OF FACTS.

In this issue we give the first paper of a series of most interesting and remarkable dream visions which have come to Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, together with verifications of the same. I have prevailed upon Mrs. Reifsnider to sacrifice her personal feelings and wishes in order that the cause of truth may be furthered by the publication of these remarkable records of facts. All evidence of this character coming from conscientious and truthful people who have kept records of the facts is of value in the present stage of psychical investigation. I believe that these Dream Visions will awaken far-reaching interest.

THE EXAMPLE OF SWITZERLAND.

In this number we present a thoughtful and timely paper by W. D. McCrackan, M. A. This author is one of the ablest authorities on Swiss affairs. His "Rise of the Swiss Republic" is recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as the most complete and authoritative history of the Swiss in the English language, and his "Swiss Solutions for American Problems" and the two volumes entitled "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland" embody the results of many years of painstaking investigation in the land of the Alps. Inasmuch as Switzerland is leading the way toward ideal republican government, all thinking American men feel deep interest in the successful results of innovations which our republic has lacked the courage and wisdom to imitate.

TWELVE SHORT STORIES BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

During the past two years I have received many letters in which my correspondents asked where they could obtain Miss Dromgoole's short stories. These friends, as well as tens of thousands of admirers of the talented Southern author, will be delighted to learn that we have arranged with Miss Dromgoole for twelve of her inimitable stories, which will be one of the many popular features of THE COMING AGE during the ensuing year.

The first of this series appears in the present issue and is entitled "The Corner Watchman." It is an exquisite little sketch—a sermon appropriate for this season of the year.

In many of Miss Dromgoole's stories she seeks to leave some helpful thought with the reader, and thus while entertaining, is also helping those who come under her influence. Our readers will be pleased to know that this writer enjoys the distinction of having had nine volumes published dur-

ing 1898. These works have been brought out by three publishing houses and have had an enormous sale. Those published by the firm of Estes & Lauriat—now Dana C. Estes & Co.—have reached a sale of between 40,000 and 50,000 copies during the year that is closing. This record is all the more surprising when we remember that none of Miss Dromgoole's books are published in paper binding. To have nine books brought out in a single year is something, but to publish nine good books, none of which betray any signs of haste, is much more; and this is the remarkable record made by this author, who has been aptly styled the Charles Dickens of the Southland. Doubtless these volumes represent many years of patient labor.

Miss Dromgoole has recently been in Boston, where she was royally received and entertained. She has now gone to Texas, where she proposes to make her winter home, and where she also intends to do for the Lone Star State what she has done for Tennessee—picture in fiction the real life of the people. Texas is a splendid field for a writer possessing Miss Dromgoole's genius, and she doubtless will win fresh laurels in her new winter home. She tells me that the mountain country of Tennessee still holds its place in her affections and will remain her summer home.

I have followed Miss Dromgoole with special interest, having accepted and published her first magazine story, and during my editorial management of *The Arena* the review published more of her stories than all other magazines printed together. It being her invariable custom to submit to me first any work that she thought I would like. In my judgment, her "Heart of Old Hickory" is unsurpassed among the short stories of recent years.

Elsewhere will be found an advertisement of autographic copies of some of Miss Dromgoole's works, which I am sure will interest a number of our readers.

Much of her writing during the ensuing year which will appear in THE COMING AGE will depict life in the South, Texas and Tennessee being the special scenes of action.

PROF. FRANK PARSONS IN THE COMING AGE.

In this issue of THE COMING AGE the Power of the Ideal is discussed by Prof. F. Parsons, who, notwithstanding his exacting duties as professor in the Boston University School of Law and the Kansas Agricultural College, has promised to contribute several papers for THE COMING AGE during 1899. He is one of the ablest and most earnest of the educational thinkers of our day, and his exhaustive treatises on governmental and municipal ownership of natural monop-

olies are the most important contributions made by an American to the literature dealing with this great problem.

THE FULL TIDE OF LOVE.

Henry Wood is recognized as one of the most finished essayists in the East, as well as one of the ablest metaphysical writers of the present. His contribution to this number of our magazine is timely and rich in helpful suggestions. I wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Wood's admirable books found elsewhere in *THE COMING AGE*.

TO THOSE INTERESTED IN THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Thinking that probably many of our readers might desire further information relating to the Society for Psychical Research, I have arranged with Dr. Richard Hodgson to answer any inquiries, accompanied by a stamp, and sent to his address, 5 Boylston Pl., Boston, Mass. Dr. Hodgson wishes to state that in his conversation he inadvertently omitted mentioning Dr. R. Osgood Mason's book on "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self," as one of the best elementary works for students of psychical science.

AN EXPLANATORY WORD.

It is occasionally deemed wise, in order to preserve the proper balancing of the thought in a magazine, or for other reasons, to carry over one or more papers designed for the current issue of a publication. Whenever, therefore, a paper is mentioned in our notes as a feature of *THE COMING AGE* and is not found in the issue, our readers may expect it in the forthcoming number.

PREVISION AND TELEPATHY.

The three interesting cases of prevision and telepathy, given by Rev. R. E. Bisbee, will interest many of our readers. Mr. Bisbee is a prominent Methodist clergyman in New England. He graduated from the Wesleyan Institute in 1875, and at the age of twenty-five was made President of Clark University, Atlanta, Ga. Later he removed to Spokane, Wash., where he engaged in pastoral work and teaching. In 1889 he returned to New England, and has since devoted his entire time to ministerial labors. He has ably filled important charges in Newburyport and Lynn, and is now in his third year as pastor of the Central Methodist Church of Chicopee, Mass. He is recognized as one of the ablest pulpit orators of his denomination in New England, and is one of the most outspoken friends of justice in the ranks of the clergy to-day. This fall he re-

ceived the Democratic nomination for Congress. He accepted this, not with the expectation of being elected, but because he felt that we had reached a critical pass in the history of Democracy, and that from the platform he would be able to send home some important truths to thousands of persons and in this way aid the cause of free government.

WHO HATH SINNED?—THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST.

In this number we publish the opening chapter of a remarkable story which will take hold of the interest of our readers, by virtue of its power, pathos and human interest, no less than because of its fresh and novel treatment of problems which deeply concern every individual, and which appeal with peculiar interest to parents. It deals with the complex, subtle and frequently hidden agencies that influence life from birth to death. In handling this great problem of life the author displays a breadth of thought which, though it may not be pleasing to the person who holds some special theory and wishes to bend all things to fit his hobby, will be suggestive and valuable to all broad-minded people who recognize the important truth that no single fact furnishes the key to life's mysteries and that no one science unlocks the door to the tabernacle of the human soul. It deals with physiology, psychology, mental telepathy and the laws of health. It is a strong appeal to the head and heart, laying bare many errors in the training of children and giving helpful lessons based upon science and religion.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Lillian Whiting is recognized as one of the most finished essayists of Boston. Her "World Beautiful" books are among the most helpful and inspiring volumes of recent years. In a paper entitled "On the Threshold" she discusses a problem which is awakening great interest in the minds of many of the world's thinkers.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON'S REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT EUROPEANS.

Our conversations next month will be opened by one of the most charming conversationalists on either side of the Atlantic, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who will give our readers some personal reminiscences of eminent Europeans. Mrs. Moulton occupies an enviable position among our poets. Her creations are not only finished and remarkably rhythmical, but they possess an imagination and depth of feeling which characterize true poetry and which are wanting in the works of the mere verse maker. An editorial

sketch of this distinguished essayist and poet will accompany the conversation.

SOME PROMINENT CONTRIBUTORS TO EARLY NUMBERS OF THE COMING AGE.

We are determined to make each issue of THE COMING AGE superior to its predecessor, and to make all numbers so helpful as to be indispensable to earnest men and women everywhere. The following are a few of the well-known thinkers whose best thoughts will be given in early numbers of THE COMING AGE:

Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., Mrs. Mary Livermore, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Louise Chandler Moulton, William Ordway Partridge, Rev. Everett D. Burr, Lillian Whiting, Prof. George D. Herron, Henry Wood, W. D. McCrackan, M. A., Henry Herzberg, Will Allen Dromgoole, Hezekiah Butterworth, Charles Malloy, James A. Herne, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, Ralph Waldo Trine, E. P. Powell, Ernest H. Crosby, Pres. Booker T. Washington, Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, Philip S. Moxom, D. D.

AN APPEAL FOR THE EXILED CHRIST OF CHRISTIAN RUSSIA.

Almost a year ago I wrote a paper for The Arena, on "The Exiled Christ of Christian Russia," in which I described a sect of Christians who were being cruelly persecuted and despoiled of their possessions, because they refused to fight, and insisted on carrying out the teachings of Jesus and the preaching of the primitive church, as they believed they found warrant in the New Testament. Count Tolstoi has labored earnestly for these persecuted ones and now a movement is on foot to bring them to America, where they can enjoy the freedom denied them in the land of the Czar. The following appeal from a recent issue of the Boston Herald will interest our readers:

"Count Leo Tolstoi, whose 70th birthday has recently been celebrated, writes to a correspondent in this country urging the raising of funds to aid in the emigration of the oppressed Doukhoborts.

"These people—thrifty, industrious farmers, some 10,000 in number—form a Protestant sect whose tenets resemble those of the Quakers. Their only fault (?) was refusal from conscientious scruples to serve in the Russian army. For this reason they have been repeatedly exiled from one part of the Empire to another, and so persecuted and maltreated by the government officials that their position in their own country has become intolerable.

"With much difficulty they have obtained permission to emigrate to foreign lands, and

steps have been taken to settle them, temporarily at least, in the Island of Cyprus, but it is hoped that they may eventually reach America. There is urgent need of funds to enable them to take advantage of the privilege to emigrate which has been accorded to them. A committee has already been formed in London to raise money for this purpose, and the undersigned have been constituted a committee to co-operate with them in America.

"It seems appropriate that such money as is collected should be offered to the Doukhoborts through Count Tolstoi, and that in honor of the 70th anniversary of his birth it should be called the Tolstoi fund. This cause lies close to the heart of the distinguished Russian, and nothing could give him greater joy than its success. We appeal to all of our fellow citizens who believe in liberty—in the freedom of man to abstain from taking up arms against his brother man—to contribute as they may be able to this worthy object.

"Contributions in any amount may be sent to Isaac N. Seligman, Esq., treasurer of the committee, Mills building, New York; William Dean Howells, New York; Jane Adams, Hull House, Chicago; William Lloyd Garrison, Boston; George Dana Boardman, D. D., Philadelphia; N. O. Nelson, St. Louis; Bolton Hall, New York; Ernest H. Crosby, New York."

PROF. SAMUEL T. DUTTON ON THE NEW EDUCATION.

Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, Superintendent of the Brookline Public Schools, will furnish our readers with a conversation on the New Education, in which the aims, aspirations and ideals of the modern system will be comprehensively set forth. Prof. Dutton will also describe the excellent work being carried forward by the Brookline Educational Society. This unique organization has accomplished a great work for the community and has attracted the attention of public-minded men and women in various cities. Indeed, quite a number of municipalities have recently organized societies similar to that in Brookline.

MR. BUTTERWORTH ON THE ANDEAN REPUBLICS.

James G. Blaine saw with the vision of a true statesman the great future opening before the South American Republics. He understood the importance of a closer union between the great republics of the new world, not only for the furtherance of business and the advance of civilization, but for the mutual well being of the nations in other ways; and his dream of a better understanding—which led to the Pan-Amer-

ican Congress—more than any other act of his life revealed the genius of true statesmanship. Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, since returning from his extended travel through Argentine, Chili, Peru and other Andean nations, has been engaged on his history of the South American Struggle for Liberty. I know of no man better able to speak authoritatively on the Republics of South America, their liberators, their present conditions and the promise of future greatness. It is with great pleasure that I am able to announce that he has given us a conversation on this subject for the next issue of THE COMING AGE.

MR. JAMES A. HERNE ON THE STAGE OF TO-DAY AND THE MODERN DRAMA.

Another conversation which will appear at an early date in THE COMING AGE will be given by Mr. James A. Herne, the talented author and actor, whose "Shore Acres" has proved one of the most—if not the most—successful American plays of the past decade. Mr. Herne is an earnest thinker, an ardent disciple of Mr. Henry George and a great admirer of Herbert Spencer. He is doing much for the development of the drama and giving to the American people strong, wholesome plays.

MR. W. D. McCrackan, M. A., ON THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.

Mr. W. D. McCrackan, M. A., is to give our readers a conversation on The Land and the People, embracing the ideal and practical of the great economic question to which the late Henry George gave the best years of his life. Mr. McCrackan belongs to a coterie of brilliant scholars and prominent thinkers, embracing Bol'on Hall, Hamlin Garland and James A. Herne, who some years ago came under the magic influence of Mr. George's thought and have since been ardent apostles of what they hold to be the new economic evangel. Although Mr. McCrackan is chiefly occupied with purely literary work, he nevertheless finds considerable time for the discussion of Swiss solutions of American problems and the land question.

A PAPER BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

We expect to give our readers in an early issue a paper of special interest from the gifted pen of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

This notable woman, who for so many years has occupied a prominent position among our great leaders of progressive and constructive work, well merits the place she

holds in the hearts of millions who love justice, who believe in progress and who worship with faces toward the dawn.

REV. R. E. BISBEE ON EDWARD BELLAMY.

Rev. Robert E. Bisbee will give us an interesting paper on Edward Bellamy, embodying much new matter touching the beautiful life of the author of "Equality" and "Looking Backward."

PROF. HERRON'S CONTRIBUTIONS.

Prof. George D. Herron will contribute several papers to this magazine during 1899. Prof. Herron's Monday noonday lectures in Chicago have been attended by great audiences, composed largely of business men. On several occasions Willard Hall has been far too small to hold the vast throngs who assembled in the hope of hearing this earnest teacher.

MR. E. P. POWELL ON THE SANITY OF NAPOLEON.

Mr. E. P. Powell, whose works on "Our Heredity from Gou" and "Nullification and Secession in the United States" have placed him among our most thoughtful philosophical writers, has contributed a paper of great interest to THE COMING AGE on the Sanity of Napoleon. It is a critical and psychological study of the Corsican, and goes far toward proving his insanity—the insanity of Caesarism, which has touched and turned more than one brain when power has been given individuals lacking moral poise. It is a paper that will richly repay careful perusal and our readers will be pleased to know that Mr. Powell is to furnish several contributions to THE COMING AGE during the ensuing year.

MR. CHARLES MALLOY ON THE POETRY OF EMERSON.

We take great pleasure in announcing that we have arranged for a series of papers embodying reminiscences of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and giving interpretations of Mr. Emerson's poetry, by Mr. Charles Malloy, who is perhaps the ablest interpreter of the poetry of Emerson and Browning in New England. Mr. Malloy was a warm friend of the Sage of Concord and his reminiscences of Emerson are only second in interest to his estimate of the philosopher and his work. I am confident that this series of papers which this fine thinker is to give our readers will be exceedingly interesting, inspiring and helpful. The author is not only a fine scholar, but one of those rare souls who live near the heart of nature and to whom

has been given the luminous insight which characterizes the true mystic.

These are merely a few of the strong features which in addition to our regular departments will be found in early issues of THE COMING AGE. It is our determination to make a magazine that will go far toward giving our readers a true education along vital and helpful lines of thought, and that will become indispensable to earnest men and women who wish to be in touch with the best thought of the day.

A THOUGHT FOR THE SEASON.

A new year is at our door, high with hopes and shrouded in mystery. To many it will bring gladness, but to some sorrow, but let us trust that to each reader it will bring development of character and a broadening of the mental vision. Intellectual hospitality means growth. The cultivation of a broad, generous, tolerant and candid, truth-loving spirit is absolutely essential to progress. No man possesses a monopoly of the truth, indeed, for all truth must necessarily be a partial appearance. To assume infallibility, to refuse to look on the other side, to be afraid to investigate or weigh a thought which conflicts with our preconceived views, or to close the door against a possible truth, is to be false to the solemn duty imposed on each son of God. I have been frequently asked if I believed certain views and theories advanced by my contributors. In many instances I have admitted that the ideas advanced were

diametrically opposed to mine, but I recognized in the writer an honest, sincere and intelligent thinker who had a right to be heard. Of course no editor can publish more than a small proportion of the contributions offered, and must exercise his judgment as to the selection and use; but the point I wish to make and urge is an open minded attitude on the part of our friends, because I believe that this intellectual hospitality which is far too rare is essential to the progress of society and the development of the individual. I believe in growth and I should be sad indeed if, in looking over the past ten years of my life, I found that my ideals and opinions had undergone no change. I have always been in quest of the truth. I have never been afraid to investigate, and I am profoundly convinced that one of the greatest needs of the present time is the presence, in the heart of each thoughtful man and woman, of a tolerant, generous and truth-loving spirit, such as was conspicuous in Frances E. Willard. It is my earnest hope that the coming year will foster in each of us breadth of spirit and that open-souled passion for truth that is found in the child mind, with the sympathetic, yet critical mental attitude that marks all philosophical thought; and thus I hope that the new year will carry us to higher spiritual altitudes than we have known before, and that it will be so improved that we shall be nobler and truer men and women for having lived in the closing years of this wonderful century.

THE BEST PLAN FOR A MAGAZINE EVER DEvised.

I hasten to enroll myself as one of the initial subscribers and inclose \$2 herewith. I am a great admirer of your work and have always responded to your calls. I read the Arena regularly so long as it was under your control and sent in numerous subscribers. I switched to the New Time when you took editorial charge, and sent in over 50 subscribers. I shall now work to assist you in building up THE COMING AGE. I fully agree with your utterances in the prospectus and likewise those of Mrs. Reifsnider. I believe you have hit upon the best plan for conducting a magazine ever devised. You cover the field I esteem most essential in building character and enlarging the views of the people. No true or lasting reforms can come save by the uplifting of the individual. A government can rise no higher than its source. Arouse the good within the individual and above all create a pure home.

L. E. RADER.

Olalla, Wash.

FROM JUDGE FRANK IVES.

Enter my name as a permanent subscriber to THE COMING AGE. Am very busy now trying our fall term, but as soon as the magazine is out will do all I can to increase its circulation.

FRANK IVES.

Crookston, Minn.

FROM PROF. JEAN DUBUY, PH. D.

Enclosed please find my name, as I wish THE COMING AGE for the ensuing year. I wish to tell you that I greatly enjoyed reading the prospectus. I am rejoiced to know that your magazine will be one of constructive thought, and not destructive. I am trying in my own way as a teacher of Ethics to be likewise constructive, and I heartily agree with you that the most important thing to be done is the giving of ethical education to individuals. Please send prospectus to the following names.

JEAN DUBUY.

New York City.



*Cordially yours—
Louise Chandler Moulton.*

THE COMING AGE

VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1899

No. 2



CONVERSATIONS

I.—REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF EUROPE, BY
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

II.—THE ANDEAN REPUBLICS AND THEIR HEROES IN WAR AND PEACE,
BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

III.—THE NEW EDUCATION, BY SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

I.—REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF EUROPE.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

New England has just reason to be proud of Louise Chandler Moulton. She is a fine type of large-hearted, sympathetic American womanhood, while as an author she has won a permanent place in literature. It matters not whether we view her as an idealistic dreamer, singing songs of life and love and death; as a writer of fascinating stories for young and old; or as a traveler whose idealism heightens the reader's interest in historic haunts, much as does the warm glow of

the rising sun enhance the beauty of an autumnal forest,—at all times her work affords a sense of satisfaction from its beauty and charm; and this is true even when we feel and sympathize with the author in her questionings and her sadness born of doubt and desire to know what lies beyond the veil.

The lives of those whose works have stimulated our intellect and nourished our imagination always hold a peculiar interest; indeed, though the authors know it not, they are our friends because they have been our helpers. Writers seldom realize how much influence they wield, how much power is theirs to help the un-

known hearts to whom their messages come. Sometimes, it is true, one whose life has been brightened or helped in this way makes glad the heart of the writer by an acknowledgment of benefits derived, and I imagine that such knowledge is among the most precious possessions of the true-hearted author. Mrs. Claflin has given us a touching picture of the poet Whittier overcome by one of the many letters breathing forth love and gratitude which almost every day found their way into his somewhat lonely life. Because it so well illustrates the feeling experienced by an author's unknown friends, and the potent even if unknown influence which the writer wields, I will give it as related by the poet's life-long friend:

The morning mail usually brought him a great number of letters (often as many as fifty); and one morning, as he was looking over the pile before him, he lingered a long time over one, and looked troubled, as though it contained some sad news. At length, handing it to me, he said, "I wish thee would read that letter;" and then, with his head down-cast, and his deep, melancholy eyes looking, as it seemed, into the very depths of human mysteries, he sat till I had finished it.

It was written by one whose life had been spent on a remote farm among the hills of New Hampshire, away from every privilege her nature craved—a most pathetic letter, written, it seemed, out of the deepest human longing for sympathy, for companionship and uplifting. The lonely woman wrote, she said, to tell Mr. Whittier what his poems had been to her during all the years of her desolate heart-yearning for education, for enlightenment, and for touch with the great outside world. She added: "In my darkest moments I have found light and comfort in your poems, which I always keep by my side; and, as I never expect to have the privilege of looking into your face, I feel that I must tell you, before I leave this world, what you have been through your writing to one, and, I have no doubt, to many a longing heart and homesick soul. I have never been in a place so dark and hopeless that I could not find light and comfort and hope in your poems; and when I go into my small room and close my door, and sit down by my win-

dow that looks out over the hills which have been my only companions, I never fail to find in the volume, which is always by my side, some word of peace and comfort to my longing heart.*

All writers who touch the emotional nature in a helpful way receive such tributes as the above. Mrs. Moulton's correspondence has been enriched by many tender messages of appreciation. One such came from a far-away town. It was penned by an invalid girl, who, for many years had been unable to leave her bed. Most touching were the lines of this little sufferer, in which she described the help, peace, and consolation which came to her day by day from reciting the following poem, which seemed to soothe her restless spirit much as a gentle, loving benediction gives calm to the soul:

We lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God the rest;
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more be best.

Why vex our souls with care?
The grave is cool and low,—
Have we found life so fair
That we should dread to go?

No task have we begun
But other hands can take;
No work beneath the sun
For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
If so it seemeth best
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep,
Our weary eyes we close:
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more, He knows. †

In the letter from this little sufferer the writer says, among other things, "When I am so weak and worn that I cannot bear to hear any one read, or even my pastor

*"Personal Recollections of Whittier," by Mary B. Claflin.

† "Swallow Flights."

pray, I lie and repeat the lines of this poem over and over, and they give me the comfort which nothing else affords."

Mrs. Moulton was born in Pomfret, Conn. Her parents were representatives of that austere Puritanism which lived and flourished in New England, and of which the Mathers were notable examples. The gloom which emanated from the stern philosophy and relentless logic of the great Genevan has carried darkness and despair into thousands of lives. Something of its shadow rested over the home in Pomfret, and filled the imagination of the poetic little dreamer with dread specters and objects of terror; and the indescribable foreboding of impending doom darkened many of her waking and sleeping hours. Even to this day she often calls to mind how many times she awoke in the dead of night from an awful dream suggested by the ever-present thought that she was probably among the non-elect, and therefore doomed to endless torture. On such occasions she often found herself saying over and over, "If I am not among the elect I am lost, no matter how hard I try to be saved." When the oppression of mind became intolerable, the little child would slip out of her cot and steal along in her bare feet to her mother's bed, and ask to be taken in. "I felt on such occasions," she tells us in one of her delightful conversations, "that if I must be lost in the far future, at least now I must go where love could fold me, and warm arms shelter me from the shapeless terrors that mocked my solitude."

Where in religious literature can we find a more telling argument against the gloomy philosophy of the Genevan, than is found in this pathetic incident of a little child of the All-Father seeking temporary refuge, in the arms of human love, from the dread future which an omnipotent God of Love (?) was supposed to have reserved for the majority of his children?

I imagine that the deep impression made on the plastic mind of the child by this somber theology is largely responsible for that profound dread of the "unutterable mystery," "the speechless solitariness of death," which is so marked a char-

acterization of many of Mrs. Moulton's poems, and which she tells me she has experienced from early childhood.

No games of chance were allowed in this Puritan home. Dancing was prohibited as being worldly, and novels too were placed under the ban. She had few childhood companions; but she was never lonely, for she possessed the vivid imagination of the true poet. She lived and dreamed in an ideal world peopled by men and women, girls and boys of her own creation. These came before her in a very real way. They seemed to live and struggle, to hope and enjoy, and, much to her regret, not infrequently they sickened and died. Many times the poet-girl would bitterly weep when some loved creation, some dream-child, who had lived in the world of her imagination for weeks or months, passed away.

Her parents devotedly loved their only child, and Mrs. Moulton has paid a beautiful tribute to the true mother in the following grateful sonnet, which is also a graphic pen picture of the sensitive child's noble-hearted friend, comforter, and guide:

How shall I here her placid picture paint
With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?
Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
Needing no aureole to prove her saint;
Firm mind that no temptation could allure;
Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure;
And calm, sweet lips that utter no complaint.
So have I seen her, in my darkest days,
And when her own most sacred ties were
 riven,
Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,
Asking for strength, and sure it would be
 given;
Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise,—
So shall I see her, if we meet in heaven.*

The child was a born poet. The ever-changing panorama of nature and the profound mystery of life alike appealed to her imagination. The miracle of spring, the mantling of the forest in green, the advent of the flowers, the glad, exultant song of the nest builders after

*"In the Garden of Dreams."

their exile in the Southland, the plaintive sighing of the wind among the pines, the fragrant breath of the roses, the mountains in their silent majesty (the unmoved and immovable witnesses of ever-changing, transient life), and the great ocean which knows no rest, and which stands forever as a type of the beating of wings against the cage—the yearning and restlessness of the human soul,—all these and other phenomena appealed to the little poet.

The deep impression which the charms and mysteries of nature made upon the mind of the child is shadowed forth in some of Mrs. Moulton's best descriptive poems, as, for example, in "The House in the Meadow," and in the following stanzas, entitled "The Strength of the Hills:—"

My thoughts go home to that old brown house
With its low roof sloping down to the east,
And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme
That blossom no longer except in rhyme,
Where the honey-bees used to feast.

Afar in the west the great hills rose,
Silent and steadfast, and gloomy and gray:
I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep
Their watch while the world should wake or sleep,
Till the trumpet should sound on the judgment-day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed
As they brooded there in their silent night,
While March winds smote them, or June rains fell,

Or the snows of winter their ghostly spell
Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remembered a younger world than ours,
Before the trees on their top were born,
When the old brown house was itself a tree,
And waste were the fields where now you see
The winds astir in the tasseled corn.

And I was as young as the hills were old,
And the world was warm with the breath of spring,

And the roses red and the lilies white
Budded and bloomed for my heart's delight,
And the birds in my heart began to sing.

But calm in the distance the great hills rose,
Deaf unto rapture and dumb unto pain,

Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief.

And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,
And the sun sets only to rise again.

They will brood and dream and be silent as now.

When the youngest children alive to-day
Have grown to be women and men,—grown old
And gone from the world, like a tale that is told,

And even whose echo forgets to stay.*

It was as natural for her to write poetry as it was for other children to write prose; and on one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, when her teacher called upon her to read her composition, she rose quietly and delivered a little poem, which was so clever that the surprised instructor felt convinced that it must be a paraphrase of some poem she had somewhere read, and accordingly determined to ascertain whether or not his suspicions were correct.

"Will Miss Chandler please remain a moment after school?" These words fell on the ear of the startled child like the sound of an alarm-bell at midnight. She mentally reviewed all the sins of commission and omission that might be charged to her account, and wondered which one was about to confront her. Her companions, who a moment before were impatient to enjoy the freedom which childhood loves so well, were now loath to leave their playmate, so great is curiosity in childhood. When the child, then only thirteen, stood alone before the master, he said: "The poem you read this afternoon as your own composition was a creation which it is not reasonable to suppose could have been entirely the conception and formation of one so young. Perhaps the words are yours, but I should like you to tell me for my own information from what poet you gained the idea of those verses." The thought that her honor was being assailed quickly brought tears to her eyes, and a great lump arose in her throat as, in a tremulous and almost inaudible voice, she said: "I cannot tell you where I got it. I never

*"In the Garden of Dreams."

knew there was anything like it in the world. Surely it all wrote itself from my mind." The master's face brightened as he said, "I sincerely congratulate you."

When she was fourteen years of age she mustered up sufficient courage to send one of her little poems to a local paper, scarcely daring to hope that it would appear in print. The editor promptly accepted and published it. In referring to this, Mrs. Moulton said, "I remember how secretly and almost as if it were a crime I sent it; and when I found the paper one evening upon calling at the post-office on my way home from school, and saw my lines—my very own lines—it seemed to me a much more wonderful and glorious event than anything since that time." Even the warm words of praise which Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, and other leading critics have bestowed upon her work have given her less delight than she experienced on that memorable afternoon when, with all the enthusiasm of childhood, she beheld her own creation in the valued family paper.

Her feelings at this time must have been similar to those experienced by Phoebe Cary and John G. Whittier, both of whom were almost dazed when they beheld their verses in print.

It is related of Miss Cary that when she was but fourteen years of age she secretly mailed a poem to a Boston paper. She heard nothing more of it, and naturally came to the conclusion that it had found a timely or untimely grave in the editor's waste-paper basket. One evening, on the arrival of their Cincinnati weekly paper, it was with great surprise and delight that she beheld her own poem, taken from the Boston paper and properly credited to the little Ohioan. In after years, when speaking of the sensations of that hour, Phoebe said, "I no longer cared if I was poor and my clothes were plain. Some one cared enough for my verses to print them, and I was happy."

It is said of Whittier that he was spell-bound when he first saw his stanzas in print. His sister had forwarded them, unknown to the poet, to the Newburyport *Free Press*, and one day a neighbor brought the paper from the office and

handed it to the youth, who was at work in the field. He opened it, little dreaming of the surprise that awaited him. Of this experience Mr. Packard, in his delightful biography of the poet, says:

His heart stood still a moment. Such delight comes only once in the life time to any aspirant to literary fame. His father at last called to him to put up the paper and continue his work; but he could not resist the temptation to take the paper again and again from his pocket to stare at his lines in print. He has said he was sure he did not read a word of the poem all the time he looked at it.

When only eighteen years of age, Miss Chandler's first book appeared, bearing the rather unattractive title of "This, That, and the Other." It was composed of stories and poems which had appeared in various publications, and proved remarkably popular, more than eighteen thousand copies being sold. Shortly after the appearance of this volume its author was married to Mr. William Moulton, the editor and publisher of a Boston paper to which she had been a contributor. Since this event Mrs. Moulton has resided in Boston, though for many years she has spent a part of each season in London.

Two children were born to Mrs. Moulton—one a golden-haired daughter, the other a little boy whose life on earth numbered but five days. The loss of this child was a terrible blow to the loving mother, and the following exquisite lines gain an added interest when we remember the little boy that died:

I had a little bird once,
But he has flown away;
I had a little boy once,
But, ah, he did not stay.

What do they up in Heaven,
That Bird and Boy should fly,
And leave my home so empty
To seek the far-off sky?

What do they up in Heaven?
Perchance the angels sing.
And, when they heard that music,
My Bird and Boy took wing.

The heavenly flowers bloom always,
The skies are always bright,
And all the little children
Play there from morn till night.

But do they never weary,
And long to go to rest,
Like little human children,
Upon a mother's breast?

My home and arms are empty,
My longing heart is sore,
Since they who sought the summer
Come back to me no more.

How softly falls the twilight,—
The sunset fires are out;
A wind that comes from Heaven
Blows slowly round about.

I close my eyes and listen,
And presently I hear
A small voice through the darkness
Sigh, "Mother—I am near.

"Come, take me in, dear mother,
And rock me as of old:
I used to be so happy
Within your tender hold!

"There sorrow cannot find me,
And pain shall pass me by,—
When you infold who love me,
What danger can come nigh?

"So safe I was in Heaven,
So bright the shining days!
But, from afar, your weeping
Disturbed the hymns of praise.

"Till the dear Lord and gentle
Sent me to soothe your pain,
And, if you fain would keep me,
He bids me to remain."

I kissed his tender eyelids,
I laid him on my heart;
And yet, when came the dawning,
I prayed him to depart.

I feared the unknown future,
I feared the paths untried,—
How dared I keep my darling
When Heaven was opened wide?

But, ah, my heart is lonely
Since Boy and Bird have fled,—
I hear the silence only,
And wish that I were dead.*

*"Swallow Flights."

Her second book, entitled "Juno Clifford," was published anonymously by the Appletons. This was followed by "My Third Book," a collection of stories published by the Harpers. In 1873 Roberts Brothers became Mrs. Moulton's publishers. They brought out "Bed-time Stories," a volume of delightful tales for young folks, dedicated to her little daughter. In answer to the general demand for more stories of the same kind, in 1874 a second volume, entitled "More Bed-time Stories," appeared, and this was followed by a book of tales for grown people, entitled "Some Women's Hearts." In 1877 appeared her first volume of poems. In this country it was published under the title of "Poems by L. C. M.," but in England it bore the name of "Swallow Flights." This volume established Mrs. Moulton's reputation as one of the very first lyric poets of our time. It has gone through many editions, and in 1892 was revised and brought out in a new edition with ten additional poems. In 1880 appeared her third juvenile work, entitled "New Bed-time Stories," and in 1881 "Random Rambles," a volume of travel sketches, was published. In 1883 a fourth juvenile work, entitled "Firelight Stories," was brought out, and this was followed in 1887 by a volume of social chats called "Ourselves and Our Neighbors." In 1889 came "Miss Eyre from Boston and Others," and in the same year followed her second volume of poems, "In the Garden of Dreams." In 1890 a fifth volume of juvenile tales, entitled "Stories Told at Twilight," was enthusiastically received, and proved that the author's popularity as a writer of fiction for the young had not waned. This volume has been followed by "Lazy Tours in Spain and Other Lazy Tours," and a volume of verses for children, "In Childhood's Country."

For many years Mrs. Moulton's weekly letters in the *New York Tribune* were its chief attraction for a large number of the readers of that widely circulated journal. Subsequently she was engaged to prepare for the *Boston Herald* weekly letters dealing with literature.

Had our author written no poems, her stories, travels, essays, and criticisms

would have insured her a high place among contemporary writers; but her poetry has overshadowed her other work, much to the satisfaction of the author. To a friend across the water she said on one occasion, "Poetry is the passion of my life. It is poetry which most expresses me and most assails me with its claim to be written." Nor is this strange, for, as we have observed, she is a born idealist and dreamer. In her mind the looms of the imagination weave the fabric of poetry as naturally as did those of Carlyle's throw off his rough and vigorous prose. Professor Minto rightly observes "that it was not art, but nature, that gave her that spontaneity and directness which are so marked a characteristic of most of her poems, or that epigrammatic concision which enables her often to express in a line a whole problem or experience."

In our sternly utilitarian age, when the materialism of the market and the passion for acquiring wealth so largely absorb the minds of men and women, few writers possess in so marked a degree the rare power of touching the hidden chambers of the soul and calling forth half-forgotten dreams as does Mrs. Moulton. Her poems appeal to the heart. They are simple, chaste, and pervaded by a noble femininity which gives them rare delicacy of thought and expression. They are sad oftener than gay; indeed, they suggest the sweet, plaintive notes of the dove rather than the glad, exultant song of the lark. It is the crooning of the wind among the leaves, the faint, subdued murmur of the ocean at low tide, rather than the harsh notes of the north wind, or the ominous voice of the sea disturbed by the storm, which we hear in her exquisite rhythm. The suggestive quality is very pronounced in her poetical work, and the effect is also greatly heightened by striking contrasts. Where in modern verse can we find the story of one of life's supreme tragedies so delicately told as in the following poem, in which the rose and violet, the sun and the moon only serve to intensify

the essentially tragic picture of the deserted one, who vainly waits for death?

She was won in an idle day,—

Won when the roses were red in June,

And the world was set to a drowsy tune,—
Won by a lover who rode away.

Summer things basked in the summer sun;

Through the roses a vagrant wind

Stole, their passionate hearts to find,

Found them and kissed them, and then was
gone.

Wooed by the June day's fervid breath,

Violets opened their violet eyes,

Gazed too long at the ardent skies,

And swooned with the dying day to death.

Nothing was earnest, and nothing was true,—

Winds were wanton, and flowers were frail,

And the idle lover who told his tale,

Warmed by the June sun through and through,

Kissed her lips as the wind the rose,—

Kissed them for joy in the summer day,—

And then was ready to ride away

When over the night the moon arose.

The violets died with the day's last breath;

The roses slept when the wind was low;

What chanced to the butterflies, who can
know?

But she—oh, pity her—waits for death!*

Mrs. Moulton is not a reformer. The clashing of battle, the bugle's call to action, the marshaling of hosts to assail some mighty wrong do not appeal to her as do the profound problems of human love and the destiny of the soul. Her tastes lie in the idealistic world, where her earnestness and sincerity are almost as marked as are her poetical power and artistic excellence.

In the following poem, which I regard as one of her strongest creations, we see intensity of emotion and antithesis, in thought rather than words, emphasized in a manner seldom known in modern verse:

*"Swallow Flights."

Not a hand has lifted the latchet
 Since she went out of the door.
 No footstep shall cross the threshold,
 Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
 And mold and blight on the walls,
 And silence faints in the chambers,
 And darkness waits in the halls,—

Waits, as all things have waited
 Since she went, that day of spring,
 Borne in her pallid splendor,
 To dwell in the Court of the King.

With lilies on brow and bosom,
 With robes of silken sheen,
 And her wonderful frozen beauty
 The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
 But they died long, long ago,—
 'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
 That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left mock the shadows
 With hints of womanly grace,
 And her image swims in the mirror
 That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
 Where the sunshine riots outside,
 And the winds are merry and wanton
 With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,
 Where Love has closed the door,
 Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,
 Since she can come in no more.*

Of this strong and unique poem the gifted English poet, Philip Bourke Marston, wrote: "The House of Death' is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most powerful poems I know. No poem gives me such an idea of the heartlessness of Nature. The poem is death within and summer without—light girdling darkness. There can be no doubt," continues Mr. Marston, "that, measured by quality, not quantity, your place is in the very foremost ranks of poets. The divine simplicity, strength, and subtlety, the intense, fragrant, genuine individual-

*"Swallow Flights."

ity of your poems will make them imperishable."

As a sonnet writer Mrs. Moulton has few equals among our living poets. During the past few months our leading magazines have published several of her sonnets which are exceedingly strong. Perhaps no one has proved more popular than the following, from *Harper's Magazine* for September.:

Were but my spirit loosed upon the air—
 By some High Power, that could Life's chain
 unbind,
 Set free to seek what most it longs to find—
 To no proud Court of Kings would I repair:
 I would but climb once more a narrow stair,
 When day was wearing late, and dusk was
 kind,
 And one should greet me to my failings
 blind,
 Content so I but shared his twilight there.

Nay, well I know he waits not as of old—
 I could not find him in the old-time place—
 I must pursue him, made by sorrow bold,
 Through worlds unknown, in far Celestial
 race,
 Whose mystic round no traveler has told,
 From star to star, until I see his face.

The following poem is one of my special favorites:

Just a little baby, lying in my arms,—
 Would that I could keep you, with your baby
 charms:
 Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
 Where the sunshine lingers, caught from other-
 where;
 Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot
 speak,
 Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;
 Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
 Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old,—
 Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
 Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
 Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
 Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
 Here you come to tell them,—what an eager
 shout!—
 Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know:
 Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your strap of books,
 And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;
 Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
 Yet with tooth for sponge-cake, and for sugar-plums;
 Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
 Waking up to study with the morning light;
 Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
 Full of contradictions,—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
 All the world's before you, and the world is wide;
 Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,
 Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
 Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
 Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
 Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
 All the golden future, just to keep you so.

Ah, the listening angels saw that she was fair,
 Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
 Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
 And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight,
 All the past I summon as I kiss her brow,—
 Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.
 Though my heart is breaking, yet God's love I know,—
 Safe among the angels, I would keep her so.*

Several years ago, I think as far back as 1882, I first read the following poem, which appeared in *Our Continent*, a magazine then published in Philadelphia, and edited, I think, by Judge Albion Tourgee. It made a strong impression upon me at the time, and I hailed it as an old friend when, several years later, it appeared in Mrs. Moulton's second volume of poems, "In a Garden of Dreams."

Pale in the pallid moonlight,
 White as the rose on her breast,
 She stood in the fair Rose-garden
 With her shy young love confessed.

*"Swallow Flights."

The roses climbed to kiss her,
 The violets, purple and sweet,
 Breathed their despair in the fragrance
 That bathed her beautiful feet.

She stood there, stately and slender,
 Gold hair on her shoulders shed,
 Clothed all in white, like the visions
 When the living behold the dead.

There, with her lover beside her,
 With life and with love she thrilled—
 What mattered the world's wide sorrow
 To her with her joy fulfilled?

Next year, in the fair Rose-garden,
 He waited, alone and dumb,
 If perchance from the silent country
 The soul of the dead would come.

To comfort the living and loving,
 With the ghost of a lost delight,
 And thrill into quivering welcome
 The desolate, brooding night:

Till softly a wind from the distance
 Began to blow and blow:
 The moon bent nearer and nearer,
 And, solemn and sweet and low.

Came a wonderful rapture of music
 That turned to her voice at last:
 Then a cold, soft touch on his forehead,
 Like the breath of the wind that passed.

Like the breath of the wind she touched him,
 Thin was her voice and cold:
 And something that seemed like a shadow
 Slipped through her feverish hold:

But the voice had said, "I love you,
 With my first love and my last"—
 Then again that wonderful music,
 And he knew that her soul had passed.

This poem, it seems to me, reflects in a real way the heart hunger of our age, and leads me to mention a peculiarity of many of Mrs. Moulton's poems. While being pervaded by a deeply religious spirit, they are also filled with questionings. The poet possesses a profoundly spiritual nature, yet she is imbued with the scientific spirit of our age. The interrogation point, when not seen, is often felt in her writings. She loves and questions—and

is this not the attitude of millions of deeply religious men and women to-day? I doubt if there was ever such an universal or overmastering desire to know what lies beyond the curtain as at the present time, and few of our poets have better expressed this popular feeling than Mrs. Moulton. The mists which were a pillar of fire to our fathers are dissolving before the purpling dawn of a juster, brighter, and nobler day than humanity has ever known; but as yet the morning has not advanced far enough to give the people a clear vision of the pathway along which, with glad, exultant song, will journey the children of to-morrow. At each new step in the world's progress humanity is depressed with the same all-pervading doubt, the same uncertainty and fear. This is no less true to-day than it has been in the past. History is replete with striking illustrations of society convulsed with the ague of fear, as from time to time great truths have been discovered which ran counter to conservative thought; and it is fair to suppose that succeeding generations, viewing our present conflict, will marvel that the lifeless shell of the old held in thrall a single aspiring soul, or that we walked so lamely in the glorious light of the new day, even as we wonder how a world could be so blind as to refuse so long the splendid visions of creation given by Copernicus and other torch-bearers of truth.

Mrs. Moulton's poems are profoundly human, and not a few of them voice the prayer of the age for "more light" to flood our pathway over the threshold into the great beyond.

REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF EUROPE.

CONVERSATION WITH LOUISE CHANDLER
MOULTON.

Q. How long ago did you first go abroad?

A. I set sail, first, on the 22d of January, 1876, and I have passed some portion of every year abroad since then.

until 1898—a year of sorrow and bereavement—during which I have not left Boston.

Q. 1876? Ah, that was a long time ago. What was your first destination?

A. I started to go to Rome. I staid in London for a few days on the way, in order to be present when the Queen opened Parliament in person for the first time after the death of the Prince Consort. I had a few days in Paris, and then I went on—where all roads lead—to Rome.

Q. Did you know many people there?

A. At least I knew some very pleasant ones. I saw a good deal of the Vedders, Charles Caryl Coleman, J. Rollin Tilton, and various other artists, as well as of T. Adolphus Trollope, and a few other authors.

Q. You met Story, perhaps?

A. Yes. I went often to his studio. I had not only a great admiration for his work as a sculptor, but I cared for his literary work very much, also. He is perhaps the only person who has ever had a good word to say for Judas Iscariot. His defense of Judas is masterly. According to his interpretation, it was not that Judas loved his Lord less than did the other disciples, but that he believed in him yet more. He thought it impossible for the wrath or treachery of man to work harm to the Incarnate Divinity, and he felt that to betray the Lord to his enemies was only to call on him to assert his power and make the watching world aware of his Godhead. Many others of Story's poems I had greatly liked, and I went to his studio to see if his poems in marble equaled those I had enjoyed in print. I was more than charmed with his work, and I suppose I said something which revealed my enthusiasm, for I remember the smile, half of pleasure, half of amusement, with which he looked at me. He said, "You don't seem to feel quite as an old friend of mine from Boston felt, when he went through my studio and, at least, I showed him the best I had. We are all vain, you know, and I suppose I expected a little praise; but my legal friend shook his head. 'Ah, William,' he said, 'you might have been

a great lawyer like your father,—you had it in you,—but you chose to stay on here, and pinch mud!"

Another American sculptor whom Rome delights to honor is Mr. Richard S. Greenough, whose "Circe" has more fascination for me than almost anything else in modern art; but my acquaintance with him came later.

Q. Did you see the Howitts during this first visit to Rome?

A. Oh, yes; I had a letter of introduction to them from the poet Whittier, and they made me feel myself a welcome guest.

Q. They were interested in spiritualism very much, were they not?

A. Yes; and they asked me to a *seance* held at their house every Tuesday evening. Somehow nothing especially convincing seemed to come at these meetings; and one afternoon, when I was sitting with Mrs. Howitt, I asked her if she felt absolutely sure of spirit communication. She was silent a moment, and then said, "I think I will tell thee something that happened in my own life;" and then she told me of her son, who had been one of an exploring party in New Zealand. She was in the habit of hearing from him by every post, for he was the darling of her heart, and he took the greatest care to spare her all possible anxiety by keeping her informed of his movements. One day she received a letter telling her that she must not be anxious if several succeeding posts brought her no news; for he was going with his party to explore the largest river in New Zealand—a river which led through an uncivilized and unknown country—and no postal communication would be possible until his return. She felt no anxiety, therefore, during the first week or two of silence. Then all at once a strange impression came to her.

"I was out in the garden," she said, "among my flowers, when suddenly I was told that Willie was dead."

"Told?" I asked. "How? Did you hear a voice?"

"I cannot make thee understand. I heard, and yet I did not hear with my bodily ears. I was made aware. I did not believe then so firmly as I believe

now in the possibility of spiritual communication, and I said nothing to my husband; but he saw that something had saddened me, and several times he asked, 'What ails thee, Mary? What is weighing on thy mind?' But on Sunday he came to me and said, 'I know now, Mary, what is troubling thee—Willie is dead.' And the very next day a letter came from New Zealand, and it was from one of Willie's companions on the exploring expedition; and it said that Willie had fallen overboard, where the river was swift as well as deep, and all effort to rescue him had been in vain."

Soon after, I remember, Mr. Howitt came in, and Mrs. Howitt said to him, "William, will thee tell Mrs. Moulton how we heard of Willie's death?" Mr. Howitt's version corresponded in all respects with the one his wife had just given me.

Q. Did the Howitts speak of Mrs. Browning's interest in spiritualism?

A. Oh, yes; but I knew yet more of that from Dr. Westland Marston, who was himself very much interested in spirit communion. A letter to him from Mrs. Browning on this subject was one of his legacies to me in his will. In it she expressed her own faith in spiritual communication, and added, "We get over no difficulty, it seems to me, by escaping from the obvious inference of an external spiritual agency. When the phenomena are attributed, for instance, to a second personality projected unconsciously, and attended by an unconscious exercise of volition and clairvoyance, I see nothing but a convulsive struggle on the part of the theorist to get out of the position he does not like. My husband calls himself skeptical." It was not merely "calling himself skeptical," however. Mr. Browning was an utter disbeliever in spiritual communication and manifestations, for he expressed himself to me very strongly upon the subject.

Q. You knew him personally, then?

A. Yes, I had that pleasure. I met him first in the summer of 1876, and often afterward up to the very last summer of his life. I remember, among many pleasant interviews with him, one quiet morning at his own house. I was trying

to persuade him to accept an offer of several thousand dollars, for a single poem, from an American periodical which had asked me to try on him my powers of persuasion.

Q. And they were all in vain?

A. Yes. His reply was a most striking illustration of his character. "No," he said, "always No! I would accept this offer, if I would accept any offer of the kind; but I am resolved against it. I have had blank checks sent me by some of our most important magazines, asking me to send them a poem, and fill the check at my own pleasure. But I have always said, No. My dear wife did not feel so. She liked writing for periodicals; she felt at home in them. I don't. If a man who thinks me a puzzle, or a bore, turns over the leaves of a magazine and finds something of mine, he has a right to say, 'Oh, here's Browning. Who wants to read him?' If I publish a book, it is another thing. No man need buy it who does not want to read what I have to say. No, I would do what you ask at your request, if I would do it for any one; but my resolve against that kind of thing is fixed."

That morning was memorable in several ways. We talked more freely than at any other time of Mrs. Browning; and he showed me many pictures and relics of her, and told me so many little things illustrative of her character that they almost made me feel as if I had myself known her. I went away, at last, reluctantly, and Browning walked with me from his door down to the gate. "This makes me think," he said, "of a visit I had from your countryman, Longfellow, the last time he was in England. He had come in a four-wheeler, which waited for him at the gate, and while we were talking together it began to rain. Longfellow had an umbrella in his hand—a rather gorgeous umbrella, with a gold-tipped handle. He looked at the patient cabby sitting in the rain, then he looked at the umbrella. There was a struggle in his mind, I thought, but human kindness triumphed. He reached up the umbrella. 'Here,' he said, 'you've nothing to keep the rain off; take this.' 'Oh, no, sir; no, sir; thanks, sir, H'im used to

rain; H'i don't want it, sir,' and the poet's face brightened. He had obeyed the dictates of his kind heart, but he still held the umbrella."

Q. Browning is dead, and so are many others whom you knew at that time. You were a great friend of the Marstons, were you not?

A. Yes, of all of them. When I knew them first they were a group of five—dear old Dr. Marston; his son, Philip Bourke Marston; his unmarried daughter, Cecily; his married daughter, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and her husband, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, the poet—and all the five are dead now.

Q. You have edited the poems of both Marston and O'Shaughnessy, have you not?

A. I edited a volume of selections from O'Shaughnessy, and was named by Mr. Marston, in his will, as his literary executor; and brought out after his death a volume whose contents had not been hitherto included in any book, and which I called "A Last Harvest." Then I put all his flower poems together (as he had long wished to do) in a volume by themselves, which was entitled "Garden Secrets," and I brought out finally a collected edition of his poems, including the three volumes published before his death and the ones I had compiled after he died.

Q. Will you tell us something about his tragic life? That, no less than his poetry, has always interested me deeply.

A. Ah, you may well call his life tragic. He was only three years old when he lost his sight. Something thrown by a companion at play struck him violently in one eye. For a while there was hope that the other eye might be saved; but soon the inflammation extended to that also, and then all hope was over. Not for him the kindly light o' the sun—his knowledge of beauty must all come by hearsay,—and yet, through his vivid imagination, the perception of beauty was so strong that many persons reading his poems have declared it impossible to believe in his complete blindness. He was educated orally, but his knowledge of literature was a marvel. The poets of the past were his familiar friends, and

he could repeat Swinburne's poems by the hour. To recite Rossetti's "House of Life" was one of the amusements of his solitary days. But he longed, beyond all things, to be constantly in touch with the world, to know what every year, every month was producing. "Can you fancy what it is," he would say to me sometimes, "to be just walled in with books that you are dying to read, and to have them as much beyond your reach as if they were the other side of the world?" Yet he had, despite his sad fate, the gayest humor—the most naturally cheerful temperament; he could be so merry with his friends, so happy when there was anything to be happy about.

Q. What do you like best among his poems?

A. I can hardly tell. His "Garden Secrets" are uniquely charming. Rossetti once wrote him, in a letter of which I am the fortunate possessor, that he had been reading these "Garden Secrets" the evening before to William Bell Scott, the poet-artist, and said: "Scott fully agreed with me that they were worthy of Shakespeare in his subtlest lyrical moods." Some of the best critics in London declared that the author of "Song Tide" (Marston's first volume) should, by virtue of this one book, take equal rank with Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti. Certainly his subsequent volumes fully sustained the promise of the first one, and I feel that when Philip Bourke Marston died, in his thirty-seventh year (on the 14th of February, 1887), England lost one of her noblest and subtlest poets—one whose future promise it were hard to overrate. Sometimes I think I care most for some of his sonnets; then the subtle beauty of his lyrics upbraids me, and I hardly know what to choose. Take him all in all, he seems to me a poet whom future generations will recognize and remember.

Q. You have mentioned, have you not, most of your early London friends?

A. No, indeed; I have alluded to scarcely any of them. I knew Swinburne in those days, and Theodore Watts, now Theodore Watts-Dunton, and Austin Dobson, and Marston's friend, Herbert E. Clarke, a poet who deserves to be

better known in America than he is, and Edmund Gosse, and William Sharp, and Mathilde Blind, and Holman Hunt, and so many others you would not have room for their names. I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I forgot Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes, the poet), through whose kind hospitality I first met Browning, Swinburne, George Eliot, and many another. It is a striking proof of heredity that the son of Lord Houghton, the present Earl of Crewe, is himself a poet of rare charm, and his sister, Hon. Mrs. Henniker, is one of the most delightful novelists of to-day, as well as one of the most charming women in all London.

Q. That reminds me that I want to ask you whom you know among the much-talked-about authors of just now?

A. The list would be too long to mention. Mrs. Meynell, for instance, whose essays are almost as exquisite as her poems, and who is herself a poem; Francis Thompson, who was a discovery of Mr. Wilfred Meynell's, and whose "Hound of Heaven" alone should suffice to make him immortal; Mrs. W. K. Clifford, as fascinating a story-writer as she is woman, and I could not praise her stories more than by saying that; Violet Hunt, one of the cleverest young novelists among the present group; George Moore, who has enough compelling power to interest us in characters that one would be afraid to meet in the dark; Coulson Kernahan, who is the subtlest dreamer of dreams since Jean Paul Richter; William Watson, who is a poet of such distinction that various important London papers suggested him, after Tennyson's death, as their choice for poet laureate; John Davidson, whose "Ballad of a Nun" is simply unmatched and unforgettable; Money-Coutts, the very prophet and high priest of poetical love; Stephen Phillips, to whom the London Academy awarded its prize for the best poetic achievement of 1897; Arthur Christopher Benson, whose splendid distinction of thought and style gives him a rank far beyond that of the favorite of the hour, or the season; Kenneth Grahame, who helps to make the age golden; William Sharp and Richard LeGallienne, Anthony Hope, Robert Hichens, with "The Green

Carnation" in his buttonhole. Ah, London is the place in which you can turn any corner, and come upon a genius; and the England of to-day is rich in men and women who would have been yet more adequately recognized in centuries less affluent in achievement than is the present.

Q. George Meredith—did you ever see him?

A. Yes, a number of times. He talks like the wittiest people in his books. Mrs. Meynell is a great friend of his, and so is Mrs. Walter Palmer, one of the beauties and social lights of London, at whose house I have frequently met Mr. Meredith.

Q. And Thomas Hardy—do you also know him?

A. Oh, yes; I even venture to think of him as a friend, at least as a very friendly acquaintance. I cared deeply for many of his books before I had the pleasure of meeting him, and I quite adored "The Return of the Native."

Q. And you liked the author as well as the books?

A. Yes, indeed. I think no one could know Thomas Hardy and not like him. He is sympathetic, genial, unaffected, altogether delightful—somewhat pessimistic, to be sure, and with a vein of sadness, a minor chord in his psalm of life—but, all the same, with a keen sense of fun. I remember I was telling him once about an American admirer of his. It was at a party in Hardy's own house, and a few people were listening to our talk. The American of whose praise I spoke was Charles T. Copeland, of Harvard, who had just reviewed "Tess" in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Hardy listened, kindly, and then he said, "What you say is a consolation just now." I knew some good fun lurked behind the quaint humor of his smile. "Why just now?" I asked. "Oh, I dined, two nights ago, at the house of a member of Parliament. It was

by way of being a political dinner, but as 'Tess' was just out one and another spoke of it, kindly enough. Finally one lady, two or three seats away from me, leaned forward. Her clear voice commanded every one's attention. 'Well, Mr. Hardy,' she said, 'these people are complaining that you had Tess hanged in the last chapter of your book. That is not what I complain of. I complain that you did not have all your characters hanged, for they all deserved it.' 'Don't I need American consolation after that?'

Q. You like London better than America, don't you?

A. Could I be such an ingrate as to like anywhere better than Boston? I pass, on an average, two or three months of the year in London, and seven in Boston. But London—well, London is large, and one finds something of fresh interest every day, and there are so many people there in whom to be interested. I have mentioned only a small number even of those whom I chance to know,—poets, novelists, artists, students of the philosophy of life, like Dr. John Beattie Crozier, the publication of whose "Civilization and Progress" was one of the literary events of last year—"fair women and brave men." Well, at least one can not be dull in London, and I am glad to think—to hope—that I shall soon go there again. But, ah, the Marstons are gone,—I can no longer share the merry nights when Dr. Marston told stories of old days, when Philip played vagrant music on his piano, or recited the poems that he loved, or Arthur O'Shaughnessy criticised French literature. Jean Ingelow and Christiana Rossetti must surely be in heaven, if orthodoxy receives its just reward. Lord Houghton, Burne-Jones, William Morris, Du Maurier, Browning, Mathilde Blind—Oh, the air is full of ghosts! Let me stop before I grow too sad.

II.—THE ANDEAN REPUBLICS AND THEIR HEROES IN WAR AND PEACE

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

We all form ideals and conceptions of our favorite authors: but how frequently, after coming in contact with one who has become dear to us through his writings, we suddenly awake to find the ideal vanished and in its place a shattered idol. Or, even when the disappointment is less poignant, how frequently we feel a regret that fortune or misfortune enabled us to meet one whose work had yielded a pleasure and inspiration. Occasionally, however, the meeting with one of our hero authors, or a friend of our thought world, yields a pleasure greater than we had anticipated; and this, I imagine, must have been the experience of all who have come in contact with Mr. Butterworth. Nor is this strange, when we remember that his brain has ever been the handmaid of his heart. Behind the scholar is the true man, with a warm and sympathetic nature which goes out in loving interest to all; and he has, moreover, preserved through all the years of toil and amid life's vicissitudes the splendid enthusiasm, earnestness, and courage of youth. All the strong faith in God and man, which marked the young man, when, a little over thirty years ago, he left the old farm at Warren, Rhode Island, and entered actively into the literary life, remains with him to-day.

For a quarter of a century he was a leading spirit on the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*, and during this time he contributed to the principal American magazines, and wrote numerous works, embracing history, fiction, poetry, and travel, including the famous "Zig-Zag Journeys," comprising sixteen volumes, of which about half a million copies have been sold. It is doubtful whether any other living writer of healthful and help-

ful books for the young enjoys so large a measure of popularity as does Mr. Butterworth. To hundreds of thousands of boys and girls his name carries the peculiar charm which marks the sympathetic relationship between the favorite author and his admiring readers. To win and hold the friendship of so vast a constituency is much, but to use this God-given power as an instrument for stimulating intellectual growth, arousing moral enthusiasm, and developing character, is much more, and this has ever been the steadfast purpose of Mr. Butterworth. His books are all good books, filled with important facts, rich in suggestive lessons, and pervaded with a pure and inspiring moral atmosphere.

His two volumes of poems, "Songs of History" and "Poems for Christmas, Easter, and the New Year," have proved very popular; but perhaps among his poetical creations nothing has been so widely quoted as his stanzas written for the opening of the Peace and Arbitration Congress at the World's Fair, in 1893. These noble verses were later published by the Peace Society, and extensively circulated.

About four years ago Mr. Butterworth resigned his position on the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*, that he might be free to travel, and also be enabled to give the time he had long desired to bestow upon his books. During the past few years he has been engaged in writing a series of popular historical stories for the young. Among the many works of this series which have already appeared are, "The Wampum, a Tale of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians," "True to his Home, a Story of the Life of Benjamin Franklin," "A Knight of Liberty, Dealing with the Fortunes of Lafayette," "The Boys of Greenway Court, or the Boyhood of Washington," and "In the Boyhood of Lincoln." All the volumes

of this new series are finished works, evincing that mature thought, historical accuracy, fidelity to life and to the conditions surrounding the characters which are essential requirements of literary work destined to hold a permanent place in literature.

Among my friends who have reached the meridian of life, I know of none who has to so marked a degree preserved the enthusiasm, buoyancy, and whole-heartedness of youth as Mr. Butterworth. He is, in the truest sense of the term, a lovable man, and yet, strange to say, he has never married.

His interest in the young has always been a marked characteristic, and I know of no one who has extended more aid and encouragement to youthful writers, showing signs of ability, than he; but his interest has been by no means confined to authors. Young people in quest of help in making up courses of study, or selecting helpful works or special books for the mastery of certain subjects, have ever found in him a wise and sympathetic counselor and friend.

He is deeply interested in all works that make for the happiness and upliftment of humanity and progress, education, justice, and freedom. Besides his writing, he lectures much, always selecting themes which will be mentally stimulating and morally helpful to his hearers. He is a born teacher, to whom has been given the power to beguile the reader, through the magic of his thought, into the paths of knowledge and rectitude. He is a man of simple tastes, and has always refused to indulge in luxury, preferring to spend what was not needed for his own modest wants in helping others.

He has traveled extensively, both in the old and new worlds. Recently he returned from his third extended tour of South America, with an enthusiasm which he has long felt for that wonderful undeveloped empire greatly heightened by what he saw and experienced while traveling through the Andean republics. His interest in this subject was so great that he determined to write a popular history, narrating the heroic struggles for liberty which resulted in the emancipation of the peoples who now form the chain of

South American republics. This history, which has just been issued, is a strong, picturesque, and engaging work, written while the author was filled with enthusiasm for the men whose hands broke the chains of a slavery that had bound them for three hundred years, and for centuries had blighted the fair south lands.

As South America is destined to occupy a large place in the notice and thought of the world during the coming century, I believed that our readers would be deeply interested in a conversation on the Andean republics and their illustrious founders, with one who has spent much time in extensive travel through those lands, and who is so admirably fitted intelligently to discuss the subject as is the author of the latest historical work on South America. Hence it is a real pleasure to have Mr. Butterworth at our Round Table.

THE ANDEAN REPUBLICS AND THEIR HEROES IN WAR AND PEACE.

CONVERSATION WITH HEZEKIAH BUTTER-
WORTH.

Q. From your admirable history of the South American republics, I feel that there is no American better qualified to tell our readers something about the Andean republics, their liberators, their present status, and their promise of future greatness. In the first place, I wish to ask something about your impressions of the republics which you visited. Are they republics in essence, or merely despotisms under the name of republics?

A. My impression of the republics of South America is that they have come to live and to grow. My belief is that the many revolutions of South America, which cause her systems of government to be criticised in our country, have been for the most part simply those that were essential for the maintenance of her liberties; and when you hear people sneering at the South American revolution as a thing of frequent occurrence, they are

simply sneering at the continued struggle of a half-educated people to maintain the liberties that were won for them by Bolívar, Sucre, and San Martín. Most of these revolutions have been outbursts of patriotism to maintain what was won for them in the war of independence. Not only that; the revolutions of South America have in the main been those which have been made essential for the maintenance of their constitutional rights. It is true there are some few exceptions. Take, for example, those under Gúthman Blanco. He came forward in Venezuela and substituted education for ecclesiasticism, and filled the cities with schools and works of art. He became a great hero, but was not able to stand success, was compelled to leave the country, and carried away an immense fortune that did not rightly belong to him. Now, some of the revolutions under him were not called for, as in the case of many adventurers; but, after an adventurer has arisen in South America, there are always revolutions to bring back the constitutional rights of the people, and, instead of being, as we regard them, unessential, they evince the presence of an alert and determined patriotism ever zealous for the preservation of the charter of liberty. It was the same in Mexico. It required a half-century before Mexico could become settled on the principles of the republic, but for the last twenty years it has been as stable a government as has existed in any other country in the world. Hidalgo established the independence of Mexico, but it took a generation for the constitution to become an established principle of the country.

Q. What was the attitude of the clergy during the struggle for independence?

A. There is a common belief in North America that the Catholic priests have been enemies to South American liberty. That is true so far as the great mass of ignorant priests is concerned, but some of the greatest heroes of liberty under San Martín and Bolívar were Catholic priests. You know Hidalgo was a Catholic priest, and to him Mexico owes her independence.

Q. And now, before going further into the modern struggle for freedom in the

Andes, will you give us a few facts about the ancient civilization of Peru?

A. There is in the heart of the Andes a territory eight times as large as New York, which was once peopled by some thirty million Inca Indians, now about only three millions in number. Here rose the highest Indian civilization in the world. The descendants of the Incas believed themselves to be descended from the sun. They ruled the whole nation just as Mr. Bellamy describes. All shared property alike at that time—none were rich, none were poor; all children were taken care of alike, and all old people, as well, so that there was no neglect. It was a land of plenty. Every one toiled, but only for a few hours in the day, and none were overworked. All that Edward Bellamy describes as coming in the future has really taken place in the land of the Incas. The highest civilization among any semi-barbarous people in the world arose in Peru. When they took down the temple of the Sun there were seven hundred tiles of gold, to lift one of which required the strength of four men. The garden of Cuzco was a garden of gold. The corn was of gold with silver tassels, the flowers were made of gold and emeralds, and, when the sun rose, it rose on a sun of gold. The dead Incas sat in chairs of gold, and every day they thought that the first Inca might really come back to the world. At Quito there was not only a temple of gold, but a temple of silver, so that the moon rose on a moon of silver. They also had their poets and musicians.

Q. Will you tell us something of the early struggle for freedom in the land of the Incas?

A. In Peru the first effort for independence began under Tupac Amaru. The Spanish viceroys imposed upon the people of all those lands what was called the mita, which was in a word enforced labor; that is, they forced the tribes of the Andes to work the best part of their time for them without compensation. It was a kind of slavery; they reduced first the Indian tribes to the mita, and afterward Spaniards and Creoles were impressed in the service. Tupac Amaru, the descendant of the great Inca, was still a prince, allowed to rule his people by

permission of the Audiencia of Peru. He saw that his people were reduced to slavery, and determined to make an effort for the independence of all that were under the bondage of the mita. He gathered a great army, and at first was successful against the Spaniards; but was afterward defeated and captured. He had a wife and family of children. The Spanish viceroy ordered that he be executed in the plaza of Cuzco in this way—that his limbs be tied to four horses facing in four different directions, north, south, east, and west, that his tongue be cut out, and then that the horses be moved forward so that his limbs should be torn asunder. Before his execution, however, his wife, a most beautiful princess, was to be executed by having her tongue cut out, and by being strangled in iron clasps. A portion of his family was to be killed in the same barbarous way before his eyes. There was one boy, one of his sons, who was not condemned to death, and he was to witness his father's execution. There was a great assembly in the plaza of Cuzco, both military and civil. The officers of the Spanish viceroy and a number of Spanish ladies were present to witness his execution. The horses moved, and his limbs were torn asunder, when this boy uttered a shriek that pierced the hearts of all present with nameless horror. It is said that that cry haunted all who heard it to their dying day; but it did more than that, for it led many of the noble Spaniards to join with the Creoles in the formation of political clubs to secure universal justice. Many priests, literary men, and Spanish ladies belonged to these clubs, which prepared the way for liberty. It was out of these societies which followed that tragic event, as a revolt of humanity, that Peru finally received her independence, so that the Sam Adams of Peru was a direct descendant of the Incas.

Q. What do you think of Miranda?

A. He was the prophet of liberty. To him was given a vision of freedom, but he was incapable of carrying into execution the dream that haunted his brain. His failures constitute one of the saddest

pages in the history of emancipation; yet his message, his dream, his very presence did more than anything else to further the new-born hope of freedom when the popular imagination of Venezuela began to be stirred by the great events which were occurring elsewhere. Miranda came from a noble family. He was a young man holding a captain's commission in the Venezuelan army, when his whole nature was thrilled with the news of the struggle for freedom being waged by the North American colonies. He came to our country, and served with the French in the Continental Army. After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he traveled over Europe, visiting England, Germany, France, Turkey, and Russia. All this time he was dreaming of freedom for his native land. When the French Revolution broke out, he joined the republican forces and rose to the rank of Major-General.

In 1806 he conducted an expedition interested in bringing freedom to Venezuela. It turned out disastrously, and Miranda, who escaped and went to London, has been severely criticised for his conduct at this time. It seems certain that he was not fitted for properly planning or executing his noble dream. Then, too, the people were not yet ready to assert their rights.

In 1811 Bolivar brought Miranda from London to Venezuela, where he was hailed by the people as the great apostle of liberty, and placed at the head of affairs. Then came the earthquake at Caracas. It proved the ruin of Miranda.

Spanish biographers say that from that hour his heart seemed to lose its courage, and he was no longer the Miranda of old. He seemed to be hypnotized by the superstitions of the people. Did you never see a person thus unmanned? He was unmanned by a superstition; or perhaps this was due partly to the influence of popular thought on his sensitive mind. The earthquake that roused Bolivar took all heart, courage, and faith from Miranda. The patriots regarded his failures as treasonable, and it was the belief that he was a Benedict Arnold

which led Bolivar and his companions to turn him over to the enemy. He died in a Spanish dungeon in 1816.

Q. Will you tell us something of Bolivar?

A. Simon Bolivar was born in Caracas of wealthy and noble family. His father owned an immense estate just outside of Caracas. Like most Creoles, he was sent to Spain to be educated, and had letters of introduction to the highest families of that country. He there married a beautiful girl of seventeen, the daughter of a nobleman, and returned to Caracas, dreaming of a life of pleasure in the companionship of his young wife, to whom he was devotedly attached; but a great loss overtook him. His wife was stricken with yellow fever and died. This terrible blow, which might have broken the spirit of a weaker man, aroused Bolivar, and made him appreciate the grave duties which devolved upon men of influence in that critical period of his nation's history. This glimpse of his mission fascinated, but did not take hold upon his imagination until some time later. In speaking of his great sorrow, he said, "I loved my wife much, and at her death I took an oath never to marry. If I had not been bereaved, perhaps my life would have been different. I would not have been the general of liberation. The death of my wife placed me early in the way of patriotic effort, and caused me to follow the chariot of Mars rather than the plough of Ceres."

Shortly after the death of his wife, Bolivar, in company with his old instructor, set out a second time for Europe. They visited many places, and at last entered Rome. One morning Bolivar said to his venerable friend, "Let us go to Monte Aventino." They repaired thither, and from the crest of the sacred mountain looked over the Campagna, the Tiber, and Rome, with its wonderful history, so rich in lessons and warnings for the ages. The vision of Cincinnatus rose before the young man: he remembered all the thrilling passages in the long struggle for freedom that marked the old days ere glory and liberty had vanished, for his old friend reminded him that they were standing on the Sacred Mount, which

naturally called to mind another Sacred Mountain, far over the ocean, that looked down on their loved Caracas. The young man was profoundly moved, and in that solemn moment perhaps he caught a glimpse of the glory of the future; for, after they had earnestly talked of home and of freedom, Bolivar extended his hand to his teacher, saying, "Let us here make an oath; let us here on this Sacred Hill pledge our lives to the liberties of our own country." The aged friend gladly joined in the oath; it was a thrilling moment, and with that resolution the republics of the sun were born.

Just here it is necessary to revert to the history of Europe, which gave to the South American nations their supreme opportunity. Napoleon had driven Ferdinand VII. from the throne of Spain, and placed the crown of the deposed monarch upon his brother Joseph's brow. This gave the Spanish colonies across the ocean an opportunity to establish their independence subject to Ferdinand VII. They were to return to their allegiance when he regained his throne.

On reaching Venezuela, Bolivar entered the patriotic clubs of Caracas, and began to organize patriotism among the young nobles in the same way that Miranda had sought to do among exiles in London; and in 1811 the independence of Venezuela was proclaimed. In the mean time, during the year the patriotic cause had grown, and Miranda was at the head of affairs, when, on Holy Thursday in 1812, occurred the earthquake at Caracas. Not long before the earthquake one of the noblemen of Caracas had said to Bolivar, "Don Simon Bolivar, if any calamity should fall upon the people, they would attribute it to the judgment of God upon the patriotic cause, and the cause would be lost." The morning of Holy Thursday was a bright, strange day. There seemed to be some impending fate, even in the atmosphere. It was said that the birds and beasts appeared to have an instinctive warning.

The earthquake came at a time and under circumstances well calculated to impress the superstitious populace. In the morning mass was celebrated in the

plaza, for the cavalry and other soldiers who might not be able to attend the four-o'clock mass in the churches. It was a time of rejoicing with the army of freedom. Caracas was thronged with people in holiday attire, for the inhabitants of the country for miles around had journeyed into the capital. Congratulations were on the lips, thanksgiving in the hearts of the people. A little before four o'clock the great bells called the multitudes to mass. The churches were thronged. At four the ceremony began, and seven minutes later it seemed as if the earth had been smitten by a mighty hand; it trembled, opened, and in a moment twelve thousand people went down into living graves. Bolivar rushed down into one of the churches, that was not wholly destroyed, in order to rescue those who were perishing, and the first person he met was this nobleman who had warned him; and the nobleman said, "Don Simon Bolivar, what now?" And Bolivar answered, with a mighty resolution, "If nature herself resist us, we will compel her to obey." After being defeated again and again, he organized an army of plainmen, taking them out of the tropical regions and over the ice-peaks of the Cordilleras, and won the battle of Boyaca against disciplined troops. He organized a new army of New Granadans, returned to Venezuela, and finally accomplished the independence of both provinces; he next marched to Ecuador, won its independence, and united the three provinces under the name of the United States of Colombia, or Colombia. Then Bolivar prepared to proceed to Peru by sea from Guayaquil, where he met San Martin.

The lofty dream of the prophets of freedom was soon to be realized. By 1825 the Andean nations had become republics, and Bolivar was everywhere hailed as the hero of the century. He, however, aimed at still greater things; he desired the union of all the republics of the New World for the protection and prosperity of the people. He beheld the impending dangers, and saw with a prophet's vision how peace, progress, and freedom might be attained. The Panama Congress of 1826, though it did not meet with the ex-

pectations of Bolivar, revealed the far-seeing statesmanship of its promoter.

In 1830 Bolivar, who was president of Colombia, was accused of personal ambition. A powerful party had arisen in the state, who opposed the liberator at every turn. Republics are fickle. The disunionist party gained control of the Colombian Congress, and when Bolivar tendered his resignation as president, it was accepted, and a pension of three thousand a year was voted him on condition that he should leave his country. This action broke the heart of the liberator. He died on December 17, 1830, in his forty-seventh year.

Q. Then you do not think that the charge of personal ambition was just?

A. No, I do not. He was accused and fell because his own country thought he wanted to unite all the republics of South America, and make himself a dictator; but there is not a particle of proof of it. He resigned the highest places of honor in the interests of liberty, and there is no reason to believe that the suspicion against him was well founded, or that he would not have acted in the same way as did San Martin. Bolivar not only won the independence of South America,—he saw all the needs of the future; and although he might have lacked the moral dignity of San Martin, who is the most wonderful man of the nineteenth century, yet he did have what we sometimes term "prevision." I hardly understand how such a man can receive it. He was said to be a vain man, and we have seen that he was believed by many to be ambitious.

Q. You have just spoken of San Martin. Will you now tell us of the struggle in Argentina, and the part which this great patriot played in the emancipation of the southern countries?

A. While the Venezuelans were working for freedom, a popular movement had grown up in Argentina, looking toward establishing an independent government subject to Ferdinand VII., and to remain only so long as an alien sat upon the Spanish throne. But very soon the question was asked, "Why not make our independence eternal? Why wait any more for the return of Ferdinand VII.? Why should we not govern ourselves? The

leader of that movement was San Martin. He has been justly called the greatest of the Creoles. He was born in Argentina, but, like Bolivar, went to Spain to study in a military school. He returned to Argentina, and advocated and attained the independence of the nation. Next he set to work to emancipate Chili, which had already made a movement toward freedom, and with the aid of the Argentine Republic was able entirely to throw off the Spanish yoke. At Cuyo, San Martin organized the army of the Andes. It seemed like tempting fate, and dreaming of accomplishing the impossible, to expect to carry an army over the Uspallata Pass, thirteen thousand feet high; yet he had faith that he could carry an army over the Andes, and win the independence of Chili.

San Martin was a man of great moral ideas, and his motto was, "Thou must be that which thou oughtest to be, and without that thou shalt be nothing." The women of Mendoza presented him with a banner of liberation, on which was a figure of the sun. He moved his army with all its artillery over the Andes in a seemingly impossible manner, descended upon the plains of Chili, and won the battle of Maypo. Just before this decisive battle the sun came out and shone upon the banner of the sun, and he said, "I take God to witness that the day is ours." After winning the battle of Maypo, the independence of Chili was easily established. The Spanish viceroy was compelled to give up the contest, and to leave the country. The Government of Chili offered San Martin ten thousand ounces of gold as a recognition of the value of his services. He gave it back, saying to the Chilians, "I did not fight for gold;" and the ten thousand ounces of gold was used to establish the present magnificent public library of Santiago de Chili.

Next he moved north to aid the Peruvians in their struggle. He achieved the independence of Peru, and believed, now that Bolivar was coming, that the latter could more firmly establish the independence of the whole of South America alone than with his aid; for he feared jealousies would arise if he undertook to

serve under Bolivar. By arrangement, the two liberators met at Guayaquil. At this memorable meeting San Martin said to Bolivar: "You can now achieve the independence of South America better without me than with me. I am going back to Peru. I shall call together the Congress of Peru to resign my commission, and then I shall leave South America forever." He went back to Peru, and delivered one of the most remarkable addresses in history. In it he says: "Peruvians, the presence of a fortunate general in the country which he has conquered is detrimental to the state. I have achieved the independence of Peru. I cease to be a public man." He voluntarily went abroad, and lived in poverty and exile for thirty years. He died of cholera near Brussels, and ten years after his death a magnificent mausoleum was built for him near Buenos Ayres. It is connected with the cathedral, and is built of the marbles of the three republics. It was determined to bring him home, and crown him dead on this throne. His body was brought home, and placed in a sarcophagus of ebony or black marble and gold, with a funeral such as the world has seldom known, in which the army, navy, and religious orders participated. The three republics were well represented in the elaborate ceremony. It was one of the most magnificent days that were ever seen in Buenos Ayres.

There are no heroes in North America, with the exception of Washington and Lafayette, who can compare in character and self-sacrifice with those heroes of South America. Where in the world can you match the character of San Martin, from Plutarch's "Lives" to the latest hero of the present time?

Q. Is there a marked difference between the inhabitants of South America and the Spanish people?

A. That is a point that deserves notice. With our antipathy to the Spanish race, we are apt to misjudge these people. The Creole Spaniards, who were bred in the free air of South America, were some of the noblest men the world has ever seen. Bolivar and San Martin and their followers were Spanish Creoles, showing that

a Spaniard in the air of freedom may become one of the noblest of people, notwithstanding our prejudices.

And there is another thing I should like to mention just here,—justice has never been lone the bravery and honor of the Creole race. While we have been ever ready to honor our own heroes, we have been very slow to recognize the heroes of the South American republics.

Q. Leaving the warriors and emancipators, we come to the period of national growth and development. Are there any names that are especially illustrious among the heroes of industrial progress; and what has been and is being done to develop these great republics on the industrial, commercial, and educational sides of life?

A. The industrial development found its first great exponent in William Wheelwright. He is little known in Boston, although he was born in Newburyport. His monument at Buenos Ayres is very magnificent, one of the finest pieces of work in marble in the New World. It stands just outside consecrated ground in the cemetery, and represents a boy being cast up by marble waves. When a young man, he was shipwrecked and washed on the shore of Rio de la Plata. He entered Argentina with no possessions save a strong, brave heart and a bountiful supply of courage and pluck. His experience impressed on him the urgent need of light-houses and better harbors for South America. He gave much time to intelligent and effective efforts for the improvement of harbors, he organized the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, and was also the father of several lines of steamships between different South American ports. He next turned his attention to the building of railroads. The line he constructed between Valparaiso and Santiago was the first of several successful enterprises in the construction of important railroads. He planned the one across the Andes, which was the forerunner of the Trans-Andean Railroad now approaching completion, and is the most stupendous piece of engineering accomplished by man. Mr. Wheelwright devoted more than half a million dollars

to benevolent purposes. He died in London in 1873.

The man who occupies the second place among the industrial leaders of South America is Henry Meiggs. He met with misfortune in 1854, and fled from the United States, leaving behind obligations to the amount of one million dollars. He began building bridges in Chili, and later turned his attention to the construction of railroads. He amassed a fortune, and paid his obligations with the accrued interest. His first aim in life seemed to be to retrieve his good name; his second great object was to construct the Callao, Lima & Oroya Railroad. This feat of engineering was regarded as preposterously absurd when proposed. Oroya was fourteen thousand feet high. Chasms, precipices, swift currents, and mighty walls of granite stared the daring captain of industry in the face. Did he call to mind Bolivar's words, "If nature herself resist us, we will compel her to obey?" I know not. Certain it is that this remarkable road is one of the wonders of the New World. Now that Oroya has been reached, it will only be a matter of a short time before connections will be made with the Amazon, and then there will be a direct line by rail and steamboat from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

A third industrial leader in South America is Krupp, the great German gun-maker, who has just finished a railroad in the heart of the Andes. Wheelwright, Meiggs, and Krupp may be called the trinity of the industrial movement in South America.

In the educational movement I think great credit is due to Elizabeth Peabody. Education commenced largely in the Argentine Republic. Sarmiento read the works of Horace Mann, and saw that what South America needed was a North American system of education. He was made United States minister to Washington, and there he met Charles Sumner, who was an intimate friend of Horace Mann; so that the man who inspired him was the very man he met. Mrs. Mann translated his "Life in the Argentine," and through her he was brought into association with Elizabeth Peabody. Sarmi-

ento was made President of the Argentine Republic, which gave him the great opportunity of establishing the normal school, and of carrying North American teachers and North American education into South American schools. Sarmiento said, "Primary school education is the foundation of national character." He took up the Swiss education, which begins with the heart and soul of the child; so that into the South American schools have been put the beginnings of the kindergarten training, which was the great purpose of the life of Elizabeth Peabody. Boston owes her kindergartens very largely to her. Similar educational movements were instituted in Chili and Peru, very largely under the influence of Methodist missionaries. The great school at Santiago de Chili was really established by Dr. Taylor.

Q. Does religious freedom prevail in the South American republics?

A. There is perfect freedom in South America. The Argentine Republic is as free as the United States. All religions are tolerated in the Andean republics; not only that, but freemasonry is a great power in those countries.

Q. Do you look for these countries to become great competitors of the United States in trade with the Old World?

A. The Argentine Republic is developing so rapidly that it is likely to become a great competitor with our country in its trade with Europe. There is a billion dollars' worth of trade now between South America and Europe. If we had that trade to-day the spindles of Fall River would not be idle. Blaine saw that. Blaine is the hero of heroes to-day in South America. I think that Blaine died like Bolivar, almost broken-hearted. Anything more touching than the last address of Bolivar to the republics he had freed could hardly be imagined.

Q. Have you any word in regard to the literature of South America?

A. The poetry of South America has never found any recognition, and yet its poetry is among the finest in the world. The orators and poets of South America, as well as the patriots, have never received recognition. There should be a study of South American poetry made in the schools, for it is not only beautiful in itself, but full of the most lofty ideas inspired by the Pampas and the Andes.

Here are some thoughts I should like to emphasize: South America is going to come to the front of the world as a surprise. Our western people are going to open their eyes to Argentina some day as one of the most tremendous competitors in the world. China has over four million underfed people right across the Pacific. The Chinese and Japanese are inhospitably received in North America, and they are beginning to go to South America, and to find employment in that great empty country. That Meiggs railroad over the Andes, to which I have referred, will ere long tap one of the tributaries of the Amazon. The vast valley of that river is as fertile as it is possible for any land to be. Is it not likely that there is to be a great Asiatic emigration to South America?

Clubs should take up the study of South America, for there is nothing of greater value in the present or the past.

There is another thing, and that is the great opportunity that South America is going to offer to electricians who graduate from northern scientific schools. Our young people are looking for larger opportunities in all forms of industry, and there is to be a great opportunity in South America for young people, women as well as men. Many of the schools at the front in South America are conducted by North Americans.

III.—THE NEW EDUCATION

SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Samuel T. Dutton was born in Hillsboro, N. H. After preparing for college at Colby Academy, New London, Conn., he entered Yale, from which institution he graduated in 1873. On leaving college he accepted the office of principal of the high school in South Norwalk, Conn. This position he held until 1878, when he resigned to accept the duties of principal of the Eaton Grammar School in New Haven. In 1882 he was appointed superintendent of the schools of that city, a position he held until 1890, when he was called to take the superintendency of the schools of Brookline, Mass. This position he has since filled to the satisfaction of the citizens, and under his management the schools have made rapid progress. The attendance has about doubled. New educational methods have been adopted throughout the entire system, with the result that the children have learned to anticipate with pleasure the daily school exercises. In 1890 there were two kindergarten schools in Brookline; to-day there are eleven. The attendance of the high school has grown from one hundred to three hundred and fifty.

Mr. Dutton has been one of the ablest advocates of the new education in New England. He has not only put the new ideals into active operation in the schools under his direction, but he has written and lectured extensively on this important subject, which is more and more challenging the attention of earnest, thoughtful, and practical educators throughout the world.

The remarkable success of the Brookline Educational Society is largely due to the active labors of Mr. Dutton. This society now numbers about six hundred members. Its special object is to study education, and to aid in the diffusion of knowledge through the community, and in the promotion of co-operation between

the home and the school. Its influence has been exceedingly helpful to Brookline; and since its work has become generally known associations modeled after it have been founded in several other cities, east and west.

Four years ago Mr. Dutton organized a training class for college graduates, which has steadily grown in membership and efficiency. It now numbers twenty-five.

In addition to the exacting duties of his office, Mr. Dutton finds time for literary work along educational lines, and has also lectured somewhat extensively during the past two years in leading American institutions of learning, including Harvard, Vassar, Chicago University, and Boston University.

He is the author of the Morse "Speller," and is editing the admirable series of historical readers now being brought out by the Morse Company.

Though as yet in the early prime of life, Mr. Dutton stands among the ablest advocates of the new education, while his deep interest in all practical measures put forth for the elevation of the community has given him a position among his townsmen such as is only occupied by those who freely and unselfishly give their best energies for the furtherance of the public good.

CONVERSATION WITH MR. SAMUEL T. DUTTON ON THE NEW EDUCATION.

Q. What, in your opinion, are the chief differences between the old and the new education?

A. The old education was adapted to a time when life was simple, and when knowledge of the mind and its methods of growth was much less than it is at present. The new education is suited to modern times when life is exceedingly complex, when effort must be concen-

trated, and when competition is very great. There will always be an old education and a new education, because the human soul is becoming more and more a subject of study and investigation, and all that pertains to the life of the individual, and the needs of that life, is receiving greater attention. Moreover, the discoveries of science, on the one hand, have revealed many things about the growth of the human organism and its means of nutrition, which suggest great changes in the means of training the young.

On the other hand, the social needs of men are better understood, and as society takes on new forms and adaptations, education has to readjust itself constantly to these new conditions.

The new education tends to set the mind free, to enlarge its opportunities for growth, and to give it more abundant life.

As an illustration of the effect of being imprisoned and deprived of natural education,—that which comes from moving and living among other human beings,—we may point to the German boy, Gaspar Hauser, who, during his early years and until he was well grown, was kept imprisoned in a dark room, and seldom saw any one or heard any human voice. In a certain way he grew physically, because food was regularly placed within his reach, and there was developed in him a certain grade of consciousness and power of thought: but for the most part his mind was a blank. He could not speak, nor could he see or hear to any advantage, because he had had no experience in exercising these powers. When at length he was set free he was at an age when, as a young man, he should have been ready to assume the responsible duties of life; but he was like an infant that had no place in the world. The mystery attending his life made him an object of very careful study, and he has been an historic example of one lacking education, either natural or artificial.

The education of fifty years ago partook somewhat of the nature of imprisonment, or, to state the matter otherwise, it did not provide that large freedom to which the human soul is entitled. It pro-

ceeded upon false ideas of what the human mind is, and how it should be treated: it assumed that the intellect had certain distinct faculties which were to be treated separately. Memory was generally made the subject of training. More than that, the ends of education were not viewed in any broad or comprehensive way. It is not strange that this was so, because in those days life was hard, and it seemed necessary to have schools in order that the young, who were dependent upon their own efforts, might be trained to do specific things; for instance, to keep accounts, to sell goods behind the counter, to lay brick, or to use the tools of a carpenter.

The school education of those earlier days was efficiently supplemented by experience of an industrial sort on the farm and in the shop, which often produced strong characters, so that people are fond of pointing to the men of that time and of saying how much better the old education was than the new. But a little examination of the facts would show that it was not the school training that developed the great men of the past generations, but rather the self-reliance and energy which were the natural result of the hard conditions, and the necessity for labor which marked the life of those days. They were successful, not by reason of school advantages, but rather in spite of them.

At the same time, the ordinary man of fifty years ago, if set down to-day in the city of Boston or New York, would be almost as much lost as would the Eskimo or the Indian. He would find new conditions surrounding every department of human activity; he would see business done by means of the telegraph, the telephone, and through various combinations securing swiftness and efficiency, which would be a source of astonishment to him. If he went into a commercial office he would see a single man doing as much business in one day, between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, as the old-time merchant would have accomplished in a month, working ten hours a day. It would take him a long time to discover that, in the hurry and bustle and rush

of modern life, there is nevertheless plan and organization, and that those who are apparently pressed and driven by the stress of affairs still have time for recreation and the pursuit of culture.

Such a person, if we may conceive of a Rip Van Winkle who has slept for fifty years, would to-day need to be educated not only in the schools, but in the methods of modern life, in order to find a place of usefulness for himself.

The fact that education is a progressive science is well accepted to-day. Twenty years ago there were many, even among educators, who scouted the idea that there was anything new to be learned in teaching. Only yesterday a person who applied to me for a position to teach, and who had been out of service for ten years, undertook to convince me that the principles of education are unchangeable. I assented to that proposition, but undertook to explain to this person of provincial aspect that, while the laws of the mind are unchangeable, we have not yet begun to be sure that we know what those laws are. We get some new light from time to time, but it is likely that we shall never be able to compass fully the psychology or biology of the human organism until we have more than human insight.

The glory of the new education is that it is progressive and is so regarded, and that multitudes of honest people are studying children and making new discoveries every day.

Q. Will you explain how the new education develops character, cultivates the mind, and appeals to the imagination?

A. The theory of the modern school tends to recognize the great truth which Mr. John Fiske has pointed out,—that the long period of helpless infancy and childhood, which distinguishes a human being from lower animals, is providentially designed in order that the mind may achieve a growth that gives it superiority. Thus we see the little child showing many evidences of intellectual power before the body has gained great strength. The nurture of the home and of the kindergarten is calculated to afford the child the means of strengthening his powers through self-activity. The occasion is

provided for a great variety of movement, play, and expression, so that all his powers are quickened and strengthened. The new education is humane in its treatment, it appeals constantly to the child's interest and love. The modern school is nothing unless it is a happy school, and the exercises are not suited to the child life unless they are accompanied by pleasurable activity. The child is allowed to control himself, and thus gets his first lessons in self-government. The order of the school is not activity repressed, but it is activity directed and organized to useful ends. The test of the good school is not whether it is free from noise, but whether there is earnest and cheerful work.

Not only does the new education develop character through self-activity and self-direction, but the brain is built up and strengthened through variety of activities of the hands and other sense organs. Nothing distinguishes the new education from the old more than the recognition of hand work as a means of enlarging brain power. If it is proper to speak of the imagination as a separate phase of mental activity, it is clear that the attention that is now given to the beautiful, and the cultivation of good taste in the school, has a distinct value. Literature, art, and music are present in various forms, and give color to much that is done in the school.

Q. Is there danger that the so-called essential studies, such as arithmetic, grammar, spelling, etc., are neglected because of the multiplicity of studies which are now found in the schools?

A. It is possible, of course, that these school arts so long considered essential may not receive that particular attention, in connection with the enlarged and broadened curriculum, that was possible under the old *regime*. But the theory that these are the essential things in education is radically wrong, and the new education repudiates them as constituting the most important part of the school training. Physical training, motor training, and sense training,—all of which have only recently received the attention they deserve,—are more closely related not only to each other, but to the ordi-

nary literary side of the programme. Bodily health, trained perception, and motor dexterity are fundamental to an education which is to fit a person to meet the demands of a life so concentrated and perplexing as that of the present. Reading, writing, spelling, etc., are acquired incidentally through practice and experience. It is of no advantage to a child to be able to spell or to read words which mean nothing to him. Symbols are useful only as they are vitalized through experience and actual knowledge. In the study of nature, history, literature, industry, commerce, and art, the pupil acquires a vocabulary that is much broader and richer than that used in the early school; and the learning of reading and spelling, in connection with the use of that vocabulary, is cumulative, and becomes an accomplished fact only as the student progresses and reaches an advanced stage of experience. Or, looking at it from another point of view, it may be said that spelling and writing are mechanical arts, to be acquired as a person learns to walk, catch ball, skate, swim, or ride a bicycle.

All these arts become easy if practice is continued; they become especially easy when there is interest attached to them, and there never fails to be interest when they accompany the pursuit of culture subjects.

A boy who, at the spelling match of fifty years ago, could correctly spell nearly all the words in the book, if asked to write a letter, was quite apt to show sad lapses from accuracy. At all events, the correspondence of eminent men of former times shows that they were as a rule poor spellers.

Q. Do you think that the varied programme of the modern school enables the student to accomplish his work with less strain and waste of energy?

A. Yes, I think so decidedly. The great discovery which Froebel made, and which enabled him to organize the kindergarten so successfully, was that children in their natural play enter into a variety of activities. The attention of a little child to any one thing is of short duration, and like the bee, it flits from one flower to another. The child is always

reaching out for new sensations and new experiences,—he drinks at many fountains, and infant training must take account of this natural tendency. This does not mean that education is to be helterskelter; it simply means that the power of consecutive attention in children is strengthened only gradually and in accordance with the laws of nature. Hence it is that the modern school curriculum is very broad at the bottom, and continues so well into the secondary school life, when specialization may be said to begin.

During these early stages there is constant relief through variety. While to the outside observer there seem to be many studies, yet in the best schools there is such co-ordination and correlation of work that each exercise helps the other, and there is a good degree of unity.

Teachers are given large freedom, so that they may meet the needs of individual pupils; and quantitative standards, such as formerly cursed the schools, have been removed, and the requirements are now qualitative. Thus there is less pressure: interest has larger play; teachers have more self-respecting and professional spirit; parents have a larger confidence in the school, because of the consideration and care taken in the treatment of the children, and the school becomes more like a well-ordered home. It seeks to promote the largest and best life, and to connect the school experiences of the child with those of the home and the community. Thus, much of the old artificiality and unnaturalness of the school has given way to a better order of things.

Q. To what extent does the school meet the demands of modern life?

A. In general, it is becoming more and more a social instrument adapted to train young people to live in an age when combination and association characterize all human society. Pupils govern themselves as far as possible. They help each other contribute to the efficiency of the school. In other words, altruism is to be encouraged, so that the child is socialized and fitted to live and take his part in organized society.

Again, the studies of the school open the mind to the elements of natural

science, which in its various forms enters into all industry. The pupil's various tastes and aptitudes are touched and quickened through drawing, manual training, domestic art, etc. Severe tasks are not absent, and if the pupil performs them with more alacrity and spontaneity than formerly, let no one complain because he does it with pleasure. To make the school happy is not to enable the pupil to shirk hard tasks, but through pleas-

ure to accomplish vastly more. The man who goes to his toil in a perfunctory manner does not accomplish as good a day's work as does he who goes with anticipation and zeal. The most fruitful work and the most valuable is accompanied with enthusiasm. "Blessed is he that overcometh," was not spoken of those who are miserable in overcoming, but of those who take pleasure in achieving.

THE SECOND NOCTURNE OF CHOPIN

BY JULIE A. HERNE

Rich chords and velvet notes, so subtly blent
They steal the listening critic, Mind, away,
So that my awkward fingers as I play
Stumble unnoticed by mine ear intent
On the sad music. What was ever meant
In its two themes, so plaintive yet so gay,
That intertwine and rise and swell and sway,
And fall to softness when their force is spent?

Elusive mystery about it clings;
Why question at its beauty? What the good?
Enough to know it as a dream apart;
A far-off, shadowy nightingale, who sings
The perfume and the moonlight of his wood,
The ecstasy and anguish of his heart.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

SOME TENDENCIES OF DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY REV. PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM, D. D.

Of that ancient and long-lived bugaboo of democracies, "the man on horseback," there is no sign outside of the dreams of political hysteria. No tendency toward monarchy or a dictatorship in this country is apparent. The latter is always possible in France, partly because of a lack of the federative element and of a conservative local self-government in the French system. In France, Paris is the government. In no such sense is it true that here Washington is the government. The integrity and, within a certain large sphere, the independence of the several States are an effectual bar against a dictatorship. The chief instrument of the would-be dictator is an army. We have no army,—only a military police. Among seventy-five millions of people an army of one hundred thousand men, the proposed number, is no element of danger. Besides, our citizen soldiers would be the last in the world to support a movement against the political liberties of the nation. At the close of the War of the Rebellion we had an army of over one million disciplined soldiers; and yet, despite the shock and popular confusion incident to the assassination of Lincoln, no dictator appeared, nor would he have been successful had he appeared. The citizen army was, in that crisis, the steadiest and most conservative part of the nation.

In addition to the preventive against a *coup d'état* in the very nature of our federal system, involving as it does so much of self-government, may be noted: First,

the democratic habit of the American people,—a habit which has been existent for more than two centuries. The formation of this habit began in the colonists, in many cases before they came to this country, and continued under the discipline of colonial experience. The habit has been fixed beyond any likelihood of change by the experiences of the past half-century. This habit is rapidly acquired by foreigners who become citizens, especially in the case of those constituting until very recently the larger part of our immigrant population, who already had developed the democratic instinct in Europe, and partly for that very reason had come to this country. The democratic habit of Americans will not be changed by any probable acquisition of territory in the Eastern hemisphere.

A second preventive of monarchical tendency is the inherent conservatism of our political system as a constitutional democracy. By the national constitution the functions and powers of the central government are very strictly defined, and the way to amendment of the constitution is so carefully guarded that it is difficult to accomplish any radical change. The same is true, substantially, of the State constitutions. These are less difficult to change, but they are quite as restrictive upon the action of the State governments as the national constitution is upon the national government. Indeed, there is a very strong disposition, in view of certain political tendencies, especially in local legislatures and in municipal

councils, to extend the scope of constitutional definition and limitation. This is partly due, as I shall note later, to a growing popular distrust of legislatures.

The conservatism of democracy is strikingly exemplified in Switzerland by the results of the referendum. Radical measures of reform or change, which were supposed to be (and undoubtedly were) in the interest of the people, and therefore likely to be enthusiastically adopted by them, frequently have been defeated when referred to a popular vote.

An ill result of the extension of constitutional limitation on legislative action is the lessening of local self-government. This is a matter that demands serious consideration. A man who must tie his own hands to prevent himself from committing crime, even though it be a *felon-de-se*, is a poor type of the citizen; yet the limitation on self-government, if carried far, must have the effect of tying the hands of communities in such a way as not merely to prevent unjust or unwise action by local legislative bodies, but even to abridge that liberty which is essential to political and industrial progress. In the history of constitutional legislation in this country there have been numerous instances in which the attempt has been made, sometimes successfully, to introduce within the sphere of constitutional enactment restrictions or requirements that properly belong to the domain of statute law.

The American tendency and action in this matter of constitutional limitation explain what is to many a puzzling if not inexplicable fact, that during the past half-century England, with no written constitution, has made greater political progress than the United States, despite the immensely greater power of tradition in English life.

I propose now to point out some of the tendencies that appear in American democracy to-day:

I. The first of these to be noted is a tendency toward a more immediate action of all the people in political determinations. A case in point is the manner of electing the president of the nation. The electoral college, originally devised to secure the choice of the best man for chief

magistrate, has long been a mere form. It now fulfills only the purely clerical function of announcing in a formal way what has already been known for months by the entire country, namely, the names of the successful candidates for the office of president and vice-president of the republic. What would happen if an electoral college were to exercise its original and designed function, and, rejecting all the popular candidates as undesirable men, should vote for other and, in the opinion of the electors, better men? It is an interesting inquiry. Under our present system a president may be chosen, sometimes is chosen, by a minority of the entire voting population. The number increases of those who believe that the president of the nation should be the choice, not of the majority of States, but of the majority of the voters in all the States.

A second case is that of the election of members of the national senate. According to the present method, these are chosen by the legislatures of the various States. This method is under sharp and growing criticism, and the demand is made with increasing vigor that senators shall be chosen, not by the State legislatures, but by the popular vote. Much may be said in favor of this step, but, if it is taken, it will involve some important changes in the present method of nomination.

A third feature of the tendency that we are now considering is the increasing popularity of the referendum, by which there will be given to all the people the opportunity to express more directly and effectively their judgment on all exceptional legislative measures which may be proposed. To a small extent the referendum is already employed, notably in the sphere of constitutional amendment. Its extension to important proposed legislative enactments is in the logical line both of democratic development and of popular distrust of partisan and corrupt legislatures. This tendency will be effectually checked only by its becoming superfluous through the reform of legislatures. Its emergence in our political life is to be welcomed as a powerful aid to legislative reform.

II. A second tendency, to be observed with profound solicitude, is not properly characteristic of democracy, but to a large extent it has developed within democracy. It is the tendency toward political oligarchy, and appears in the following particulars: First, the development of the political "boss," especially in his more recent form as at once the plunderer and the servant, in some sense the creature and parasite, of commercial corporations. What he is, and what are his methods, may be expressed with sufficient clearness by mentioning such names as Platt, Croker, Quay, and others. From the point of view of politics which this interesting if repellent figure represents, a political party is a "machine" and the "boss" is its manager. He runs the machine. He manipulates primaries, nominates legislators and other public officers, carries elections, directs legislation, and controls executive administration. This he does by means of money, and of men whom money will buy. The money comes from business corporations of various sorts, which desire certain privileges or immunities, and are willing to pay for them or find it financially profitable to pay for them. Their contributions, which often are thinly disguised blackmail, enable the "boss" to do his work, and consequently he "runs the government" of the State or the municipality in such a way as to serve his clients and enrich himself and his most powerful lieutenants. It is the possession of money, joined with astuteness and unscrupulousness in its use, which makes him so powerful that, in view of the ignorance or indifference of a large number of the voters, he practically can defy the better citizens whom he cannot delude or buy; and only by a prodigious effort, involving almost a revolution, can he be overthrown.

The result is that much of our government is democratic only in name. But there are signs that a change is at hand, and it is probable that, while to-day the "boss" is at the zenith of his power, the hour of his doom is not far distant.

Second, the extraordinary increase in the power of the speaker of the National House of Representatives. With much of

the criticism of Speaker Reed during recent years well-informed and unprejudiced citizens will not sympathize. When, a few years ago, he took a course of action that won for him the intentionally opprobrious title of "Czar," he met in a masterful and successful way an exigency that threatened to paralyze all national legislation. But the power which Mr. Reed exercised over the House in the last two or three sessions is ominous; at least it calls for serious consideration. The speaker is the director, but not properly the despot, of the House, and the assumption by him of autocratic power is contrary to the spirit and true interests of democracy.

Third, the far-advanced stage which has been reached by Congress in what has been well called "government by committee." This tends to establish an oligarchical tyranny that consolidates the unique power of the speaker, and reduces legislation to the expression and execution of the will not of the people, but of a few men, or groups of men, who are under enormous temptation to legislate in favor of class and sectional interests. The history of recent tariff legislation furnishes a suggestive commentary on this statement.

The committees of the House are important and even necessary instruments of practicable legislation; but their power to pigeon-hole bills, to determine absolutely what measures shall reach even the stage of open discussion, and thus to eliminate the opportunity for the exercise of important functions by the representatives of the people, is a power which contains in itself a grave menace to free government in the interest of all the people.

Some of the results of this tendency to political oligarchy are, first, a decline in the quality and character of legislators. Despite Senator Hoar's somewhat peevish defense of the Senate after the rejection of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty two years ago, many of those citizens who are most loyal to American institutions, and most desirous of preserving a profound sentiment of respect for men who are chosen to fill the highest political seats in the land, are keenly aware that the United States Senate is

not what it used to be in ability and dignity of statesmanship. Of the House of Representatives it can hardly be said that, as the rule, the most capable and high-minded men of the country either aspire to serve the country in its national legislature, or that, if they did, they would be successful in securing seats in Congress. The preliminary contact with the "boss" and the wire-pullers is sufficient to repel many of the best men at the outset; and, if this repulsion is overcome and seats are gained, a little experience of "government by committee" has the effect of deterring from a legislative career men whose talents qualify them to enlighten and inspire the nation from the arena of high debate.

What is true of Congress is also true, to a large extent, of the State legislatures. The legislature which pushed through the charter of Greater New York over the veto of the mayors, and elected Mr. Platt to the United States Senate at the bidding of "the old man," may be an extreme type of legislative subserviency to the "boss," but unfortunately it has rivals in several other States.

A second result, inseparable from the first, is an increasing popular distrust of legislatures, and a growing disposition to limit the scope of their powers by constitutional restrictions. It is indisputably characteristic of the present time that large numbers of people have small respect for their representatives in legislative assemblies, and with this is associated, not fortuitously, we may be sure, the spirit of lawlessness, at least of deficient regard for law, which threatens to become dangerously prevalent. Many people do not discriminate between the man and the function, and a loss of respect for law-makers is almost certainly followed by a lessening regard for the majesty of law.

It may be argued with some show of plausibility that present-day legislators compare favorably in ability and character with those of past generations; but even if this could be successfully maintained, which is doubtful, it still is true that the character and ability of legislative bodies have not improved at an equal pace with the intellectual and moral progress of the country. Through the evils that have intrenched themselves in con-

temporary politics our system, instead of being truly representative, has become almost misrepresentative.

A third result, inseparable from the preceding, is the comparative non-progressiveness of the United States in the theory and art of government. The nation has made enormous strides in invention, in the application of natural forces to industry, in the development of commerce, in the scope and the methods of education, and in many other particulars; but it has not made equal progress in theoretical and practical politics. To some degree, undoubtedly, this is due to the natural inelasticity of a constitutional system, and by this may be explained, in part, the fact, already mentioned, that England has passed beyond the United States in the line of political progress; but it is due still more to the deterioration of political life under the influence of evil and corrupting forces. It has come to pass that "politician"—the citizen who devotes his energies to the care and administration of the state—is far from being synonymous with "statesman."

III. A marked feature of our time is a tendency toward the increase of governmental control over certain industries and kinds of economic service to the public. The air is full of discussion as to the wisdom and practicability of the ownership and operation of lighting and water plants and of street railways by municipalities, and the establishment of postal savings-banks and the ownership or absolute control of the telegraph, express service, steam railways, and mines by the national government. The tendency in the direction of moderate socialism is too strong to be ignored, and it gains in force with every passing year.

Several causes stimulate this tendency. The first in importance, though perhaps not the first to develop, is the increasing disposition among the people to consider the public interest in economic administration as paramount in comparison with the interest of individuals and of private or semi-public corporations. For many centuries, in fact throughout all known history, the populace has been considered fair game for the individual exploiter, military or commercial. In the United States individualism has been so strong

that, until recently, there has been little disposition to restrain men who were making colossal fortunes out of the public need and the public ignorance. But now many are thinking on the plane of a higher morality and a stronger sense of social obligation. The new ethics has had much to do in creating the new economics.

Another cause is the wider diffusion of economic knowledge and the increasing disposition to discriminate between "natural monopolies" and those spheres of industrial and commercial enterprise in which competition may have wholesome play. Many new questions have come within the field of popular observation and reflection. The daily, weekly, and monthly press teems with discussions of economic and industrial subjects, and in these discussions the ablest economists of all schools take part. Thus the old-time economic traditions are not only being questioned, but even vigorously denied in the streets and factories and trade-unions, as well as in the universities. Out of all this discussion is coming a less individualistic temper and mental attitude.

A third cause of the tendency now under consideration is the perception, for it is more than a suspicion, of a movement within the nation toward plutocracy—the appropriation of political rule by the possessors of vast riches—and a rapidly growing distrust and fear of the power of money concentrated in few hands. There is also a strong surmise in the popular mind that the prevalent system of finance is shaped and administered in the interest chiefly of the capitalist and creditor class. Hence the persistent desire of a large part of the population to make money abundant and cheap by means of legislation. That both the surmise and the desire are not altogether devoid of cause and reason may be learned from economic and monetary history. A study of the vote in the last presidential election is prolific of suggestions on this aspect of our politico-economic condition.

IV. The last tendency that I shall note here is one that disinterested lovers of the country greet with warm welcome. It is the tendency toward fluidity of political parties. The rise of the independent voter is a distinct omen of good in American politics. The revolt from party tyr-

anny and the disregard of party mandates increase apace. This tendency is vigorously, in some cases even frantically, resisted by politicians—the men who find in well-drilled parties the instruments of their ambition and greed. The adoption of the Australian ballot in several States has made independence in voting comparatively easy, and the independent votes steadily increase in number.

Many and various schemes have been devised by "practical politicians" to neutralize this assault on their power, but for the most part they have met with little success. The present strenuous attack on civil-service reform is motivated largely by the sense of danger to the power of those who, in order to be successful in their political schemes, require subservient and easily disciplined followers. One of the arguments most commonly urged against civil-service reform is that it is contrary to the spirit of American institutions to build up an official class—a sort of bureaucratic aristocracy. The fallacy of this contention should be apparent to every thoughtful mind. A great body of government officials, dependent for their positions on the success of a party and the favor of politicians, and subject to taxation for corruption funds, is a real and grave menace to political well-being, and is contrary to the true democratic spirit. There is nothing which the "machine politician" fears so much as the loss of his grip on patronage, and the development of an independent and incorruptible and reasonably permanent body of public servants. Civil-service reform is taking away the larger part of the instruments and sources of power of the "boss," and the independent voter, in supporting this reform, is recognized by the "boss" as his deadliest foe.

Such are some of the tendencies which one observes as he takes a rapid survey of our time and country from the political point of view. On the whole, though there are grave difficulties confronting democracy in the United States and serious evils working mischief within it, there are discernible important mitigations of these difficulties, and strong moral forces working against these evils.

and the conviction remains that democracy promises more of stability—the stability of growth and progress, and more

of beneficence to mankind, than any other form of government which, as yet, has developed on the earth.

TRUE VERSUS FALSE EDUCATION

BY HENRY HERZBERG

It is purposed herein to show how modern institutions, political and social, are influenced and governed by the prevailing system of education, and to demonstrate that this system, which conduces to an intellectual development and fosters the dangerous spirit of rationalism, is false in its premises and tends to subvert morals.

Universal education proudly lays claim to the popular conception of democracy. We are reminded that the masses have secured political enfranchisement according equality of opportunity and of position to all kinds and conditions of men, even if it is held regardless of disparity in natural talents and equipment, and irrespective of spiritual attainment.

But, upon honest scrutiny, do we not find that the leaven of discontent is infecting entire peoples, even where the influence of education is most potent, and notwithstanding the operations of the putative alleviating forces of political and social progress?

Let us endeavor impartially to measure education's largess, through the study of the social conditions of two of the most enlightened modern nations, classified as republics.

France for several decades occupied the front rank among civilized nations. Her contributions to science, literature, and art have done much toward evolving western civilization.

As a whole, her people are marvelously gifted, having exploited every domain of human effort. Yet what a lugubrious story does her contemporaneous history unfold! Even a reference to the recent travesty of the sacred institutions of justice, enacted in the very heart of Paris, is revolting to every lover of freedom. That a republic, so called, should banish a citizen to an existence of living damnation,

upon the false testimony of state officials, is abhorrent to human sensibility.

The plaints of her countrymen clearly reveal the social status of France. "On the average, out of every thousand men over twenty years of age, in the whole of France, only six hundred and nine are married."*

Says the *Universe*: "Within half a century France will have fallen below Italy and Spain to the rank of a second-rate power. There is no denying the figures. If this (stationary population) continues, in addition to other causes of decadence, we are a lost nation."

From another authentic source it is learned that out of every thousand families, as many as six hundred and forty have only two children, and two hundred of these families have no children at all. Finally, hear the voice of her own historian, P. Lervy Beaulieu.† He points out how the birth-rate of France since the commencement of this century has fallen from thirty-two and three-tenths to twenty-three and four-tenths, and avers that, "in the face of this systematic sterility which characterizes the French race, we can only derive consolation from the fact that all civilized nations appear to be tending in the same direction." He adduces figures which show that in Prussia, Bavaria, the Netherlands, Switzerland, England, the birth-rate fell one to three per thousand, and holds "that in general a low birth-rate goes hand in hand with high wages and the spread of education. It also appears to be particularly associated with democratic aspirations, and still more with a lessening of religious interest on the part of the people, and a modifica-

*M. Lagensau, at a meeting of the Académie des Sciences, July, 1890.

†"The Influence of Civilization upon the Movement of the Population."

tion of the old ideas of resignation and submission to their lot. Thus, what it has been agreed to call civilization—which is really the development of material ease, of education, of equality, and of aspirations to rise and to succeed in life—has undoubtedly conducted to a diminution of the birth-rate." These statements, emanating from reliable sources, must be considered as temperate valuations of the social condition of France.

Thereupon the mind inclines to the inference that universal education has forced the baneful influence of rationalism upon the people at large. Education's legitimate child,—science,—which has been propagated throughout civilization, is largely bolstered with the feathers of speculation.

The hypothesis of the survival of the fittest has become ingrained in the "enlightened" modern man, filling his breast with rancor against nature herself—avowing and avowing that she is inordinately cruel and unjust; and since, according to evolution's dictum, the vigorous and efficient must ever acquire the mastery over the weak and incompetent, not only are the ambitions of many healthy temperaments crushed, their hopes blighted and their energies prostrated, but the procreative power of the people is greatly reduced.

Now, looking to our own country, what do we see reflected upon the mirror of its institutions?

A mighty republic has been constructed upon the broadest democratic principles, aiming to insure equality of opportunity that all may enter into the rivalry of life upon equal terms.

But let us pause to ask, What has been the practical operation of this lofty principle of democracy during the hundred years of our constitutional government?

The American nation has outlived siege after siege of political corruption that few peoples could have endured,—our country even might have succumbed had its judiciary not remained untainted; and, unless the power of political tyrants and politicians be curbed, the morals of the people will inevitably be affected, since the contagion of public immorality must

ultimately spread to the precincts of the home.

Audacious trusts have increased beyond the dreams of the most ardent advocate of middle-age feudalism; while the masses invoke state aid and control of industries, a principle incompatible with the essence of free government, which insures unbounded play of human resources. The broadest freedom is that which discourages state interference. By increasing taxation through the multiplicity of office, and destroying that free competition toward which political equality was directed, state aid not only curtails individual liberty, but paralyzes and deadens man's vital energies by making large classes dependent upon state bounty.

Again studying our social condition, we find a strange anomaly presented by the calendar of crime, which, despite the diffusion of knowledge, appears to be on the increase. The following data from a sociological source form a record which is no wise comforting to the reformer: Criminals in 1850, one in three thousand four hundred and forty-two; criminals in 1890, one in seven hundred and fifty-seven.*

Thus we are forced to confess that our anticipations respecting the remedial agency of education, in suppressing crime and smothering baser instincts, have failed of realization. Cultivated corruption and refined debauchery are like unto monarchs who, with undaunted courage, dominate even free governments.

Let us now inquire into the marriage state, which infallibly indicates the virility or decline of a people. Upon this vital question, the testimony of two leading American physicians will be adduced:

The spectacle of impending maternity among our better classes is becoming more and more rare, as is that of an infant nursing at its mother's breast. Only in the squalid quarters and *banlieues* of our great cities, where the

*The writer is accumulating data from the tables of reformatory institutions throughout America, which are at present incomplete. The statistics so far gathered from the penal institutions of the several States point to the increase of gross offenses as well as the growth of petty misdemeanors.

English language is not spoken, does the process of human incubation go on as God and nature intended. . . . Is marriage only a social office for the display of finery on the bride and bridesmaids, and the entertainment of gaping strangers? . . . Dr. Billings announces that our birth-rate has fallen off from thirty-six per thousand inhabitants in 1880 to thirty-one per thousand in 1890. The twenty to thirty children of our ancestors, the dozen or more of our great-grandfathers, has dwindled progressively to five or six, then to three or four, until to-day one or two or none represent the fecundity of the educated classes.*

This discloses the fact that our birth-rate has actually fallen off five per thousand in ten years—a condition which must needs arouse the anxiety of every sociological student.

The two unqualified democracies, of what has been termed western civilization, where education has been most widely diffused among the whole people, betray the following tendencies:

First, as to France, we find that the administration of justice is perverted to the most ignoble uses; that her population is in reality decreasing, and that unless augmented by foreign blood, her place in the family of nations is jeopardized beyond doubt. Her political and social condition thus affords a palpable illustration of the tendency of modern education. It shows that higher wages and consequent material ease, and the development of democratic principles, foster the growth of nationalism, which in turn is hostile to the spirit of religious belief and engenders popular discontent; or, in other words, the spiritual growth of man has not kept pace with political and industrial development,—so that he does not comprehend the high ideals of political and social life of which he is a component part, and thus there is created a disparity which modern education fails to remove.

In America, we have seen that the state is surcharged with corruption, which purulence, unless checked, must in time

extend to the vitals of the social body; that democracy, aiming to insure equality of opportunity, has been productive of trusts and combinations which oppress the masses, rivaling even medieval feudalism, and has given rise to a dangerous system of state aid, prejudicial to the growth of man's energies and inimical to individual freedom; that crime, despite the extension of education, is increasing to an alarming degree; and, finally, that the birth-rate is decreasing at a pace which in time would be menacing, were we not a heterogeneous people, constantly recruiting from without.

Again, what a pregnant lesson does the history of Greece teach modern nations!

If the conclusions of a famous anthropologist be correct, or nearly so, western civilization, with its labyrinthine coils of education widening around the mind of the modern man, is even far behind that of the Greeks; and yet the civilization of the Greeks disintegrated beyond redemption.

Says Mr. Galton:

The ablest race of whom history bears record, is unquestionably the ancient Greeks, partly because their masterpieces in the principal departments of intellectual activity are still unsurpassed, and partly because the population which gave birth to the creators of these masterpieces was very small. . . . The millions of all Europe, breeding as they have done for the subsequent two thousand years, have never produced their equal. . . . It follows, from all this, that the average ability of the Athenian race, on the lowest possible estimate, is nearly two grades higher than our own, that is, about as much as our own race is above that of the African negro. This estimate, which may seem prodigious to some, is confirmed by the quick intelligence and high culture of the Athenian commonalty, before whom literary works were recited, and works of art exhibited, of a far more severe character than could possibly be appreciated by the average of our race, the caliber of whose intellect is easily gauged by a glance at the contents of a railway bookstall.

We know, and may guess something more, of the reason why this marvelously gifted race declined. Social morality grew lax; marriage became unfashionable, and accomplished wom-

*Opening address of the President of American Medical Congress at Washington, 1893, Dr. Albert L. Gihon, Medical Director, U.S.N.

en were avowed courtesans and consequently infertile; and the mothers of the incoming population were of a heterogeneous class.*

The vital cause of the decline in population in France and ancient nations, and the sterility of the educated classes in America, must be ascribed largely to a rasping rationalism induced by educational systems that develop the mind at the expense of the morals.

Nothing so enfeebles a people as a self-assertive individualism, that wholly disregards the general social organism. When that pristine faith, which is unalloyed with the alchemist's doubt, has been uprooted, then is the belief in the eternal fitness of things impaired, and the individual merely becomes concerned for his own immediate interests.

We have yet to learn that progress may be actually retrogressive, and that intellectual activity, fostered by defective school education, may even tend to magnify rather than decrease social ills.

Modern philosophy, through the influence of active education, seeks to "estrangle" man from inherent vices, or, in other words, to combat native evils by work; only so far then as prevalent systems train the faculties and aptitudes for such useful occupations and professions as conduce to the maintenance of the physical welfare or to the preservation of healthful institutions, civil and political, have they real educative value. But let us honestly inquire whether or not the province of education has been reduced to the utilitarian basis of animal activity, which is mainly useful in "keeping the matured individual, like the undeveloped child," out of mischief? Is the human organization but a mechanical contrivance, which, when it automatically "works for a living," fulfills the grand and lofty purposes of life?

The squirrel, without education, is perhaps more provident in his habits than man; the ant and the bee, without schooling, are perhaps more industrious,—yet do these animals measure the holy purposes of a well-spent human life?

The starting-point in philosophy is the postulate that man is not only a sentient

creature, but a moral being endowed with spiritual life. Hence the essence of life is morality, comprehending physical vigor or the healthfulness of the body, mental chastity, from which flows the stream of undefiled thought, and finally the purity of the morals themselves.

From moral philosophy, then, we deduce the science of education which holds that man rises to a complete self-determination or freedom of his spiritual being only as all his powers are fully and harmoniously developed. The body, mind, and soul are operated under peculiar laws, which, if transgressed, are a violation of the principles of morality itself. Each acts and reacts upon the other with unerring and unfailing certitude, so that a lack of development of one retards the growth of the other.

Education should strive for the right government of the body. The student should realize that the flesh is not a mere covering, but a holy vesture of the soul—an envelope that shields muscles, nerves, and the most intricate organs which, in their delicacy and fineness, conduce to the sensitiveness of the spiritual man. Who, then, dare gainsay that the *morale* of the body is less sacred than the maintenance of the soul, since physical purity leads up to the very shrine of God? Thus we learn that the so-called material body, which is an index to the soul, requires not only nourishment (that is, rational diet) for its support, but systematic exercise to further its development.

Education should aim next at the maturity of a spiritualized mind. The phenomenon of human life in all its manifold activities, as expressed in the individual and the race, should be studied with reverential consideration, that man learn something of the fabric of life, which is molded in the form of truth and justice.

It is the prime office of education to show that there is a functional unity in existence. But only as he co-ordinates and interrelates all earthly objects, or as he values human experience in its totality, is man conscious of divine righteousness. Knowledge is power only as it is relatively considered,—that is, knowledge is valuable when it is related to the end of man's welfare and happiness, the purpose

*"Hereditary Genius," pp. 329-331.

of creation. Thus does the student become sensitive to the correlation of all persons and things, ultimately elevating the conception to the Creator of all beings and matter.

Finally, education should endeavor to build character with the sacred materials at man's command. With an undefiled body, with an evenly poised mind that acknowledges its gratitude to a higher power, the soul must yearn to sound its divine chords upon the gamut of human sensations.

The root of progress is indisputably morality, which is the fount whence spring all healthy human impulses. Every wholesome action must be prompted by moral principles; and since the essence of the soul is morality, the potential force of education must operate to free the spirit in order that it be given the fullest expression in the life of man.

The temperament must not be arbitrarily controlled by the utilitarian demands of reason, for we must ever be impressed with the cardinal principles of psychology, that the springs of action are not in the intellect, but their source is in the emotions, which are the true seat of government. The emotions should be developed by studying the concrete laws of moral growth, evolved from the personages of history; in this manner does history become a living force, and not a mere mechanical recital of past events.

The relation, to the student, of the personal experiences of great men must exert a marked formative influence upon individual development; this is the ethical import of biography, yet so little understood. Character development, on the whole, implies the cultivation of the emotions for the love of right and justice.

Conscience—the divine prompter in the heart of man—cements law with love and affection; through its influence only do the emotions give rise to the lofty conceptions of duty,—duty to God, duty to man, duty to posterity; and when the soul is given the freest exercise then is man's life but a yearning for morality. Thus for the first time has he been elevated to the throne of self-determination, or freedom of his spiritual being.

Education's holy function, pure and

simple, is to secure the supremacy of the soul over the fallibility of the flesh and the dross of gross thought. True education must then lead to the spiritualizing of life, as opposed to prevalent secular systems, which rationalize existence or mainly exercise man's activities, relegating moral instruction to religious schools. Here are the false premises of modern education.

Strictly speaking, no earthly concerns are secular. Education must seek to spiritualize all human institutions—the family, the state, and society in general, which latter predicates the reciprocal moral relations of individuals.

The ethical ideal of righteousness, which implies the purity of the physical, mental, and moral organization, should be blended with the practical conception of self-support.

The sole desire to satisfy man's carnal appetites must not be the impelling force of self-activity; but morality must be the motive for his conduct.

The passions must be mollified and controlled by the will, which influence cultivates the emotions of love, duty, obligation, and responsibility; and in this manner is human understanding wisely directed, and independent self-government made possible.

The object of education then is, as Hegel expressed it, "to make man ethical;" and in order to make the ethical element universal, in contradistinction to the prevalence of the rational *regime*, or the utilitarian idea of life (akin to the o'd barbaric system of hunting for prey), the philosophy of education must needs effect some radical changes in current thought.

The dawn of psychic science awakens great interest in human phenomena. The world now learns, what was perhaps known to the Hebrew law-giver, that physical health is intimately related to mental perspicuity and poise, moral vigor and rigidity; while pure thoughts guide the will toward right and justice, establishing harmony between righteous thinking and life itself, which is righteous living.

To mold the individual into an ethical or religious being, striving for spiritual

freedom, we must recognize the "relative values of knowledge," as Bacon has said. Knowledge should be revered not merely on its own account, but because it leads the human conception to the Author of all good, and therefore conduces to an "ethical habit of mind." As man becomes free and independent in spirit, or as he observes divine law upon which human institutions are based, he becomes consciously dependent upon the mercy and goodness of the Supreme Power; and thus is evolved the ethical or religious man.

Practical means to infuse spiritual life into rationalistic systems of education are not lacking.

The philosophy of education having demonstrated that there is a physical morality, or that the body must recognize the ethics of prudent government, for example, systematic exercise, temperate diet, sober restraint of the passions, and that the relations of physical health to mental equipoise and moral purity are interactive, it remains a primary but solemn duty of all elementary and intermediate schools to cultivate the body, which is the delicate vesture that clothes the soul of man.

Physical culture is then the first step toward a sound education, and absolutely must form a vital part of every curriculum, more especially in primary schools.

The affinity between body, mind, and soul demands the healthy growth of each. But the development of the mind, like the exercise of the physical body, must be wisely directed. The mere bald acquisitions of facts, without grasping the essence of knowledge,—which is the predominating factor of civilization,—tends to subvert the force of the mind by making it a mere store-house of learning, instead of a seat of judgment where human considerations and actions are acutely weighed and determined.

Let it not be forgotten that mental exercise may augment selfishness and overweening ambition, which must be tempered by inculcating the postulate that, as all fields of knowledge are correlated, so are all human beings, who are branches of one and the same genealogical tree, closely connected by the ties of morality.

The mind, through the study of history and literature, should be cultivated to love moral heroes, who by healthy conceptions are considered as spiritual ideals; thus does the love for moral greatness engender pure thoughts. True culture is acquired only when human thought has been freed from the lees of vulgarity and grossness by the pure stream of knowledge. This is the educative or ethical value of literature and history, yet so little comprehended in our day.

Finally, what can education practically offer to strengthen fallible human nature, to upbuild erring character, to bring morality from its inner spiritual abode to work its way in the gross material world of thought and action; in short, what are the effective means of making man ethical,—how can the passions be drawn to the limpid river of spirituality, whence flows all that is dear and valuable in life?

Every educational system must recognize that man is eminently a social being who, if rightly cultivated, will consecrate himself to that life of righteousness or spiritual freedom which is the basis of duty and responsibility.

The student must be conscious of the aims of moral life, which acknowledges man's dependence upon the Supreme Power.

School and college studies should have an ethical setting, a moral background to endow them with vitality. In elementary branches of spelling and reading the power and force of human speech should be emphasized.

Likewise, in the study of botany, or any of the sciences in which natural products are analyzed, the immature mind, by way of spiritual suggestion, should be awakened to a sense of awe and reverence for the Author of all those countless resources of nature which minister to the multifarious needs of man. In the higher branches of logic, philosophy, and mathematics (both in schools and colleges) the exaltation of man above beast should be demonstrated by dilating upon the grandeur and sublimity of the cogitative powers of the mind, and the principle inculcated that man, created in the

image of his Maker, should pattern after divine goodness.

Moral life fulfills its exalted mission when it cultivates an objective sense of vision or a consciousness of the rights and privileges of others, as distinct from the narrower and subjective view, which mainly regards the interests of self. This thought could be practically illustrated in politics, sociology, and history, by showing how the spirit of sovereignty in the individual—which is but the expression of man's personality—is developed in the state, in the family, and in society.

For example, the political economist should inculcate the lofty principle that the nation has an organic unity; that the members are the persons and citizens who, in their relation to it, form the organic whole, and that any defeat of a part injures the whole; that the nation is developed by organic or moral laws; that is, such laws as define the moral relation of individuals not governed by physical laws of growth; finally, that the laws of moral organism clearly interpret the relation of the individual to the nation. This exemplifies the fact that the state is a moral factor, and a sphere for the moral development of the individual; it further proves that the nation and the individual are so closely welded that a condition of vice in the one predicts a laxity of morals in the other.

Further enlarged, this principle teaches that the well-being of the individual is inextricably wrapped up in the larger concerns of the race; hence follows a subordination of personal welfare to the more expanded general interests of the body politic and the social organism, upon which even the physical and moral state of unborn generations is dependent.

The elementary pupil in so-called secular schools should be provided with moral lessons deduced from literature, history, and biography, preferably in the form of poetry or poetic prose.

There should also be distinction in the curriculum for boys and girls. Our gen-

tle college-bred women should beware of the traps which the bedizened figure of education is placing in their path.

Anomalous as it may appear, woman's emotionalism has ever been the actual conserving force in civilization. By virtue of her passionate love for the species she has always sacrificed her immediate comforts to subserve the general welfare of the race.

The most wholesome education for woman is not the alleged higher education which leads to celibacy—that precursor of national decay—but an educational discipline which will fit our daughters for the responsibility of motherhood.

The opposite sex should likewise be educated in those ideals that constitute the moral estate of fatherhood, thereby elevating the marriage state and strengthening the unity of the home.

Every educational course should afford certain studies and influences as the basis of instruction in the ethics of the home, leading to the development of womanhood; and the *morale* of the state, tending to the maturity of citizenship; for do not the state and the home compose the vitals of society?

In this manner are all school exercises vitalized, and the student becomes conscious of the moral correlation existing between all individuals. Life in its totality, or the functional unity of existence, is realized as a grand spiritual force. The will is governed by pure thoughts and emotions that are disciplined by the exercise of right and justice. In fine, we see man as a moral being aiming at spiritual freedom.

Since, then, the grand purpose of education is to spiritualize life, all school systems should tend to the release of the soul, that man may be in harmony with his own essence and realize the higher knowledge and wisdom, which is the spirit of Job's educational system: "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to eschew evil is understanding."

THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

BY REV. S. C. EBY

The discovery of America is a fact that occupies a unique place in the history of the world. Nothing at all like it ever occurred before, and nothing similar, in the nature of the case, can possibly ever come to pass again. For the words imply the finding of a veritable *Mundus Novus*,—a new world, with all that a new world can suggest. By slow degrees the old world realized that it was but half a world, and that, throughout all its centuries of exciting or monotonous historical development, the other half had lain enshrouded in an impenetrable ignorance aptly symbolized by the Sea of Darkness, as our medieval fathers were wont to denominate the unexplored and unfathomed Atlantic. As no story is more enchanting than that of the exploits and adventures of the heroic explorers who followed in the wake of Columbus, who has been fitly called the Prince of Discoverers, so no subject of philosophical and sociological importance is more absorbing than the bearing of the discovery of the new world upon the evolution of human thought and social institutions.

The discovery of America cannot be understood, in a social point of view, unless we bear in mind two distinct orders of facts in connection with it. The first series of facts relates to the antecedents of the discovery. It is to be remembered that at the end of the fifteenth century western Europe had run through the stages of feudalism which culminated in the solidification and supremacy of the throne in the various kingdoms. The king had become a monarch over his nobles, instead of being practically one among them. But feudalism, with its ideal of personal achievement and social communion around the castle hearth, and its sentiment of mutual responsibilities and obligations of ruler and ruled, had done its work, and the civilization of modern Europe had become a distinct

thing from that of Asia, or of Greece, or of Rome. Men had a new conception of woman, of the home, of self-sacrifice, and had a strong love for adventure and new experiences. Then again, the revival of learning had stirred the people to their depths. The conquest of Constantinople by the Latins had done much to bind the East and West together, and many cities had felt a quickening of art and literature; but the fall of Constantinople before the Turks in 1453 had driven Greek scholars to the West, and Greek learning was scattered broadcast through the several kingdoms. The discovery of the art of printing, and its vigorous use in connection with the new learning, soon worked an intellectual revolution. Men's minds were prepared for new things. They insisted on being active. No wonder that the Reformation grew apace, and that in lands where the Reformation did not prosper the surplus energy was ready for any objective outlet that might furnish opportunity and excitement.

Another fact of this order was the state of commerce. Side by side with feudalism had grown the great cities based on trade, preserving the idea of municipal integrity and freedom inherited from Roman days. Moreover, now that the Jews and Moors had been expelled from Spain, and in the different countries internecine wars had ceased between the sovereigns and the nobles, trade was allowed to flourish naturally, and it increased accordingly. The people had a chance to develop the arts of peace, and to cultivate all the resources they had in their possession. But trade depended largely on the orient. From eastern traders were secured silks and spices, gold and jewels, and innumerable conveniences and luxuries that Europe had learned to think essential. On this eastern trade Genoa and Venice especially, together with the cities on the Rhine and of Holland, were dependent.

But when the Turks conquered Egypt the death-blow was struck at this trade with the East. The Moors and Arabs and Persians, and other civilized peoples of Asia, were favorable to the European trade. But the Turks were not truly civilized; they were only in an upper stratum of barbarism, where they have ever since remained. Not only did they utterly destroy the trade of Constantinople, but turned the populous cities of Asia Minor into a barren waste, and blocked up the highway between Europe and Asia; and so made intercontinental commerce a thing of the past. But the merchants and mariners of Europe had profited too much by this eastern trade lightly to give it up. Hence, inasmuch as the overland and inland water passage was closed toward the East, the eyes of geographers and traders turned westward if peradventure they might find a western passage to the shores of the far distant Cathay and Cipango, made familiar to them by the engrossing pages of Marco Polo.

For it must be remembered that the possibility of a western passage could not be denied on *a priori* grounds by any man of learning. It is true that the common people universally believed that the earth was flat, and that the sun and stars danced attendance upon it. But Ptolemy himself, with the learned from the days of Aristotle, knew that the earth was a sphere. That idea was familiar to Columbus, as well as to all other educated mariners and geographers. But they never dreamed of a new world. The western and southern coasts of Africa were totally unexplored, so far as moderns were concerned, but they knew that the ancients had gone as far as Sierra Leone. The circumnavigation of Africa, with its admission to the Indian Ocean, was another scheme by which explorers hoped to overcome the difficulty, and reach the commerce of the East. This was almost accomplished by Bartholomew Dias in 1487, who rounded the Cape of Good Hope and entered the Indian Ocean. It was successfully achieved in 1497 by Vasco da Gama, who doubled the Cape, crossed the Indian Ocean, and landed at Calicut on the Malabar Coast of Hindustan, and in 1499 he returned to

Lisbon, having seen, says the historian, "splendid cities, talked with a powerful rajah, and met with Arab vessels, their crews madly jealous at the unprecedented sight of Christian ships in those waters." Thus the Turk was circumvented, and a southeastern highway found for the commerce with the lands of the orient.

This triumph of Portugal was wormwood to Spain, and helped to fill the cup of Columbus with bitterness; for his achievement in 1492 had as yet brought little treasure to the coffers of Spain. His voyages were expensive, and the disappointment and insubordination of the colonists in the new land, combined with the treachery and discontent at home, crowned his heroic exertions and magnificent spirit with anything but glory. Columbus never dreamed that he had discovered a new country, but imagined that Cuba was Cipango or Japan, and even after he coasted the mainland of Honduras he died in the belief that he had discovered some part of the eastern coast of Asia. Looked at from his original aim, his work had been a failure, for it was not he who opened up a passage to the commerce of the East.

This brings us to the second order of facts to which I have referred. I mean the events attendant on the gradual opening of the European mind to the true nature of the discovery which had been made. It is common to think of the discovery of America as a fact achieved once for all on the 12th day of October (old style), 1492. But that discovery was an evolution; in a sense, is an evolution, for the work, begun by Columbus when his ships anchored on the coast of the little island in the West Indies, has been carried on in divers ways with manifold results from that day to this. And four centuries have not sufficed to investigate all the regions or assay all the resources of the new world.

Very instructive is a study of the old maps of America, now brought within convenient reach of the general reader, especially by John Fiske, in his remarkably luminous and intensely interesting volumes on "The Discovery of America," and by Justin Winsor, in his invaluable "Critical and Narrative History." By

means of these maps we learn how totally we have failed to apprehend the state of mind of Europeans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in regard to America. It is curious to see Cuba and Hayti close up by the coast of Asia, and in Johann Ruysch's map to find Brazil cut off by itself, as if the geographer did not know how to relate it to Asia as known from Marco Polo or to the lands discovered by Columbus. For this far eastern coast of the land of the Holy Cross, as Brazil was called, was discovered by Portuguese sailors by accident. In 1500 Pedro Alvarez de Cabral set out from Lisbon with a fleet bound for Hindustan, to establish a Portuguese center of trade on the Malabar coast. In some way missing his reckoning, he sailed westward until on the 22d of April he came in sight of the eastern coast of Brazil, where he debarked and gave the land the name of Vera Cruz. Hence it appears that America would have been discovered in 1500, even if it had not been discovered in 1492. This takes nothing from the credit of Columbus, but it illustrates that great events and movements in the evolution of the human race do not depend on any single man. The idea of the western passage was in the air, and sooner or later the discovery of the new continent would have been compassed; and in any event this accident would have revealed it to the alert Portuguese. It took a Magellan to begin to show that the new land was no adjunct of Asia, but a new continent, and it took a multitude of colonists from many lands, and many wonderful events, to show that what Columbus pointed out was really a new world.

It is not my purpose to trace the history of American colonies and the growth of American states. The idea that I wish to enforce is that America was the great mother of opportunities for the best in European civilization. The discovery of the western continent made possible a newer and higher order of social existence. We pass to the consideration of what the discovery of America really means in relation to the growth of our institutions, for the United States is symbolical of the whole continent, and practi-

cally sets the measure for all progress in every western latitude.

Here again, we need to pause a moment to see just where we are in the development of the idea of national existence. The civilization of Asia was and is essentially paternal. The king, or shah, or khan was the national father, and in a pure state a good man might be a good father to his people. But, practically, the history of Asia is the history of bad fathers of nations. Hence, Asiatic government is synonymous with despotism. Let any one read such a work, for instance, as Mr. Benjamin's "Persia and the Persians," and he will see how the Asiatic conception is positively inimical to progressiveness, and has had no essential modification in three thousand years. In a state of government where a ruler has only to express a liking for a man's house, and he is compelled to make him a present of it, or a fancy for his wife, and she must immediately leave her husband and take up her abode at the monarch's harem, it can easily be seen that there can be no great progress in intellectual and moral qualities among the masses of the subjects, and that even the highest subjects must lack the most virile and spontaneous elements of true manhood. Without the right of property and without the security of the home, individual manhood and womanhood can have no certain or rational evolution. Here we touch the core of the long contest between the civilizations of Europe and Asia. It was the struggle of the new against the old, the effort of progress to throw off the stagnation of the past. It was the protest of life against death. Asia meant despotism; Europe meant law. Asia was the king and his slaves. Europe was men and their monarchs. Each successive phase of European civilization in its turn grappled with the ancestral foe. Greece has written her imperishable services in the records of Thermopylae, Marathon, and Salamis. Rome kept the enemy at bay, and finally routed him in her Punic wars. Christian civilization waged heroic, if uncharitable, warfare in the Crusades, in the expulsion of Jews and Moors, in the barricade fur-

nished by the beautiful city of Constantine on the Bosphorus, whose history has been well called a record of sieges.

What, then, is the meaning of European progress? What had been achieved when America was discovered? For, of a certainty, this new world was never to belong to Asia; although Columbus and Vesputius and Pinzon and Las Casas and La Cosa and all the early navigators thought it was but an Asiatic coast. Morally and spiritually America was to be far removed from the despotism over man and the degradation of woman for which Asia stood.

The heritage of Greece is abiding, not so much because of her art, or literature, or philosophy, as because of the idea for which Greece stood, and which made her art, her literature, and her philosophy possible. We are wont to exaggerate the conditions of ancient Greece. Judged by external comforts, Athens was destitute of the common advantages of a small American city. We should think life among the average classes of her citizens intolerable. But her place in history is immortal. The Hellenic idea was the inviolableness or assertiveness of individuality. This was the first grand affirmation of the occidental idea as against the oriental. The individual should be a man and not a slave. This threw the intellect into an atmosphere of freedom and friction, and the result was Homer and Hesiod, Æschylus and Sophocles, Plato and Aristotle, Zeno and Epicurus, and a long list of great sculptors, commanders, philosophers, logicians, rhetoricians, historians, and poets who rose to the standard of genius. All intellectual life, all spiritual greatness is grounded in individuality. When God speaks to men, it is not through synods or synagogues or councils or schools of the prophets, but through the individual and personal Isaiah or Jeremiah or Ezekiel. It is in the individual Phidias, Raphael, Michelangelo, Plato, Shakespeare, that art and philosophy and poetry can alone come forth and move the world. It is the undying glory of Greece that she recognized this principle, and gave it the amplest opportunity to come to fruition.

But individuality is only half the truth. The individual is not in order unless balanced with the whole community and series of communities that constitute the national solidarity. And in Greece in course of time the principle of individuality became degraded into the barrenest and most suicidal individualism. This was the cause of its persistent decline and eventual destruction. There is no more pitiful chapter in history than that which records the abject incapacity of the Greek States to unite in an effective league or federation to maintain their national existence and integrity in the presence of the conquering legions of the Roman Republic.

The history of Rome, on the other hand, is the expression of the European development of the antipodal and complementary truth—the power of union under the sovereignty of the state. The Romans in the earliest stages of their national development had a lofty conception of their individual importance, but they gradually merged that idea in the thought that they were Romans. With them the state—their state—was everything. Other nations had no rights. The inhabitants of Rome had no inherent rights, apart from the aristocracy. The civil struggles of Rome continually widened the compass of the aristocracy, so as to enable the lower classes to climb to its ranks, but the citizens never got so far as to recognize the value of men as men. And while the recognition of the unity and sovereignty of the state won for Rome the empire of the world, its incapacity to identify the state with the individuals over whom it ruled finally consummated the decay that began to work in its members the moment it started forth on its conquering campaigns. Yet the sovereignty of Rome was beneficial to men in the mass, and probably it is true, as more than one historian has affirmed, that men were never more generally contented and prosperous than in the years from Vespasian to the Antonines. Yet these were the reigns that were preparing for the fall of the empire. And it is to be remembered in this connection that Rome produced no art-

ists, or poets, or philosophers with original genius of first importance. Even in its special business of war, it produced only one commander of the highest order. Julius Cæsar is the only Roman who can be named on the same day with Hannibal. Rome was pre-eminently the home of mediocrity.

Once or twice in its history Rome seemed on the point of realizing the condition which might have saved the empire, that is, the adoption of the principle of representative government. But it just missed it, and passed away to leave this problem to be worked out by modern European nations.

We cannot pause here to compare the growth of the idea of political freedom in the various nations of Europe. Suffice it to say that intellectual and moral freedom made most permanent progress in England, and it was there that the idea of representative government had its most orderly and successful evolution. The insularity of Great Britain gave her a supreme advantage in working out in her own peculiar way the problems of her destiny. She it was that did for the world what Rome had failed to do. Her Magna Charta and Bill of Rights, her House of Commons and independent press and literature, are monuments of the struggles of her development and the symbols of what she has done for mankind. She has wonderfully conserved both the individuality of Greece and the unity and order of Rome; hence she is at once the mother of Shakspeare and of the colonies that have conquered nature and the world.

At the time that America was in process of discovery England was passing through some of the most interesting and critical periods of her history. The Tudors were to help still further in her solidification, and she was to have her contest with the old ideas as represented by the Stuarts. She declared for liberty and progress, and when time was ripe she was found qualified to give her language and laws, her genius and force, her spirit and her blood to a new world that should carry to their amplest harvest the germs of national greatness planted and fostered in the nursery of her narrow isle.

For the discovery of America was the day of judgment for the governments and peoples of Europe. Here was an opportunity for each one of them to make itself new and immortal in the fresh environment of a virgin world. Portugal came seeking wealth, and planted colonies devoted to trade; but her conquest by Spain merged all her interests in the larger kingdom. Spain, full of fanaticism and greed, brought fire and the sword, and utterly subjugated the semi-civilization she found. Her plunder was greater than her ships could well carry, and in her foolishness she imagined that her stolen riches gave her a new lease of life. But, because of this unbridled selfishness, the discovery of America proved a curse to Spain. The thirst for gold that could be acquired simply by the taking by force, turned the minds of the people from manufacture and agriculture, and the already declining nation speedily sank into insignificance among the powers of Europe. Holland came, bringing with her much of her native urbanity, culture, and education, and also her supreme and all-engrossing love of trade. The grandeur of her European history gave her much to lend to America, as she had lent to Europe; but the new world was not for her to create. France came with a well-meaning intention of giving unity and authority and Catholicism to the new world. She would have it all for France, and France meant Louis Quatorze and the Pope. Noble is the history of her missionaries and priceless the services of her explorers; but in spite of her valor, her devotion, her impregnable Quebec, her chain of forts from Montreal to New Orleans, she was doomed to lose utterly her grasp on the western hemisphere. This new world was not designed to become the possession of the principle of despotic royalty in the state and unquestioning obedience in the church. The germ of America was not New Portugal, New Spain, New Holland, or New France. It was New England. The survival of the fittest works unerringly in the unfolding of history as in the development of nature.

For the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon in America was clearly the fruit of sound

principles of social existence. France expended untold millions of francs in the effort to establish her colonies and to perpetuate New France. She bribed her people to emigrate to Canada, and bribed them to marry there, and bribed them to stay in the colonies instead of roaming in the wilderness in pursuit of furs and liberty. But so false was the principle of paternalism and protection, that with all her fostering care her colonies drooped and withered.

On the other hand, in England, all those who were uncomfortable at home, or were ambitious to try a new life, were given permission to cross the deep and make homes and habitations more to their minds. The sovereign gave the several colonies charters of more or less value, and then left them to take care of themselves. The people amused themselves a good deal of the time by quarrelling with the governors who represented royalty; but practically the home government interfered very little with the character, growth, and performances of the colonies. And this sometimes rather severe letting alone is what made the colonies what they were. Englishmen were permitted to develop the best of England's social heritage to its logical conclusion, in the free air of a new world with unlimited oxygen and elbow-room. Some of the Puritans had staid in Holland long enough to learn from practical observation much that would be valuable in their new home, and New England lawyers were familiar with Dutch expositions of the Roman Law, so that at the start the new republic (for republic the colony in Boston practically was from the hour of its inception) had before it two ideals of vigorous life, that of England and that of Holland. The Anglo-Saxon stock and Dutch stock were cognate, for the Saxon conquerors were born hard by the marshes of the Netherlands, and in the new world the moral and intellectual qualities of these two wonderful nationalities combined to create a new civilization. Doubtless from the Dutch the people of Massachusetts borrowed the idea of the common school and state education. A new era in the evolution of na-

tions had begun. The state was no longer to be the monarch, or the lords, or the powerful commons cut off from the rest of the nation. The foundations of this new state were to be laid in the intelligence, and freedom, and rationality of all the people. Hence, all the people must know how to be citizens. If all the people are educated, they can all know what is done, and understand and criticise it, and change it if they will. But New England was but the leader of the colonies—the first federation as a prophecy of what was to come. I spoke advisedly when I said that New England was the germ of the new republic. Old England flourished in a somewhat different way in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and only after a long education did all the colonies unite on the principles that expressed the life of the incipient nation. Moreover, there were the Dutch of New York and the Germans of Pennsylvania, and some of other nationalities that also fell in line as time went on. So that the new world furnished the opportunity for the combination in one new national order of diverse elements of the same nation and of different nations. From the first, America under Anglo-Saxon rule became the home of the refugees from every European country.

And here we must pause to take in the social significance of this fact. In European development the horizon of all except the few who had means and leisure to travel was extremely limited. Generation succeeded generation, sons inheriting their trades from their fathers, and living and dying in the same narrow home, never getting beyond the little ways of the native village. The world was very small, and those who dwelt beyond, even in the next parish or county, seemed, with their peculiar dialects and customs, to be a different race, while foreigners were entirely beyond the pale of common comprehension and sympathy. The discovery of the new world, with the new social order of the American Republic, opened men's eyes to an entirely new conception of the human family. Germans and Dutch and Swedish and French and English could live side by side, talk a common language, and support com-

mon institutions; in short, lose all their original prejudices, and abandon an old political order for a newer and a better. This vast result is of untold significance as an element of universal progress and enlightenment. For the example has simply revolutionized the thoughts of Europe, and moreover has induced on the whole world a sense of kinship. Europe and Asia have been brought together through America. Think of such a spirit of world-wide community of interest symbolized by the World's Fair having existence in 1492!

Indeed, the discovery made a new development of human thought possible. It enlarged the ideas of all mankind. Men had been accustomed to the idea that what was unknown to the ancients was not worth knowing. Even the new learning of the Renaissance was old learning brought to light. The Reformation was simply an effort to get back to an old state when things were less out of joint. But a new world, with unexplored possibilities, with untold opportunities for development, and a continental freedom! That was something to turn the mind toward the future. Hitherto men could stay where they were, or go back to something they thought better that had passed away; but now they were to go forward. Things were to be made new among the kingdoms of this earth. The impulse started by the first discovery has never abated, but has accelerated to the present day. Every country of Europe is a land of rapid change. Mr. Campbell, in his "Puritan in England, Holland, and America," calls attention to the fact that, while the United States Government is called new, it is really one of the oldest of the governments of the earth. It is practically the same as it was a hundred years ago; while so great have been the political changes in other countries during the century that no people of Europe would tolerate for a moment the government they had when the century began.

The intellectual influence is felt in another way. When the people believed that the world was either an oblong flat or a very inexplicable and indescribable sphere, not knowing what lay beyond the watery waste, the mind was the home of

every uncanny superstition and absurd speculation in regard not only to scientific facts, but also in respect of spiritual subjects. The discovery of a new world was the opportunity of science, and for the first time in history it was possible for knowledge really to enlighten and enlarge the popular mind. When the facts of nature are known, the intellect becomes accustomed to the unity and universality of law, and superstition and darkness decline accordingly.

I have spoken of the heritage of the past. Greece and Rome and Great Britain and Holland have bequeathed their political achievements to us. France and Germany and Italy have given us science and philosophy and literature and art. It is the glory of America that she has taken all this inheritance, and made it everybody's. Diffusiveness of good things is a dominant principle that has worked in our American development, and the good things are not simply an abundance of roast goose and pudding, as Carlyle puts it, but the plenitude of all that belongs to the intellect and society and character and culture of our kind. Not that all is praiseworthy that has been done, or that all the people are great, but the opportunities are here.

The discovery of America made possible the political progress of mankind with a rapid movement and on a large scale. A half-century after the discovery the Netherlands was committed to the experiment of a confederated republic. Men's minds were ripening to the thought of a new world in the political and social sense. It is said that, in the darkest days of the contest with Spain for freedom, William the Silent formed the plan of transporting the entire Dutch nation to the island of Java or of Manhattan. Whether this plan was ever seriously entertained or not, the fact that such a scheme was broached shows how the existence of the new lands appeared to the oppressed of Europe as a way out, as a golden opportunity for a trial at progress and liberty unhampered by the traditions, prejudices, and vested interests of a national order that had taken its rise, its spirit, and its form in and from the Dark Ages. How important the new world

was to political progress may be seen at a glance when we remember that under the Puritan, or popular and democratic, impulse the effort was made to establish a republic in Holland and in England without permanent success. In Holland, after the most heroic and wonderful of modern wars, freedom was achieved, and the Dutch Republic entered upon a career of unexampled prosperity that was the marvel, the envy, and the dread of the rest of Europe. The Dutch Republic taught England the best lessons she had ever learned in science, in agriculture, in religious toleration, in the dissemination of learning, and in international law. But, lacking the discovery of the federal idea, and surrounded and oppressed by the dynastic jealousy and opposition of all neighboring governments, early in the eighteenth century the Netherlands practically lost their old freedom and importance, and became subject to the hereditary dictatorship of the House of Orange; and before the nineteenth century was ushered in the government became that of a dependent monarchy. Likewise, with England. The fall of the House of Stuart, and the establishment of Puritan influence, marked an opportunity for popular government in England. But the nation was not ripe for the movement, and presently the fallen Stuarts were restored. Again, after the second dethronement of a Stuart king, and the establishment successively of the Houses of Orange and Hanover, George III. showed himself capable of being such a constitutional tyrant as to set aside the representatives of the people and to rule the nation despotically and selfishly. We can thus see that Europe alone could never have worked out its political and social freedom, with any probability of permanent success. But, simultaneously with the great revolutions in the Netherlands and in England, the same sort of movement was set on foot in America. Here the Puritan was allowed to work out his political and social enfranchisement without the opposition and dead-weight of a dynastic environment. The result was that the influence from America was very speedily felt in Europe. Mr.

Hosmer tells us how young Sir Henry Vane was trained in Massachusetts for his subsequent mission as Cromwell's great civil and parliamentary backer. And this reflexive power was felt more and more until finally, when the thirteen famous republics entered into a federation on the western side of the Atlantic, it was the signal for a simultaneous revolt, whose effects have not yet been adequately described by any historian. The recognition of American independence, with the subsequent fall of Lord North's ministry, inaugurated that series of constitutional revolutions, which finally depleted the British monarchy of all dogmatic meaning, and made it, as Mr. Thorold Rogers has happily called it, an "aristocratic republic." The history of Great Britain during the present century has been the record of republican progress, and all the while the United States of America have supplied the precedents of success and the object lessons of plenty and prosperity that are the fruits of intelligent government of the people by the people.

When the French Government dispatched an army to help the Americans wrest their independence from France's hereditary rival, it little thought that it was sending that army to a political school. The officers and men saw the better state of things and the truer principles of political life that prevailed in the colonies, and when they returned to Europe they became political missionaries. This probably explains why, when the miserable King of France was finally confronted by revolution, he found no French soldier to raise an arm in his defense. The primary impulse to revolution did not come from America, but no doubt much of the better spirit that existed throughout and survived those terrible times was fostered here.

The success of the United Colonies taught the subjects of Spain in America the value of freedom, and speedily they followed the Anglo-Saxon example; and as the result we have the very promising Latin republics of South America.

Thus it may be seen how the ample field of American opportunity was the source

of the decay of the bigoted and tyrannical governments of Spain and France, which had crushed out civil and religious liberty within their borders, and had made hope impossible for their children in the old world; while it was the salvation of the struggling man-child of social progress and spiritual culture that had so precarious an evolution in England and Holland under the old state of affairs.

In perhaps no respect is the truth of Emerson's assertion, that America is another name for opportunity, more clearly exhibited than in the development of the idea of equality of right to spiritual growth and religious freedom. It was as men seeking a home for freedom of thought and conscience, that the pilgrim fathers faced the perils of the sea and the privations of pioneer life in a new land inhabited by the wild beast and the barbarian. Of course, they themselves had much to learn concerning the nature and meaning of liberty of the spirit; but our judgment of their puritanic narrowness and intolerance will probably be lenient when we reflect that the separableness of church and state was almost an inconceivable idea to our ancestors. In ancient times the state was the church, and the ecclesiastical offices were filled by civil functionaries. To the Grecian, Roman, or Carthaginian separation from the state meant separation from the national gods. In medieval times the church and state were joined together, with the church ever attempting to gain the upper hand. Indeed, European history for centuries is chiefly a record of the contest between the civil power and the ecclesiastical, in the effort to determine which should rule and which should be subordinate. The idea that they could exist side by side, as complementary and co-ordinate forms of use, without conflicting interests, would have seemed absurd. In the Protestant idea church and state were quite as firmly joined together, but Cæsarism was in the ascendant. The king was head of the church and defender of the faith. In the American order, the idea is gradually but definitely taking form and force, that the interests of church and state, while they are not

antagonistic, are different, and can be best conserved by being kept apart. This principle was not clear in colonial times, nor is it historically manifest in legal documents, but it is none the less a growing principle, and is becoming a settled law of thought and custom.

As an element of progress, the significance of this principle of the organic and essential discrimination between church and state, or between the spiritual order and the civil order, cannot be overestimated. It confines the function and scope of the state to the external or natural man, and binds all classes together by the ties of common interest. All men, whatever their inward affiliations, can unite peacefully and fraternally and intelligently to work out the practical problems arising from their manifest and tangible wants. This unanimity of right to freedom in thought and action in regard to political and economical matters furnishes just the necessary foundation required for spiritual freedom and development. It gives men an opportunity to cultivate without hinderance their capacity for higher things. And when the truth of this law of formal differentiation between the things of God and the things of Cæsar is fully appreciated, the true church, or divine good and truth dwelling in the human mind and heart, will exercise its legitimate sovereignty over man. Its sole sanction will be the divine authority of use and reason.

When there is spiritual freedom at one extreme of the social scale, and political freedom at the other, the forces of social life work from primal origins, or the ideal, and through practical measures of animal and civic necessity, for the exaltation, refinement, and improvement of all intervening physical, mental, and moral planes of human experience and association. Hence the marvelous activity and universal discussion in these latitudes looking toward the amelioration of the evils and afflictions of all sorts and conditions of men. Education is coterminous with the population, and its quality is unmistakably improving. Woman has an altogether new outlook and standard. The most industrious attempts are being made to solve in a rational way the

questions pertaining to land, labor, and capital. These social problems are a heritage from the past, for the past could do nothing with them, but give and bequeath them to posterity. The past could not solve them simply because there had never been a free state grounded in the freedom of the individual, or a free church grounded in the rationality of the individual. It is a mistake to imagine that either religious or political freedom insures a new social order as a matter of course, but where this upper and nether freedom exists, a people has only itself to blame where it falls short of domestic and associate excellence. With a free conscience and a free ballot, only mental stupidity and moral turpitude stand in the way of any economic or moral reform.

I write of America with its future still in hand. It is easy to contrast the material wealth and prosperity of to-day with the comparative poverty of colonial times and of the early days of the republic. It is easy also to describe the intellectual and moral progress that has been unquestionably made. But no man

living can prognosticate the advancement of the next century. One thought is important in this connection. What has been achieved so far in and through the republic is not the result of any fortuitous circumstances. Our national existence is the product of an evolution in history, and what our nation is it has been made through the operation of very distinctive laws of cause and effect. Oxygen and hydrogen do not constitute water, or positive and negative create a current, more certainly than the balancing of individuality with union produces a great, independent, and happy state. The republic cannot go back on the law that made her, or she will hand over to some other national unit the right to take the van in the forward march of social evolution. The republic is young, and has her world-saving task before her. Great are the possibilities of humane achievement, for the work of international amelioration can never cease until all the national members of the human family shall realize that they are veritable parts of one organic body.

COUNT TOLSTOI AT SEVENTY

BY ERNEST H. CROSBY

Count Leo Tolstoi has just completed his seventieth year, and the occasion has been celebrated far and wide by his admirers. In New York one of the most successful dinners of the season was given in his honor, and many leading men in literature and reform joined in expressing their sympathy for the man and his work. But if the great Russian is to be regarded as an old man in the flesh, in the spirit he is still young. It is scarcely twenty years ago that, as he was walking in the woods of Yasnaia Poliana, after many months of unsuccessful search for mental peace, his soul suddenly found rest for good and all, and he felt himself "converted" or "born again." From that day on he led a new life, and from this point of view we may say that he is not yet of age. The story of this

change in his life, as remarkable in its way as that of the gentle Prince Siddhartha under the Bo-tree, was always interesting to me; and the outline of human philosophy which Tolstoi afterward drew up in his book on "Life" seemed to me as profound an exposition of man's condition and obligations as had ever been written. It was natural that I should be anxious to see the writer whose works stirred me so deeply, and that, finding myself on the European Continent, I should go some hundreds of miles out of my way to make a pilgrimage to his home.

Russia is the land of pilgrimages. Every high-road of that vast country swarms with men and women, armed with staff and scrip, going to or coming from some favorite shrine. Many of them

are not content with their domestic holy places, and they walk thousands of miles to Odessa, are crowded into ships which discharge them at Jaffa, and from there set off on foot again for all the sacred spots of Palestine, many of them traversing the desert to Mount Sinai. I have seen crowds of them—quiet, wondering, gentle folk—in the neighborhood of Jerusalem; and if some of them drop from fatigue and disease, and die at the roadside, for them it is a blessed way to die. I went out to the great convent of Saint Serge, an hour by rail from Moscow, and saw the throngs of peasant pilgrims there. They sat at long tables in the open air, and were entertained by the black-frosted, long-bearded monks, just as pilgrims used to be in England and Western Europe when Chaucer wrote his "Canterbury Tales." I looked on as an outsider, and those of them who noticed me must have thought that I was a foreign sight-seer, quite out of touch with them and their motives; and yet the fact was that I was as much a pilgrim as any of them—the only difference between us being that I had journeyed far to see a live prophet, living a real life and thinking vigorous thoughts, while they were visiting the shrine of a saint of doubtful influence, whose history is almost lost in fable.

My way to the Tolstois had been prepared by a little preliminary correspondence. In 1892 I think it was that I saw in some journal that Madame Tolstoi would receive subscriptions for the starving peasants during the famine at such and such an address at Moscow. Here was an opportunity to put myself into direct relations with the family of the man whom of all living men I most desired to know. With motives which were, I fear, somewhat mixed, I succeeded in making up a little purse, and in due time sent it on to the countess. This resulted in the interchange of several letters, and I had at least ceased to be an entire stranger. Two years later, when I made up my mind to visit Russia, it was easy to refer to this correspondence, and to ask if I might call on Count Tolstoi at Moscow. I received a most hearty and hospitable answer. The count would not be in town

at that time of the year (May, 1894), but he would be very glad to have me visit him at his country home, six hours south of the city on the railway to Kiev.

When I reached Moscow I made haste to call at the town house of the Tolstoi family. It is in a remote and rather shabby part of the city, surrounded for the most part by factories. The house itself is a plain wooden building, with a fine grove of trees behind it. The situation is really suburban, and about as unfashionable as could be conceived. I found the countess in town, waiting for two of her sons to finish their term at school. The rest of the family were in the country. She was extremely cordial, and I had two long and interesting talks with her. She told me frankly the history of her relations to the changes in her husband's opinions, and it seemed to me that throughout she had behaved in a sympathetic, womanly way. To a great extent she agreed with his views; but she thought that he was ahead of the times, and she could not consent to have her children educated and brought up as peasants. His non-resistance principles made it easy for her to have her own way when she insisted, and the children were consequently receiving the ordinary higher education customary among the upper classes. She had no objection to living simply. They had given up nearly all that was luxurious. They still had a good library of books, it is true; but to whom should they give their books? I expressed my sympathy with the count's ideas, and also with her reluctance to accept them in full; and in fact I think that few wives would have gone as far as she has. Madame Tolstoi is a very attractive woman, and it is not difficult to believe that she was the fascinating Kitty of Tolstoi's greatest novel, "Anna Karenina." For many years she rendered great service to her husband in the preparation of his novels, copying his manuscript again and again, and more recently she has, with the other members of the family, taken an active share in caring for the famine sufferers. I could see that she was anxious to protect him from the annoyance of receiving mere tourists at their country-house, but she accepted my

assurance that I had not come to satisfy any vulgar curiosity; and, bearing a note from her, I proceeded to Yasnaya Poliana by the express train.

The station at which I alighted was that of Tula, a large manufacturing city from which come all the Russian "samovars," or tea-urns. From there I had a ten-mile drive in a hired carriage along one of those interminable, unbending military roads, which are so different from the winding highways of Great Britain and America. The country is varied and rolling, and at that season beautifully green. Here and there are small villages of log cabins, and an occasional church surmounted by a green cupola.

At last we turn to the right and enter a private road, which is not in very good repair. It is the Tolstoi place, and we can see the houses of the village close by. We approach the house—a square white stucco edifice, with a green roof. Neither the house nor its surroundings are well kept up. Evidently very little time and attention are devoted to mere looks. But I have no time to spend in examining the house, for on the veranda I see the well-known figure of the count, and a young man standing beside him. There he is, just as his photographs depict him, with his shaggy beard and hair, his plain peasant's face and twinkling eyes, his canvas blouse with the leather strap around the waist, and the trousers tucked into his boots. He introduces me to his son, a young man of twenty-two or three, and then, asking me if I would like to take a walk, off we go, up hill and down dale, for a good two hours or more. It must have been half-past seven in the evening when we started out, but at the end of May there is practically no night at this latitude, and we had broad daylight all the way. We were alone, except for the pointer that ran ahead of us. Most of the time we were in the woods, for there are large stretches of birch forest hemming in the arable land on every side.

It would be scarcely possible for me to record the conversation which I had with my companion. There was no interruption in it, but it is not easy to re-

member the details of so long an interview. I should like, however, to convey the general impression of vigor, sincerity, and entire sanity which he produced upon me. I have had a pretty wide experience with cranks,—indeed, I have been accused of knowing them from the inside; but I can assure you that Tolstoi has not the least semblance of a crank. I have mentioned this to persons who know him personally and who do not at all agree with his views, and they have admitted that there never was a man whose mind was more clear and reasonable. He is not even excitable, as most Russians are. He is quiet, thoughtful, and serious; and can give good arguments in favor of any position which he may be called upon to sustain.

On our return to the house, tea was served, and I made the acquaintance of the two older daughters of the count. One of them is a full disciple of her father, and had been passing the day planting potatoes with a peasant woman. The other does not go quite so far in her acquiescence, but is not much less radical. They both employ their evenings in making clothes for the peasants. They are, highly educated and accomplished, and by their position fitted to adorn the balls and operas of the capital; but neither of them has a thought for anything but the improvement of the condition of their fellows. In the house Spartan simplicity reigns. I did not see a rug or carpet anywhere. There were absolutely no ornaments of any description, except one or two family portraits. A piano and a guitar alone suggested anything but use, and they, I am confident, were a concession to Madame Tolstoi. The appointments at table were not as fine as in many a tenement-house. Possibly when the countess is there these are more elaborate, but for this I cannot answer. Tolstoi himself is a teetotaler and a vegetarian, and he never takes tea, coffee, butter, eggs, milk, cheese, or sugar. The annual cost of his food and clothing must be an insignificant sum. There are very few even of the poorest in America who live as poorly as he does. The stories which are sometimes circulated about his inconsistency, insinuating that he lives

on the fat of the land, are pure inventions. There are, I think, two elements in his choice of such a simple life—the one is the desire to live in no respect better than his hard-worked neighbors, and the other is perhaps a natural predisposition to ascetic habits—a predisposition which has its place somewhere in the make-up of every human being and which is found in all sects and nations. Personally, I should be inclined to doubt the wisdom of giving way to this feeling; but no one can question the sentiment which induces him to place himself on an equality with the peasants. Count Tolstoi was not quite well during the two days I passed with him, and I did not see him engaged in manual labor. When his health permits, however, he takes part in whatever farming work goes on, and of all occupations of this kind he told me he preferred ploughing.

The mail reaches Yasnaia Poliana at eleven o'clock in the evening, and this is the event of the day. Tolstoi has correspondents in all parts of the world, and books and papers are rained upon him by all sorts of people, wise and foolish. Indulgence in post-office stimulants is the one luxury that the count still allows himself, and it is to be hoped that no ascetic idea will ever lead him to give it up. That there is a definite excitement in a large mail-bag, not differing inherently from that derived from other stimulants, is a theory which I have long held myself; but I said nothing to him about it, as I should be loath to awaken any doubts in his mind. When I retired to my room for the night, I left him to his epistolary "night-cap."

In the morning I rose early, and took a look at the house while its inhabitants still slept. It is the house in which Levine and Kitty went to housekeeping, in "Anna Karenina," and it is also the house in which Prince André and the Princess Marie lived, in "War and Peace." As I am an enthusiastic admirer of Tolstoi's novels, it was a great pleasure to me to behold these scenes already familiar to my imagination. All that I saw confirmed the impression of the day before. The house had been denuded of everything suggestive of luxury, and indeed, I

might almost say, of comfort. The first members of the family to appear were the two youngest children and their governess. The boy was seven years old, and the girl ten. They were both lively, bright children, and spoke English very well. I should have said before that the count is entirely at home in English, only now and then using a French word when his memory of the English term fails him. Madame Tolstoi prefers to speak French, and I conversed with her in that language. I took a walk with the children and governess, and I found the latter a most valuable informant as to the life of the count. She is a Swiss Calvinist, and has no sympathy whatever with his views; and yet she expressed the sincerest admiration for him. His whole life, she declared, was true and unselfish, but she was at a loss to explain his peculiarities. We were soon joined by the son whom I had seen on arriving the night before. His health had been seriously injured by his labors for the peasants in the famine. During a whole winter he had been engaged in establishing soup-kitchens in remote villages, sleeping in huts full of typhus and scurvy patients. In some respects he dissents from his father's ideas, but there is a strain of self-sacrifice in this remarkable family which nothing can eradicate.

In the afternoon I took a walk with one of the young countesses, and visited the house of one of the villagers. She explained to me the position of the Tolstoi household with regard to the Government. After the publication abroad of each book of their father's, they expected to be sent to Siberia, but the arrest never came. The czar had said, in fact, that he did not intend to make him a martyr and thus increase his influence. Possibly the non-resistant creed of the count has had something to do with his immunity, for it might have a good effect upon the militant Nihilists. The young ladies had been accustomed to teach the village children, but this was now forbidden. Their mail is not interfered with, and Tolstoi receives all that is sent to him. This is probably due to his rank, of the advantages of which he cannot in all respects divest himself. Later in the day I wan-

dered off again with the count, and by this time I felt that we were old friends. All that I saw only convinced me more deeply of his sincerity, child-like frankness and open hospitality, not only of manner but of heart. It was after ten in the evening when I took leave of my host. His warm shake of the hand, his kindly farewell were the fitting close of a thoroughly satisfying visit.

The one pre-eminent impression left upon my mind is that Tolstoi is of all men one of the most natural. He never poses for a moment. With all my admiration for Victor Hugo, I recognize the fact that he could not have dressed like a peasant without thinking of the gallery. But it is not so with Tolstoi. What he does, he does because he cannot help it. His blouse and leather strap are as inevitable as were the locusts and wild honey of John the Baptist. His great influence lies in his single-mindedness. He is a power not only in Russia, but throughout the civilized world. The one man in Russia who refuses to have anything to do with physical force, and abjures the Government because it rests upon force,—it is this very man who really has more power in the world than any other Russian. He has even influenced the czar himself; for who can doubt that the recent proclamation on the subject of disarmament owes at least something to the preaching of Tolstoi? It is pleasant to learn that the count gives full credit to the czar, for sincerity and a desire to do good, in the step which he has taken. No one feels more strongly on this subject of war than Tolstoi. Last spring he wrote to me as follows:

What a pitiful state of jingoistic hypnotization is your people in now! It is dreadful, but for me nothing unexpected and new. This terrible evil and superstition which is called a virtue, and which is unhappily so strong in America—patriotism—could not produce anything else. They don't gather grapes from thorns. And so patriotism produces only lies, violence, murder. The sole sorrow of my old age is that I have not succeeded to communicate to my brothers the truth, which I feel with the same evidence as I feel the light of the sun, that patriotism must lead to lies,

violence, murder, and the loss not only of material well-being, but to the greatest moral deprivation. I am not yet discouraged, and am now writing again on the same subject an article entitled "Carthago Delenda Est." I will speak and write on this theme till my last breath, because I think patriotism is one of the dreadfulest delusions and evils of the world.

Holding these views, it is natural that he should be deeply interested in the fate of the Doukhoborts, whose only crime is their refusal to bear arms.

What will be the final judgment of the world at large upon this great Russian? The orthodox school of critics, and with them the mass of educated, cultivated mankind, tell us that we must accept his literary work as among the great masterpieces of man, and at the same time condemn his social ideas as the result of a species of insanity. This shows a lack of insight into these masterpieces themselves, for Tolstoi's most advanced thoughts crop out unexpectedly even in the earliest of them. His wide sympathies produced his art as well as his economics. But as the critics find that one by one the greatest literary and artistic geniuses in every land show signs of social heresy, are they prepared to cut each of them in two, and to praise their art and denounce their political economy? There must be a limit to such heroic surgery. Tolstoi is no unique case of mental aberration. Dostoevsky, to mention only one Russian, was as revolutionary as he is. In Scandinavia the two most celebrated names, Ibsen and Björnson, are those of an anarchist and an active democrat. Wagner, who dominates all recent art in Germany, was half a socialist. Hugo, who towers above the French letters of this century, gives us in "Les Misérables" the apotheosis of the outlaw and convict and prostitute, and holds up for execration the administrators of the law. Zola, the most conspicuous of his successors, shows in his works (read "Money") that he too sees clearly the faults of society, and in his life that he can suffer for the right. In Italy Lombroso and De Amicis, the two foremost men of the pen, are both socialists.

In Holland Maarten Maartens, the chief novelist, is also an economic heretic. In Great Britain the post of poet laureate went begging because the two most distinguished poets, Morris and Swinburne, were respectively a socialist-anarchist and a red republican. In America our greatest novelist, Howells, is a disciple of Tolstoi. Among the artists we might cite the names of Millet, Watts, Burne-Jones, Crane, Repin, and many others; and probably a close examination into the world of thought, including all branches of art and letters, would furnish us with a much longer list. Tolstoi cannot, then, be regarded as exceptional among the great leaders of the thought of the day. Neither is he unique among his own people.

We have referred to the Doukhoborts. There are many other sects in Russia whose tenets are as radical as those which Tolstoi professes so strenuously. If he were solitary among thinkers, and also solitary among Russians, his significance would be small indeed. It is because he is the mouth-piece of what is best in the soul of his people, and because there is something in his message which finds a response in the souls of other peoples as expressed by their most distinguished writers, that we may regard Tolstoi as a true representative of upward tendencies of mankind, and accept his sense of universal brotherly love as an earnest of better things in store for the human race.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

FIRST PAPER.

"MITHRIDATES."

There prevailed in New England, for fifteen years prior to 1850, a peculiar fury for dissent and reform. How far the new renaissance called Transcendentalism was to blame for this need not be discussed in the present paper. Perhaps both were effects of a common origin. A "new philosophy," as Emerson called it, largely an importation from Germany, had gained lodgment in the New England mind. The writings of Coleridge and Carlyle had done much to prepare the way for a gospel which promised renovation to laws, religions, art, literature, and in short almost everything old. The word "reform" became a sort of open sesame, which promised to anticipate the millennium. We had only to effect certain reforms, and churches and governments would not be needed. But to Emerson reform was a general idea. He saw that reform was needed on all sides, and refused emphasis for any one reform. The reformers all wanted him, and assailed him with invitations and importunities. I remember, in my first enthusiasm for Emerson, my disappointment

in asking the sympathy of some abolition friends in the El Dorado I had found in Emerson. "Why doesn't he identify himself with the emancipation party?" they said. Well, I didn't identify myself with the emancipation party, though I liked the abolitionists and bid them God-speed. I wanted all the good things, and that was the position of Emerson. Associations called "moral reform societies" extended back into the western part of Maine, where I lived. One of these societies began with bright prospects for the future in my native village. It was regarded with distrust by conservative people, who said the church and the Sunday-school would give all the "moral reform" we needed. The new society after a few months of tolerable prosperity began to decay. The treasurer was a defaulter. Gossip and slander were not eradicated, but found a new field; and they learned the great truth, which Emerson was preaching, that reform must come from within and with the individual. The real church is a minority of one. Two does not help the matter much. Institutions are clothes, vestments only. Everything essential depends upon who wears them.

The humorist, Josh Billings, said, "I believe in universal salvation, but then I want to pick my men." It took five years of Brook Farm to demonstrate this law. Society will do wonders if you can "pick your men." But how can there be a union of two men when there is not a union of one?

Reformers ran to and fro, and certainly knowledge was increased. Much good came of them, though not what and all that was expected. Reform made an occupation to many. It was a patent to a new nobility. In many cases it was enough that a man was a reformer. It was in the midst of this tempest of reforms, presumably, that Emerson wrote the poem, "Mithridates."

I received a letter not long since from a lady who said her club had assigned her "Mithridates" for reading and exposition. She said she could find no connection between the title and the contents of the poem, and asked my help. A similar criticism was made by Theodore Parker in regard to Emerson's poems generally. I met Mr. Parker shortly after the publication of the first volume of the poems in 1847. I asked him what he thought of Emerson's poems. "I am sorry he published them," he said; "they are not worthy of him." I was pained to hear Mr. Parker say this, for he had a little while before expressed to me great praise of his prose writings. "I believe," said he, meaning these, "that he is exerting a profounder influence on the thought of the world than any man living." In the *Massachusetts Quarterly* in 1848 he spoke of Emerson's "rhythmical, silvery prose;" but said, "His right hand forgets its cunning when he comes to verse." I am afraid Mr. Parker did not read the poems very well. Like the poems of Browning, they do not render up their deep and rich meaning upon a first reading, which was probably all Mr. Parker gave them. He was a busy, overworked man, and had not the leisure demanded by the "Sphinx." Carlyle, also, was indifferent to Emerson's verse, though he admired his prose. Among Mr. Parker's criticisms upon the poems of Emerson was the one given by my lady friend. "There is no connection between title and

content." "The titles," he said, "no more indicate the contents than the names given to children at baptism are descriptive of their characters."

The explanation of this poem, "Mithridates," lies in a little historical fact outside of the poem, but which Emerson probably assumed to be too well known for a note, and also in his relations to a special reform called "vegetarianism." The vegetarians, as I well remember, had discovered a great many poisons in what we eat and drink, especially in animal food and in all liquids except water. This reform struck Concord. Mr. Alcott, Charles Lane, who came back with Mr. Alcott on his return from England, and many others among the Transcendentalists became subjects of this dietetic reform. Some of them carried the matter to excess. Mr. Alcott, Mr. Lane, and some others insisted on a double refinement in the matter, eschewing not only all animal foods, but everything else animal, even fertilizers, the labor of animals on the farm, the wool of sheep for clothes, with milk and eggs, as being also animal products. Mr. Lane, says Mr. Codman, in his history of Brook Farm, made his appearance one day among them in mid-winter clothed in linen. He had walked from Boston, nine miles. He had objected to the assistance of a horse, because a horse was an animal. He had rejected woolen clothes, because sheep were animals, and he would not wear cotton, because cotton was debased and vitiated by slave labor. This way of looking at things would logically lead to suicide at last, since the body is an animal product and should be rejected. And then our bodies are invaded and pervaded by animals. Emerson speaks of a society hungry for reform, whose object was the protection of slugs and ground-worms. This was before Darwin had told us that these humble creatures were indispensable to the farmer, and for millions of years had been living and dying to prepare the soil for the production of vegetable forms. It is dangerous to sift things too much. Browning in "Sordello" speaks of thoughts too poetical for poetry, and so reform may be too fine for reform. Our bodies are made up largely

of innumerable little bodies, animals; every muscle is an Africa filled with wild beasts. We would not push Charles Lane and Mr. Alcott to desperation, but, to make thorough work in their logic, certainly they should shuffle off this mortal coil, and, taking a hint from transcendental idealism, leave eating altogether and try to live an intellectual, incorruptible life on concepts.

Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane in their transcendental farming, when, so Louisa Alcott says, they raised chiefly "transcendental wild oats," even went so far as to condemn every eatable that grows down into the ground, such as beets, turnips, and potatoes. "The philosophers of Fruitlands," says Emerson, "have such an image of virtue before their eyes that the poetry of man and nature they never see."

I knew a young man many years ago, who lived in Concord at the time of the experiment of Alcott and Lane, and was identified with the Fruitlanders. He was told that I was a lover of Emerson, down in Maine, and he came seventy miles to see me and staid with me three days. He was living at this time on crackers and apples, and slept in a box factory. He drank a little cold water, but not much. He thought the juice of the apples liquid enough. Perhaps he found a little juice in the crackers also. He brought me Emerson's "Lecture on the Times"; and the lectures, "The Transcendentalist" and "The Conservative," he had found in old numbers of the *Dial*. They were not otherwise to be found, and so I copied them. They were afterward published in the book, "Nature, Addresses, and Lectures." This specimen of the weaker and more zealous among the Transcendentalists interested me greatly, as he was intimate with Alcott, Lane, Thoreau, and many others, and told me many things which I wished to know and one thing which I did not wish to know, namely, that he had been guilty of an ignoble crime. He told me the story as if it were a commonplace among his personal reminiscences. Mr. Alcott had contributed a series of papers to the *Dial* called "Orphic Sayings," ranging from one to ten lines each. Among these Orphic sayings

was the following: "Nor gods nor true men have secrets." This young man was so carried away by this Orphic saying that he wrote an account of his crime, and published it in a newspaper. "Nor gods nor true men have secrets," indeed; but he forgot that he was neither a god nor a true man. He was never able to get back into a good standing in society. I asked Emerson if he knew him. He said, "Yes; but you will excuse me. I would rather not speak of him." He became engaged to a beautiful lady I knew; but, finding out his secret, she was obliged to dismiss him. He started for California afterward, and died and was buried at sea. He had tested one of Mr. Alcott's "Orphic Sayings." Neptune did not reject him. Let us hope the god had no secret to give him which at last was painful. But about the reformers, and particularly the vegetarians. "A partial reform in diet, or property, or war, or the praise of the country life, is always an extravagance," says Emerson. "A farm is a poor place to get a living by in the common expectation," he said; "but who goes thither in a generous spirit, with the intent to lead a man's life, will find the farm a proper place. He must join with it a simple diet, and the annihilation by one stroke of his will of the whole nonsense of living for show." But the reformers were often hard men to live with. Many of the abolitionists were noble men, but some, it seemed, were abolitionists for spite, and were natural slave-drivers, allowing no man to differ from them. Emerson admitted anti-slavery speakers into his pulpit in Boston, although, while honoring the courage and principles of the leaders of the agitation, he disliked the narrowness and bitterness often shown by them, and refused to come into the harness of their organization. He claimed that his broader work included theirs. He saw that his proper work in the world would remain neglected and unfulfilled should he assume their weapons. "Who would do my work?" he said. "I have quite other slaves to free than these negroes, to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts far back in the brain of man, far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, im-

portant to the republic of man, have no watchman or lover or defender but I." And we are glad that he did not leave his own tasks unfulfilled. In the matter of diet much no doubt was wrong, and Emerson even said, "We eat and drink damnation," and the vegetarian movement was worth all it cost as criticism upon old abuses. But the vegetarians do not escape disease or live forever. Sylvester Graham made bread of unbolted flour, and said if a man would eat it he might live two hundred years; but he set a bad example, and died at fifty-six. It was the excesses, the exorbitant claims of the reformers that Emerson would reject. I am a natural vegetarian, that is, a vegetarian by natural selection. I have never craved meat. I do not care for even roast-beef or beef-steak, considered luxuries by most people. I like my beef in the form of mince-pie, which I eat at an angle of ninety degrees and suffer no inconvenience. I am glad that Emerson liked pie. It is the foundation of a pleasant affinity. Emerson tried the vegetarian diet for a time, but soon gave it up, and went back to the old New England menus. He used a little wine and a little tobacco, but never in excess. Indeed, he was very temperate in all things. If, now, you will suppose the poem, "Mithridates," addressed, in good-natured badinage, to the reformers, especially to the vegetarians, you have therein one clew to a solution of the poem.

I cannot spare water or wine,
Tobacco-leaf, or poppy, or rose;
From the earth-poles to the line,
All between that works or grows,
Everything is kin of mine.

Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharids to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes:—

From all natures, sharp and slimy,
Salt and basalt, wild and tame;
Tree and lichen, ape, sea-lion,
Bird and reptile, be my game.

Ivy for my fillet band;
Blinding dog-wood in my hand;
Hemlock for my sherbet cull me,
And the prussic juice to lull me;
Swing me in the upas boughs,
Vampire-fanned, when I carouse.

Too long shut in strait and few,
Thinly dieted on dew,
I will use the world and sift it,
To a thousand humors shift it,
As you spin a cherry.
O doleful ghosts, and goblins merry!
O all you virtues, methods, mights,
Means, appliances, delights,
Reputed wrongs and braggart rights,
Smug routine, and things allowed,
Minorities, things under cloud!
Hither! take me, use me, fill me,
Vein and artery, though ye kill me!

The other clew to a solution of this poem lies in the little historical fact that Mithridates, when conquered by the Romans, could not bear his disgrace and mortification, and in despair took poison to kill himself; but he had taken the poison as an antidote, and it wouldn't kill. He had got used to it. So the poet would say, "I will do the outrageous things enumerated in the poem. I am Mithridates. You cannot poison me." What better metaphor as a name for the poem?

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF EDWARD BELLAMY

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

It has been my good fortune to see the last notes of Edward Bellamy, made as he lay on his bed the closing months of his life. Written with a lead pencil in an unruled blank book, the notes are irregular, confused, with many words crossed out, many interlineations, and much scarcely legible. Some lines run

across the page, others lengthwise; at times he held the book upside down. They are the final efforts of a physically feeble man, growing feebler, to leave some message to the people whom he loved. As such they are full of pathos and interest. I have no right at this time to make them public. The most I can do is to give one

or two glimpses of them, and speak of what they suggest to me.

These notes confirm an impression which I already had, that there were two Edward Bellamys—Bellamy the romance writer, and Bellamy the reformer. Two distinct passions struggle in him to the last. One glance at the notes will make this clear. Take his last plot for a story.

A receives private information by cable ten days in advance that B, his brother, is dead. B is expected home from long foreign trip by a group of devoted relatives and friends who are in an ecstasy of expectancy and a bustle of joyous preparation. A is a member of the loving group and deeply involved in tender affections with them all as with the dead man. Shall he break the news or give them ten days more of heaven before the steamer arrives? Decides latter. B's mother, or sweetheart, who idolizes him and would have been utterly crushed by tidings of his death, dies peacefully day before steamer arrives with news. Action in A's mind chiefly.

This plot was doubtless suggested by the fact that Bellamy's oldest brother died in Europe, and that his mother was nearly overcome by the sad news. The mind brooding over this incident, and elaborating it into a story, is the mind of Bellamy the romancer.

But Bellamy the reformer still dominates. In another part of the book I find this note: "The Eye of the Needle: Being an inquiry into the reasons why Jesus excluded the rich from the Kingdom of Heaven." In connection with this announcement of subject are copious and intensely interesting comments, which we lay aside with deep regret that the author could not have elaborated the argument.

Edward Bellamy was born in a house on East street, in the village of Chicopee Falls, in the town, now city, of Chicopee, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, March 26, 1850. Later the family moved to a house on Church street, where the widow of Edward Bellamy still lives with her two children, a son and a daughter. Bellamy's father was a clergyman and his mother was the daughter of a clergyman. Edward was the third of four brothers. As this is not a biography, I shall make

no attempt to follow his career in detail.

As a youth Edward was fond of boyish sports. He was an expert skater and swimmer, a skillful huntsman, and a remarkably good shot. He loved comradeship, and the Bellamy homestead and grounds were a great haunt for the boys of the village. As he grew older he became retiring and reserved. His time was passed in meditation, study, and writing. He developed a remarkable precocity. When he was eighteen his articles found place as editorials in the *New York Evening Post*, whose editor at the time was America's greatest poet, William Cullen Bryant. At twenty he became an editorial writer on the *Springfield Union*, where he continued for eight years. While in this position he began the composition of stories for magazines, and about this time he wrote his first book, considered by some his masterpiece in romance, "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process."

Mr. Bellamy did not obtain a college education. He learned what he could in the schools of Chicopee, and then went to Union College for one term; but evidently college methods were too slow for him. He came home, and by himself learned three or four modern languages, read an immense amount of literature and history, and secured much more than the college could give him. He was able to master whatever he undertook, and had a wonderfully retentive memory. He also found time during these busy years to study law and gain admission to the bar, although he never practiced his profession. His travels included a trip to the Hawaiian Islands and to Europe.

The literary style of Mr. Bellamy has been pronounced "perfect" by good judges. If this term overstates it, it would be hard to find another that does not equally understate it.

If any one thinks otherwise, let him attempt to improve it. His literary method forms an interesting study. He was a most laborious, painstaking writer. His style was not an inspiration, but the result of the severest application. His first draft was never satisfactory. His early books were written in his father's study at his father's desk. As he wrote he

would drop the finished sheets on the floor. One after another they would rapidly fall until the floor was nearly covered; then on his knees he would gather them up and arrange them. After this followed the sternest criticism. The manuscript was interlined, crossed out, sometimes entirely destroyed, and all done over again. Four, six, eight, and even ten times he revised the work, reversing the order of sentences, rearranging paragraphs, changing words, searching for days for the exact term, until at length he was satisfied. With him genius meant the hardest, most conscientious labor. This method he continued to the end.

There is but one person in American literature with whom to compare Bellamy the romancer, and that is Hawthorne. I felt this when I first read "Miss Ludington's Sister," and was afterward greatly gratified to find that Sylvester Baxter and W. D. Howells had accepted that conclusion long ago. The confirmation of such high authority gave me greater confidence in my own judgment, and emboldened me to make this sketch.

I am aware that to say a writer resembles Hawthorne is to pay a very great compliment; but now I am going farther, and say that in some particulars Bellamy surpassed Hawthorne. We must remember that Bellamy died at the age of only forty-eight. Before he was thirty he wrote "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," a greater work than Hawthorne had produced at an equal age. Then followed "Miss Ludington's Sister," another work which shows greater marks of genius than Hawthorne displayed before he reached the age of thirty-five. Hawthorne's masterpiece was written in the maturity of his powers, and is greater than anything that Bellamy ever produced, because Bellamy spent ten or more years of his life as reformer, denying himself romance for the sake of his fellow men. It was a case of love struggling with genius, and love conquering and using genius as its servant to help humanity. It was a sublime sacrifice on the part of Bellamy, and one that is not made enough of in the estimates of his character.

When "Equality" was finally finished, the author felt free to return to romance. If he could only have strength, he felt certain that he could write the greatest book of his life; but it was too late. "Equality" had been finished in great weakness and pain. The effort to correct the proofs exhausted all his strength, and the task of sending them off was left to his wife. There is no more heroic and pathetic struggle recorded, the case of Grant being the only one that will compare with it; and yet the book is no sooner on the market than he turns to new tasks. He did not live fully to outline, much less to finish, his contemplated work. The notes give a hint of what he would have done, but nothing more.

It is not fair, then, to push the comparison between Hawthorne and Bellamy too far; but I will point out one respect in which the immature Bellamy fell short of the mature Hawthorne. I will take a single case of the treatment of an erring woman.

In "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process" Madeline Brand is a beautiful and proud young woman who, rejecting her real lover, Henry Burr, for a heartless fop, is betrayed and abandoned. In shame she leaves her home and attempts to hide in Boston; but her old lover, Burr, finds her, and without a moment's hesitation asks her to become his wife. In a daze of bewilderment she seems to assent. In time a real love is awakened in her heart for Henry, who is one of the noblest, most ideal characters of fiction; but now Madeline, burdened with the memory of her shame, feels that she cannot marry him. Meanwhile he dreams of a certain Dr. Heidenhoff, who has a marvelous process for removing disagreeable things from the memory. This process is applied to Madeline, and seems to succeed. The wedding-day is appointed, and the bride, with all memory of her shame blotted out, orders her trousseau. In the midst of all this happiness and splendor, Burr awakes to find it nothing but a dream. There is no Dr. Heidenhoff, no process to blot out an evil memory; but, instead, remorse and shame are triumphant, and Madeline is a suicide.

The story as told is a fine work of art, is true to life—that is, to one kind of life—and the style is delightful. There is no artistic reason why it should not come out as it does, but there is a moral reason. The author leaves the impression that death is the only means by which a sense of shame and guilt can be blotted out of the memory, or be made tolerable. Now, that suicide is a means often employed is true, but that it is necessary is not true. If there is no Heidenhoff process, there is a divine one; or, if you do not like the term divine, there is a natural one, for the really natural is the truly divine. There is no need that any soul should despair. Whatever be the circumstances of life, the law of compensation applies, if not a full, at least a partial compensation, and the soul is sustained. It is the duty of the novelist to bring out this fact. In later years Bellamy thoroughly understood it, but this story was written in his youth. In this one point the mature Hawthorne greatly excels him.

Madeline Brand had at most made a sad mistake. She had intended no evil. She had trusted, and been betrayed. But Hawthorne's Hester Prynne had knowingly done wrong. She had violated her marriage vows, she had sinned against the laws of God and man, and yet the great artist in his masterpiece has her redeemed. The symbol of her shame becomes transfigured, glorified. To quote from "The Scarlet Letter:" "In the lapse of the toilsome, thoughtful, and self-devoted years that made up Hester's life, the scarlet letter ceased to be a stigma which attracted the world's scorn and bitterness, and became a type of something to be sorrowed over, and looked upon with awe, yet with reverence too. And as Hester Prynne had no selfish ends, nor lived in any measure for her own profit and enjoyment, people brought all their sorrows and perplexities, and besought her counsel as one who had herself gone through a mighty trouble."

Here is a moral truly sublime, while the art is not impaired, but heightened. Sin repented of and forgiven may expand the heart in a charity more than angelic and little less than godlike. This is the

way Bellamy should have treated Madeline Brand. The Heidenhoff process may be a dream, but the divine process is not.

We charge this fault to the author's lack of experience, and not to his heart. When we pass to "Miss Ludington's Sister," we have nothing of which to complain. Here are art and originality combined. In this and in "The Blindman's World" Bellamy has added to literature two new stories. What he might have accomplished had he continued in the field of romance, or if he had been spared to write that last book, will never be known; but that he possessed a growing power, an extending vision, and a deepening spirituality, is my firm conviction.

A lady who knew the Bellamy family intimately for many years told me that Edward inherited the genius of his mother and the heart of his father. This may account somewhat for his double nature,—on the one hand a mystic, a seer, what the theosophists would call a psychical sensitive on the astral plane; on the other hand, such a lover of humanity that he subordinates his genius to the cause of reform. As a reformer, "Equality" is his greatest work, some critics and spiteful editors to the contrary notwithstanding; and not only is it his greatest reform work, but it is the greatest, clearest, most definite statement of the socialistic problem ever written. It may have a period of obscurity; but, when men come to the study of the problems of social reform in real earnest, it will be revived and become the text-book of the toiler, and finally it will be regarded as the classic of reform literature.

Mr. Bellamy was an omnivorous reader, and yet he read with a purpose. He had a son, Paul, named after the hero in "Miss Ludington's Sister," and in his fourteenth year at the time of his father's death. The dying author and reformer wished this son to be thoroughly prepared to carry out his own unfinished work. "If Paul is smart," he used to say, "I will turn him loose in my library. If he is not smart, I will send him to college." The last thing before his death he wrote in a little note-book a course of historic reading for the boy. In this course special attention is directed to the periods

of the Thirty Years' War, the French Revolution, the rise of the Dutch Republic, and the American Revolution. He mentions Carlyle as unfortunately not a democrat, but nevertheless an author who must be read. The father's evident purpose in this course of reading was to have the son well grounded in the history of the struggle for freedom, and of the growth of political and social equality. The incident of this little note-book is suggestive and pathetic. It was a great soul's last effort to direct the thought of the world.

The question is often asked: Was Mr. Bellamy a Christian? The answer will depend on the conception of what Christianity is. If we approach the question from the standpoint of the highest ethics, we shall decide in the affirmative. If we approach from the orthodox standpoint, we may, if we are of the bluest stripe, decide in the negative. Mr. Bellamy did not attend church, and would not send his children to the Sunday-school. He was afraid, he said, that they would be taught more error than truth, and preachers as a rule had very little of value to say. This sounds a little harsh, and to those who did not understand his motive it seems a little unfair; but the truth is, Mr. Bellamy was a spiritual sensitive. He was a profound lover of the truth, and could not bear what seemed to him the slightest error. With him the great essentials of Christianity were truth and love. The dogmatic utterances of the pulpit were oftentimes like discords in music; they were simply unbearable to his refined ear.

Mr. Bellamy never claimed that he had all the truth in himself, but he was a profound searcher after the truth. For this reason he was impatient with those who claimed to know it all, and he abhorred their dogmatic ultimatums. It was stuff he did not wish his children to hear. Yet he appreciated the work of the church, and gave it all credit for the good accomplished by it. His latest notes show very clearly this appreciation and a real sympathy. He was a great reader of the Bible, and read it aloud in his family. "In a way," says his wife, "that I shall never hear it read again; he made it so plain, so

clear, and brought out such a depth of meaning."

But Mr. Bellamy's Christian character shines out most clearly in his ethical relations to life. There is nowhere an impure suggestion in any of his books. In business matters he was more than upright. He leaned backward. He did not take legitimate chances that came to him, because they did not square with his refined notions of right, and all ordinary chances to exploit the public in his own interest he indignantly scorned.

There are men in high station who for the sake of money are willing to report prize-fights for sensational papers. Really good men have been willing to pass off second-rate lectures on a gullible public at first-class prices. I recall an instance where I was beguiled into going to hear a man whose only reputation was that he had written a rather remarkable book, but who could claim no especial platform distinction. What he said was well enough, was perhaps equal to the talk of the average preacher who could be heard at any time for nothing, and yet that man was able by skillful advertising to take from this country some fifty thousand dollars in one short season, besides all the profits of his manager; while the religious press everywhere helped on the scheme. This man's Christianity was never questioned; in fact, it was lauded to the skies. Now, Edward Bellamy would not do a thing like that. He had numerous offers. When letters failed to move him, telegrams were sent. When telegrams failed, messengers were sent. It was all in vain. He had a purpose, and he adhered to it. He made no pretension to be a master of the platform, and would not allow himself to be made a show of at the expense of a confiding public. His power was in his pen, and he would receive nothing but its legitimate earnings. And yet people continue to ask: Was he a Christian?

As a controversialist, Bellamy was the personification of fairness, gentleness, and good-humor. Nothing can be more admirable than the spirit in which he met his critics. One of the finest illus-

trations of this spirit is his reply to Francis Walker in the *North American Review* for March, 1890. Mr. Walker in his criticism had shown a woeful ignorance of his subject—an ignorance wholly inexcusable in a man of his pretensions, and scarcely surpassed by the religious editors of to-day. When Bellamy was through with him nothing remained to be said. He wielded a blade as keen as the one used by the Chicago editor, who is said to have taken off his antagonist's head so neatly that the victim did not know what had happened until snuff was administered. The sneeze which followed made him aware that he had been decapitated.

This *North American* article is also valuable as showing in a concise form, and in the clearest manner, the nature of the nationalist or socialist programme. It calls for the gradual assumption by city, state, and nation of natural monopolies—a measure believed in by many who claim to deny Bellamyism, but who are ignorant of what Bellamyism is.

The greatest annoyance which a reformer has to encounter is the misunderstanding of good people. He does not expect everybody to agree with him, does not care if they do or not; but he likes to have his position fairly stated, and if possible fairly answered. The genuine reformer is a lover of the truth, and would rather be refuted than remain in the wrong; but he is naturally grieved with those who persistently misquote him or misapply his statements. Bellamy suffered from this very greatly. Those who should have been his friends, eager to go with him so far as he was right and to be helpful in the correction of his errors, became his loud-mouthed and railing accusers, or treated him with indifference and contempt. He never complained, never urged the reading or review of his works. Shortly before "Equality" was published, he emphatically warned me not to recommend it to any of my friends until I had carefully read it myself. "You may not agree with it," he said; "you must be careful and not get caught." His purpose was to do his work as best he could, and leave the

result with the public; and yet, like all men, he desired to be understood.

Those who think that Bellamy looked upon socialism as the ultimate goal and destiny of humanity utterly failed to comprehend him. With him socialism was but the next and necessary step in human progress. I am not sure but that he regretted the necessity of the step. If all men would do right there would be no need of socialism, no need of economic equality. To prevent a few from doing wrong, we make laws for the many. Because some will oppress their fellows if they can, we must make it impossible for any to do so. The highest ideal of society is one in which all live together as brothers, in which love is the one motive for action. The path to this ideal state leads through socialism, but this ideal state is not socialism. In this ideal state there will be no division of property, and no statute law; but all shall have enough, and the law will be written on men's hearts. The family is the prototype of this far-off but coming civilization.

Mr. Bellamy understood and accepted this view. When I brought out this point in some published comments on "Equality," he wrote to thank me for my criticism. In my last conversation with him I put the question to him plainly, "Mr. Bellamy, you do not consider the social state pictured in 'Equality' the end of human progress, do you?" "Oh, no," he replied, with what I felt to be almost a touch of impatience; "it is only the beginning. When we get there we shall find a whole infinity beyond." These were his last words to me. He had opened the door to let me out when I asked the question. His hand was still on the knob when he answered. There he stood, that little pale man, within eight months of his death, with a far-away look in his eyes which I shall never forget, as he repeated—"A whole infinity beyond."

One of Mr. Bellamy's most marked characteristics was his modesty, his insusceptibility to flattery. Authors are rare who secure a million readers, especially in their life time. This he accomplished. Letters came to him from all classes of society, high and low, rich and poor,

learned and unlearned, American and foreign. He received enough praise to turn almost any man's head, and yet it had not the slightest effect upon him. He remained to the end the same quiet, modest, unassuming neighbor and friend. He never met people as an author, but as a man; in fact, his neighbors scarcely knew him as an author at all.

In his reform work he was patient, gentle, and conciliatory. He seldom went into society,—like Hawthorne, we was a recluse,—but when he met men at home, on the street, or elsewhere he was always social, friendly, and naturally assumed the easiest possible relations with them. He did not easily become stirred to anger. In one of my calls at his home he asked me about the character of a certain governor of a western State. On my replying that I thought he was a good man, Mr. Bellamy handed me a letter from him, which to my surprise contained a rough threat of prosecution against the author of "Looking Backward" if he should presume to write another book to be called "Looking Forward"—a title which the governor himself claimed to have pre-empted. The letter seemed so harsh and uncalled for that I felt angered by it, but Bellamy was not in the least disturbed. "I shall answer him in such a way to make him my friend," he said, "and possibly hint to him that I have no thought of taking a title so flat as the one he suggests." Whether the author of "Equality" succeeded with the rough but honest old governor or not, I have no means of knowing; but this incident illustrates his conciliatory spirit. Had he lived, there is reason to believe that he might have united all the reform forces into one effective agency for good.

A bright cheerfulness characterized Mr. Bellamy during all the painful months of his slow wasting away. When I called on him just before his departure for Denver, I greeted him, as he met me at the door, with, "And how are you to-day, Mr. Bellamy?" "Pretty poorly, thank God," was his enigmatical response; and then he added, "I am still alive," by which it appeared that he considered even poor health something to be thankful for. No man could be less impatient than he with

the slow-moving course of events. He had an implicit trust in the power of truth to bring the coming day. One of the last clippings which he made and pasted in the note-book was a stanza of Gerald Massey's:

"'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter."

Another was Charles Mackay's:

"What might be done if men were wise,
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,—
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another."

Those who fail to understand Edward Bellamy ought to be ashamed to utter his name in hostile criticism. It is the reproach of the Christian Church that it has through its editors and preachers done him so much injustice. The reproach will be even greater if they long fail to do him justice. He was not perfect; he had the weaknesses of other men. Like other men, he made mistakes. Like other men, he had much to learn; but, unlike many of his critics, he was willing to learn. He was the student and prophet of his times. No one expects—himself the least of all expected—that his vision would be literally fulfilled; but the spirit of it he did expect to come, and it will be a wondrous day for the human race when it does come—a second and glad new Christmas, greater than the first.

Taking him all in all, his wonderful literary style, his keenness in analysis and debate, his mystical genius, his heart of the reformer, his clearness and breadth of vision, his sublime faith in truth, his self-sacrificing devotion to duty, his gentleness, his patience, his depth of love, I am obliged to consider Edward Bellamy one of the few very great men of the last half of the nineteenth century.

In vision clear didst thou behold
The future mysteries unrolled,
And with thy pen dipped in the light
A nobler earth unveil to sight.

Long may thy name remembered be,
Thy story told from sea to sea,
Till man with man for man unite,
Thy vision be the common light.

Then hope in every heart shall reign,
And truth break every galling chain;
Then "Looking Backward" all shall see
Thy dream fulfilled, "Equality."

The world renewed and heaven above
Together blend in holy love,
The larger Christ in peace comes down,
Humanity receives its crown.

Where once in strife God's children stood,
Each seeks for all the highest good;
Instead of battle's crimson tide
Creation thrills with love applied.

CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND, OR THE NEW INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY*

BY B. O. FLOWER

The history of England during the past fifty years reveals a steady growth toward freer and juster conditions. Indeed, I think it will be entirely safe to say that no great power, not excepting our own republic, has in the same period made such progress toward sound democracy since the stirring years which culminated in the repeal of the odious corn laws and the establishment of free trade.

In matters pertaining to governmental and municipal ownership of natural monopolies, and various other fundamental reforms and innovations,—such, for example, as the postal savings-bank and the postal package delivery,—England has gone far ahead of our own nation. But perhaps nowhere is the strength of the people, their independence, and their inherent power, better illustrated than in the marvelous history of the co-operative experiments in Great Britain and Ireland during the past thirty years.

CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENTS OF YESTER- DAY AND TO-DAY.

The chapter of contemporaneous history which deals with the rise and progress of voluntary association for the mutual benefit of large classes or groups of individuals, is one of the most inspiring pages in the annals of modern times. In his work, "Labor Copartnership," Mr.

*"Labor Copartnership," by Henry Demarest Lloyd. Pp. 352; cloth. Harper Bros., New York.

Lloyd gives us a remarkable story of what has been accomplished by artisans, employees in factories, farmers, and others who have banded themselves together, and, with a heroism as sublime as that of Leonidas and his dauntless band, have faced obstacles which seemed insurmountable, have experienced defeat, but, after being vanquished once, twice, or thrice, have come out victors, wringing success from the iron grasp of failure.

I have selected this volume for the subject of our study this month, with the hope of interesting thinking Americans in a movement which promises so much along the lines of least resistance, and which will appeal to many minds as not only just, but eminently practical,—a work which, in a word, best meets the demands of the hour, grounded as it is in the proposition "that labor, capital, and the public (the consumer) are all parties in interest, and are all to be given the right to share."

During recent years, since the successes of the co-operative societies have become so pronounced as to attract general attention, the enemies of the movement among conservatives and radicals have been accustomed to sneer at the movement, as something of mushroom growth soon to disappear. Mr. Lloyd points out the fact, however, that many of these great mushrooms are from twenty to thirty years old, and that the development has been gradual. It is only in recent years, since success has been as-

sured, that their growth has naturally been much more rapid, though in most instances none the less normal than that which marked the years of trial and threatened failure. Nor is this all. Behind the wonderful story of the past thirty years rise the two great co-operative movements which prepared the soil and sowed the seed for the present harvest.

In the early years of this century Robert Owen and other noble-minded friends of humanity inaugurated great movements, and scattered far and wide the seeds of the evangel of co-operation.

A noble ideal or a vital truth cannot be destroyed. It may come as a voice crying in the wilderness and finding a world unprepared for its message. Indeed, the messenger may be slain on account of the high, fine thought he uttered, but the ideal remains. It has found lodgment in some minds where it will be treasured, and transmitted to the children of the morrow; or it may remain an unread message for generations, only to be resurrected at a later period,—a luminous truth which raises the promulgator to the peerage of prophet-martyr, and whose message is recognized as heaven-sent. Truth once uttered lives; it cannot be destroyed. Its potency for growth increases with the ages, as man rises. Marcus Aurelius, when he penned his "Meditations," written for no eye but his own, little dreamed that his work would live through the ages, and almost two thousand years later become an inspiration to thousands of lives. A high ideal once given to man, even though rejected with scorn, lives through the ages, and blossoms in a more kindly day to sweeten and brighten many lives.

And so the dream and ideal of Robert Owen and those who worked along the same general line, though for a time it seemed eclipsed, was by no means lost. The strength and weakness of the dream were realized in a measure by the chosen spirits of the next generation, and we see the flood tide rise higher in the movement led by Canon Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, Edward Vansittart Neale, and others. Still the people were not yet ready for the message of brotherhood. Neither the workers nor their

masters believed in the Golden Rule enough to attempt to live up to it. So for a time the tide ebbed. The Christian Socialists, while avoiding some of the mistakes made by Mr. Owen, committed other errors which were to become apparent to those who should next raise the standard of co-operation. Thus the two well-defined attempts at co-operation in England, prior to the rise of the present movement, were rich in suggestions and necessary lessons. They gave, in a more or less concrete manner, expression to an age-long dream. They gave to sensitive and aspiring children of the next generation an outline as well as an ideal, and by their failures showed the on-coming generation the rocks to be avoided. More than this, they quickened the conscience and awakened a heart hunger for something better and nobler, in the prosaic world of trade, than the low ideals that prevailed. They became educators—path-finders—which prepared the way for better things. The three fatal mistakes which largely led to the failures of the former attempts, are thus summed up by Mr. Lloyd:

(1) The founders supplied practically all the money. The men therefore had nothing of their own at stake. (2) No attempt was made to get picked men. (3) These men, coming at haphazard and with nothing of their own on the risk, were given full control over the work-shops—that is, over other people's property. The inevitable result was quarrels, all kinds of narrowness, and greed.

But each of these failures "brought the gift of needed lessons," and out of the failures of more than half a century there finally rose the modern movement, whose phenomenal success promises to prove a great factor in peaceably revolutionizing society and lifting human life to a plane consistent with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. In this new movement capital and labor work hand in hand. Mr. Lloyd observes that:

Mr. Neale and his associates used to think that it was a "sin against the true spirit of co-operation for capital to ask more than five per cent." But copartnership now gives capital not

only its fixed dividend, but also a share in the profits. Thus we find the Kettering Boot and Shoe Society, in the report for the last half of 1897, giving capital, in addition to its fixed rate of five per cent, a share in the profits amounting to two and one-half per cent more. In the new movement the workers receive a share of the profit, not the whole; they enjoy a share of the control, not the whole. The societies have not been started for workmen by outsiders designing to do good, but by workmen for themselves, (a) sometimes with and sometimes without outside help; (b) in a few cases by employers, passing through profit-sharing to copartnership; and (c) by co-operative societies. Another fundamental difference is that these societies are loss-sharing as well as profit-sharing. The workers, being part owners and part managers, have to be responsible as well for failures as for successes.

Another secret of the success of the co-operative movement in Great Britain is the strong determination of the members to succeed. Instead of spending their time in theorizing, in quarreling, in hair-splitting controversies, in seeking to redeem the whole world in a day, they have come to realize that any lasting reform must rest on individual growth; that if conditions are to be bettered here and now, each man and woman interested in the work must lend a hand and seek to further the cause; and furthermore, that the work, in order to be successful, must be thoroughly practical. Bulwer puts into the mouth of Richelieu the words, "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail." Mr. Lloyd found this belief incorporated into the very lives of the co-operative workers in England. He says:

Failure has no horror for these people. They have tried failure and got to success—brilliant and glorious success—by the help of failure. You could not persuade an English or Scotch co-operator that anything which anybody else could do could not be done still better if the "co-ops" took hold of it. There is no such word as failure left in the vocabulary of a movement which, beginning with the tuppence a week of underpaid workmen in garrets and ridiculous little shops in back streets, has

in thirty-six years done a business of \$4,500,000,000, and divided among the working people \$360,000,000 of money in dividends, opening windows of hope into thousands of lives out of which hope had been taxed by the greed and cruelty of power.

WHERE THE LEAST PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE.

Many attempts at co-operation proved disastrous in the early days of the present movement, and in some lines of work, even now, the outcome is far from being as successful as might be desired. This is especially true of co-operative farming. Several causes are responsible for this, among which may be mentioned lack of necessary capital, high rents, low prices for agricultural products, and poor land. Still, even the co-operative farmer has proved more successful than the individual agriculturist under similar circumstances; and in several places the experiments have been attended by marked success. Thus, for example, the co-operative farm at Lincoln has made an excellent showing, when we take into consideration the great depression which has marked agriculture in England during the past ten years. This farm was started in 1889 by the purchase of twelve acres considered a rubbish heap until taken hold of by the sturdy and determined co-operators. The profits in 1893 were seventy-five dollars an acre. In speaking of the results of the experiment, Mr. William Campbell, in an address at the Sunderland Congress, observed:

They have realized a good profit besides charging interest on capital; they have supplied themselves with some of the prime necessities of life of the finest quality and in the best condition at ordinary prices. They have so improved the quality of the land that it is worth many pounds an acre more to-day than when they bought it. They have paid more for labor on twelve acres of land than ninety-nine farmers out of a hundred pay on fifty, and, by becoming their own producers, have completely annihilated the middleman.

Here is another fair illustration of co-operative farming. It is given under date

of Dec. 26, 1897, by the secretary of the Ipswich Co-operative Society:

They cultivate sixty acres, purchased ten years ago for \$15,000. The society lost on wheat, and now grows vegetables and root crops for its cattle. They have twenty cows and one hundred pigs, and find them a source of profit. The land is poor and wet; but for the year ending October 12, 1897, after charging interest at the rate of five per cent. and allowing for depreciation, they were able to make a profit of \$407.

Another of the successful farms is found at Dunfermline:

It contains five hundred acres, on which it pays an average rent of \$11 an acre. The capital invested is \$37,500, and 1896 gave a profit of \$3,125. It has been in operation for four years. The farm proper in that time has yielded a gain of \$2,005, and the dairy of \$11,365, a total profit of \$13,370.

CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERIES IN IRELAND.

Before leaving the farmer to notice the greater successes which have marked the manufacturing trades and the disbursing enterprises in the hands of co-operators, it will be interesting to glance at the co-operative creameries in Ireland. Before the advent of the Hon. Horace Plunkett, the condition of the farmers who depended on their cows and poultry was scarcely less deplorable than that of other farmers in the Emerald Isle. Mr. Plunkett, however, organized the co-operative movement, which is to-day one of the most marked successes of the modern experiment in mutualism.

The co-operative creameries were started early in the nineties. By the end of 1893 there were thirty of these creameries. The result was most gratifying to the farmers, as under the new order their cows returned an increased profit of from ten to thirty per cent. In 1895 the sales from these creameries amounted to \$379,610, and in 1896 they had risen to \$553,630. The rapid growth of the co-operative creameries is seen from the following facts: In 1893, there were thir-

ty of these societies; in 1895 there were sixty-four; in 1896 there were seventy; in 1897 there were ninety-three; and by March, 1898, they had risen to one hundred and thirty-one. These societies are branching out, buying farm supplies and handling to a limited degree other products. They are also acting as a real educational influence in many practical ways, as well as stimulating the farmers to renewed exertions and filling their minds with a great new hope. It is estimated that the savings that have resulted in the purchase of seeds, manures, and other agricultural requirements, have already amounted to not less than \$1,250,000. The profits on the creameries have been \$906,765, giving a total of \$2,156,765.

The expense of organizing the movement since its inception in 1889 has amounted to about \$40,000. Thus it follows that in taking the seven years, every one thousand dollars spent on the work has produced over fifty thousand dollars in actual cash benefits to the Irish agriculturist.

There are now thirteen people's banks in Ireland, carried on under the auspices of the co-operative societies. Mr. Lloyd observes that:

This is only a beginning of the task it has assumed of delivering the farmers from the usurer by the organization of agricultural credit, and from which such benefits have accrued to the farmers of foreign countries, especially Germany and Italy.

THE MAGIC WORD.

Our author speaks of the new word he heard at the Delft Congress, which had such a magic influence on him that, instead of journeying to Switzerland to study the innovations which have made the Alpine republic the universal center of interest for lovers of republics, he set his face toward England, and there found sights which struck him with wonder. He saw great business enterprises, factories, workshops, and distribution agencies. "planned, set up, operated, and managed by workingmen's brains,

money, and morals." He further found that:

The co-operation of these workingmen is not for themselves alone. Capital takes its place as a wage-earner along with labor, and both, after receiving their earnings—interest for the one, wages for the other—share in the profits or losses; both share, also, in the ownership and management. Even the consumer is recognized as one of the constituents, and shares in the profits he brings, and can share in the control by becoming a stockholder.

Many of the establishments are handsome enough, with all the modern machinery of their trade and the most approved appliances for the health and comfort of the "members," which is the new word for "hands." They have been in successful operation for many years—some of them for as many as twenty or thirty. They are increasing. They now number more than one hundred and fifty, and have an aggregate capital of over \$5,000,000—as much as the great wholesale store at Manchester has accumulated in its thirty years of growth—annual sales of \$10,000,000 and rising, and annual profits of \$500,000.

Here the workingman is found playing the president of industry, and playing it well. The aspirations of leaders of the working classes that they should become the owners of the means of production is being realized, step by step, along the lines of least resistance. Industry is democratizing itself, pending the political regeneration of the whole world at once, and labor is capitalizing itself.

"We must make men as well as money," and "We must help our brothers," is their daily bread. Every dollar of profits, before it is divided, must first pay its contribution to the fund for schools, literature, lectures, to help spread this gospel of self-help by each-other-help.

But it is impossible to dwell longer on the general aspects of this great work, or give even a brief summary of the wonderful enterprises being successfully carried on in various parts of England and Scotland. I will therefore select the work being carried on at Kettering as a striking example of what is being achieved by co-operators in one town in Great Britain.

Here, again, lack of space will prevent my going into details.

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

The first attempt to found a co-operative store at Kettering was a failure, but, nothing daunted, the friends of co-operation made a second attempt in 1866. The membership at the start was sixty; the capital \$455. The founders had to attend to the work of the store, which was first kept in a dwelling-house, after the day's labor at their trades; but from this modest beginning the business has steadily grown, until the members of the society now number 3,983, and the annual business amounts to \$400,000. The society has recently completed a magnificent block of buildings on the main street of Kettering for its store, it being the finest retail premises in the town. This property, with the other real estate now owned by the society, amounts in value to \$225,000.

The store has a penny bank for the children, in which there are over 4,000 depositors, and in which during 1897 over 50,000 deposits were made. It has also a coal department; three bakeries; a butchery, which kills from 1,500 to 2,000 head of stock a year; and since 1883 it has had an educational department, which is considered an indispensable part of the work of every co-operative store. One per cent of the profits is given to it.

The main store opens at least one branch every year, and has opened eight in the last five years. It has fifteen of them altogether in Kettering, and owns the land and buildings. The store is the largest subscriber to the funds of the hospital, and will soon have a co-operative bed for the use of its members.

The co-operative societies of Kettering have a membership of 4,000 out of a population of 25,000. This means that fifty per cent of the people of Kettering are co-operative. Rugby is still stronger; and there are places like Desborough which are practically all co-operators.

Leaving this store, which affords a striking example of what the workingman can do as a trader, we come to consider copartnership in manufacture. In

1888 the Kettering Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Society was organized. One hundred and forty members subscribed a capital of \$2,000 to start the enterprise. During the first quarter the society did business to the amount of \$4,340, paid interest on its share capital at the rate of five per cent, and made a profit of \$23.50. The factory was then found to be too small, and a piece of land was bought and a building put up at an expense of \$7,760. In a year this factory was inadequate for the business of the society, which purchased for \$17,500 a plot of ground with a factory on it. This property is all paid for. The work of the factory has been continuous since its opening, and the business has steadily grown. At the close of 1897 it had a capital of \$52,500; a trade for the year of \$164,620, this being an increase of \$14,000 over the preceding year. Its profit for the last half of 1897 amounted to \$4,860. Its reserve fund is \$3,525. It pays capital seven and one-half per cent in interest and profit, and labor seven and one-half per cent in addition to the trades-union scale of wages. The working day in this factory is but eight hours long. The society also supports an important educational work of its own, and is a liberal subscriber to the hospitals, free libraries, and other public institutions of the place.

Next we come to the Kettering Clothing Co-operative Society, which grew out of an attempt to boycott the co-operative store by a manufacturing firm in 1893. The society started in a small way with twelve workers, but in the first half of 1894 the business amounted to \$11,375, with a profit of \$1,170. The shop was found to be entirely too small, and during the next two years the society was compelled to move four times into larger quarters. They now own a large and handsome four-story, brick factory, fitted up with the latest sanitary arrangements and the most modern conveniences, lighted with electricity, and containing hot and cold water. Some idea of its phenomenal growth may be obtained from the following facts:

The society began with twelve workers and a capital of less than \$2,500. At the end of

1897 its capital amounted to \$41,855, \$10,000 of which was owned by the workers, and its trade for the year amounted to \$123,385. The net profit, after paying interest, amounted to \$3,380; of which \$1,231 went to the workers as their share, at the rate of one shilling sixpence a pound.

The Co-operative Building and Construction Society of Kettering is another association which is proving the practical success of copartnership in trades. During its first year, 1895, it did a business of \$30,000. The society now owns a building worth \$7,500, and employs thirty workers. In 1897, after paying interest and fixed charges, there was a divisible profit of \$3,502.

A corset factory and a co-operative farm have just been added to the industries under copartnership at Kettering, a city of workers, which is doing much toward solving one of the greatest problems of our age. In speaking of Kettering, one of the university men of Oxford characterized it as "a real piece of the kingdom of God, actually arrived."

If the economic side of the co-operative work were all it had to offer, it would be well worthy of consideration; for the elevation of thousands of people to conditions of comparative independence, the reduction of the hours of work, and the many other advantages secured by the new order, assuredly mean much. But there is another feature of the work,—one which lifts it to a higher level, giving it a dignity and significance which must challenge the consideration of earnest men and women wherever the story of the new movement is told. Hand in hand with economic independence goes enlightenment through education and illumination through the active operation of the Golden Rule. Education and equity,—this is the inner aim of this great movement. "Each for all and all for each" is the favorite motto of the co-operators. The education and elevation of all associated with the movement, seems to be one of the dreams ever present with the co-operators of Great Britain.

In most cases a substantial amount of the earnings is laid aside for educational work; and leading workers, like Mr. E. O.

Greening, are industriously seeking to foster and encourage a love of music among the workers, and to encourage them in the planting of flowers and vines in and around their humble homes. Indeed, the ethical and educational side of the co-operative movement seems to be the most positive guarantee of the permanent growth of co-operation. No social or economic plan will permanently suc-

ceed which does not stimulate the mind and develop the moral nature of the individual. The emotional nature must be deeply moved on the highest plane of being. Man must work for the highest, or he will sink; and from Mr. Lloyd's work I am led to believe that this great fact is being recognized in a real way by the remarkable co-operative associations of Great Britain.

MY BABY'S LAUGHTER

BY J. A. EDGERTON

To hear sweet music o'er the waters blue;
 To hear far bells at night across the snow;
 To hear the songs of birds, when morn is new;
 To hear glad wedding chimes that meet and flow
 Into a song of love, when hearts are true;
 To hear the happiest sound which you may know—
 Is not so sweet as is the melody,
 Chimed through my baby's laughter, unto me.

To hear the rain upon a summer night;
 To hear the singing of a brook in June;
 To hear, across the plashing waves of light,
 The dip of oars beneath a Southern moon;
 To hear the lark upon its upward flight;
 To hear resung some old familiar tune—
 Is not so sweet as is the melody,
 That haunts my baby's laughter, unto me.

To hear the distant cooing of a dove;
 To hear the sound of reapers in the wheat;
 To hear in dreams the voice of one above—
 Your mother, singing when the shadows meet;
 To hear the story old from one you love;
 To hear all sounds of grand, or wild, or sweet—
 Has not such charm as has the melody
 Of my wee baby's laughter unto me.

DREAMS AND VISIONS

A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

PART II

I.

In the fall of 1887 I was in a city three hundred miles distant from my home. I dreamed of seeing my husband sitting on a table in his office talking very excitedly with his attorney, who seemed very much interested and very anxious to convince him of the legal status of a certain case. My husband wanted to act differently from what the attorney advised, but the attorney held on resolutely and made him promise to do what he said. I saw the room and noticed every article of furniture, and the dress of the attorney and my husband, even to neckties. My husband's clothes were different from anything I had ever seen him wear, something between a brown and a maroon, and a necktie of dahlia-colored silk. The attorney walked up and down the room while talking to my husband, who never moved from his position where he sat on the table swinging his feet. In one corner of the room, with his back toward me, was a man of over medium height, with black hair, dressed in black clothing. I did not see his face, but there was something so characteristic about his head and shoulders that I felt sure I would have recognized him walking on the street among a hundred other men. I dreamed his name was George Hall. I was very much interested in what the attorney said, and was convinced that he was advising my husband correctly, and that if he did not follow the attorney's advice he would get into a serious lawsuit, which would cost him a great deal. George Hall was connected with the lawsuit, but I did not learn how. I awoke,

and dreamed the same thing a second time. The next day I wrote to my husband, relating the dream, and begged him, if he knew a man by the name of George Hall, to be very careful in his dealings with him, as I was sure he would get into trouble in some connection with him, and to be very careful to follow his attorney's advice in any dealings he might have with him.

George Hall, of C——, had been an acquaintance of my husband in early life, a man who was considered of good character and trustworthy in every respect. Some time before this dream a friend had asked my husband in regard to George Hall's ability to fill a certain position, and my husband had endorsed him most confidently, not, however, in such a way as to make him responsible, but so as to add weight to other endorsements of similar character, and cause the man's appointment to the position. About a week before my dream this man was accused of defalcation for a large sum. A certain editor had got hold of the facts, and made public the entire matter. My husband was indignant, and had written an editorial in which he said the editor was premature in his judgment, and also said bitter things of the editor, which, in case the man was convicted, would lay my husband liable to a suit. He had his editorial all set up and a proof of it struck off when my letter came. He read the letter, and knowing that I had never seen George Hall, not even having heard him speak of him, he at once sent for his attorney and showed him the letter and his editorial. The attorney said that in case

of Hall's conviction the editorial was libelous, and advised him not to publish it. This man, George Hall, was convicted and served a term in prison, and but for my dream my husband would probably have suffered for his generous attempt to make his readers believe as he did, that George Hall was an honest man. My husband had had made a new suit of clothes during my absence, which were those I saw in my dream to the most minute detail.

II.

Some years ago a friend of mine, living in a distant city, wrote me that her husband had disappeared, leaving word that he would never return, and that it would be useless for her to look for him. He had squandered all the money she had when she married him, and she was left dependent upon relatives. For several years not a word was heard of the missing man. The first clew as to his whereabouts came from a gentleman who was an acquaintance of the missing W—, that he had seen him in Montana.

Mrs. W— shortly afterward visited me. She had been impressed that by some occult power I could find her husband, and she kept urging me to make an attempt. At first I offered her no encouragement, believing that no good could come of her locating W—, as he had given her to understand that he would never return to her. However, she was determined to find him if possible, and consulted an attorney, who told her that at the least calculation it would cost her several thousand dollars to make a search for him by hiring detectives, and that there was then no certainty of his being located.

One day, after being appealed to again by Mrs. W— to try to learn the whereabouts of her husband, I was led by an impulse to go to my husband's office. It seemed that my movements were guided by some invisible power. At my husband's office I was irresistibly led to a copy of the American Newspaper Annual, and turned to Montana. Almost unconsciously I copied the names of the two papers published at B—. I sat down and wrote the editors for sample copies

in my husband's name (he was an editor), requesting that they be sent to his residence. I returned home, and told Mrs. W— to wait patiently and see what would develop. Somehow I felt positive that my action in writing for those papers would disclose to me W—'s whereabouts. Some days later I received two papers from B—, Montana. One was the last issue, and showed it to be a consolidation of the two papers formerly published there. The other one was a copy several months old of one of the papers printed before the consolidation. In it was a personal regarding the visit to B— of James Kellogg W—, of L—. Mrs. W— was present when I received the papers. Correspondence was opened with W—, but as I had been impressed, nothing came of it, he refusing to return to his wife. It is very unusual for an editor to send an old copy of a paper in response to a request for a sample copy, and I can account for his act in sending me the very issue that gave me the information I wanted in no other way than that my thoughts led him unconsciously to serve me in the matter.

III.

In the fall of 1892 I was called to the home of my parents on account of the illness of my father. He gradually grew worse, and my mother being very delicate was also taken sick and confined to her bed the last of December, and died the ninth day of January. My father was restless the fore part of the night and rarely slept until toward morning, but on one particular night he dropped to sleep about one o'clock, and I lay down on a couch and soon fell asleep, and dreamed that my mother, who had been dead about six weeks, came in and sat down in her rocking-chair, and I went and knelt beside her and said, "Oh, mother, tell me, is there a spirit world?" She put her hand on my head, and stroked my hair as was her custom during life, and said, "Yes, my child, and I come and watch with you every night."

I was awakened by hearing my father calling. "Katty, wait, I am coming." (My mother's name was Catherine, but

my father always called her Katty.) I went to my father and found him nearly out of bed, and he said to me, "Your mother was there," indicating the rocker where I saw her in my dream, and as I passed the chair it seemed to be swaying as if it had just been relieved of an occupant. My father died the 14th of March.

During the last weeks of his illness, when his body seemed spiritualized, he gave us many evidences of his ability to see and commune with the departed.

A. F.

IV.

The incident I am about to relate concerns two elderly people of the most practical mental habits, possessing very little imagination, tending away from rather than toward ideality, and cherishing a marked aversion for the "sensational" as being opposed to common sense. They had been reared amid the hardships of western pioneer life, and were far from offering in their general make-up what would seem to be a fitting medium for psychic demonstration. Notwithstanding their marked unconsciousness of the psychic—perhaps on account of it—they were used as agents of that dawning sense which is tentatively insinuating its subtle presence into the race "at many times and in divers places."

My aunt, Mrs. H—, was living in a large western city about fifteen years ago. Her husband had been ill for some time and the weather was cold; and for these reasons she arose about four o'clock one morning to replenish the bedroom fire. While crossing the room toward the fireplace she remarked to my uncle, "Charles, if father were alive he would be one hundred years old to-day. This is his birthday, the 17th of January." Nothing more was said at the moment. Meanwhile, my father, her brother, was sleeping at his home in the town of A— twenty-five miles away. He had always been a busy, stirring man, upon whom birthdays and kindred personal and sentimental claims made slight impression. He was notoriously forgetful of our birthdays, and never could remember the dates. However, upon this particular morning, about

five o'clock as he reports, he was awakened from a deep sleep by a voice sounding loudly in his ear the words, "If father were alive he would be one hundred years old to-day!" He roused my mother, asking her if she had spoken, and was inclined to argue with her when she said, "No." My father was by this time thoroughly startled, and arose in the cold to consult the family Bible. Sure enough, the statement of the mysterious voice was verified—my grandfather would have been one hundred years old that day! The next day a postal-card was received written by my aunt, reminding my father of the previous day's date and the related fact which was of interest to them both.

F. W. R.

V.

In 1866 Mr. Blank was engaged in a "business fight," which had begun several years before, and it bid fair to bankrupt all concerned. His was a joint stock company, and a rival concern was using every means, fair and foul, to drive him to the wall. When he sent out solicitors in business, they were bribed to work against instead of for him. His partner, who was president of the company, was considered a fine traveling man and was sending in thousands of dollars of contracts each month, but his competitors secretly scattered news of his probable bankruptcy, so that it was very difficult to collect sufficient money each month to pay running expenses. The company was heavily in debt, and its enemies reported to be worth double the amount with good credit, while they had even succeeded in injuring his credit. The situation could not have been worse.

One bright summer morning, I awoke feeling much better than for many days, but was still too weak to rise. When my husband kissed me good-bye, I told him that I felt sure that Mr. Blank would come out all right at last. I could not explain to him why, nor understand it myself.

About ten o'clock I fell into a light slumber. A figure of a woman seemed to come through the open window, and passing near the head of my bed, laid her hand

upon my head lightly, and said, "It will all be well, but tell Mr. Blank that he is looking for the wrong man. His own partner is trying to sell him out."

The words were so distinctly spoken that I awoke, and was surprised to find no one in the room. I could feel the vibrations in the air as though some one had swiftly come and gone. After a while I dropped to sleep again, and had the very same experience in a second dream. This impressed me so much that I sent to my husband's office for him to come home. He came, and I told him of my peculiar dream.

He said, "You are ill, my dear. Your dream cannot be true. Mr. Blank's partner is a loyal man. You must not think of this any more. I would stake my life on his honesty."

I said, "I have no means of knowing him half so well as you have, but I shall never have faith in him again. The one who told me this could not lie, and I am sure of its truth as anything on earth."

He went back to his office, but could not forget my dream and my own faith in its truth. Mr. Blank had one employee who was loyal to him, and to him he confided my peculiar dream. This man said that it would be easy for him to watch S——. That night he followed him, and saw him go into his competitor's house; later he saw them in close conversation,

and walked so close behind them on the street as to hear sufficient to warrant the belief that Mr. Blank's partner was really trying to sell the business. He watched him for three successive nights, and overheard conversation which removed all doubt.

Mr. Blank took him to his attorney, where affidavit was made to the facts here stated. The attorney then went to Mr. Blank's largest creditor, and asked him if he had ever seen his partner and his competitor together. He said he had; they had been in his place, and his competitor had asked him if he would take his paper in exchange for Blank & Co.'s paper. This, of course, was confirmation of all. To the great surprise of his partner Mr. Blank sprung the matter upon him, and he was forced to confess his rascality. Mr. Blank refused to remain in business with him, and purchased his interest for what he was willing to sell to their competitors. After that, in a dream, I was assured that all would be well with Mr. Blank, although he was left heavily in debt, and that he would be able to pay all his debts, and that none of his competitors would be likewise fortunate.

In less than three years the dream was fulfilled. Mr. Blank's business flourished. All the nine men engaged in the plot against him met with serious misfortunes.

True wisdom brings only good to man.

A bad man's faults are increased by power.

The will indicates the character, whether strong or weak.

Love is a spiritual power that has nothing in common with evil.

When a man loses his earnestness he at once begins to deteriorate.

The man who believes only what he sees must doubt that he has a soul.

There is nothing outside of a man or his office to be afraid of, if there is nothing inside to frighten him.

ORIGINAL FICTION

HEROINE OR COWARD?—A STORY OF TEXAS

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

She knew herself for a coward; she knew that she had always been a coward. Those who knew her best, however, least suspected it, inasmuch as some rather startling deeds had been accredited to her. Nature had been freakish, to say the least of it, in dealing with this fragile, white girl, with her small figure, her big, solemn eyes, hands and feet that were childish in their tiny gloves and shoes.

Twice she had rescued a fellow-being from drowning; and she was not an expert swimmer either. And once, when a fire broke out in a hotel where she was stopping, she heard a child crying in the room above her own, and she dashed upstairs over a burning staircase and gathered under her arm a little hunchback that had been forgotten, and came down, burdened as she was, from the dizzy height of a fourth-story window, by way of a tottering fire-escape, with the smoke from forty windows puffing like so many fiends in her face. She had been very much ashamed of that,—not of the deed, but of the publicity given to it.

"It sets one up so, as a sort of model," she had said to her brother (she had no one but her brother, and traveled with him a good deal, else she might not have been in the burning hotel). "It sets one up as a model from which one dare not depart a hair's breadth all the rest of one's natural life. It always makes me think of the pretty girl who won the prize for being the handsomest girl in the world,

after the friends of numberless other handsome young women had entered their sweethearts' photographs for that same prize. But the girl whose picture won always had my sympathy; aside from being stared at always, and hated to death, and knowing to a dead certainty that half those who looked at her were saying in their hearts 'Take it off,' as they do at a county fair when a certain horse wins the blue ribbon, one can't but wonder how that girl would ever dare to grow old and ugly and ill-shaped and toothless. And then to be spoken of forever as 'the girl who used to be pretty!'—always, to the very day of her death. And even then to have some one mean enough to come and point to her, old and dead in her coffin, and say, 'She took the premium once for being the prettiest woman in the world; would you think it?' No, it is a great deal better to keep out of the papers, and to be unknown, and to live quietly and obscure. Then, if an unfortunate relative chances to do something disgraceful, the newspapers will not point him out as being 'brother to the distinguished Mrs. So-and-so.'"

Yet, despite this girl's views and objections, the papers did have a good deal to say about her; her courage, first of all. Wherever she went the story of her "daring deeds" followed her, she used to say, "like a slander, or a poor relation." Indeed, she was quite a hero; an unwilling hero, to be sure, but still a hero—or a heroine, if you prefer it. And all the while

she knew that she was a coward. Not in the way the papers meant, to be sure, but in a much harder sense, and of an order infinitely more difficult to overcome.

She was not afraid of any physical danger whatever; it might seem unwomanly to say it, or even to be so; but for all that she was not. But pain of that subtler secret kind, which few, having felt, ever care so much as to mention,—right there she knew herself a coward. Call it moral cowardice if you like. It was this cowardice that sent her West; this and the newspapers. The newspapers' unconscious persecution culminated in the "last heroic deed of hers," as recorded by the press. Those who knew her, and knew her dread of this sort of thing, said it was the newspaper notoriety that drove her away; but she knew it was all because of Joe, poor Joe, who had loved her so long and had tried so hard to win her, and, failing, had in a fit of spite gone off and married a girl whom he had not set eyes on three times in his life, and then, when he knew himself tied tight and fast, went out and put a bullet in his brain. She couldn't bear to think of it; she felt as though she had shot him.

"Still," she told herself, "a woman can't marry a man just to prevent his killing himself."

She worried a good deal about it, however, and grew languid, and nervous, and ill. Her brother began to grow uneasy.

It happened just about this time that she was walking down one of the principal streets of the town, wondering where she could run off to and get rid of herself and her troubles. She always ran away from her troubles; she had never faced one, not one, like a woman. This it was that made her know she was a coward. Poor little goose, not to know that trouble is a centipede and a winged dragon all in one, and can always outstrip one in a race or outgeneral one in a dodge!

She was walking quietly along thinking of these things, when down the street a little brown Italian baby came toddling—a little dash of scarlet and tinsel, with a tambourine in its hand, a little pointed fool's cap on its head, a grinning little monkey on its shoulder that would by-

and-hye make sport for the crowd of Philistines already gathering at the heels of a man who carried a pianette on his shoulder, hunting for a suitable corner at which to begin the out-of-doors entertainment.

Just as the heroine of many deeds came in sight, the man set the instrument down on the sidewalk and began to turn a crank. The monkey hopped down from its perch, and the brown baby, gathering her scarlet finery about her, stepped nimbly out into the middle of the street and began to dance, flourishing her tambourine over her little round black head, while the monkey chattered anticipation of the moment when his turn at the tambourine would come. The sun shone bright on the tinsel, and the tiny skirts flew faster and faster, until the small dancer looked as though she might have been only a scarlet bird let loose in the streets of the city. The crowd collected almost with the same rapidity with which the skirts flew round; women with babies in their arms left their stalls and came to the pavement's edge to look; men stopped in the street, the very busiest of them, to smile at the swiftly revolving little feet; while the general rabble of street boys, porters, and cart drivers helped to make up an audience after the usual manner. Suddenly, when the scarlet bird had begun to grow dizzy, and the grinning monkey began to clutch his hands and beg for the tambourine, while the pianette shrieked, and the crowd cheered, a horse latched to an empty phaeton came dashing round the corner full into the little scarlet lady's matinee.

The crowd fell back, the monkey shot up a convenient gas post, and the organ-grinder dragged his instrument out of harm's way. Only the little danseuse saw nothing; only the little tinsel-slipped feet kept on; too young to understand too dizzy to see, too happy to hear the danger that was already upon her. Then, as with one throat, the crowd uttered a cry of startled alarm; the tiny danseuse stopped, looked up, smiled, and the big horse lifted its foot.

In that instant of dead silence a small brown-clad figure stepped briskly forward, dragged away the wee bundle of

scarlet and tinsel, and set it down on the other side of the street. Then it was noticed that a great white dab of white foam lay on the shoulder of her brown jacket where the horse's head had touched her. An instant yet, and one long cheer rent the air, a shout that she fancied would ring in her ears until life ended. And above the tumult, the ringing shouts, the waving of hats and of handkerchiefs, while she was trying to escape unseen, she heard her name passed from lip to lip, and again the crowd cheered like mad.

As she was trying to dodge down a quiet street, a woman with a baby in her arms stepped from behind a fruit stand and barred her way. She was crying, and hugging her own little brown darling to her bosom.

"Lord love ye, miss," said she, "you've saved the organ-grinder's child. Lord love ye for the brave angel that ye are. And might I have a rag of yez, miss, to lay on the altar when I ask the blessed Mother to remember ye?"

Tears sprung to the girl's eyes as she tossed the woman her handkerchief, and hurried on.

"That settles it," she told herself; "that settles it; I've got to go."

At the door of her boarding-house she ran into the arms of her brother, just going out.

"Hello, sis," said he, "what's up?"

She took him by the arm and shook him.

"George," said she, "if you leave this house I shall shoot myself."

He whistled, stared, and waited.

"Can't you see," said she, "that I've done it again? And if you let a single reporter into this house to-night I shall commit murder—there!"

It would have been better perhaps if she had seen them. A baffled newspaper reporter has resources undreamed of by the outside world. She understood something of this when she read: "The Latest Daring Deed of the Brave Miss Deering." "Boldly Challenges Death in Rescuing a Child from Danger." "The Child a Little Street Danseuse." "A Beautiful Woman and a Frantic Horse." "Crowds Beg Bits of her Clothing as She Passes, as a Precious Treasure." "Miss

Deering Prostrated, but Resting Quietly after her Heroic Act."

At this last, Miss Deering lifted her head angrily.

"What did you tell them, George? This last line is your work, I know."

"Well," said George, "I couldn't get rid of them any other way, so I said you were slightly unnerved and asked to be excused. See here, Isabel, how is it you are always managing to do a sensation?"

"Don't talk to me about it," she commanded. "I am disgusted with myself. If it isn't fire, it is water, or runaway horses. Oh, George, do take me away; lock me up; do something, *anything*, to keep me from getting myself talked about."

The brother got up from his seat at the breakfast table where only they two remained, and went over to her side.

"Sis," said he, "it is a great thing to be brave—"

"Stuff!" said she. "I am the biggest coward in the country. I run away from trouble like a baby from a bugaboo. I don't even open a letter at night for fear it may contain something to keep me awake all night. I am afraid of my own shadow. As for these other things, I just am into them before I know it. I don't have time to think; that's all. A danger confronts somebody, and before I know what I am doing I have taken it by the horns; that's all of it."

He leaned over her chair, and touched his lips lightly to the dark waves of hair coiled atop of the pretty birdlike head.

"Little woman," said he, "did it never occur to you that this is the way to manage those other monsters that you run from? Just 'take your bulls by the horns'; that's all."

And then, straight upon the heels of her latest sensation, came Cousin Ollie's invitation to Texas.

"Come out here, dear," the letter said. "Texas is big enough, and broad enough, and generous enough to allow you to do heroics every day in the year, if it suits you; and so big nobody in the next county will ever hear of it. You may make an entire Marine Life-Saving Service of yourself, if you wish, or a full Hook and Ladder Company. You may rescue

an Italian baby every day in the year, and a Chinese and a Dutch one on Sundays, and nobody be any the wiser; just so big and grand is Texas. Come now, and see the prairies in bloom. You've only to look out when the wind blows, and you will think the Atlantic has sprouted and blossomed, when the great blue billows of buffalo clover are stirring, with the warm wind sighing and sighing among their nodding blossoms. Come see the cotton fields; the bursting bolls will be hanging soon, white as God's snow, 'way above your little brown head. Come see the beautiful San Marcos, with paradise above and paradise below. Come see the sun go down in a lake of fire, that leaves the prairies trembling with scarlet and amber long after the stars come out, like love that lingers in the heart long after the lovers are parted. Come see God's country; come to Texas."

And with the impulse of the dreamer she went to the land of sunshine and of plenty, where the buffalo clover blooms, and the skies at noon are as blue as the clover's own faces, starring the long, lush prairie grass.

A month later she wrote a letter to her brother, and all she said was: "I have seen Texas, and am conquered." She didn't go into details concerning the victory; she didn't explain that the old, old tale, the blessed old story that is never old, after all, had anything to do with that victory. She did not insinuate that the purple clover might make as clever a hiding-place for the blind boy with his arrows as the mountain fastnesses of Tennessee. She did not once hint of the arrow that had gone home to her own heart; nor offer a suggestion that the dart so dear, so pointed with exquisite pain, might have served to make beautiful all the world. She did not say, as she might with all truth have said, that love is the beautifier of the plain as well as of the palace; and that each flower, seen through lovers' eyes, is a gorgeous plant, whether it be the child of the hot-house or the wild offspring of the Texas prairie.

"I have seen Texas and am conquered."

And her conqueror was handsome Horace Lovelace; not quite young, certainly not old, who in showing her the beauties

of the prairies in bloom had, not altogether without intent, given her a peep into his own heart.

Many a ride together had they taken through the billows of clover, acres and acres of it, splotted with scarlet poppies and golden-rimmed asters, marguerites with crimson hearts and amber faces, pink primroses that blushed to hear love's old sweet story told again among them. There were stately lilies, none the less fair because of their wildness, that swayed above the purple billows of clover whenever the wind, like a snake, crept warily among their slender stalks.

To the girl, fresh from the hills of Tennessee, there was a fascination that was almost intoxication in the wide-spreading, sun-loved, wind-swept prairie. Wild bees drunk with honey slapped her face with their wings in passing; the soft wind kissed her cheeks and tossed the dark waves of her hair with caressing gentleness, until the norther struck. Then how these same mad-grown winds whipped those same dark braids about the shapely head and carried the slender body about at its own fierce pleasure, save for the strong hand of the Texan that was always there to help and to hearten, and to keep the little feet steadily on the earth.

How grand it was! how gloriously, freshly grand and beautiful. Nature was out upon a spring-time holiday, for which the whole face of the earth had seemingly rigged herself in scarlet and gold and purple. Cattle plowed knee-deep among the long fresh grasses; and at night the moonlight lay in unbroken effulgence far as the eye could reach, one long, motionless sea of silver.

And never, not once in all her stay in this lotos land, was she anything of a heroine, save only in the heart of one good man. Once, when they were driving together through the twilight, which is long and mellow and beautiful there, she clasped her hands with sudden rapture, and cried:

"Oh, if one might live and die and be buried in this lovely land."

Surely a lover might not find a time so propitious to declare his love. He loosed the lines in his right hand, and as the horse dropped lazily to a slow and

not uneven gait, a pair of dark eyes bent to hers.

"You can," said he. "Isabel—"

She put up her hand, laughing.

"No, no; I don't throw myself at a man in any such fashion as that," she said.

"*You—you* talk about throwing yourself at a man? You, who know that I worship the very earth your foot must step upon; you who know that since the first moment I looked into your eyes I have been your lover—your slave! And to talk of 'throwing yourself' at me. Yet—"

A brazen reflection swept across the sky, something that was not sunshine, although a yellow gleam shot through it; it had a pallid look, mingled with the brass. The sensitive wild blossom shivered at the sudden change in the air; the horse lifted his head and sniffed the coming norther. Across the prairie where the cattle fed, only dim, dark spots were seen, hurrying homeward to the safe, warm shelter of the corral.

Isabel had not seen the gathering storm; she had no fears of that kind; she was listening to a story that was greater than the storm. Her face uplifted told him that his words were sweet. One small hand lay ungloved against her knee; he put his own out to take it, but drew it back.

"Not now," he said, in answer to her eyes. "I must get you home before the norther breaks upon us. Moreover, I have no right to ask you to become my wife, no right to love you, Isabel, until you know my life, who and what I am. I will tell it to you by-and-bye, but not here, not now. In the mean time, if I might have a word to live upon, Isabel? Just a word before the storm breaks—"

He pointed with his whip across the open, where the broad brazen sheet was spreading against the purplish sky; but somehow his words seemed to carry a different meaning, a strangely solemn premonition that chilled her heart, and awakened that old fear, the cowardice that had always been her master.

"Don't tell me anything," she whispered; "don't tell me anything to trouble me—not now, at least, while I am

happy. Besides, what does anything matter if—"

"Well?"

"You love me."

He gathered the lines in his strong right hand and slipped his left around her; drew the pretty head down to his bosom and left a kiss, a long, lingering kiss, of love perfected at last, upon the lips that thrilled beneath his own. And then the norther swept across the prairie, and caught them in its brazen chill. When he left her at her cousin's door, he said:

"Remember, sweetheart, I have not asked you yet to be my wife."

She turned upon him with a look of indignation.

"I mean," said he, "that you are yet free. Of course I am going to ask you to marry me, else I had not dared touch your hand, still less your lips, little one. But until I put my question so plainly that you can give me none but the plainest answer, you are free—free as the primrose blooming on the prairie." He bent his head, his lips brushed her cheek lightly, and a low nervous laugh slipped from him.

"I have a little confession to make to you—"

"Not now," she lifted her hand; "I have always told you I am a coward."

There were days and days after that, when he tried to tell her; tried to make his "confession," but always she put him off with, "Not now; let us be happy now."

And always the question that trembled on his lips and burned within his heart was struggling into speech.

"What is the use?" she urged; "we are happy; let well enough alone;" and she hushed his protest with a pressure of her lips.

And so the summer drifted, the purple clover faded, the long, lush grasses greened, and browned, and made autumn food for the cattle; and then a letter came asking if it were not time the wanderer turned her face toward home.

Then he spoke; although she tried still, in her cowardice, to put him off, he spoke. It was one evening in late October; the moon shone on the prairie, and

the Texas winds stirred among the crisp stubble like a snake, noiseless and timid. They two were walking homeward, her hand in his, from some little entertainment not far away.

"I must tell you now," said he. "Hush; no need to put your hand up; it is now or never. If I do not tell you now—"

"Then let it be never," was her answer.

"In that case," said he, "I shall never ask you to be my wife. No, don't look at me in that startled way; I mean it. I take no woman blindly into my life; her eyes must be wide open to all that I have been and am, or hope to be."

She, laughing, turned her face to his.

"Oh, how you do make tragedy of nothing! I know you've had your loves; all men have them; but if I do not care to have you say to me in words 'I loved Miss Smith before I cared for you,' or that 'Miss Jones came near being my wife once,' can't you let it be so? What's the use of digging up old romances, the skeletons of old 'first loves,' with which to spoil the new love? Let your secret be; keep it in your heart, and I will promise never to prize the lock."

But he shook his head, and clasped her hand more closely in his own.

"I couldn't call myself a man and take you on your terms," said he. "My skeleton is no dead romance, Isabel, but a ghastly thing that has filled my closet all these years. That's why I never married; because I never met the woman until you crossed my path to whom my heart went out in faith large enough to think her own was fond enough, and true enough, and good enough, to go with me into that closet, look upon my monster, and still be brave enough to put her hand in mine and say, 'I love you, trust you; will help you in spite of all this.' May I speak now?"

"I'd rather take you with my eyes closed," she told him. "I know I love you; I know you've never been guilty of any such great sin as you pretend; let me remain in ignorance, Horace."

"And some day have your eyes opened, and break your heart," said he.

She was silent after that, awed, frightened. She had fancied he was half in

jest, or at the worst had some old dead and buried love scrape to confess. But his words and manner now silenced the mirth with which she had met his efforts at confession.

"Some one else would tell you, dear," he went on, leaning upon the gate, their walk ended,— "some one else would tell you, and that would hurt far more than to hear the truth from me. I must ask you to believe, however, that it is not this which prompts my confession. I am telling you because, after years of sorrow and of struggle, I have learned that only honest, open truth avails either in this world or in the next. And I am man enough not to wish to win you either blindly or on false representations; and— Slip your hand down, dear; don't put it round my neck until I am done; then if you love me well enough to share my cloud, put it back."

He took the little trembling hand that rested against his throat and held it in his own a moment, then, while her heart trembled with the foreshadowing of a great fear, he began:

"Once when I was very young—before I came to Texas—at home—in Tennessee— Are you listening, Isabel?"

"Yes, go on."

"When I was very, very young, I—there was— I had to—leave—I ran away—"

He stopped; something in the girl's face, fixed and startled, caught his eye. Something in her breast had stopped for the moment, too, then started on again at mad rate, throb, throb, until she wondered if it were not breaking.

And then, after that glance at the strained hurt face, he gathered his courage, took up the story of his shame, and went bravely on with it.

"I had to leave; it broke my heart, it ruined my life, and killed my youth; it made me old before my time, and drove me forth a wanderer, with a brand upon me. They said I misappropriated the bank's funds. I was bookkeeper, and—very, very young— Isabel?"

The woman, girl no longer, lifted up her face, white with agony and set; speech was choked for a moment, but

anger took the place of pain, and lifting her hand she pointed straight before her, across the prairie, desolate and bare with the frosts of autumn, and said:

"Go; how dare you?"

He neither stirred nor spoke; he had suffered much and had conquered; but this woman, this hard, changed woman—

"Go," she repeated, "you thief."

He winced, but held his ground. A woman like that—in all his bitter experiences he had never seen anything half so hard, so changed, so cruel. He had no defense to make—defense to a nature like that? Ah, he had stood before his judges ere this, and knew how coolly feelingless a judge could be. But they were just; just, thank God, else he would not have been here now to tell his bitter story to a bitter woman, who had said, "How dare you?" to the offer of his heart.

"What are you," she went on, when he did not speak or move to go away,— "what are you to dare offer your name to me—to me, the child of honest parents? Where are your own—?"

"Stop, lady;" he held his hand up to motion silence. "I am nothing, as you say,—a wanderer, by misfortune, who found a refuge in this blessed land. Say what you will of me; I had some explanation to offer—something that might be called 'extenuating circumstances.' At least, the hardest judge upon the bench declared it such; but let that pass. I am nothing, as you say. But for them, my parents, not even you can take their names upon your lip in scorn. You ask me where they are? In heaven, please God. They died sorrowing for their son, but not before they knew that he had found a refuge in this land of friendship and of blessed charity."

Was it the smaller nature of the woman that the sadly patient words stung her into anger that would vent itself in words?

"A refuge," said she; "a land of runaways, you mean."

He turned upon her then: the patience that had borne her scorn of himself, and even of his parents in their graves, would brook no word against the land he loved—his home, the asylum of his unfortu-

nate boyhood. The grief within him gave place to anger at last, and he stood above her looking down into the white, scared face until he felt how small, body and soul of her, she was. And then he hurled her his defiance—defiance for himself, and his defense of the land he loved. His words fell like whips, cutting and clear; his scorn stung like a serpent, hissing and biting. The love that had filled him transformed him for a time, turned to bitterness in a breath, and made speech mightier.

She neither spoke nor moved, nor once lifted her fascinated, startled eyes from his face.

But when he had gone, and left her standing there, a white specter in the white moonlight, she did not dare lift her face to the stars, so small did she feel herself before that large presence that had passed from her life forever.

But out in the open, where the plains stretched out to meet the distant horizon, he had his battle with himself, face down among the tawny grasses that were as dear to him as jewels in a princess' casket.

"She never even questioned it," he sobbed, "not once asked, 'Is it true?' To her I was at once a thief, proven, branded, and condemned, before any defense was asked for. She may brand me, if she will, but not you"—he sat up and waved his hand out across the still, brown desolation—"not you, my mother, my Texas."

The night wind across the prairies blew stiffly, pricking his flesh like needles, and his brow, bared to its breath. But he loved it,—the good, pure wind, strong, and laden with health and hope. He loved those prairies as he had loved his mother; even in their serenity they were dear, for did his heart not respond to the desolation?

He sat up, looked about him, tried to take this new burden and adjust it to his shoulders. Once before he had lain at night in the prairie stubble, and prayed to God to let him die rather than face man's wrath. But that was as the prairie zephyr compared with the storm of a woman's wrath. Once before he had

fled, not from justice, but for lack of it.

He grew calmer after a while, accepted the thing beyond his help, as all of us must do at last, and got up to go home. As he lifted his eyes to the familiar distances, flooded in white moonlight, his heart went out anew to this new sweet land that had offered him a home. It seemed to speak to him, to love him; he felt its love steal through him like a warm new promise of life, and unconsciously he spoke—to the prairies, stretching away in the white distance:

"You never believed it; you never let your wildest winds whisper anything but hope to me—hope and sweet peace. You were my mother, and I'll make my new vows to you even as I made those other promises when life seemed wrecked. I promise—"

Again he bared his head, lifted his face, his hand, as though indeed he might be taking oath to the prairies.

"I lived through that," he said, slowly, "and please God, I'll make my way through this; I'll grope if I must, walk if I may, through this new darkness. Disgrace, that bitterest of all bitter, did not drag me down: a woman shall not. I held on to my manhood through that, and I'll hold through this. But, ah Christ! how keen a woman points her darts!"

"I couldn't," the woman had told herself. "I couldn't face what the world would say,—a stained name—"

One may run away from love, but it does not follow that love is left behind. The heart plays laggard to the feet, alas, and although she ran away at once, Isabel left her heart in Texas. Autumn faded, and the snow came; after that the awakening of the spring. And with the season of bursting buds, the love in her heart, that had slumbered like a drowsy

summer bud all winter, awakened too, and yearned for the man whom she had cast out of her life. The yearning became a pain at last that would not be put down; and then she wrote to Ollie.

"If I might see the clover once again, the purple-hooded blossoms nodding in the prairie wind," she wrote, "I think life would not be the drag I sometimes find it. May I come?"

"Come," came the answer; "the clover is waiting for you; already it is in bloom. But you will miss your old comrade when you go to walk among the blossoms. Yesterday, out on the prairie we buried poor Lovelace. He lived ten years under a false accusation; they say the sting of it killed him at last. Though some say the woman he loved drove him from her because of it, and that was the wound that dealt him death. But that could hardly be, since he was proved innocent so long ago—went back ten years ago and stood his trial; would go, after his parents' death. They begged him not to while his mother lived, not because they doubted him, but because they doubted justice. But when she died he went back at once. That was the sort of man we buried yesterday under the blue clover; one who always took his beast by the horns. The Pythian Knights laid him away, with the honors of the order."

The snow comes sometimes, even in genial Texas, and it came many winters, shrouding the prairie in somber whiteness. And many, many spring times has the clover bloomed above the heart of him who loved the prairies, and who sleeps in peace in their quiet bosom. But in the heart of a woman, among the far-away hills of Tennessee, love refuses to die; but, summer or winter, goes sobbing for the purple plains where the buffalo clover blooms.

If men confide to others the secret of their power, like Samson they are shorn of it.

Whatever draws men to us or separates others from us is our goodness or lack of goodness.

A good man sees his own image in the mirror of truth; an evil man sees only a monster there.

WHO HATH SINNED?*

THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

CHAPTER VI.

Now, then, am I a fatalist? Do I believe people are born with their destinies irrevocably fixed at birth?

Surely not. I would be understood as saying that science indicates the natural characteristics and tendencies of individuals as affected by planetary influences, but that education, environment, and the love of right and truth may overcome these influences when adverse, and develop the subjects of them into stronger men and women than if they had been born without any untoward bias. There is a law, fixed and immutable, that carries its penalty with it. Science demonstrates that order is the law of the universe. The orderly life brings peace, the disorderly life brings death.

Ruth found it so; she chose peace. John found it so; he chose the pleasure of the hour, and reaped death. The stone upon which if men fall they shall be broken, and which if it fall on them shall grind them to powder, became to Ruth a means of progress. Planting her feet upon it, she stood firm and fast in all the storms that raged about her, and turned it into a stepping-stone to mount to heaven. Ruth had her contrary influences as well as he; but faith in the right, love of truth and justice, a firm reliance on the promises set forth in her Bible, her love for her child, the blind hope of saving her unworthy husband upheld her and enabled the good in her nature to dominate the evil. But I am anticipating. Where possible, I want to tell the remainder of the story of her life in her own words, and let the reader judge of the truth of these things. As I said above, I determined to follow up the study of her biology and of his, and to see the consequences of their lives in the life

of the child that had been born of this strange, unhappy union.

I admit that upon the surface Davis would be by most observers pronounced a base, degraded man. But I will not go so far. I claim that none of God's creatures are base. I have not found scientists so ready to pronounce this verdict as those who mete out the measure of their religion to their fellow-men. I do not slur at religion or religionists. I refer only to those who have no Sermon on the Mount, no Golden Rule in their Bible.

All I claim for Ruth is, that she took the good of life with a grateful heart and diligent hand, and overcame its difficulties and sorrows, and became a strong woman. That her husband yielded to the weaker side of his nature, the baser planetary influences, as well as social vices, and became degraded in the eyes of the world, was evident, but whether he was similarly degraded in the sight of angels I do not attempt to say. As for Adiel, it remains for us to see how far science was true or erroneous. The fact that he was born to be like a grand soul confined in darkness, who was searching with the spiritual eyes for light, and would therefore be subject to frequent seasons of melancholy, gave me a peculiar tenderness for him that exceeded in strength even my great love for his mother, which had begun at the moment her fluttering arms invited my caress and she nestled against my breast, and warmed into life a new and higher love for the whole human family. From that moment she was mine—a part of my life, a joy and inspiration. Had she been my own in outward fact, I believe that, with my better understanding of her and the different training I should have given her, she would have been a happier woman, but whether

a stronger or better, I dare not affirm, for that would be to question Divine Providence.

CHAPTER VII.

I visited her again one evening about two years after. They occupied the second floor in a comfortable house on a respectable street in a part of the city principally owned and occupied by Germans of the laboring class. There were but two rooms, and they were scantily furnished with the cheapest carpets and furniture they had had in their country home. But neatness and good taste made it very home-like.

Little Adiel was now two years and a half old. Very like his father in feature, he was rather small for his age, but well formed and unusually bright. He peered over the railing as I came upstairs, and called out to his mamma that a gentleman was coming.

I offered him my hand, and he led me into his mother's presence. She sat at a table copying an inventory,—still the same slight, girlish figure, the same innocent child-like expression, the same speaking eyes, the same floating curls.

She held out her hand with a frank welcome. I observed that she cast an uneasy glance at her work.

"I see you are employed at the work you enjoy so much, and as such things are generally expected to be done expeditiously, I shall not detain you long," I said.

"I have until to-morrow morning to finish it; but I had work yesterday that had to be completed by this morning, and I sat up until four to do it. So you will not find me as bright as if I had slept all night. Do not think I complain. I am so happy to have the work. I wish I had time to tell you how I came to be so fortunate, but I shall not waste our precious minutes. Suffice it to say that I have work that I am best fitted to do, and that they pay very well for it. I earned seven dollars last evening and night, for you know I am quick at this kind of work.

I took up the long inventory. Few men could have copied it with care in less than two days. She must do her house-work, care for her child, and have it done

by morning, which meant another night's vigil.

"Mr. Davis—" I ventured.

"He is employed just now, has a clerkship—only fifty dollars per month; but with my earnings I am saving money."

"I am rejoiced to hear it, and I shall come, and come again until I find you with leisure to tell me how all this good fortune came about. And the little man, does he help mamma?" I asked, as I took the child on my knees.

"Indeed he does," she said, proudly. "He is the sweetest, the most loving, the least trouble of any child on earth; but it grieves me to keep him so closely confined. I have not time to take him out walking every day, and the children in the neighborhood are not just the kind of companions for him. It is very hard upon him."

"How would you like to go with me for a walk, Adiel, this morning, if mamma says so?"

His face expressed delight, and his mother brought his hat and kissed him as we started off.

I kept him until two o'clock, which she had told me was his time for an afternoon sleep. I purchased some fruit and rolls and a toy or two, and took him to a park only a short distance away. An elderly gentleman, who turned out to be the head of the family occupying the first floor, followed us silently, and soon after I was seated in the park, with little Adiel playing near by with the ball and balloon I had bought him, he seated himself on a bench near me. He rested his hands on his staff and leaned his chin upon them, and with his quick, bright eyes followed the child's movements as he played noiselessly with the toys. When he caught my eye the old man asked me, in broken English:

"Are you related to the boy?"

"No; I am an old friend of his grandparents and parents. Do you know his parents well?"

"Not at all. I rented his mother the second floor; we did not use it. They are quiet people,—the child is too quiet to be healthy, I fear."

"His mother tells me he is never sick."

"Not yet; but it is an unnatural child-

hood, or babyhood, rather. He should laugh and shout and even cry sometimes to be quite natural. Ah, it is very sad, very sad."

"He appears to be enjoying himself perfectly just now—silent joy; but watch his movements, his expression,—there is unrestrained joy in every movement."

"Yes; but I see something else—a prenatal influence. The child's mother was very miserable before his birth. I see it in the boy, like a great soul pent up in darkness. I wish you understood my native tongue; I could tell you what I mean. I cannot express myself so well in English. I was too old when I came to America to learn the language. I settled among the Germans, my practice has been among them,—I am a physician."

"You speak very well. I understand you perfectly;" for he would supply a word in Latin when he did not know the English.

I was anxious to hear all he knew of Ruth, and I led him on.

"They are an interesting family," I said. "I am only now renewing my old acquaintance with them."

"Ah, I had almost thought they had no friends, so entirely alone they are. He is a worthless fellow, but she is a good woman. She works at anything she can get—writing, copying, making button-holes, embroidery, and such things more—while he uses the money for anything but bread. Not that she ever talks; but when they came they were very destitute,—sold some of the furniture, I think, to pay the first month's rent. If you are her friend, you should never lose sight of them. She told my wife her parents still live, but that she would not permit them to know of her poverty, as it would grieve them not to be able to alleviate it."

"I am glad you have told me this," I said. "I shall never lose sight of them again. She is employed now; so is he."

"But how long will he be employed? He has had a dozen situations the last two years, and has lost them all in the same way; then he lies round drinking and smoking up her earnings. He is a bad fellow, a very bad fellow."

"He is not unkind to her," I ventured.

"Unkind, man! What do you call that—to make a delicate woman toil night and day, and take her money for whiskey? He don't beat her. No, I rather think he dare not. She is a queer woman—quiet, easy, broken-like in spirit and ashamed; but I don't believe a man would dare to strike her. He is a coward, and he knows it would not do; oh, no!"

"She is employed most of the time?"

"I think so. She pays the rent always in advance, and I give the receipt in her name. He came to me to borrow money several times, but I told him not a cent. I knew what he wanted with it, and I told him so."

I learned from this man that he had a son in the real-estate business, who was greatly interested in Ruth, and that I might meet him some time soon at his house.

I had already resolved to interest lawyers in her, and secure for her all the copying I could; and when the morning was over I took the little one home, asleep in my arms. The air and exercise had made him sleep earlier than usual, his mother said, as she met me with flushed cheeks at the door. Davis was at home; that meant he was idle again, had lost his situation that very morning. He explained it was because his employer had a young relative he wanted to assist. He was the same smooth talker as of old, with ready excuse for his faults; somebody else was always to blame. He was greatly changed in appearance, having grown coarse and bloated; but there was that same affected air of gentility. I confess I had no patience with him. As I looked upon his delicate wife, bending over her sleeping child to hide her tears of mortification, and remembered how she had worked all night and must do the same to-night, I went down the stairs cursing the laws that licensed such crime.

CHAPTER VIII.

Again and again I knocked at the door after that morning call, but received no response, though several times I distinguished the child's prattle, and heard him say: "Papa, papa, somebody has

come." My rap was unheeded, and I retraced my steps, wondering why Ruth was not at home.

At last I called upon Dr. Heine, and asked him if he knew where Mrs. Davis was. He told me she was at home writing in the front room. He said, "She could not hear you knock, and Davis would not if he could, I suspect."

I left my address with him and told him, if ever Mrs. Davis needed assistance, to call for me, as I feared she would not, knowing her to be a very proud, high-minded woman. It was upon this occasion I met the old man's son of whom he had spoken to me. He was a man of thirty-five,—strong, well made, with a frank open brow and fine eyes. He spoke English well, and said he was going out and would walk my way.

Like his father, he was warm in his praise of Ruth, full of pity for the child, and of condemnation of Davis's conduct, but not of Davis himself.

"Too bad that a man of such good, such excellent parts should be so weak," he remarked.

When we parted, he said:

"If ever it is in my power to serve Mrs. Davis, command me. I have been thinking, if she could save up money enough to buy a lot in a new subdivision, it might increase so rapidly in value as greatly to benefit her and the little boy."

"Little hope of her saving any of her earnings with such a husband to support," I answered.

"Ah, we do not know. My mother says she has a genius for housekeeping, and can live well on so little; and we shall make her rent very cheap. Say to her what I propose. I will give her a long time to pay for a lot, and I know it will double in value quickly."

I thanked him, and went away pondering the question, but still the weeks went on and no word from Ruth. I had my office in the city, with bedroom adjoining, and had my meals sent in from a neighboring hotel.

One morning, in the latter part of December, I sat at breakfast, and watching the fall of the first snow. I heard hurried steps upon the stair, and, supposing it

was a messenger from some patient, got up and opened the door.

Standing there, with her hand upon her heart as though to check its wild beating, her eyes wild but dry, was Ruth. She wore no shawl, though the day was raw and her curls were white with snow.

I took her passive hand and led her into the room. She would not sit down, but for many minutes she could not speak. I saw that her breath came like one spent with running.

"Oh, doctor, he has taken my boy, and gone. Find my child! Oh, save him!"

"Gone where? Why?"

"Last night he tried every means to force me to give him money. I told him I would not; that what little I had was all that could keep a shelter over us this winter, buy fuel, and feed the child,—and that I would not part with it. He said we should part with the child, that we could not rear him as he should be reared, and that he would be far better off if we let some rich person take him, who would not only rear and educate him, but would give us money besides if we gave papers of adoption. He spoke of several rich persons who had seen the child with him in the park. I told him that no human being should have my child. I got very angry. I was wild. Oh, it was the first time in our married life, but I felt I despised him, and I told him he could sell himself, but not my child. I took the little one, and slept with him in my arms. The first thing this morning he began about money again; again I refused, and—and—he told me the law gave him the child, and he would do with him as he chose; and, taking him up in his arms, he ran down the back-stairs, out through the alley, fastening the gate so I could not follow. I could not tell any one. Oh, I could not do that, even with my bursting heart; but I came here—"

She paused, and pressed her hand over her heart as though she were in deadly pain.

"The scoundrel," I said, "I shall have the police on his track in five minutes."

She held my arm, and said:

"Oh, doctor; for my child's sake, for my parents' sake, do what you do quietly; but bring me back my child."

While I changed my dressing-gown for coat, and slippers for boots, I heard her hasten down the stairs, saying she would go at once to her rooms, that she might be home if he came back.

CHAPTER IX.

I hastened to the chief of police and asked his aid, begging him to have the matter kept quiet that the newspapers might not get hold of it, and I started out with two policemen. The one would go to the park where he was known frequently to take the child; the other said he should go to the saloons he most frequented.

In less than two hours from the time I left my room, the policeman who went with me bade me wait on a street corner about ten blocks from Ruth's rooms. He said he was confident from my description he had seen the man at a saloon there. He went in the back way, and presently came out and beckoned to me. I followed. He took me where I could look into a lunch-room. At a table with empty glasses sat two men; one was Davis, and the other a coarse fellow in earnest conversation with him. The child was sitting on the floor playing with a kitten.

"That is the child," I said to the officer, "and that is the man," indicating Davis. "Shall I go in with you?"

"Just as you choose. There will be no trouble with that fellow. It would be hard to catch him intoxicated on the street. He has a wholesome fear of the rock-pile."

We entered noiselessly, the fresh sawdust on the floor deadening all sound of footsteps. Children usually are very much afraid of the police, so I warned the officer not to touch the child lest it frighten the little fellow.

Davis was startled by a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"I will trouble you, my man, to take up that child and follow me," the officer said.

The moment Davis saw me he understood all, and a more devilish look never disfigured a man's countenance. All that

was evil in him was revealed in the expression of his face. But without a word he rose, took up the child, and started for the door.

The officer's hand was again upon him, and I was at the other side.

"Our chief orders that child returned to his mother without delay. Resistance will be useless."

"I am going home," he said, with an oath.

"We shall accompany you."

"That fellow," he said, pointing to me, "shall not darken my door."

"I have no wish to do so," I replied; "for this officer will see you safely there. I shall at once wire Mrs. Davis's father to come to her. She needs protection."

Before he answered I had turned away. But I remembered he was born with the power to hold a grudge until death, and that no training he had ever received had ameliorated this unfortunate heritage. The surprise and shock had sobered him, but he was excited and angry, and I felt that upon his unfortunate wife he would wreak a fearful revenge.

It did not take me long to decide what course to pursue. I would go to her parents; for such news, I felt, must not be broken suddenly to them, as her mother was a sensitive, delicate woman, and her father a man that such intelligence might make dangerous. I arrived the next day, and found Mr. and Mrs. Noel well, but anxious about their daughter, from whom they had never had a satisfactory letter. He returned with me to the city, without any one in the village having discovered my errand.

We found Ruth occupying a room on the first floor, with the old doctor and his wife. She had Adiel in her arms when she came to meet us, and seemed to be in a dazed condition. She did not weep,—I wished she had; her eyes glistened with a strange, new fire I had never seen in them. Her father and I sat down near her, little Adiel on his grandfather's knee.

Ruth rested her elbows on the table, and with her hands supported her head. She did not tremble, but was deadly white. She wore a dark blue robe with white lace at her throat, and as she

bowed her head upon her hands, her abundant curls shaded her face. She told us she had sat there all night long, except when walking the floor or kneeling in prayer.

"Papa," she said, "I am resolved. God pity, God forgive us all."

"Resolved, my child? What will you do?"

"Just what I have been doing—work, work, work for my child; but no longer for—for my shame and degradation. I have told him so, but he will not believe it. He thinks me crazy. He says— Oh, I do not want to repeat what he says. Father, father, you know in my childhood I had a fear and horror of a drunkard."

"Yes, I remember well."

"The first night I ever saw Mr. Davis under the influence of liquor— You remember the ball" (turning to me) "a month before our marriage? I discarded him that night; I told him that our marriage was impossible, that it would end in separation, and that separation had better take place before than after marriage. But he pleaded so earnestly; he swore to me that if I married him he would never taste a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor. He said, if I broke my promise and refused to marry him, he would be a wrecked and ruined man; if I kept it, I could save him. Oh, I can never forget that night. If I had only been firm then, and not have permitted him to work upon my sympathy; if I had only let my judgment guide me, how much misery it would have saved us all. Father, forgive me the disgrace I bring upon you. Tell my dear, dear mother to forgive me. Oh, I am so miserable; but I am tempted beyond my strength. If I go on in this misery I shall do something dreadful. Only last night it entered my brain to slip out and take Adiel with me, and go to the river and end it all."

We both started. She wrung her hands in silent misery.

"Yes, it is true. I feel I must lay bare my heart. I can bear it no longer. When he took the child and ran away, I prayed God to keep me from losing my reason. I prayed and prayed, and the one answer was that separation was all that could save any of us. If he has me no longer

to work for him, he will be forced to support himself, and to do that he must remain sober; thus he may be saved. I know now what he is capable of, and I must part from the child. Father, you must take him with you, and guard him well. I can work, and pay his board; and help you in your old days."

"Do you think of being divorced?"

"I shall never do that unless he forces me to it. The law should give the child to the most responsible parent. If he ever attempts to take him from me. I shall have the courts decide the matter." Her voice was clear and penetrating, but unnatural. "When the child was returned he showed a new side of his nature. He said that, but for the influence of Dr. Spencer, I would never have tracked him with the police. He said such dreadful things to me that I know I could not have been trusted with a deadly weapon in my hand." Shuddering from head to foot, and burying her face in her hands, she went on, "Oh, father, father, I never knew I was so wicked. How little we know of our true inner selves until great temptation comes. I have lived a life time since the morning he took the child away. I am not sure now what day it was, what day this is; I am sure of nothing but my own resolve—to give my life for my child, to save him from the influence of his father. I know he cares nothing for the child. He proved, as you know, soon after our marriage that he cared nothing for me; so the separation will cause him no pain, except to lose his drudge and means of support. I must justify myself still further."

She took from her bosom a little package of letters, opened them, and handed them to her father.

"They are letters from that woman who lived in our village; and these demands for money or threats of exposure, you see, were made the first and second years of our marriage, with her acknowledgment of the receipt of money which you both know I earned. Ah, I have learned much during these hours of torturing pain. I have been so close to sin that I can understand and forgive the murderer. I can see how a woman can burst the bonds and fling back the vow 'for better,

for worse.' It was all worse. Had there been any better I could have borne it all; but it has been only worse and worse since the day of our marriage. I defy the world. I grieve only to disgrace my parents, and I shall take care never to make them blush but for this one step. And you, dear friend," she said, addressing me, "dearest and best of teachers, faithfulest of friends—we must part to-day never to meet or communicate again. I must suffer alone; live alone; die alone. He has threatened to blast my character, to make it impossible for me to secure honest work. Oh, I know him at last!" Her lips were white as she said this.

"Return with me, dear child," her father said, gently.

"No, no, no; never, father, until I have proved myself. Do not fear for me; the future can hold nothing darker than these three years of the past. Oh, father, if I had only died before my child was born. O God, have mercy on me!"

We did not try to check her, but the low, broken-hearted wail was something terrible to hear. Alone, half-crazed with sorrow and dread of the black malice of the man who felt his power slipping from him,—to leave her thus among strangers, broken in health, torn from her child, seemed heartless and almost impossible. Yet I felt she was right in her resolution, and I knew her father felt the same.

"No, there is nothing I have not borne of sorrow and neglect, and until I got work I have gone hungry too to save food for my child. I have given him money to go out and buy food; he would pay his saloon bills with it, and return to us empty-handed. He sold even my clothes and books, and there is a chattel mortgage on the very bed upstairs. One thing,—he must leave this house, father: for I shall stay among these good people. And listen—not one word—I shall give

you the money to rent him a room in some distant part of the city, and provide a place where he can board for a month. This will give him time to sober up and get work. I do this in remembrance of my vows. It is all that I can do."

For some minutes a dead silence reigned. Even the child paused and laid his curly head upon his grandfather's breast, and seemed to hold his breath. Neither her father nor myself attempted to change her determination, for we were confident it would be useless. We saw she had gone over everything in a minute retrospection,—that her last dreadful temptation and suffering had reawakened a memory of every sorrow and indignity that she had borne with sealed lips. We saw that she had calculated well the cost of her final step. She was prepared to give up the world, with its judgment of her,—to give up all for her innocent child. But she showed her truest self in the provision she made for the man who had wrought her misery. It proved to me that she was not acting from passion or resentment, but from her highest conviction of right and duty to herself and child; and she was taking a last heroic method of saving her husband. She wanted the matter quiet; she did not seek sympathy. She wished to have her mind free for work. She would not leave Adiel longer as a temptation to his father to commit a crime for which she knew he would be punished. No; the knowledge that he was safely sheltered and tenderly guarded by her parents would give her new courage to work, and a better opportunity than she had ever had; and she knew the close confinement in her rooms would soon affect the little one's health. She tore him from her bleeding heart and sent him where he could be free and happy.

(To be Continued.)

Do not imagine that penetration is faith.

Steadfastness of purpose is indispensable to success.

Only in the battle of life do men really understand men.

What you learned in church Sunday will exhibit itself in your work: Monday.

HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

BATHS.

The custom of immersing a part or the whole of the body in water is one of the oldest sanitary institutions in the world, and as cleanliness is an absolute necessity for the health and preservation of people, it is considered a moral and religious duty. The object of bathing is twofold: First, to remove from the cuticle of the body the dust and impurities which from dried perspiration have accumulated and clogged up the pores of the skin, thus preventing proper and necessary exhalations from the body, for the skin throws off more impurities through its exhalations than do the lungs. Second, there is a remedial effect,—either in reducing an excessive action of the skin when surcharged with blood, or, by the relief of the internal organs, in restoring the circulation to the surface. Besides these, the object of bathing is often to add tone to the body, by stimulating the whole nervous system.

Comparatively few people know any more about the true value of a bath than they do about the proper combination of food. Each individual is as much a law unto himself as to bathing as he is to eating. Some men take the cold plunge bath immediately after rising, and come out glowing and invigorated for the day's work; while I have heard physicians say they would not take such a risk for a thousand dollars, as the blood might all easily flow to the centers and cause instant death. Another is equally as fearful of the hot bath; and yet there are persons who feel the hot bath to be necessary to their very existence. Those suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, or

stiff joints find it invaluable. It is the most powerful and anti-spasmodic agent we possess; in cases of congestion, the bath, relieving the internal organs of their load of blood, and sending it through all the capillaries to the skin, produces immediate relief, and all sensible mothers resort to this measure in case of spasms in children even before the doctor arrives.

The tepid bath is perhaps the most serviceable of all, as the heat is very near that of the body, and the relief afforded by it is very great. The tepid bath varies from 80 to 90 degrees. The degree should depend upon circumstances, and particularly on the disease for which it is used. The time to remain in also varies from ten to fifteen or twenty minutes.

The cold bath should not be lower than 55 or 60 degrees. This form of bath can be used all the year round, and is more safe taken in a cold room or room of the same temperature as the water. A brisk rubbing of the entire body should follow.

The warm bath is most valuable, for it not only soothes the system and opens the pores of the skin, but equalizes the circulation, and acts as a direct stimulant to the blood. The temperature should be from 92 to 98 degrees. The warm bath will be found very exhausting if you remain in it after the effects desired have been obtained; five to eight minutes is long enough for all beneficial purposes. In cases of inflammation of the liver, stomach, or bowels, the affections of the kidneys, diseases of the lungs, of the lining membranes of the chest, and of the organs of the voice, and in almost all diseases and affections

of infancy and childhood, this bath is invaluable.

The shower bath has a tonic effect on account of the sudden and quick fall of the water; only one shower should be taken at a time, as the successive shocks produce more harm than benefit. Many persons have been cured of neuralgic affections of the head, with periodical headaches, by the shower bath.

The aspersion bath consists of cold water dashed suddenly over the arms or frame, or poured in a steady broad stream on some particular part, and is of very great value, especially where the muscular power of the arms or legs is impaired from long inaction, as in cases of fracture, dislocation, sprains, paralysis, or chronic rheumatism. The stream of cold water may be directed on the part from a watering-can (without the spray), the patient sitting so that the operator can give the water a fall of several feet. The circulation must be quickly restored by brisk dry rubbing of the parts. This method, if continued for several days with vigorous friction, will restore action to the most indolent muscle. These cold-water aspersions are especially valuable in cases of poisoning from opium or prussic acid, in lock-jaw, hysteria, or suffocation from noxious gases.

The vapor bath is of value to those suffering from sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, and obstinate diseases of the skin. Few homes are prepared for the vapor bath, the hot bath being equally effective.

In bathing, as in eating, you should use your highest intelligence, studying your own individual case. If a hot bath invigorates you for a short time, and then leaves you relaxed and weak, you have probably remained in the bath too long. If, upon second trial, staying in the water only a short time, the reaction is still unpleasant and weakening, try the warm, tepid, or cold bath; but continue the experiment until you understand your own constitution. There may be one condition in which a warm bath will just suit you, and another in which a tepid bath would be better; but above all things do

not be indifferent as to when and how you take your bath.

Those who have not the luxury of a bath, and resort to the good old-time washing of the body, should learn to do that scientifically. Do not stand near a hot stove or grate, or you may suffer with a severe cold and perhaps an acute attack of neuralgia. Many mothers keep their children sick all winter by the foolish notion that they must keep them close to the fire when they are bathing them. It is positively dangerous, as any physician will tell you.

After a bath care should be taken to dry the skin so perfectly that the naked hand slips smoothly over the surface of the body. This may be accomplished by rubbing first with a dry towel, and afterward with a chamois skin or the hand.

Every pore of the skin has muscles which open and close. Therefore, if you take a cold bath in a warm room, or a warm bath in a cold room, you will be very apt to take cold. There should be no shock in either way, and the body should be in a warm glow after a bath to obtain the best results. If the body perspires freely after a bath, great care should be used to avoid draft and to close the pores of the skin gradually. The neck and the head should be rubbed dry, the hair dried perfectly. Dangerous colds, stiff necks, neuralgia, result when this rule is ignored. There is no part of the human body that will bear neglect or abuse without resenting it, and as the head is sovereign it demands the best of care.

HEALTHFUL DRESSING.

I am convinced that heavy clothing is the cause of much trouble, and aggravates many of the diseases of women.

The texture of a woman's gown is often heavier than that used for gentlemen's wear; and where the latter have trousers made of two and a half yards, a lady's dress-skirt will contain five, six, or seven, with the additional weight of lining, and stiffening at the foot. Indeed, the skirt of a lady's cloth gown will weigh as much as the entire clothing

a gentleman wears, and when we consider that his is distributed over his whole body, while the weight of the dress-skirt is from the hips only, we can see the disadvantage under which a woman stands in this regard; add to this the silk under-skirt, with its spiral springs, or the still heavier petticoats worn to give the skirt the desired shape and expansion.

Women's wraps as a rule are too heavy. I weighed the jacket of one young lady; it was a very stylish one. She complained of a pain in her chest and shoulders, and I asked her if she did not think it was due to the weight upon them. It had occurred to her, for she never felt the pain except while walking out. The wrap weighed fourteen pounds. Afterward she wore a lighter garment, and had no more difficulty.

The heaviest wraps are by no means the warmest,—as a rule, quite the contrary; and ladies should always remember this when selecting winter wraps. Indeed, avoid heavy clothing at all seasons of the year. Every human being carries a sufficient weight from atmospheric pressure, without burdening himself with more than sufficient clothing to insure comfort. A person of ordinary stature is exposed to a pressure of about fourteen tons; but as the air permeates the whole body, and presses equally in all directions, no inconvenience is found to result from it,—indeed, one is not at all conscious of it unless the atmosphere is unusually dense. Under such conditions there is a perceptible difference experienced, especially by invalids or persons of sensitive nature. The physician making his daily rounds in a hospital will find the patients worse on a dark, gloomy day, and brighter and stronger on a bright, clear day, and if he can only convince them that the condition is one of nature's own laws over which he has no control, and not a symptom of their being in a worse physical condition, he has gained much. It is hard to do this, however, and the patient feels neglected unless he is given an antidote for a bad day. Now, then, in addition to this discomfort, if you distribute the weight of your clothing over your body unequally you have a heavy, dragging feeling

which may even amount to pain. Too heavy a burden on the shoulder will produce pain in chest and arms. A heavy hat or bonnet may cause a dull headache and pain at base of skull, and a stiff collar that presses the back of the neck may prove very injurious. Good judgment displayed in dress is a very rare thing. Light, warm clothing, adding a little extra to the more sensitive parts of the body, will contribute more to real comfort than a heavy wrap. A most sensitive part of the trunk is back of the neck and between the shoulders; a silk handkerchief folded and pinned to your dress will add more to your comfort than an extra garment over the entire body, for it adds warmth without additional weight. The wrists and forearms should be kept warm by inside woolen cuffs when going out cold days.

Dress the feet carefully and warmly. Cold feet will cause pain in the back and head.

It is not unusual to see delicate little girls with frocks to their knees, warm silk bonnets, heavy jackets, muffs, and boas, and thin stockings and shoes. I see them every day going to and from school, and I think the mothers of such children should be sent to some school to learn the laws of health. These children cough and are ill much of the time; while those children with good warm shoes and stockings, and leggings and overshoes, with less clothing, and a silk handkerchief about the neck, are ruddy and strong, and rarely see a doctor in their home unless their father is one.

Du Maurier taught a deeper lesson in "Trilby" than most people find in the book. It is a fact that children who have grown up with the pointed-toe shoe craze have not only unhandsome, but positively deformed feet, the toes overlapping in a most repulsive way, or else turned under so that they walk on the two small toes of each foot. There are beautiful young girls, more of them than you can count, with these deformed feet and toes; and I suppose that young men who have grown up with this fashion of shoe have feet that are in like condition. It is dreadful to think of, and no doubt it was just this knowledge of the facts that ex-

ist that made the artist soul of Du Maurier so enthusiastic over the beautiful foot of Trilby, which had "no match for it in all Paris, except her other foot."

Charles Dickens expressed the conclusion of all sensible men when he said it was impossible for a man to have a clear head and rational thought unless he had his feet comfortably dressed.

If you do not believe it to be necessary to dress the feet and ankles more warmly than the rest of the body, take a thermometer and see for yourself just how much colder the air is at the floor than above it. If your attention has never been directed to this fact, you will be surprised at the register on your thermometer, and will understand why your feet are cold and your head warm, and why, when you take a little child into your arms, you find it cold when the room is comfortable to you. In its puny stature it lives in the colder atmosphere of the room, down near the floor where the heavy, cold air falls. See to this, mothers, for it is the cause of so many coughs and colds, so many sleepless nights. Never permit a little child to play on the floor unless it has a warm rug to sit upon. I find that many sensible mothers in the country use good warm sheep-skins for this purpose, wool side up, and baby can more safely play on the floor with such thoughtful provision for its comfort.

REST.

The best time for an invalid to rest is immediately after the noon-day meal, whether it be dinner or lunch. Undress, and make yourself comfortable; darken the room, as the light excites the nerves, and endeavor to stop thinking. The vital forces are assisted by the warmth given to the spinal column in a prostrate attitude on the back, and aids digestion when observed directly after eating. Lie prostrate, every portion of the body relaxed on the bed, arms down, legs straight, and breathe deeply and tranquilly. If you do not sleep, you will rest; but sleep is the only remedy for the nerves. Cultivate a habit of sleeping fifteen to thirty minutes after the noon meal every day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C.—Certainly apple pie can be made as wholesome as bread and fruit. Make the pastry with rich cream and cocoanut butter, and enough pure baking powder to make it light. The fruit should be well cooked, and the pastry done thoroughly.

A. G.—I cannot understand why you cannot eat fruit, unless it is that you take it with meat and vegetables. Fruits should be used with grains or bread, and are more wholesome if no sugar is used. See our January number for directions for preparing evaporated fruits.

Chic.—Our columns do not deal with the prevailing fashions in dress, except so far as they have a bearing on health.

C. K.—We do not write our opinions for our readers. We aim to give facts obtained through practical experience. We also consult scientists who are always ready to help a useful cause. Scientists seldom give their opinions, unless they are backed by their own practical experience or that of some of their associates.

Invalid.—It is difficult to say just how much you should eat. The nature of your trouble and your general condition should be your guide; but I should say confidently that a woman of forty-seven should eat less than one of twenty-seven. When trying to regain health through diet, you must obey the laws of your own individual nature. There are cures on record where men have been cured by abstemiousness, and where the quantity of nourishment taken per day was twelve ounces in all of solid food, and of liquid food, other than pure water, fourteen ounces,—this taken at four meals, thus amounting to three ounces per meal of solid food and three and one-half ounces of liquid food, milk, or fruit sauce.

Mrs. O.—The temperature of food and drink should be 98° F. Cold food cannot be digested by a weak stomach.

C.—We do not advocate a strictly vegetarian diet, but we are interested in all things that tend to promote health and strength. The following is to the point: "Vegetarians came out ahead in a recent one hundred kilometer (sixty-four miles) walking match at Berlin, with a time limit of eighteen hours. Out of twenty-two competitors, eight of them vegetarians, only six, all vegetarians, covered the distance in the time specified, the winner finishing in fourteen hours and a quarter. The other two

vegetarians lost their way and walked five miles extra, but came in next, followed after an hour's interval by the only meat-eater that completed the course. The others all dropped out before covering half the distance."

OLD-FASHIONED JOHNNY-CAKE.

One egg, well beaten, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls melted butter or lard, two cups of sour milk, two cups cornmeal, one cup of flour, one heaping teaspoonful saleratus, one teaspoonful salt, less if butter is used. Bake in shallow tins or in roll-pan. Johnny-cake may be baked on the top of the stove in a well-greased spider. The foregoing quantity will make two cakes if baked in the spider; have the pan hot before pouring the batter in and do not have too hot a fire. When cooked on one side turn with a griddle turner; this may seem difficult at first, but a little practice will make it easy. If baked in this way omit the shortening.

CORNMEAL GEMS.

Beat two eggs, add half a cup of sugar, two coffee-cups of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of flour, and enough cornmeal to make a stiff batter. A tablespoonful of shortening improves it. Have the pans very hot and greased well; bake twenty-five minutes.

FOR INVALIDS.

We herewith give a Menu which has been used with success by an invalid who had experimented with other food without satisfaction. Thinking there may be others in similar condition, and hoping to reach and serve them, we give this radical change from our last month's Menu.

It must be remembered that red pepper differs in effect from other pepper; it stimulates the stomach to action, while black and white pepper irritates it.

Cream is most excellent when the patient can take care of it. Our aim is to give only those things that have been practically demonstrated, and to meet the needs of sufferers.

MENU.

One drop (gradually increase to two or three) of tobasco sauce (red pepper), in one-half cup of hot water, immediately before each meal.

Two small tablets of charcoal (carbo. veg. 2 x) before and after each meal.

BREAKFAST.

One raw egg.
Eight ounces of milk, with one tablespoonful of lime water.
Four ounces of cream, with one tablespoonful of lime water.
Two and one-half slices of whole-wheat bread.
Butter.

DINNER.

Scraped beef, varied occasionally with broiled or baked lamb-chops; season with salt.
Celery or Hubbard squash.
Whites of two eggs.
Eight ounces of milk, with one tablespoonful of lime water.
Four ounces of cream, with one tablespoonful of lime water.
Two and one-half slices of whole-wheat bread.
Butter.

HOW TO PREPARE THE FOOD.

For breakfast, beat the white and yolk of the egg separately and quite thoroughly, and add to the yolk three teaspoonfuls of cream, also sugar and vanilla flavoring to taste; then stir in the white until completely mixed.

If the milk and cream have been on ice, they should be warmed just enough to take the chill off.

I find it true that it is best to drink them very slowly, and that both are more easily digested if a little bread is crumbled, or rather broken in small pieces, and mixed with them.

For dinner, when scraped beef is desired, get one pound, and scrape all the pulps from one side for one meal, with a teaspoon or the knife that is used ordinarily at the table. The other side of the pound of beef can be scraped and eaten the next day.

Press the pulps as lightly as possible into a small cake, and broil over hot coals; if it adheres to the broiler, butter thinly a piece of tissue paper and pass lightly over the broiler before putting the meat upon it.

Steam the squash.

Beat the whites of the eggs until they are stiff, and then stir in well three teaspoonfuls of cream, with sugar and vanilla to flavor.

P. S.—We know that all hot climates are enervating to the vital organism, and hence we find that in Mexico the natives eat great quantities of capsicum, believing that it overcomes sluggishness of the liver and prevents fevers.

So I feel that red pepper is a food, and valuable in that it keeps the liver in a good condition.

MENU FOR WELL PEOPLE

SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Apples, raw. Oatmeal.
Stewed evaporated apricots.
Poached eggs on Graham toast.
Unleavened Graham rolls or loaf bread.

SUNDAY—DINNER.

Pea Soup.
Pot roast beef, with cranberry sauce.
Celery. Mashed potato and turnip.
Dessert. Dates. Nuts.
Oranges.

SUNDAY—SUPPER

Fruit sauce.
Well cooked grain of some kind.
Graham stems. Bread and butter.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Oatmeal.
Apple sauce, with cream biscuit.
Unleavened rolls or Graham bread.

MONDAY—DINNER.

Baked Beans.
Stewed tomatoes. Lettuce, with lemon juice.
Nut meats. Baked potatoes.
Dessert—Pumpkin pie.

MONDAY—SUPPER.

Cold tongue.
Baked potatoes. Fruit sauce.
Graham bread and butter, or gems made with water or milk.

TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Cornmeal mush, with milk.
Baked apples. Boiled eggs.
Corn gems or rolls.

TUESDAY—DINNER.

Cream of celery.
Baked potatoes. Stewed corn.
Dessert—Rice pudding.

TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed corn.
Mashed or boiled potatoes.
Stewed or raw tomatoes.
Graham or whole-wheat bread, and butter.

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Cracked wheat, with cream.
Stewed peaches (dried). Potato cakes.
Rolls and bread.

*People who have a good substantial dinner in the middle of the day do not require a heavy supper.

WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Stewed chicken, with cream gravy.
Sweet potatoes. Turnips or squash.
Dessert—Apple and tapioca pudding, with fruit sauce or cream.

WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed silver prunes.
Corn grits with cream. Apple tapioca.
Bread, roll, or cream biscuits.

THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Oatmeal and cream.
Milk toast made of Graham bread.
Boiled eggs. Rolls and bread.

THURSDAY—DINNER.

Pot roast of beef, with gravy.
Boiled or mashed potatoes.
Stewed tomatoes. Celery.
Dessert—Rice cooked in water, with fruit sauce (grape or orange).

THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed cherries.
Baked apple dumplings, with fruit sauce or cream.
Plain sponge cake. Bread and butter.

FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Corn cakes, with maple syrup.
Stewed cherries. Rolls or bread.

FRIDAY—DINNER (French Dinner).

Baked or boiled potatoes.
Stewed corn. Stewed dried apricots.
Hominy grits, with fruit sauce or cream.
Dessert—Apple dumplings.

FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Creamed potatoes.
Baked tomatoes with bread crumbs.
Lettuce with nut meats and lemon juice.
Whole wheat bread and butter.

SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Fruit, oranges, apples, or dates.
Oatmeal and cream.
Stewed prunes, without sugar.
Batter cakes from whole wheat.
Corn gems and bread.

SATURDAY—DINNER.

Vegetable soup, with barley and tomatoes.
Baked potatoes and peas.
Spinach, with lemon dressing.
Dessert—Farina pudding.

SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Scrambled eggs and toast.
Baked apples. Graham mush and cream.
Bread and butter.

EDITORIALS

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS AND THE VOICE OF THE CZAR

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

A supreme opportunity is now given to western civilization to further in a real and feasible way the progress of humanity, by aiding in an intelligent and practical attempt at bringing about the realization of the dearest dream of the world's most enlightened prophets and seers throughout all ages. For two thousand years the burden of the prayer of the Christian world has been "peace on earth;" and at last the head of the world's most formidable military power has called on the great nations of the world to consider a plan by which the arms of nations may be grounded, and the vast wealth now wrung from starving industry for the armament of Christian nations may be turned to productive work. In the place, however, of that contagious enthusiasm which should blaze forth throughout the western nations, we see a condition of indifference and cynicism. The conscience of Christendom appears to be anesthetized to such a degree that this supreme opportunity, most unexpectedly offered, and carrying with it the triumph and happiness of civilization, is received with coldness and incredulity. That faith, love, and confidence which are the touchstones of true religion, and

which are at once the strength and glory of national life, seem to be strangely lacking at the present time. Yet with a little systematic agitation this lamentable condition would disappear before the aroused conscience of millions of souls in the old world and the new.

It matters not from what view-point we look at the problem, its overshadowing importance must be seen and felt by all who look upon life in its larger aspects, and who realize that enduring civilization can rest only upon the eternal verities.

Let us pause for a moment and look at the facts involved. The head of one of the most formidable nations of the Christian world desires to assure the security of all nations without the mighty armies whose cost for maintenance is destructive to real prosperity, while it, canker-like, eats out the very soul of civilization. He does not expect to compass the glorious ideal at once, but he believes that by a congress of the ablest statesmen of the nations a practical plan can be adopted that will lay broad and firm the foundations for an enduring peace. The proposition for a holy truce for five or ten years, as has been outlined, betrays nothing that is visionary or impracticable; nor will it be difficult of attainment if the statesmen feel and know that they have the support of the awakened conscience of the nations behind them.

The indifference and skepticism on the part of the public would almost lead one to believe that a soulless materialism had so eaten into the heart of our civilization that faith in God and man had well-

nigh vanished; yet I do not believe this to be the case. The crying need is for leaders to awaken the people,—to drive home to the conscience of the millions the real import of this new evangel. This done, all civilization will be aflame with an enthusiasm by the side of which that awakened by Peter the Hermit would sink into insignificance.

Let us consider for a moment the meaning of this appeal which has come from such an unexpected source. First, from the view-point of the economist it means a saving that would transform civilization. The millions upon millions who are society's beasts of burden are being taxed almost to the starvation point to provide armaments and to support ever-increasing armies. Year by year the cry of the burdened becomes more imperious; year by year the waste of treasure takes from life the hope and happiness which otherwise might and would be the heritage of all. And more than this, the vast sum yearly spent in this way could easily be so utilized as to make all nations gardens of beauty and plenty. First, from the stand-point of the economist this waste, this ever-increasing burden for that which is non-productive, is criminal madness, if it can be prevented; and it is to prevent this that the czar has summoned the nations of Christendom to conference; it is to make this conference effective that the conscience of the various peoples must be aroused. Second, to the philosopher the call of the czar comes as the morning-star in reason's dawn. In the past the prophets and poets, and the mighty leaders of religion, have frequently called on men to ground arms; but now a practical statesman, the head of the most autocratic power, calls on other nations to make a common cause, and to compass by reason the settlement of such international misunderstandings as in past ages have been settled through the arbitrament of force. To the philosopher this proposition carries with it far more than is seen on the surface. As a student of life, he knows that non-producing classes in time become corrupt. The existence of large classes subsisting on means provided by

others tends to sap manhood, divide the people into classes, and elevate the dogma of government by force over that of government by reason. Only by the development of broad, independent, self-reliant manhood on the part of all the people can the progress of civilization be assured, and the possibility of this grows less and less as great standing armies become greater and greater. Both national greatness and individual development will be furthered as never before when the wisdom of the age shall transform the mighty armies into great producing battalions.

To the true Christian the message from the East must of necessity overshadow other issues, problems, or questions; for to him it is the proposition for the practical fulfillment of the prophecy and command which rang out over Judea at the dawning of the present era. For two thousand years "Peace on earth" has fallen from the lips of man, maiden, and child; sometimes uttered as an idle jingle of meaningless words; sometimes accompanied by a hope; sometimes a heart prayer. Now, however, as we are approaching a new cycle, the wonderful song of the angels, that filled with its matchless melody the still night in old Judea, is taken up by the youthful czar, and its actualization only waits the action of the Christian nations of the western world. Nay, more. As Mr. Stead has well pointed out, its success lies with England and America. Let the Anglo-Saxon world second the czar in this noblest of all crusades, and the battle will be won.

At a moment like the present, in which a supreme opportunity faces civilization, every man, woman, and child should become an enthusiast; every individual should be a missionary. Let the beacon-fires of progress be lighted in every home, church, and school-house in the land. Let New England speak to Old England, and let the voice of the two peoples so strongly second the czar that western continental Europe will be glad to become a party in the holiest compact ever made by assembled nations.

B. O. F.

VICTORY WILL COME TO THE BRAVE

Many men who have achieved the greatest renown in life, and who have conferred inestimable benefits on humanity, have reached success only after years of failure and adversity. In some instances misfortunes have crowded one upon another with such appalling rapidity that but for splendid courage and indomitable will, men thus afflicted would have sought relief in suicide, or at least have given up the struggle and passed from view. The heroism which is displayed in the field of action is nothing to that grander heroism which refuses to yield when, in the quiet of life, misfortune and failure and affliction crowd one upon another. To him, however, who keeps his courage, who resolutely refuses to give up faith or let hope depart, the hour of victory will come, and will often dawn when least expected. It steals over life's horizon when all seems darkest.

A striking illustration of this is found in the life of Richard Wagner. The great master had seen his opera howled off the Parisian stage. Germany had at first seemed inclined to listen kindly to his message, but, when his great genius sought nobler flights, even Germany frowned upon him. Afterward, on account of his republican proclivities, he was even exiled. Poverty was his constant companion. His wife remained faithful to him through many years of penury and want, but at last her courage failed her. She had no faith that success would ever visit their home, and she left her husband, who seemed abandoned by fate, to battle alone with poverty. Liszt alone had faith in Wagner, and worked indefatigably for him; but at length Wagner's own courage began to waver. He had written his *Nibelungen* operas, but to produce them he required a theater built for the purpose. As he confessed in writing to Liszt, "Only a monarch could undertake such an enterprise, and

can I expect such an absurd possibility?" And his admiring friend had replied, "If a king is necessary, God can send you a king." But time passed; the king did not put in his appearance, while his creditors pursued him so persistently that at length he fled from Zurich and passed secretly from one German town to another. At length all seemed so dark that despair began to creep like a Stygian sleep over the master's mind. His superb courage weakened. His will reeled. He determined to give up the conflict in which he had spent the best years of his life. He bought a revolver and prepared to end his life. At that moment a messenger from King Ludwig found him. The king had been raised up, and the night of Wagner's life was lost in a glorious day. The king's aid and favor changed the whole condition. Position, wealth, honor, and fame were his; before him stretched almost a score of years of appreciated service.

The case of Wagner is by no means exceptional, though in few careers are the circumstances so dramatic or the change so sudden.

The great fact for us to remember, however, is that if we do our best, live up to our highest ideals, hold persistently to our dreams of victory; if we never falter or bend below the blows of combinations of circumstances which conspire to wreck our hopes and destroy our future, the day of victory will come. The fruition will be ours, even though it may not come in the way we anticipate or whence we hope for it, and it may burst upon us when least expected.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered. Her feet are firmly planted on the rock. Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted. Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock. She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer. And cried, "It shall be done, somehow, somewhere."

THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

THE CHICAGO STREET RAILWAY CONTEST

The most exciting contest in the history of American municipalities was witnessed in Chicago during the closing weeks of the past year. It is doubtful if the public conscience was ever more deeply stirred over a question relating to municipal life, and involving ethical and economic ideals and conditions, than in this suggestive and lesson-freighted conflict between the aroused citizenship of Chicago and a great corporation. The principal facts are as follows:

Enormous fortunes, acquired by the great corporations which have furnished American municipalities with more or less adequate transportation, have given rise to a general demand, on the part of men and women of intelligence and conviction, that the tax-payers should derive at least a fair proportion of the profits coming from these great natural monopolies. There has been of late a growing feeling that either the municipalities should own and operate the street railways, as has been so successfully done in Glasgow and other European cities, or the companies thus deriving the enormous fortunes should be compelled to give the citizens all revenues above a reasonable operating expense and a liberal per cent for capital invested. The agitation arising from this rapidly increasing sentiment has alarmed the great corporations, which have long since discovered that the street railways of our great cities are potential gold mines, which, if operated by the people for the benefit of the municipalities, could be made substantially to reduce the expenses of municipal government, while supplying the citizens with better service at a lower rate. In order to forestall public action,—which they felt

would be inevitable as soon as the voters generally realized the value of the franchises,—the corporations in several cities industriously engaged in securing from legislatures and State governments special privileges, which were to extend for a long period, and by which they might continue to accumulate vast fortunes. The privileges and concessions sought, and in many cases granted, have been of such an extraordinary character that it is unreasonable to suppose that they would have been even seriously considered had no influence been employed by their promoters. It is not necessary to suppose that in all instances bribery of a direct nature has been attempted, but in addition to large lobbies, a number of able and influential attorneys have been employed. Many lawyers have been retained whose partners were in the legislature. The press has received liberal advertisements, and the already enriched corporations have resorted to various other measures in order to attain their ends.

In the case of the Chicago street railway the manipulators of the companies were particularly bold, presumptuous, and daring. They invaded the last Legislature of Illinois, and the unsavory Humphrey bill was the first fruit of this invasion. The scandal connected with the attempt to pass this bill was so notorious, and the charges of bribery so explicit, that the bill failed. But at the moment when the citizens of Chicago began to congratulate themselves on the victory of the people, up rose the Allen bill, embodying the most objectionable features of the preceding measure. Again the battle was waged. Charges of bribery filled the air, but the millionaire corpora-

tions won. The measure, however, had to be approved by the city government of Chicago. Mayor Harrison came out boldly against the ratification of the shameful law. The entire press of the city, save one paper said to be controlled by the principal owner of the Chicago railway, opposed the measure in the most strenuous manner. The whole city soon seemed to be in open revolt. The Republican no less than the Democratic party of the city, was outspoken in its opposition, and during the first week in November Chicago was convulsed with excitement, mass meetings being held in all the principal parts of the city. On one evening there were thirty of these great assemblages to protest against the proposed iniquity. There can be little doubt that at least nine-tenths of the people were resolutely opposed to the measure. Perhaps the temper of the people was best illustrated by the amazing advertisements which appeared in some of the daily papers, calling for ten thousand men with ropes to meet at the city hall on the night when the measure was to be approved. According to the Chicago papers, and such carefully edited eastern journals as the *New York Independent*, "Judges joined in assailing the aldermen with threats of violence. Citizens of good repute wore little nooses of cord in their button-holes." The sentiment which seems to have prevailed in the minds of the vast majority of the citizens was admirably summed up by the veteran newspaper editor, Joseph Medill, in a signed editorial which appeared in his paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, on December the 10th:

The best opinion is that \$1,000,000 was paid to pass the Allen law, including go-betweens and others. About the same sum is needed now for aldermen in sufficient numbers to pass the fifty-year extension ordinance over the mayor's veto. The real fight now is to prevent the sale of the street franchise extension for any period, under the Allen law, by the aldermen, no matter how much bribe money is offered to them. Several corrupt aldermen are weakening. The bribers are whipped already. The veto will be sustained, through the force of aroused sentiment.

The Allen law bound the city hand and foot, and turned it over to the corporations for a period of fifty years. A clause was ingeniously inserted providing that a relatively small pittance should be paid to the city from the profits of the company. But the citizens of Chicago have at last become fully aroused. They are determined that the measure shall not be approved, if it is possible to prevent it, for three reasons: First, they believe that they are fighting thoroughly dishonest monopolies, organized for the purpose of plundering the people for a period of almost two generations. As one journal puts it, they believe that the Allen bill "was conceived, brought forth, and cradled in corruption, and that until the street-car companies secure the repeal of this infamous measure they are not entitled to consideration at the hands of the people of Chicago." They hold, and rightly hold, that if great corporations are to triumph over the popular rights, through bribery or other forms of corruption, free government no longer exists; and society, by tolerating the crime, admits the failure and yields to the most dangerous of all forms of despotism,—that of the corporation. Second, the citizens of Chicago hold that, since the companies can afford to pay a million and a half a year into the city treasury, it is preposterous to allow them to pay a small per cent of this amount. On this point the *Outlook* observes:

Apparently conservative estimates indicate that the railway companies can afford to pay the city \$1,500,000 each year, while the compensation under the proposed franchise would not amount to more than \$300,000 each year.

Third, they believe that no measure should be passed in which benefits accrue to individuals from natural monopolies or franchises which are bestowed by the community, until the community so helps in the framing of the measure that not only the city as a municipality shall receive at least a fair share of the profits, but that the companies shall be so bound as to compel them to furnish satisfactory service for the citizens. This position im-

presses us as being perfectly fair and moderate. It is a thing to which no honest corporation has any right to object. There is nothing unreasonable or revolutionary in such a proposition.

In speaking of the enormous value of this franchise, and the ends to which the unscrupulous companies are ready to resort (judging from the action with the Legislature), the *Outlook* for December 17th observes:

In this contest party lines are obliterated. Almost every phase of this struggle has its unique aspect. To use the words of a prominent Chicago politician, it is "the neatest fight between big forces ever put up in an American city." The present value of the franchise provided for in the blanket ordinance is estimated to be not less than \$40,000,000, and some figures place it as high as \$60,000,000. This, of course, is considering the matter from the view-point of the five surface railways interested in the franchise. Mayor Harrison has stated flatly that these companies can afford to expend \$6,000,000 in bribery to secure the passage of the ordinance over his veto. Men in close touch with the undercurrent of affairs in the council chamber express the belief that some, and perhaps many, aldermen are in a position to demand and receive not less than \$150,000 each for a vote in favor of the measure. More than this, the opinion prevails among conservative citizens that several aldermen have already received perhaps a larger advance fee than this sum. It is altogether probable that no other aldermen were ever called upon to face so great a pecuniary temptation as that which is now being pressed upon those members of the Chicago City Council who have not already openly allied themselves with the opposition to the fifty-year franchise ordinance.

The friends of good government in Chicago believed that the general uprising of the people might lead enough aldermen to vote against the measure to prevent it being carried over the mayor's veto, but the most sanguine did not expect the obnoxious measure to be killed before it reached the mayor. This, however, happened. When the bill was called up it was defeated by thirty-eight votes against the bill to thirty in its favor; and—what is

still more encouraging—the board has since passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the City Council of Chicago that no ordinance whatever extending existing street railway franchises shall be passed, and that no proposals to that end shall be entertained, until the so-called Allen law shall have been repealed.

This conflict is in many respects one of the most encouraging signs of the times. It proves that the people will be quick to second the brave stand taken by a mayor who has the courage to defend the best interests of the city. It shows that the people are thinking, and thinking seriously and intelligently, upon one of the most vital questions of the hour. It shows that the public conscience is not so deadened as some have been led to believe. It also proves that legislative bodies can be made to respect the wishes of the voters when those voters take a bold and determined stand against corrupt corporations. It presages the rising at an early date of a wave of intelligent public sentiment against the rule of the corporations, which, in all probability, will result in the control by the government, state, and municipalities, of those monopolies which are public and quasi-public in character. One excellent result of this conflict is seen in the general discussion which it has occasioned throughout the press and among the people, touching municipal ownership of the street railway service.

A few evenings ago I overheard a conversation, on one of our crowded cars suggested by the conflict in Chicago. One gentleman observed that he had not thought much about the city owning the street-cars until he read the accounts of the fight in Chicago. "Since then," he continued, "I have wondered why I have been hanging on the straps and riding on the platforms of these cars for two years, and paying my nickel every ride, without a protest." His friend replied that he had been thinking a great deal about the matter, and continued, "Do you not think that if we had a city government that considered the rights, the comfort, and the health of the people enough to be

insensible to the wiles of the street railway corporations and all their paid attorneys, that a law would be passed which would work wonders for the comfort and health of the people? Imagine the result of a law being enacted specifying (1) that no street-car company could collect fares unless seats were provided; and (2) that if any company failed to provide sufficient means for the prompt transportation of the people, except in case of accidents or extraordinary circumstances, the charters of such company or companies should immediately be declared void; after which the city should be free to provide its own system, or to make advantageous arrangements with other parties. Imagine what this would mean to the community. While in conversation with a well-known physician a short time ago, he expressed the opinion that a great number of valuable lives were being sacrificed every winter, through the failure of the railway companies to put on a sufficient number of cars to accommodate the travel. Numbers of persons are compelled all through the winter to stand on the exposed platforms after coming out of hot offices; while in many instances those who have to take the cars above the subway, have to stand on the cold corners for many minutes before they have the privilege of even hanging on the straps. It is wrong, and such contests as that in Chicago," continued the gentleman, "are making people think of the injustice of

the special privileges granted to the corporations who fail to provide proper accommodation for the people."

The above conversation is a fair example of sentiments that are at present being very generally expressed. The conservative *New York Independent*, on December 15th, uttered the following note of warning to the grasping corporations, when discussing "Chicago Street Railways:"

The inevitable effect of such examples of greed, corruption, and popular indignation will be an increase of the number of those who vote for municipal control and operation of street railways and other so-called natural monopolies, and eventually the advocacy of municipal ownership by one of the great parties. The steady growth in New England of the small party whose leading doctrines are those of state socialism has recently attracted the attention of the press. Every contest of the robbed people of a city with greedy and conscienceless holders of public franchises, like this battle in Chicago, directs the attention of intelligent men to municipal ownership as a remedy or as an alternative to be preferred.

This general uprising of the press and the people in Chicago is certainly significant, and the agitation of the question cannot fail to be beneficial. What to-day is most needed in our public life is a realization, on the part of the people, of their power and their duty.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH

The November elections in North and South Carolina were marked in two places by bloody riots such as have too frequently disgraced our history, and which call for the earnest remonstrance of right-thinking people. It is not my purpose to record the painful facts connected with these humiliating acts of violence. They are familiar to the reading public. Perhaps too much has already been said by those whose passions and prejudices have made them inconsiderate, or whose ignorance of the trying relations of all con-

cerned has rendered it impossible for them to speak helpful words. It is so easy to fan the fires of passion, so hard to rise above prejudice and be strictly just to all, that frequently the most sincere friends of a cause do incalculable injury by hasty and inconsiderate utterances which awaken bitterness and hate on the part of the opposition. It is not, therefore, my purpose to dwell on these riots, but rather to call the attention of thinking people to some facts involved, in order, if possible, to lead to the exercise of a spirit

of justice, wisdom, and humanity in the future.

We of the North are liable to fail to appreciate the point of view of the Southern white population. We fail to take into consideration the old prejudices, or to remember the bitterness which arose during the dark and bloody reconstruction period; and yet to attempt to discuss this question without keeping in view the facts of history, or bearing in mind how we might feel were our condition that of the Southerners, is to ignore essential elements in a fair and judicial examination of the problem.

At the close of the war the negroes were ignorant, and through all their lives in the new world had known nothing but slavery. They had been beasts of burden, and for generations had been regarded as chattels by their masters. Moreover, behind the period of their slavery and that of their ancestors, lay the primitive savage estate from which they had been taken. Now at one stroke, after the war, these freedmen who possessed no education, who in the very nature of the case knew nothing of the principles of law and government or the complex functions of civilized life, were enfranchised, and in many cases elevated to office over those who had always held them as slaves. That the North believed it was acting wisely and for the best interests of the slave, in pushing him to the front in the government of affairs, I do not doubt; but that it was a grave mistake, I think even the negroes who have carefully considered the question will admit. Certain it is that it aroused a storm of hate, rebellion, and bitterness in the hearts of the Southerners, which nothing else could have produced. They felt that they were being humiliated beyond measure. They looked with disgust and horror on law and government; they bitterly resented what they regarded as a present-day outrage, and what they believed would lead to the degradation and destruction of all they held dear in life. They had been vanquished in war, and had no great love for the flag of the Union; but they felt they could have come back into the sisterhood of States and taken up the thread of peaceful life again,

entering with some of the old-time interest into the work of building anew their devastated homes, had not this, to them, measureless outrage and insult been heaped upon them. The domination and supremacy of the ignorant population, from whose hands the sword and the pen of statecraft had stricken the shackles of slavery, could not and would not be tolerated. Consciously or unconsciously, they formed a great resolve to sell their lives, if need be, to prevent the perpetuation of what they regarded as a crime against government, home, progress, and civilization. They did not feel for a moment that the negro had the right of franchise; they knew only too well how ignorant and unqualified he was to exercise the power conferred upon him.

Next followed the dark and dreary reconstruction days, and the rule of the negro and the carpet-bagger,—a tragic night in which ignorance, hate, despair, and vengeance came into play, and which ended in the overthrow of the rule of the negro and the Northerner throughout the Southern States; but which did not end until it had produced a feeling of bitterness, and often of hate, between the white and black population, that was destined to extend far into the future. Since then the demagogic cry of negro supremacy has been sufficient, on more than one occasion, to throw sections into a frenzy of unreasoning fear, which has led to bloodshed.

These are facts which it is important that we keep in mind when considering this question, that we may be able rightly to understand the point of view of the Southern white man. But, even with these facts in mind, it seems to me impossible to justify the destruction of life and property which recently marked the riots in the Carolinas. In South Carolina the wanton shedding of blood seems to be without the shadow of excuse. But in Wilmington, where it did not require bloodshed or the burning of property to reinstate a white judiciary and restore home rule it was a different matter; and if it is argued that the editorial written by Mr. Manly was the exciting cause, it is only fair to remember the intemperate speech which called forth that editorial.

The Southern woman who counseled hanging a thousand negroes a week until a certain nameless crime should cease, had, in my judgment, a grave weight of responsibility resting on her shoulders. It was a speech well calculated to arouse the bitterest resentment, even though the negro civilization was as far removed from savagery as our own, because there had been no laxity in punishing the offense about which the complaint was made. Indeed, it is seldom that a negro, who is guilty or even suspected of being guilty of the crime in question, lives to see the court-room; and, if he does, his punishment is swift and certain. Hence the speech was not only inexcusable, but was well calculated to call forth a passionate outburst from the colored man.

These are facts which thoughtful Southerners should take into consideration before they attempt to justify the lawlessness and crime committed at Phoenix and Wilmington. Conditions have entirely changed since the reconstruction period, and though we may easily overlook many of the excesses committed during the bitter period of the carpet-bag rule, we have a right at the present time, when there is no menace of a long-continued rule of ignorance, or danger of negro supremacy, to expect that Southern people shall act with greater forbearance, and display a broader and more judicial spirit than they evinced at Wilmington. To me it seems that such actions as those which marked the riots in the Carolinas cannot fail, sooner or later, to react injuriously on the South; for I believe most profoundly that for every wrong deed or unjust act which a nation or a section commits, it must suffer. Hence, as one who loves the South, I would urge our citizens to refrain from acts of violence; for lasting growth and enduring progress can come only through an awakened spiritual consciousness which makes the Golden Rule the guide of life. I repeat that there is no real danger of negro supremacy in the South. Indeed, in some States, such as South Carolina and Mississippi, the negro has been virtually disfranchised through the incorporation of educational and property qualifications into the State constitutions. In the pres-

ent condition of political and social life in the South, I am inclined to believe that such qualifications are not unwise, and will, in the long run, work good for the negro as well as for society in general. Education is necessary in a republic, and even the State of Massachusetts has the educational qualification. But aside from this, what is most needed is the avoidance of race collisions and everything that can fan to flame the old fires of prejudice and bitterness. The negro has too long been exploited by politicians and demagogues to his own injury. Time will do more than anything else to solve the race problem. If we can keep down hate, prejudice, and bitterness of spirit on the part of each race until the old-time memories have faded away, it will be well for the whites, the blacks, and the nation at large.

The negro in continental Europe is accorded very different treatment from that which he receives in this country; nor is this strange. Chattel slavery has not existed in Europe, and the negroes and mulattoes there are as a rule well educated. It is evident that time must elapse before the old-time prejudice can fade away, as it will to a great degree if both races wisely discountenance whatever can keep alive the unfortunate feelings engendered during the reconstruction period.

Another fact, which the white men of all sections should bear in mind, is the wonderful progress that the colored people have made since their emancipation. With a condition of ignorance and abject slavery less than forty years behind them, and with primitive barbarism or savagery from one to two hundred years removed, they have, under the environment of our civilization, made such strides in intellectual and moral progress as no people have ever been known to make in a like period. They have risen in various professions; they have learned to excel in many vocations; they are acquiring wealth and are building homes all over the land. There is scarcely a line of work or endeavor in which they have not already demonstrated their capacity to excel; and this splendid record is doing more toward solving the race problem than even the colored man yet realizes. This, and the softening influences of time

are doing what harsher measures would fail to do; and it seems to me that the supreme need of the hour is that both races realize the importance of patience in dealing with this problem, which, in the nature of the case, is an exceedingly difficult one, when all the conditions involved are taken into consideration.

To the colored people I would say that, despite the acts of injustice and violence which occur even at the present time,—though with less frequency than heretofore,—you as a people have much cause to rejoice. The wide meed of liberty which you enjoy, and your environments, have made your rapid rise possible. The condition of your people, as a people, is incomparably better in many respects than that of hundreds of thousands of wage-earners in western Europe; and what man among you would change place with any of the struggling, starving peasantry of Russia? It is well to bear these facts in mind when the hot blood mounts your brow over some act which you feel to be unjust. Remember that your people

are rising with phenomenal rapidity; remember that conditions are such that you can secure beautiful homes, and excel in the various pursuits of life; and also realize that forbearance and a resolute pursuit of life's daily duties is the part of wisdom at the present time.

Those noble and able men among your own people, who, like Booker T. Washington, are giving your people that broad and practical education that carries the richest fruition in life, should not only be ably sustained, but their counsel should be sought and heeded. They not only have your best interests at stake, but their wider experience, born of long study of the problems concerning the permanent progress and happiness of your people, gives their views a special value and entitles them to leadership. I believe that the future will grow brighter and brighter for the people of both races. The present is in a real way a transition period which calls for the exercise, on the part of all, of patience, forbearance, and charity.

THE POPULAR OPINION OF THE POLICY OF EXPANSION

The New York *Herald* recently polled five hundred of the leading papers of all parties in the United States, to ascertain the probable views of the country on the policy of expansion. The result showed that a large majority of the most influential and widely read papers favored expansion. Only in the South was the majority opposed to the colonial plan, which was favored by the leading papers of the Western and Middle States in a ratio of two to one. There were some odd revelations made in the canvass. All the leading papers, except one, in Maine opposed expansion. All the leading papers in Florida and Virginia favored it, while Georgia and the two Carolinas, though lying between Florida and Virginia, showed a solid front in opposition to anything looking toward expansion. The canvass revealed that about five to one of the leading Republican papers, and about two to

one independent papers favored the colonial plan, while three to one of the Democratic journals opposed it.

The *Outlook* insists that there are three popular arguments in favor of expansion, which taken together will prove irresistible. In the region west of the Rocky Mountains, according to this journal, the idea is very prevalently held that the retention of the Philippines will enormously increase the volume of trade. Hence, chiefly from commercial considerations, the far West favors expansion, while the middle West is filled with an intense Americanism. A large number of its citizens believe that we can do in any other land what we have done at home in the development of national and business life, and what we have done for ourselves we can do for the islands which we have recently acquired. These people scout the idea that we should find it difficult to gov-

ern the possessions of the far East if they were annexed, or if a liberal colonial policy were adopted, while in the East conservatism is more pronounced; but the consciences of a large proportion of its inhabitants are as strenuously against giving the islands over to the anarchy which they believe would result if they were abandoned by the United States, as they are opposed to turning them back to the despotic rule of Spain. These three views, the *Outlook* holds, will render any opposition futile.

On the other hand, it is becoming more and more evident that the Democracy will marshal a strong opposition, and it is certain it will be seconded by the Federation of Labor and other trade organizations, while it will draw recruits from those who have been strenuously opposed to the Chicago platform. The *New York Herald* calls attention to some of the leaders of the anti-expansion crusade, to show how widely divergent elements are uniting under the one banner with a zeal and intensity of conviction that will probably weld them into a party, should the colonial plan become the overshadowing issue in the next general election. Thus, for example, we find Carl Schurz, Edwin L. Godkin, William J. Bryan, Richard F.

Pettigrew, George G. Vest, Chas. H. Parkhurst, Andrew Carnegie, Joseph Pulitzer, Edward Atkinson, Grover Cleveland, and Samuel Gompers, all in the ranks of the opposition.

If the question of expansion should become uppermost as a political issue in the next presidential canvass, there would be some strange combinations. Imagine, for example, Carl Schurz, Edwin L. Godkin, Edward Atkinson, and Grover Cleveland taking the rostrum for William J. Bryan, and Andrew Carnegie drawing princely checks to further the campaign of the young Nebraskan. Or, on the other hand, imagine Senator Pettigrew, William J. Bryan, Andrew Carnegie, and Samuel Gompers rallying around Grover Cleveland. There is an old saying that politics makes strange bed-fellows, and we shall certainly see some peculiar combinations if expansion becomes a leading issue in the next campaign. But events move rapidly, and in all probability the government will have so far settled the general line of policy which will be pursued, before the next presidential campaign, that the government of our newly acquired possessions will not become a leading issue.

HON. HORACE PLUNKETT ON CO-OPERATION IN IRELAND

Hon. Horace Plunkett, M. P., from Dublin, Ireland, recently visited Boston, and while in the city explained the remarkable results that have followed the co-operative agricultural movement in Ireland. As Mr. Plunkett is the father of the measure, in so far as it relates to the dairy interests of Ireland, he speaks from absolute knowledge.

During his remarks he explained that the hope of Ireland lay in the development of Irish industries. If the Irish fail in their crops, there is no hope save in emigration, and this largely explains the seemingly inexplicable fact that, thirteen years after the most radical land laws had been passed in favor of Ireland, the large

est per cent of emigration had been recorded. He did not think that the agrarian population of Ireland needed more favorable legislation, so much as an intelligent co-operation; and he stated that the position of the Irish tenant was, he thought, as good to-day as that of any peasant proprietor. He had fixity of tenure, the right of free sale, and the right to have a fair rent fixed by an impartial tribunal. And yet, with all this in his favor, his position was pitiable, because he lacked that which modern business rendered essential for success—the association in business, or intelligent co-operation. It took the farmer some time to realize what he most

needed, and it was not until he was made to see that, outside of his own industry, thoroughly organized business combinations existed in all branches of business life, and if his isolation continued he had nothing to expect but failure. Next he came to see that co-operative business was simply putting into effect in the dairy and farming business the same principles which were being applied successfully in other departments of industry. Mr. Plunkett states that nine years ago, when an effort was made to change the conditions and it began in dairying, the people looked at everything that had not a religious or political tinge as Utopian. He had addressed fifty meetings of the farmers before he had succeeded in starting one society.

It was said that "Irishmen could conspire, but could not combine;" though as long as the economic conditions were sound, by persistently pegging away it would result in success. In 1894 there were thirty-three societies. It was re-

garded as certain that a department of agriculture will be created next year to superintend the work. The people do not want any form of state aid which would be substituted for the self-help of the people, for otherwise it might lead to jobbery and demoralization. Mr. Plunkett said he wanted Irish-American support for this co-operative movement, for he believed, without criticising the support extended to Ireland, that, if one-tenth of the aid which had been sent for political purposes from America had been given for industrial development, it would have made Ireland a second Denmark.

In my review of Mr. Lloyd's book, I have referred to Mr. Plunkett's work. It seems to me that Ireland has far more to hope from this line of work than through other measures. When Charles Parnell fell, the home-rule party in Ireland ceased to be a great aggressive power; and, owing to dissensions and rivalry, little has been accomplished for that cause during recent years.

PHENOMENAL INCREASE IN THE GOLD OUTPUT

The report of the director of the mint indicates that the output of gold throughout the world has increased about forty per cent during the past seven years. It is estimated that the gold money of the world amounted to \$4,086,800,000, on January 1, 1895. Since then the production of gold has amounted to \$900,000,000; but it is estimated that \$60,000,000 of this is annually used in the arts, consequently the money increase is estimated at \$660,000,000, which would make the world's gold money amount at the present time to something over \$4,700,000,000. It seems to me that \$60,000,000 is far too small an estimate for the per cent of the gold yield which is annually employed in other ways than in money. Between \$4,600,000,000 and \$4,500,000,000 seems a safe estimate, though there is probably force in the claim that the figures relating to the output do not represent all the actual yield.

It is highly probable that for many years to come the gold output will steadily increase in volume, in view of the world-wide search for the precious metal, which is constantly leading to the discovery of rich fields, and also of the improved machinery for mining and milling, which makes profitable gold-mining possible where it heretofore could not be done advantageously, owing to the low grade of the ore.

At the present time the increase in the gold output is chiefly in lands controlled by the Anglo-Saxon peoples, namely, the United States, British America, South Africa, and Australia; but it is probable that within a few years South America, and perhaps Mexico, may add a large amount to the world's volume. It is well known that the gold deposits in the Andes are very rich, though as yet they are indifferently worked.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

"POEMS AND SONGS BY JAMES G. CLARK."*

What Gerald Massey was to England Mr. James G. Clark has been to America,—a poet of the people and an apostle of freedom and justice. In early manhood he became very popular on account of his songs, which were reigning favorites in New England prior to our Civil War. The great anti-slavery agitation appealed to the young poet, as it appealed to Whittier, Lowell, Phillips, and Sumner. He ceased to be "the idle singer of an empty day," and became a poet of freedom. The death of his mother at this time probably had something to do with bringing him face to face with the more serious side of life. Certain it is that while sitting beside the death-bed of this idolized parent the lines of "Leona" came to him, which was by far the best poetical creation he had written up to that time. It was originally published in the *New York Home Journal*, then under the editorial management of N. P. Willis and George Morris, and received strong editorial praise from those gifted writers and critics. It was further stated that it was the most widely copied of any poem which appeared in the *Home Journal*. Here are some stanzas from this exquisite poem, which deals with the sad but beautiful severance by death of two lives bound together by the silken threads of love:

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath.
The curtain half lifted revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the River of Death.

*"Poems and Songs by James G. Clark," comprising the complete poetical work of Mr. Clark, with introduction by B. O. Flower. Cloth; pp. 224. Price, \$1.25. Edition limited to 1000 copies. For sale by Jennie Clark Jacobson, Saint Anthony Park, Minn.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters
beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their
feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that blest me in years that are
fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the
dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart;
And your trust was too generous and
true
For their hate to o'erthrow: when the slander-
er's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that
we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That death is but action begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled
and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has
caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold!
From headland, from hillside and deep,
The day king surrenders his banners of gold:
The twilight advances through woodland and
wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountains
away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the
world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

Among the popular songs and poems of Mr. Clark's first period are "The Evergreen Mountains of Life," which has found its way into many hymnals, "The Boatman's Dream," "The Old Mountain Tree," "The Rover's Grave," "Marion Moore," "Song of the Indian Mother," "The Exile's Return," and "Art Thou Living Yet?" This last poem, which sprang out of the passionate longing and questioning of the aspiring heart, has proved very popular. Here are two verses:

Is there no grand, immortal sphere
Beyond this realm of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
And dry the tears from weeping eyes?
Where Winter melts in endless Spring,
And June stands near with deathless flowers,
Where may we hear the dear one sing
Who loved us in this world of ours?
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
With tears for one I cannot see:
O mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track,
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death:
And yet at times my eyes are wet
With tears for her I cannot see:
O mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

Doubtless many readers of THE COMING AGE who live in the New England and Middle Atlantic States will remember "The Old Mountain Tree" and "Marion Moore," as being sung in the theaters and whistled on the streets when they were boys and girls. With the opening of the great Civil War, Mr. Clark entered upon the second stage of his poetical career. He wrote many strong, stirring poems of freedom, which he set to music, and sang with telling effect throughout the North. His "Freemort's Battle Hymn" was immensely popular. Perhaps, as some critics have asserted, it was only second to Mrs. Ward's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" in general favor throughout the North.

Oh, spirits of Washington, Warren, and
Wayne!
Oh, shades of the heroes and patriots slain!
Come down from your mountains of emerald
and gold,
And smile on the banner ye cherished of old:

Descend in your glorified ranks to the strife,
Like legions sent forth from the armies of life;
Let us feel your deep presence as waves feel the
breeze,
When white fleets like snowflakes are drowned
in the seas.

As the red lightnings run on the black, jagged
cloud,
Ere the thunder-king speaks from his wind-
woven shroud,
So gleams the bright steel along valley and
shore,
Ere the conflict shall startle the land with its
roar;
As the veil which conceals the clear starlight
is riven
When clouds strike together, by warring winds
driven,
So the blood of the race must be offered like
rain,
Ere the stars of our country are ransomed
again

"Minnie Minton" was a poem of war times, composed after our armies were in the field. It has a peculiar history. During the period when the poet was going from town to town inspiring the people with his patriotic songs, he chanced to stop at a farm-house where he was accorded a generous welcome. In this home was a beautiful maiden; but something about her told the poet that she carried a heavy heart. During their conversations she told Mr. Clark that she had a lover who had just marched away to the war. It was more than a year later; the poet was riding in a car at night when a wonderful thing happened. A picture of the soldier lover dying on the field of battle flashed upon his mental vision, and with it came the words, "I am dying, Minnie Minton." Mr. Clark was profoundly moved. All his life, from time to time, he had psychical experiences. He was a profound believer in the possibility of the dead, under certain circumstances, communicating with the living, and he did not doubt but that his little friend's lover had been slain. Immediately he wrote in the dim light of the train lamp, as he was hurrying to his destination, the little poem which begins thus:

Minnie Minton, in the shadow
I have waited here alone,
On the battle's gory meadow,
Which the scythe of death has mown,
I have listened for your coming
Till the dreary dawn of day,
But I only hear the drumming,
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am wounded,
 And I know that I must die;
 By a stranger host surrounded,
 And no loved one kneeling nigh;
 And I fain would hear you whisper
 In the twilight cold and gray,
 But I only hear the tramping
 As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am weary,
 And I long to reach my goal;
 Yet the billows of Old Erie
 Blue upon my memory roll;
 And I pause to hear you singing
 By the waters of the bay,
 But I only hear the bugles
 As the armies march away.

The war closed, and Mr. Clark for a time composed poems and songs dealing with religious thought and life in its more general aspects. Perhaps his finest distinctly religious poem is entitled "Prophet of Nazareth," and as it so well illustrates the profound love and reverence which he ever cherished for the great Galilean, I am tempted to reproduce three stanzas of this beautiful creation:

As breaks the gold sunlight, when heroes and
 sages
 Were rising and falling like meteors in
 space,
 A new glory broke on the gloom of the ages.
 And love warmed to life in the glow of thy
 face;
 The wars of the Old Time are waning and
 failing,
 The peace of the New Time o'erarches our
 tears,
 The orbs of the Old Time are fading and
 ling,
 The sun of the New Time is gilding the
 years.

The mist of the ocean, the spray of the foun-
 tain,
 The vine on the hillside, the moss on the
 shrine,
 The rose in the valley, the pine on the moun-
 tain,
 All turn to a glory that symboeth Thine:
 So I yearn for Thy love as the purest and dear-
 est
 That ever uplifted a spirit from woe.
 And I turn to Thy life as the truest and nearest
 To infinite goodness that mortals may know.

O Soul of the Orient, peerless and holy,
 Enthroned in a splendor all angels above,
 I would join with the singers that raise up the
 lowly,
 And praise Thee in deeds that are Christ-
 like in love.

Let my words be as showers that fall on the
 highlands.
 Begotten in shadows, expiring in light,
 While Thine are the billows that sing to life's
 islands
 In numbers unbroken, by noonday and night.

One thing is very striking about Mr. Clark. His principal work and his best work was composed after he crossed the threshold of his fiftieth year. He seemed to grow younger as the snow of age glorified his high-arching brow; and during his last years he sent forth many of the noblest and most inspiring poems of freedom, justice, and progress which have appeared in this country—poems which have given him rank with Massey, Mackay, and Morris as a chosen poet of the people. Among these noble songs of the hour, which have thrilled tens of thousands of persons during the past twenty years, are "The Voice of the People," "The Master of Truth," "A Song for the Period," "A Vision of the Old and New," "The People's Battle Hymn," "Justice to 'Liberty Enlightening the World,'" "Freedom's Reveille," "The Fall of New Babylon," "All for One and One for All," "The Living Christ," a poem dedicated to Prof. George D. Herron, and "The Old Age Dies." This poem I reproduce, as it will be new to many of my friends who are familiar with most of the above poems on account of their having been written for the *Arena* when under my management:

Two thousand years rolled on, and then,
 Upon the ships of Galilee,
 We saw the kingly Man of men
 Subdue the tempest and the sea;
 We saw him strong to heal and save,
 To calm the spirit's inner strife,
 We saw Him weep beside the grave
 And bring the loved and lost to life.

The outcast, humbled by her shame,
 And frozen by a cold world's frown,
 In burning tears before Him came
 And laid her sins and burdens down;
 And timid babes, with hearts unsealed,
 Surrendered to His touch and look,
 As tender lilies of the field
 Reflect their forms in Kedron's brook.

Yet He who lived without a flaw,
 And gave to man the Law of Laws,
 Between two breakers of the law
 Was hung and murdered without cause;
 Thus, in the strength and bloom of youth,
 And manhood's morning light, He fell,
 Pierced by the hands that lose the truth
 While clinging to the broken shell.

And though He fell before their creeds—
 The Master of all martyrs slain—
 He fell as fall the deathless seeds
 That sink in earth to rise again—
 To rise a countless million fold.
 Like conquering legions from the tomb,
 With lifted palms and fruits of gold
 In fields of everlasting bloom.

The Old Age dies—the cycle turns
 Upon the New its pleading face,
 The spirit of the same Christ yearns,
 With sheltering wings to shield the race;
 And voices from the wilderness
 Proclaim His kingdom near at hand
 Who comes with power to scourge or bless
 The Stewards of His plundered land.

The spoiler, crouching in his den
 Glares out upon the dying night,
 As in the wakened souls of men
 New hopes, like song-birds, greet the light.
 While martyrs bear their cross alone—
 The harvest time at last has come
 No longer shall the truth sit dumb
 When right with might shall mount the throne.

The shepherd with his flock ascends,
 The reaper moves upon the corn,
 The grain before the sickle bends.
 The wolf shrinks cowering from the morn:
 But slowly up the world's far West,
 With lightning flashing from his shield,
 And thunders muttering in his breast
 The storm-king marches to the field.

The walls of ancient Error shake
 Above the earthquake's smothered roar,
 And tides of retribution break
 With sullen boom on every shore—
 But they who build upon the rock,
 And not upon the shifting sand,
 Unharm'd shall meet the battle's shock,
 And storm and tidal wave withstand.

And somewhere on the Great Divide,
 Where systems part to meet no more,
 We shall be striving side by side—
 As in the ages gone before—
 For Him who comes with love's pure flame
 To burn the false and test the true,
 While tongues innumerable proclaim:
 "The Old Age dies—long live the New."

One of the best of Mr. Clark's poems is entitled "The Infinite Mother." It has called forth strong words of praise from many eminent critics. Several of his poems are prayers that appeal to the hearts of the people, for they come from the poet's heart, and express his

faith and his human yearning after the divine. Here is a stanza from one of these heart cries:

Father, let Thy spirit guide me
 Through the darkness and the blast,
 Let Thine angels walk beside me,
 Till temptation's power be past—
 Till I view the heights supernal
 Tow'ring o'er life's changing sea,
 Till I tread the vales eternal,
 Where the blest are led by Thee.

As the poet neared the river of death his faith grew stronger, if possible, than it had been during all the years in which he had battled for a nobler civilization, and faced life's trials and disappointments with the heroism of exalted manhood. Nor is this strange; for he had many wonderful visions in which his loved mother, and other dear ones who had passed from view, seemed to appear before him with words of infinite love and messages of gladness. It was during his last illness that he dedicated this last song:

In the everlasting arms,
 Waiting for the perfect day,
 Free from shadows and alarms,
 On the border-land I lay.

Never more can fear enthrall me,
 Never pain or woe befall me,
 Or the world's false pleasures call me
 From the everlasting arms.

The tens of thousands of friends of the poet will rejoice to know that all his poetical work has been tastefully bound in one volume; but it will, I imagine, be a source of profound regret that the edition of poems consisted of only one thousand copies, and, after these were printed the type was distributed without the volume being plated. Therefore, only a few of the many who wish to possess this work of the loved leader will be able to procure copies, as a large share of the edition was subscribed to before the book was published. I would suggest that any of our readers who desire a copy should send without delay to the poet's daughter, whose address is given in the foot-note. The volume, barring a few typographical errors, is most attractive. It contains a fine portrait of the poet. The type used is large, the paper heavy, and the binding excellent. It is an exceedingly cheap volume at \$1.25, and it is a book that will be highly prized by the few who are fortunate enough to secure a copy before the edition is exhausted.

"SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS."*

This is a very suggestive volume, dealing with the awakening spiritual consciousness which is so marked a feature of our time. The author is a clear, forcible, earnest writer. It is a work from the heart, and I think may be placed among the best volumes of modern metaphysical thought. Mr. Sprague discusses, among other subjects, "Realization of Ideals Through Right Thinking," "The Outer World," "The Inner World," "Consciousness," "Christianity," "The Growth of Society," "The Problem of Evil," "The Spiritual Basis of Health," "Music," "Art and Nature." In the chapter on "The Problem of Evil" the author takes a somewhat different position from that held by most metaphysical writers. He tells us that:

The problem of evil is of the deepest moment in a contemplative survey of life, even though it be recognized that evil itself has no valid basis of existence in spiritual reality.

As the pendulum of thought swings backward from the depressing pessimism of the recent past, an accelerating momentum naturally tends to carry it beyond the point of perfect equilibrium, in the direction of an unduly exalted optimism. The present reaction against an excessive, and, in many cases, almost exclusive, contemplation of the nether side of existence, bids fair to engender, in some instances, an attitude in which only certain beneficent features of life are taken into account. By singling out such features, and dwelling upon them apart from the grand whole of life, we may obtain a view quite as ill-balanced as the characteristically pessimistic one. Between these two danger points, the Scylla and Charybdis of speculative thought, the impartial, earnest truth-seeker must steer his bark. On one side lie the seething depths of a despairing pessimism; on the other, the deceptive, alluring shoals of an ecstatic optimism. The ship of life can be piloted successfully only in deep water; but it must be in the calm depths where the current flows firmly and steadily.

He holds that all suffering, in the necessity of the case, is but a partial appearance; that it relates to a fraction of time, and must not, therefore, be looked upon as an entirety. On this point he says:

Suffering and disappointment may be very much in evidence in the finite consciousness; but their import depends altogether on the plane from which one regards them. We live in dreams until the burden of suffering be-

comes unendurable, and impels us to awaken to consciousness of reality. Suffering in dreams may be most intense; but when on awakening we realize the nature of our misery, it is forgotten in the joy attending the discovery of a more real state. Intensity does not indicate reality. Forces that clash most violently are soonest spent. Evil symptoms are transient and suicidal. From the universal point of view, we may know life, not in dreams, but in the full light of awakened consciousness. Above all the hardships, pain, discord and even the horrors that invade the realm of finite conceptions, we may delight in the eternal harmony that attends the consciousness of an infinite reality.

We live to overcome, and rejoice in triumphing. We glory in the consciousness of power to transcend each finite plane, and make it a stepping-stone to others above. Life is both high and deep. Only by coming up from its depths can we appreciate its heights. The glory of the view from the mountain-top is due to the presence of valleys below. So, as our thought lingers on the lower planes of consciousness, on its journey to the realm of spiritual reality which it seeks to possess, we seem beset on every hand by evil forces. Ideas seen in perspective, as they are projected in a world of time and space, often appear distorted. As time and space have no absolute values, the angle and extent of the perspective in which things appear must depend on the attitude of the observer. If our world seems essentially base, evil, unsatisfactory, it is an indication that we see life at too close range—too narrowly. Were we to adjust our view-point, after the manner of the greatest seers, the real value of our world would be more readily appreciable.

These extracts will serve to give the reader a fair idea of Mr. Sprague's method of treatment and his style of writing. The volume should appeal to a large class of readers who are deeply interested in metaphysical thought as presented at the present time.

"THE COLONIES."*

"The Colonies," written by Helen Ainslie Smith and edited by Mr. Samuel T. Dutton, is a work of exceptional merit. The history of the establishment of colonies along the Atlantic seaboard is told in simple language and in an exceedingly interesting manner. Few writers are able to invest the facts of history with the charm of romance, as has been done by the author of this work. The child who commences

*"The Colonies," second book of the Morse series of historical readers, by Helen Ainslie Smith; edited by Samuel T. Dutton. Illustrated; cloth; pp. 378. The Morse Company, New York.

*"Spiritual Consciousness," by F. H. Sprague. Cloth; pp. 238. Price \$1.50. Wollaston, Mass.; published by the author.

the volume will be beguiled, through its interest, into perusing every page. It is a picturesque story of the early colonial days, so presented as to be remembered. It is intended as a reader for schools; but where it is not in use it would be an excellent volume for parents to procure for their children. It is an admirable introduction to the colonial history of our country.

“ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES IN NORTHERN EUROPE.”*

This volume presents the geography of Ireland, Scotland, England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia in the form of personal tours over the lands mentioned. But, besides describing the peculiarities and special features of these countries in a vivid manner, a vast fund of historical information is given relating to various points of interest, together with biographical, literary, and other facts which are associated with the different localities. It is profusely illustrated, containing about two hundred excellently executed half-tone pictures. The work is pre-eminently intended for the young in schools and homes, though it will be read with interest and profit by many grown persons, as it is written in a bright and engaging manner. A family, and at times some friends, visit Northern Europe, and here the young people see and learn about the countries visited.

“RARE OLD CHUMS.”†

Miss Dromgoole's latest work, “Rare Old Chums,” is a heart story. Into it, I imagine, the author has woven much of her own life, and in it, perhaps unconsciously, she takes the reader in confidence. Her musings, her hopes, aspirations, and deep awe of life, and a certain sadness and pathos which are almost always present in her writings, and which tinge a life at once earnest, brave, and sincere, are very marked in this volume. Indeed, if one would know the popular author of “The Heart of Old Hickory” and “The Valley Path,” he should read this strange story of a little girl and an old man who fled from the solitude of a city in

which the people had no time to think, and much less to care for the poor, and who took refuge in a little cabin in the mountains near the swift-flowing Elk River in Eastern Tennessee. The old man and his little daughter had been overwhelmed by adversity. The wife and mother had been taken away, and the creditors, treading hard on the heels of death, had despoiled the little home; so, with faces turned toward the mountains, the two journey forth. A greyhound comes to their cabin and remains with them. The little child is old for her years, and the old man unconsciously leans upon her. The lives of the two are so closely interwoven that the very thought of the death of the father strikes a terror to the child's heart, that is only eclipsed by the fact that something might happen to her and the dear old man be left alone. The story of the lives of these two dwellers so near to nature's heart, and the heart to heart talks of life and its profound and complex problems, are very fine. At times the composition rises almost to the level of prose poetry; and this suggests two beautiful little poems in the volume which illustrate anew the remarkable versatility of the author. One is dedicated to the lonely lives, the brave, unknown singers of life, and is called “The Pilgrim Bird.” The other is entitled “Building the Bridge,” and runs as follows:

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray.
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
“Old man,” said a fellow-pilgrim, near,
“You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide—
Why build you the bridge at the even-tide?”

The builder lifted his old gray head:
“Good friend, in the path I have come,” he said.
“There followeth after me to-day
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.”

Miss Dromgoole has done no better work than is found in this little volume; yet it is a book that will not appeal to the popular tastes, as do her brighter stories and her more powerful romances; but for those who delight in a simple story of two beautiful lives—a story full

*“Roundabout Rambles in Northern Europe,” by Charles F. King. Illustrated; cloth: pp. 354. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee, Shepard & Co.

†“Rare Old Chums,” by Will Allen Dromgoole. Six full-page illustrations; cloth: pp. 100. Price, 50 cents. Boston, Dana, Estes & Co.

of poetry and philosophy, and which reflects innocence and sincerity going hand in hand apart from the bustling world, will enjoy this work. I think that it is unfortunate that it is published as a child's book, as it seems to me a volume that will appeal to grown persons much more than children.

"THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS."*

There is something very striking about the way in which men and women are turning from creedal theology and dogmatic religion to the New Testament for inspiration, comfort, and spiritual food. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there has been a period, since the new learning swept over Europe, when deeply religious natures have turned to such an extent from the church with unsatisfied longing to find in the luminous spiritual truths and the ethical teachings of the New Testament that nourishment which their spiritual natures call for. When, after the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of the Greek scholars over Italy, the New Testament was for the first time read by a considerable number of the western thinkers in the original Greek, it came as a new revelation to many high-born and aspiring natures who had long grown weary of the perfunctory religion of the church. And so to-day dogmatic theology is year by year losing its hold upon the people; but the Sermon on the Mount and other vital teachings of Jesus and the apostles that, when perused apart from the befuddling commentaries, are simple, satisfying, and helpful to the starving nature, are again exerting a wonderful influence over thousands of lives.

I have before me a little compilation of the teachings of Jesus extracted from the Four Gospels and arranged by Prof. Jean du Buy, which is one of many works being called forth by the new need or hunger of our time. Prof. du Buy says in his introductory word that:

The object in making this collection has been to clearly present the ethical and mystical teachings of Jesus, without making any reference to theological doctrines. In the estimation of the compiler, spiritual life is of greatly more value than arguing about doctrines or about the outer events of the life of Jesus. This compilation contains those spiritual truths, taught by Jesus, which every true follower of

Jesus knows to be true from his own experience, whatever his theological belief may be.

The little work is divided into several parts, as follows: "Jesus, the Spiritual Teacher," "True Life," "Human Temptations and the Overcoming of Them," "The Spirit of the Father," "The Results of True Life," "The Spreading of Spiritual Truth," "The Kingdom of God."

The compilation is admirable, and the volume is printed in small, compact form, so that it can be easily carried in the side pocket. It merits a wide circulation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Poems and Songs," by James G. Clark, with frontispiece portrait of Mr. Clark, and introduction by B. O. Flower. Pp. 224; cloth. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Jennie Clark Jacobson, Saint Anthony Park, Minn.

"After Her Death, the Story of a Summer," by Lilian Whiting. Pp. 180; cloth. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"The World Beautiful," third series, by Lilian Whiting. Pp. 246; cloth. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

"Voices of Hope," by Horatio W. Dresser. Pp. 214; cloth. Price, \$1.50. Boston, George H. Ellis.

"Labor Copartnership," by Henry D. Lloyd. Illustrated; cloth; pp. 350. New York, Harper Bros.

"The Teachings of Jesus," by Jean du Buy, Ph.D. Cloth; pp. 80. Price, 50 cents.

"Songs of War and Peace," by Sam Walter Foss. Cloth; gilt top. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee, Shepard & Co.

"Roundabout Rambles in Northern Europe," by Chas. F. King. Illustrated; 230 engravings; cloth; price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee, Shepard & Co.

"Six Young Hunters," by W. Gordon Parker. Illustrated; cloth. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee, Shepard & Co.

"The Boys with Old Hickory," by Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated; cloth; price, \$1.50. Boston, Lee, Shepard & Co.

"Under Dewey at Manila," by Edward Stratemeyer. Cloth. Price, \$1.25. Boston, Lee, Shepard & Co.

"The Colonies," second volume of historical series; edited by Samuel T. Dutton. Illustrated; cloth; pp. 378. Morse Publishing Company.

"Spiritual Consciousness," by Frank H. Sprague. Cloth; pp. 232. Price, \$1.50. Wollaston, F. H. Sprague.

"Catherine of Sienna," by Arthur T. Pierson. DD. Cloth; pp. 68. Price, 50 cents. New York, Funk & Wagnall Company.

"In Jesus Christ," by Arthur T. Pierson. Cloth; pp. 108. Price, 75 cents. New York, Funk & Wagnall Company.

*"The Teachings of Jesus," by Jean du Buy, Ph.D. Cloth; pp. 88. Price, 50 cents. Boston, James H. West.

OUR MONTHLY CHAT

A PERSONAL WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

The cordial reception of *THE COMING AGE* by the public is most gratifying, proving that the people are hungry for a review which appeals pre-eminently to the moral nature. "Your review," writes one subscriber, "is a conscience magazine, and yet it is devoid of the narrow spirit that too frequently accompanies work which appeals to the conscience of the people." Another friend says: "Your magazine fills a place all its own. It is not excelled in interest by any of the other high-priced reviews, while you have struck a high spiritual level which makes *THE COMING AGE* invaluable to parents wishing to give their children that kind of periodical literature most needed by the rising generation." These expressions fairly voice the views given by scores and scores of subscribers, and are the source of great pleasure, because they indicate that our aim in publishing a magazine for the furtherance of a higher civilization through developing a nobler manhood, has struck a receptive chord in the hearts of thinking Americans.

And now I wish to speak a personal word to each friend and reader of this number of *THE COMING AGE*. What is most needed is to acquaint the people with this magazine. When it is once introduced into the home circle we believe it will be found indispensable. Now it lies in the power of every friend to do the cause for which we are all striving a real service by calling the attention of serious people with whom he comes in contact to our review. There are none who cannot do this. It calls for no outlay of money, and if you feel that a great, clean, inspiring review of constructive thought should be liberally sustained, you will certainly be willing to interest your friends in the *COMING AGE*, or at least call their attention to the magazine. In doing this, you will be helping the work in a greater degree

than you imagine. If each of the thousands of readers of *THE COMING AGE* will speak of the magazine to ten persons during February, a great work will be accomplished; and who of our friends will not do this much? We believe the February issue is stronger than our first number. It is certainly handsomer in many respects, and it is our purpose to make each succeeding issue superior to its predecessor.

Our March number will be a grand peace issue. All who love to sing "Peace on earth," or who ardently desire the advent of peace, or who believe that the future holds the promise of the fulfillment of the age's dream, will want this number, some of the features of which are given elsewhere.

SOME INTERESTING FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE.

This month we wish briefly to call the attention of our readers to some special features.

OUR CONVERSATIONS.

It is our purpose to make our department of Conversations one of the most interesting and helpful features of *THE COMING AGE*. Two facts will be kept in mind: First, to make these conversations contribute in a real way to the larger culture demanded by our age; and second, to have these subjects so treated as to be interesting to all classes of thinking people.

The present month Mrs. Moulton brings us in touch with Browning, the Howitts, Hardy, and the younger poets of England, in one of the most engaging conversations it has been my fortune to enjoy.

Mr. Butterworth contributes to the broader culture of the reader by presenting a fund of information relating to South America. I know of little in romance more interesting than his graphic picture of the heroes of free-

dom and the leaders of industrial progress in our sister continent.

Mr. Samuel T. Dutton, the superintendent of the Brookline Schools and one of the foremost exponents of the new education in America, presents in a bright, succinct manner the aims and objects of the new ideals in the training of the young.

No reader can rise from the perusal of these conversations without having his horizon broadened and his fund of knowledge increased; while I believe the presentation of each subject has been such as deeply to interest even the most casual reader. I have made my editorial sketch of Mrs. Moulton somewhat longer than usual, as I believed that a somewhat extended paper on her life and literary work, containing some of her poems, would be interesting to thousands of our readers.

HEALTH AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

I wish to call the especial attention of our readers to our Health and Home department. No field of vital information has been so neglected in general magazine literature. Thousands of pages are printed monthly devoted to mental training, ethical culture, economic, philosophic, scientific, and literary subjects; but few papers of any practical value appear devoted to the science of right living. And yet how much of success, happiness, and the realization of the higher ideals of life depends upon a sound body. It seems to us a magazine devoted to all-round culture should emphasize in a broad and practical way the truths of right living, and by hints and carefully prepared menus help those who are wise enough to seek to preserve health before disease has made inroads upon the organism, as well as those who desire to win back the lost treasure by a return to a simple and rational course of living. In the hands of Mrs. Reifsnider, this department will be made eminently practical, and we believe will prove of far more value in each home than the subscription price of *THE COMING AGE*.

THE DRIFT OF MODERN DEMOCRACY.

Dr. Philip Moxom, who is recognized throughout New England as one of our ablest clergymen, as well as the author of several important works, has contributed a masterly paper to this issue on the trend of democracy at the present time. This contribution is one of a

series of thoughtful discussions which we propose to publish from month to month on live problems that relate to the larger life of the people.

EDUCATION, TRUE AND FALSE.

I desire to call the serious attention of our readers to the scholarly contribution by Mr. Henry Herzberg, on "True Versus False Education." In my judgment the author has pointed out the most important defect in our educational system, a defect which, if not remedied, will inevitably lead to decay in national life, and ultimately to the decadence of our civilization. Man must be awakened on the spiritual side of life; the ethical nature must be made the master,—the mind and body the willing servants of an enlightened soul. Earnest young men and women, as well as parents and teachers, will find this paper one of real value.

A WORD ABOUT EMERSON'S USE OF WINE AND TOBACCO.

In Mr. Malloy's delightful opening paper on "The Poems of Emerson," the author observes that "Emerson used both wine and tobacco, but never in excess." In doing this the sage of Concord followed the example of many of the great philosophers of olden times, who gloried in their power to meet temptation half-way, or to indulge in those things which frequently wrought ruin to other lives, and yet so carefully guard or control themselves as at all times to be masters of, instead of becoming slaves to the potential evil. In doing this, they imagined they were showing the world how man might become master of himself. I imagine that Mr. Emerson, who stood midway between the conservatism and the radicalism of his age as a protest against both, probably partook of wine and tobacco more as a protest against what he conceived to be the fanatical extremes of reformers than from any taste for them; but, be that as it may, the position taken by the philosopher is in my judgment open to serious criticism. It falls below the demand of our enlightened age, because, even after waiving all arguments on the influence of liquor or tobacco on the human organism, it leaves out of consideration the solemn obligation which devolves on every one, and most of all on teachers and leaders so to live as to avoid becoming possible stumbling-blocks to others.

We none of us live to ourselves; we are all exerting an influence on other lives, and if we walk where our strength renders it safe for us, and yet our example leads another to pursue the same path only to fall, we have committed a great wrong. The Apostle Paul sounded the true note, and reflected the spiritual consciousness which must more and more pervade enlightened society, when he boldly exclaimed, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." This, it seems to me, expresses the simple duty of every man and woman of conscience in a world where life is so interwoven with life, and each one's influence is felt by many lives. He only is wise who not only avoids becoming a stumbling-block, but who so orders his life that his example as well as his teachings will ever be an inspiration and an aid to those lives that come in touch with his own.

COUNT TOLSTOI AT SEVENTY.

In this issue we present the second paper on Count Tolstoi. Mr. Crosby, like Dr. Van Ness, made a pilgrimage to Russia to see the great reformer whose thought and life are so profoundly influencing other lives throughout the civilized world. Hence a peculiar interest attaches to his contribution. At the present writing the political and religious press of Russia is clamoring for the expulsion of the count from the empire, almost as vigorously as the Pharisees of old clamored for the crucifixion of Jesus. It is said that every utterance which the Russian Church regards as heretical is attributed to Count Tolstoi's teachings, and every expression which calls for wider liberty is regarded as the result of his teachings; hence the general outcry on the part of officials, both political and religious, for his exile. It is to be hoped that the young czar will be brave enough to resist the influence being brought to bear upon him, in so far as to refuse to banish from his realm the great apostle of peace.

SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

I desire to call attention to the very thoughtful paper by Rev. S. C. Eby, on "The Social Significance of the Discovery of America." Mr. Eby is the author of some very valuable

works, and is one of the ablest clergymen in St. Louis. His treatment of the social significance of the discovery of America displays a broad grasp of historical facts, and a logical mind that understands how effectively to marshal events and make legitimate deductions. The student of history will find this one of the most valuable papers which have appeared in magazine literature during recent years.

EDWARD BELLAMY.

Since the untimely death of the author of "Equality" there have been many requests for the story of his life, but up to the present time the notices which have appeared have not been as satisfactory as could be desired. In Mr. Bisbee's paper, however, we present a contribution which comes from the pen of an able writer and a sympathetic friend of the dead philosopher and novelist. Mr. Bisbee has enjoyed a special advantage in preparing this sketch, owing to the fact that he is a warm personal friend of Mr. Bellamy's family, and has had access to the novelist's later writings, —something which has materially aided him in making his estimate of the literary work of the man who of all men in America has popularized socialism.

MR. MALLOY'S PAPER.

Mr. Charles Malloy's fascinating paper on "The Poems of Emerson," which opens in this issue, will run through five or six issues of THE COMING AGE. Mr. Malloy is the last of the coterie of rare souls who made new England Transcendentalism felt throughout our continent and over the sea. He is unquestionably the best living interpreter of Emerson's poetry, a born mystic, and with a nature not unlike that of Mr. Emerson. His reminiscences of Transcendental days are unequaled in interest, and are of real value from a historical point of view.

CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND.

I trust our readers will be interested in the study of Mr. Lloyd's helpful work on co-operation in England. I have sought so to treat this subject as to convey some idea of the remarkable achievements now being realized by the friends of co-operation. The movement is growing rapidly in the old country, and is becoming more and more popular with reform-

ers who realize that it is a distinctively progressive step along lines which offer less resistance than most reformatory programmes.

AUTHENTIC DREAMS AND VISIONS.

The great interest which has been awakened by the publication of authentic dreams and visions, in our first number, warrants us in believing that our readers will be deeply interested in the second installment of similar experiences which appears in this number.

CO-OPERATION IN AMERICA.

Elsewhere in this issue I give an extended notice of the co-operative work now being carried on in England, as set forth by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd. It affords me pleasure to notice that this same work is being intelligently inaugurated in this country, by the Industrial Brotherhood, an organization of earnest workers who are laboring to establish in the United States co-operative shops and farms, and to carry the principles of association into all lines of work. *Humanity* is the name of the organ of the Industrial Brotherhood; its office of publication is Thomaston, Maine. Two other co-operative publications come to our office, *Progressive Thought*, of Olathe, Kansas, and *The Co-operator* of Olalla, Washington. The two former publications are monthly. Subscription price, twenty-five cents each per year. The latter is weekly; subscription price, one dollar.

OUR PEACE NUMBER.

Our March number will be a great peace issue. Among the features bearing upon this momentous question, which will command wide attention, will be a conversation on "Universal Disarmament," by Rev. Robert E. Bisbee; second, "The Czar's Rescript," by Ernest H. Crosby; third, "The Czar and Peace," by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. All friends of peace will be deeply interested in the March number of *THE COMING AGE*.

Among other features which will appear in the March and April issues, will be contributions by the Rev. W. C. Bitting, opening the "Why I Am" series of papers with a contribution on "Why I Am a Baptist;" a paper by the Rev. Everett D. Burr, on "What the Church can do for the Dwellers in the Slums of our

Cities;" "The Duty Young Men Owe to the State," by Maynard Lee Daggy; "Savonarola," a study of the great reformer, by Rev. H. H. Peabody; "The Love Motive in Religion," by Prof. George D. Herron; "How Shall the Church Triumph?" by Dr. James Hedley; "A Garden Spot of Nature and a Treasure House of Ancient Civilization," by Henry Ware Allen; "The Poems of Emerson," by Charles Malloy; "Humane Education for the Young," by Ralph Waldo Trine; "Music in Relation to the Spiritual," by Prof. Daniel Bacheller; "The Two Worlds in which we Live," by B. O. Flower; "True Life," by Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D.; a conversation on the modern drama and the outlook for the stage, by James A. Herne; and "The Land and the People," by W. D. McCracken, M. A.

The above are merely a few of the strong attractions which, in addition to our stories and our regular departments, will make up issues which we confidently believe will surpass the January and February numbers in interest for our readers.

HELPING COLORED ORPHANS TO HELP THEMSELVES.

Among the many excellent enterprises being intelligently carried on by the negroes for the uplifting of their race, the South Carolina Orphanage, of Charleston, deserves special notice. In December, 1891, Rev. D. J. Jenkins organized a society for the purpose of looking after orphan colored children. On January 4th the work was inaugurated with four children. Now the school numbers about six hundred. These children, besides being sheltered, clothed, fed, and cared for, are taught useful work, such as farming, carpentering, printing, brick-laying, tailoring, shoe-making, cooking, laundering, dress-making, etc. The education and training includes the common studies of the primary and grammar schools, music, domestic economy, and religious instruction. On a recent visit to Boston Mr. Jenkins left with me a copy of the *Charleston Messenger*, the half of which (fourteen long columns) is set weekly by these little orphans. The appearance of the paper is very creditable. It gives me pleasure to notice such work as the above, which shows how the colored man is striving to make useful citizens of the friendless of his race.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THE COMING AGE is a new monthly which makes its entrance amid modern literature with the advent of the year 1899. And an important factor it is likely to prove in the progress accomplished by modern humanity from now on. It is edited by Mr. B. O. Flower and Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, two thoughtful and experienced workers for true reform, who are both dauntless and true to their convictions. Mr. Flower's vigorous work on the *Arena* is known to a host of readers, a large number of whom are following him to THE COMING AGE. Mrs. Reifsnider is a whole-hearted and earnest woman, animated by a sincere desire to help mankind in the rugged path which it has so long been treading.

THE COMING AGE is a magazine of constructive thought, and rightly wields not at all the weapons of destruction. It aims to assist in the building of new purposes, new hopes, new ambitions in the general heart—to help a seeking humanity into receptiveness of the highest truths to a degree commensurate with practical humanitarian results. The magazine is working for a better manhood and a nobler civilization. It seeks to educate the heart as well as instruct the mind. There is a large field before it, and it is safe to say that it will be energetically pushed.—*Boston Ideas*.

THE COMING AGE is a Review of constructive thought, an ideal magazine for the home.—*Boston Courier*.

A new and great magazine was born this month—THE COMING AGE, with B. O. Flower, founder of the *Arena*, as editor-in-chief. The first number of THE COMING AGE ranks with the *Forum* and that class of literature. It is well filled with the best of matter in the several departments. Although the subscription price is \$2 a year, we predict that the new magazine will have a phenomenal growth.—*Public Opinion*, Osage City, Kansas.

Chicago, Ill.

The initial number of THE COMING AGE is duly received, and if it is a promise of what is in store for its readers, they will certainly be richly repaid for handing in their subscriptions. I shall be pleased to recommend it, and trust to be able to obtain many subscribers for it.

FANNIE M. HARLEY,
Editor *Universal Truth*.

Omaha, Neb.

Enclosed please find twenty-five annual subscriptions for THE COMING AGE. This list, with what we have sent you during the past three weeks, amounts to sixty-seven yearly subscriptions, and you will notice that they come from twenty-eight states. We expect to do much better during the month of January.

C. VINCENT, Editor *Non-Conformist*.

I am delighted with THE COMING AGE, and have been calling the attention of friends to it.

GEORGE D. HERRON,
Iowa College.

Keokuk, Iowa.

Enclosed please find \$2 for my subscription to THE COMING AGE for the ensuing year. It has deeply enlisted my interest.

DR. GEO. E. EHINGER.

Holland, Texas.

I have just received the first number of THE COMING AGE, and think it is much superior to anything in the magazine line. It goes away ahead of the *Arena*.

W. R. MCBURNETT.

Shenandoah, Pa.

THE COMING AGE came duly to hand. It is a noble venture, and worthy of its authors. I am proud of it and look forward to its coming monthly visits. It is superior to anything I know of in its line.

FREDERICK ACORNLEY.

Knoxville, Tenn.

Enclosed find names and post-office orders for three subscriptions to THE COMING AGE. We all propose to be self-appointed agents, and will seek to encourage those who read the magazine to become subscribers.

J. C. SNELL.

Danville, N. Y.

The January number of THE COMING AGE is received, and I am very much pleased with its appearance and its contents; and trust it will prove a great success, and enable you to give to the world your best thought, and thus aid in the uplifting of humanity, for which there is so much need. I will do all I can in getting subscribers.

DRUE A. DURANT.

Barton Landing, Vt.

Enclosed find \$2. for which send THE COMING AGE to my address. I enjoyed the *Arena* while under your management, and followed you when you became a contributing editor of the *New Time*, but did not like the *New Time* as well as the *Arena*. "Mankind is a jack-ass that kicks when you seek to remove his paniers," and an enlightened community is made up of enlightened individuals. While I doubt not that all methods serve a good purpose on the whole, aroused masses do not use good judgment, and a cultivation of the higher faculties, a recognition of the spiritual nature, seems of chief importance to me in bringing harmonious relations and conditions to humanity. As rapidly as the thought can be lifted to a higher plane, the evil conditions will disappear. To that tendency let us bend our efforts.

C. D. GALLAYS.



*Yours faithfully
Geo. C. Loomer*

THE COMING AGE

VOL. I

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No. 3



CONVERSATIONS

I.—THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE. BY W. D. McCrackan, A. M.

II.—THE PRESENT OUTLOOK FOR THE AMERICAN DRAMA. BY JAMES A. HERNE.

I.—THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM D. McCrackan.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

One afternoon early in the spring of 1891 Hamlin Garland came into my office, and in his brisk, Western style exclaimed, "Flower, you must know Mr. McCrackan. He is one of our people, a rare good fellow; and," he added, "he has seen the cat."

As I have been frequently asked, by those unacquainted with the literature of the single tax, the meaning of the enigmatical expression with which Mr. Garland closed his remark. I think a brief recital of the story of the cat may not be inopportune in this sketch, which deals with the life of an ardent disciple of the economic philosophy of Mr. George.

Many of our readers will remember the enthusiastic reception accorded "Progress and Poverty" and the "Land Question" when these volumes first appeared. In New York City Mr. George became for a time the hero of the hour in the minds of a very large class of people who, as a rule, are slow to grasp and accept any economic propositions of a radical nature. His popularity became so great that he was at length induced to enter the mayoralty contest. The popular enthusiasm increased so rapidly that the new crusade reminded one of the great religious revivals which from time to time have swept over cities and nations. Great meetings were held in various parts of the metropolis, and at one of these gatherings Judge James G. Maguire, of California, told in substance the following story of the cat:

He was passing down the street and observed a large concourse of people congregated before a show-case window in which hung a picture of a landscape. Under the picture were written these words: "Do you see the cat?" "Men are only boys grown tall," and the judge soon became one of the curious crowd. Like the rest, he was unable to see the cat. There was an immense landscape, with trees, waving grass, flowers, and shrubs, but the cat did not seem to be in evidence. Some imagined they traced a resemblance to a feline in one of the trees; some thought it was crouching in the grass; but the judge's imagination was less active than his neighbors', and he was about to pass on in the belief that the query was deceptive, and that he and his companions were the victims of a joke, when his eye, passing from the shaded part of the picture, glanced at the white portion. Then at once he discovered a huge cat, perfectly formed, the tracery of the picture only serving to bring into bold relief the graceful animal, which was looking him squarely in the face with that wise expression often noticeable in household pets. When he once caught sight of the cat, all else became subordinate. The cat, in a word, was the picture. "Now," continued the judge, "it is precisely the same with the land question. If a man comes to understand the economic philosophy as stated by Mr. George, its essential justice and wisdom are such as to overshadow all other proposed solutions of the most serious question of the hour. That which is below, and which has engrossed the attention heretofore, becomes subordinate. He sees only the cat—the one living object, the real vital fact in the picture."

The story flew from lip to lip. Soon a button with a cat's head appeared, and became the favorite badge of the single-taxers; and such expressions as "He has seen the cat" came into general use among the initiated.

Mr. McCrackan, like Mr. Garland and hundreds of other earnest, thoughtful young men, had come to feel that the land, like the air and the water, ought to be held as the common gift of the Creator for the use of all his children. With this digression, let me return to the subject of our sketch.

Shortly after the conversation with Mr. Garland I became acquainted with Mr. McCrackan, and found him a sincere, earnest man of culture and refinement, and a most delightful companion.

He was born in Munich, Germany, on the 12th of February, 1864. His early childhood was spent in Switzerland and Germany. His parents, who were Americans, returned to this country in the seventies. When fourteen years of age Mr. McCrackan entered the famous St. Paul's School, of Concord, New Hampshire. On leaving this institution he entered Trinity College, at Hartford, Connecticut, from which he graduated in 1885. After completing his collegiate education, Mr. McCrackan decided to travel before settling down to the serious labors of life. Naturally enough, Greece beckoned him to her storied shrines, and he also wished to see something of oriental civilization. After extensive travels in western Europe, he therefore visited Athens and Constantinople. The melancholy and suggestive tomb of the intellectual mistress of Europe, no less than the glimpse of the strange civilization of the Ottomans, kindled a desire to visit Asia Minor, so rich in historical associations, and also offering so excellent an opportunity to study Mohammedan life comparatively free from European influences. Accordingly, he visited Smyrna, and thence penetrated to the interior as far as the ruins of "Hierapolis, the Holy," mentioned in the New Testament by St. Paul, and best known to us as the reputed birthplace of the Phrygian slave, Epictetus, who became one of the greatest of the Stoic philosophers. How vividly the scenes of this old world impressed the mind of the young traveler will be realized by all who are fortunate enough to hear his delightful lecture on "The Spirit of the East." In his "Little Idyls of the Big World," we also feel how strongly the strange, new scenes affected his vivid imagination. Take for example the following account of Hierapolis:

There can be nothing on this every-day earth more fantastic, incomprehensible, and altogether alluring than that first sight of Hierapolis in Phrygia, as you approach it over the sterile, volcanic plain of the Lycus.

I rode out from Seraikioi, at that time the terminus of the Smyrna and Aidin Railroad. It was the morning of the 22d of March, a day

full of sunny exhilaration. Three cavasses led the way with much show of arms and oriental trappings. Beyond the village buffaloes grazed, heavy-footed, in the rough pastures, or walled through the mire of the swamps. . . . In one hamlet a poor little mosque leaned against a tall tree, which, for want of anything better, served as a minaret. . . . After three hours of riding Hierapolis loomed in sight.

At first one can only discern a white effulgence on the hill-side, like a monster snow-drift, dazzling and glinting in the sunlight. Above it the ruins of the city show vaguely, as though enthroned on a marble pedestal. The Turks call the place Pambouk Kalessi, or Cotton Fort; but nearer by the mass of white looks more like a frozen cataract, tumbling in great bounds from a terrace, where Hierapolis lies forlorn and forgotten, a sanctuary once, but now shunned by the natives. . . . The terrace or shelf is between two and three hundred feet high and several miles long. It has been created by the deposits of a hot spring, which rises among the ruins, and, overflowing in little streams, runs down the incline, incrusting the ground with a snow-white sediment. . . . While fresh, this sediment looks like pure lime, but it weathers hard and turns into a porous, gray-brown rock, resembling Roman travertine. The water is full of carbonic acid gas, and probably also contains a good deal of silica in solution, for the grasses and shrubs that have found a foothold in the crevices are silently turned to stone, silicified by the impregnated water and steam. There were leaves and stems still green and barely touched, others already thoroughly incrusting, while some were transformed into white, fragile forms from which all vegetable matter had long since vanished. . . . The face of the cliff is a marble-like Niagara. Was it accident or design that placed so many Greek theaters in positions with wide outlooks? . . . The plain of the Lycus rolled seaward to the west. Opposite Baba Dagh—Father Mountain—surged into the sky, the Mount Cadmus of the ancients, and the highest peak in this part of Asia Minor. It was still covered with snow, like a bit of the Alps in the tropics. At its foot lay the ruins of Laodicea and Colossæ, but behind, in somber rows, the mountains of the Caria rose and fell, bleak and gray against an unclouded sky. No sound broke through the sunlit air. A dry smell came from the heated rocks, where devastation reigned supreme. A musing languor spoke in the dying breeze.

Once there must have been the utmost refinement of pleasure in sitting there, during the days of the city's full tide of prosperity. . . . If Hierapolis can lay claim to any distinction at all in history, it is for having given birth to Epictetus, the slave-philosopher, the pure-souled Stoic. By some mocking irony, he had become in early youth the slave of that profligate freedman, Epaphroditus, who helped Nero to put an end to his life. About 89 A. D.,

however, Epictetus was enabled to open a school of philosophy at Nicopolis, in Epirus. It was a magnificently modern saying of his, "Never, in reply to the question to what country you belong, say that you are an Athenian or a Corinthian, but that you are a citizen of the world."

On his return from the far East Mr. McCrackan went to Switzerland, and, noticing the absence of any authoritative history of that country in English, he started to write one himself. Five years of patient research were needed for the proper preparation of his "Rise of the Swiss Republic." This volume, which has taken rank with the best histories of our century, is the most comprehensive and authoritative work on the subject in our language, dealing with the story of that remarkable republic which has distanced in so many respects our own nation in the art of popular government. Though severely critical and rigidly accurate when dealing with historical subjects, Mr. McCrackan has the imagination of a poet and the eye of an artist. Hence it is not surprising that his long and laborious research and his extensive travels over Switzerland should have led to the preparation of other volumes connected with the life and legends of the Alpine republic. The exquisite scenery, the daring deeds of sturdy heroism, the thrilling historical passages, and the many fascinating stories, part history and part legend, which are the cherished possessions of this people, afforded material from which he composed his two exquisite little works entitled "Romance" and "Teutonic Switzerland"—volumes in which through vivid pen pictures he acquaints us at once with the beauty of the land and the important personages who have influenced the world's thought from their homes under the shelter of the Alps. Something of the charm of these works may be gleaned from the following description of Geneva:

When the keen, fair-weather *bise* blows from the north-east, Geneva and its adjacent hill-sides look as though they had been washed clean. An incredible purity of atmosphere and brilliancy of color throws the city, mountains, and lake shores into relief, while an air which stimulates to boundless enterprise passes through the streets, across the bridge and into the vineyards and fields.

From the end of the stone jetty in the harbor, where some benches under spreading shade-trees invite meditation, the outlook on all sides is exceedingly noble. The old town of Calvin's day rises in a heaped conglomeration, pile on pile, to the cathedral towers; bridges span the Rhone, that shoots from the lake in a blue-green flood; on the water front, a stretch of foliage denotes the Jardin Anglais, and the lateral quays are lined with hotels and apartment houses, white with the chalky glare peculiar to Geneva. Beyond the utmost limits of the canton rise the circling hills of the Jura, the Saleve and the Voirons, their every detail microscopically revealed in this crystal air.

On such days, the lake appears ruffled into impossible colors, shading off from Prussian blue to indigo, from gay iridescence to angry intensity. On either hand the shore lines stand out clear and crisp, as far as Nyon in the Canton of Vaud, and Bellerive, in Savoy. It must have been the vividness of a *bis* day which made Mr. Howells somewhat pitilessly describe Geneva as "an admirable illustration printed in colors, for a holiday number, to imitate a water-color sketch." And yet what a change comes over the physiognomy of the city when the south wind blows! How gray the water turns, and how sadly the heavy, vapory atmosphere shuts off the lake-views!

Then, too, from the jetty as a point of vantage, the life of the harbor, bridges, and quays is amply seen. As the steamboats come and go, fine-toned bells swing musically in their bows, such bells as are heard on all Swiss lakes. Lumbering, black-hulled barges, laden with wool or building-stone, bear down upon the city, their lateen sails spread wing-a-wing like monster butterflies. There is a hurrying to and fro over the bridge of the Mont Blanc, where business and pleasure jostle each other. Nurses and children, however, hold undisputed possession of the Island of Rousseau, as by some unwritten law, while in their midst the unheeding statue of the author of "Emile" rests upon its pedestal under the shade-trees. He sits pencil in hand, this philosopher, ever ready to write upon his tablet, although for all these many years no new idea has come to him.

But the crowning marvel of this region will always be Mont Blanc, if it be our good fortune to find it uncovered. Generally the mountain looks almost as ethereal and impalpable as the fluffy clouds which drift about it. After a fall of snow, however, Mont Blanc suggests a giant bowl of whipped cream, soft and sweet, as though one could easily bite into it. On clear evenings, moreover, it passes through tints of sunset pinks and pale orange, fading finally into a peculiarly horrible colorlessness which is gray and ghastly by contrast with the preceding splendor.

Here is a pen picture of Calvin:

For so small a city, Geneva has produced an astonishing number of great men. On two

occasions she actually made world history,—when Calvin summoned the sixteenth century to "return to the Bible," and Rousseau the eighteenth to "return to Nature." Each is a mighty cry; but somehow Geneva has honored only the Apostle of the Revolution with a monument. For it is a remarkable fact that the "City of Calvin" does not contain a single statue, or even a bust, of the Reformer; his very grave is unknown and unmarked. At the third centenary of his death (1864), however, the Salle de la Reformation was erected in his honor. The Public Library also exhibits a portrait, and under a glass case a sketch made by his friend Burgoon on the fly-leaf of a book. Strange omission! Are the citizens of the "Protestant Rome" waiting until public opinion shall sanction a monument to Servetus first, like that of Giordano Bruno in Catholic Rome? It would be an act worthy of modern religious tolerance to erect a double monument to Calvin and his victim in the Place de Champel, where Servetus was executed.

Calvin's idea of civil government was of the theocratic variety. He desired to have Geneva ruled by God, through the medium of Calvin, and he was perfectly serious about it. He went to work with a fixed, unflinching will that marks him as the greatest among the benevolent despots whom the world has ever produced. At first he failed to impress the liberty-loving Genevese with the superiority of this sort of government. They banished him two years; but his party in the city grew during his absence, and was eventually able to recall him.

It took Calvin ten years to fix the discipline of his "Ecclesiastical Ordinances" in undisputed sway over Geneva. The political party of the Patriots and the religious sect of the Libertines made common cause against him, insulting him in all manner of ways, breaking the rules set up by the consistory, and openly ridiculing his dogmas. But Calvin was determined to suppress this opposition, even if he had to make martyrs of his enemies. Gruet was one of the first victims. He had so far forgotten himself as to write verses against Calvin, and, besides, had a way at church of looking defiantly into the preacher's face, which called for reprimand. Moreover, he adopted the new Bernese fashion of wearing breeches with plaits at the knees, contrary to express orders, filled Calvin's works with disrespectful marginal notes, and one day attached a warning to the pulpit, wherein he actually called Calvin a "gross hypocrite." But the Reformer retaliated by speaking of him as a "scurvy fellow," and the upshot of the little dispute was that Gruet was tortured every day for a month, and then beheaded.

Although the Reformer's career lends itself easily to ironical treatment, one must not forget his personal virtues and his extraordinary achievements. During the agitation of the Patriots and the Libertines, he once quelled a popular rising by walking unarmed into the crowd and calling to the people that, if they wanted to shed blood, they must begin with

him. It was a fine moment in his life, full of dramatic intensity.

The amount of work accomplished by that frail body is almost incredible. Besides ruling Geneva, he found time to write masterpieces of theological discussion, which practically determined the serious style of the French language. In his exegetical writings, like the great body of his commentaries, in his doctrinal "Institutes," disciplinary "Ordinances," polemical pamphlets, sermons, and finally, in his voluminous letters, Calvin has left a record of activity unsurpassed by any historical personage. His influence determined the religious life, not only of the French Huguenots, but also of the Dutch Burghers, English Puritans, Scotch Covenanters, and the New England Pilgrims. George Bancroft, the American historian, has said with some truth: "We boast of our common schools; Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of the system of free schools. We are proud of the free states that fringe the Atlantic. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the best influence in South Carolina came from the Calvinists of France. William Penn was the disciple of the Huguenots. The ships that first brought colonists to Manhattan were filled with Calvinists."

One great error the modern world can never forgive Calvin, that is, the execution of Servetus. Of course, it was approved by his contemporaries, for Catholics and Protestants at that time vied with each other in ridding the world of such free-thinking monstrosities. It was considered the proper thing, when you could not understand a man's reasoning, and therefore could not place him in any particular sect, to kill him as a public nuisance. Servetus was, of course, far in advance of his age. He made the mistake of expressing opinions that his fellow-men could not digest, and of remaining aloof from all the sects, at odds both with the Mother Church and the Reformed branches. He was much too radical a person to die a natural death in the sixteenth century. Calvin and Servetus, who, by a strange coincidence, were born in the same year, 1509, had corresponded for many years; or rather the Spanish physician, geographer, and theologian had prodded the French Reformer with innumerable questions, until Calvin had left the letters unanswered. When there seemed to be no hope that Servetus would ever adopt the dogmas of a regular church Calvin gave him up in despair. He wrote to Farel: "He (Servetus) offers to come hither if it be agreeable to me. But I am unwilling to pledge my word for his safety, for if he does come, and my authority be of any avail, I shall not suffer him to depart alive." Calvin proved to be as good as his word; he was always eminently truthful.

His third volume of sketches or prose etchings is entitled "Little Idyls of the

Big World," and like the preceding volume it abounds in vivid pen pictures which live in the memory, and which are marked, as Mr. Howells well observes, by an "uncommon degree of the fineness, delicacy, and accuracy which characterize the best American study of Europe." In his little pamphlet, entitled "Swiss Solutions of American Problems," Mr. McCrackan has given a clear and concise exposition of the initiative, referendum, and proportional representation, — subjects which are more and more engrossing the attention of the most thoughtful American voters, and will, we believe, at no distant date be an overshadowing political issue. People are beginning to realize that the maintenance of a truly republican form of government demands reforms which have proved so entirely successful in Switzerland, and which since colonial days have been in part carried out in the municipal government of several New England towns.

Mr. McCrackan's lectures and addresses have proved exceedingly popular, both with scientific and literary bodies, such as the Grindelwald Conference of Switzerland, Harvard University, and the Social Science Association; while his lectures to the people, under the auspices of the New York Board of Education, have proved exceedingly popular. At the present time, besides his magazine contributions and lectures, he is engaged in the preparation of an American novel and of a volume of American verse.

Mr. McCrackan was reared under the most conservative influences, and went forth into the world with all the bias of conventional scholasticism; but, coming under the influence of strong, vigorous, independent thinkers, such as Henry George in economics, and the great veritists of Europe and America, his whole point of view has materially changed. He has broken with the past, and has become a radical. Instead of devoting his time to retelling stories and clothing them in faultless diction, he is giving his imagination and creative energies full play; hence his work is becoming more and more powerful, and there is a freshness and vigor about it which is absent in the work of those who are the slaves of con-

ventional dilettanteism. He is intensely American. His travels in Europe and Asia have only served to heighten his appreciation of his own country, although he fully realizes the grave problems which demand the best service of the heart and brain of every true American.

Though as yet a young man, he has won a place as an authoritative historian, a finished writer, a vigorous thinker, and an engaging lecturer; and more than all this, as a man of sturdy worth, essential genuineness, and high-mindedness. He is a fine type of the best young manhood of our day.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.

CONVERSATION WITH W. D. M'CRACKAN.

Q. What led you, a college man and a person interested prominently in literature, to take an interest in the land question?

A. My attention was first attracted to the land question not quite twelve years ago, soon after my graduation from college. I was then in Switzerland making studies for my "Rise of the Swiss Republic." The *Standard*, edited by the late Henry George, was sent to me regularly. At first I paid little attention to it, but by degrees the doctrines it taught began to interest me, and I looked around for proof of their truth. I found a great deal in Switzerland itself which convinced me that the earth must of necessity belong equally to all men. The rude land communism of the Swiss made a great impression upon me. My historical studies showed me that the endurance of the oldest republic in existence was founded upon that system, and that out of it had grown the self-government and the advanced democracy which characterize that country. At the same time I saw that land communism was a very crude and clumsy means of producing the same result as Henry George advocated. In Italy I was overwhelmed by the terrible examples on all sides of "how not to do it" in taxation, from the tax on salt, which makes that naturally cheap necessity a luxury in Italy and impoverishes the

blood of the nation, to the insignificant tax on land, which is based on ancient valuations, and allows the land-owners to keep up rents and to depress wages to the starvation point. In Rome I witnessed a riot of the unemployed who passed the apartment in which I was living; yet all around Rome I saw the vast Campagna, untilled and breeding malaria, held out of use by a few land-owning nobles. At this time I also recalled the condition of Asia Minor, which I had visited in the winter of 1886—a fertile country, once a granary for ancient Rome—now desolated by the Turkish tax-gatherer, who takes away everything that the people produce, and leaves them without ambition, without hope.

These sights, and others in various parts of Europe, convinced me slowly that the values which are created by the community must go to the community, while that which the individual produces must be left to the individual. My whole point of view in life was changed. I became democratic, from having been brought up with aristocratic notions. Henry George's philosophy at once affected my writing as man, as historian, and as artist. I turned once for all to the great ideal of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, by which axiom I propose to measure every public policy in the future.

Q. In a few words, what are your chief reasons for favoring the economic philosophy put forth by Mr. George?

A. Old Mother Earth produces everything that we need for food, clothing, and shelter. Man is a land animal. No matter how poor or primitive he may be, he must have a footing somewhere on the crust of the earth, even if he lives over the water, like the ancient lake-dwellers. Every child that is born must come into this inheritance, or else we must accuse God of allowing man, made in his image, to come to an earth which has no place for him. In truth, the earth is exactly fitted for men's needs. There is a law of equal freedom, and it demands that all men should have equal access to the earth or become slaves one of another. Want and suffering are found to be the result, not so much of individual sloth, but of wrong institutions. The clergy

have still to learn that the economic and the moral law is identical, that natural laws are laws of God. A social state founded upon injustice will produce fruit after its kind, in spite of churches and charities.

Now, it so happens that as civilization advances land values (which are created by the community) advance in the same proportion; or, conversely, as civilization retrogrades land values decrease. Advancing civilization means increasing needs and expenses; retrograding civilization means decreasing needs and expenses; and all the time land values act as a barometer to civilization, rising and falling. Here, then, we have a means, ready made to hand, of supplying expense for the community. Take these land values in the form of taxation, and you have an elastic system which I firmly believe has been providentially ordained.

Q. How would the single tax benefit the business man?

A. The business man would be benefited at once by the remission of all taxes on production. He would keep all that he earns.

Q. How would it help the laborer?

A. The laborer would be benefited not only by being freed from those many subtle taxes which are always shifted down to him as the last consumer, but especially by having opportunities for labor opened to him. Break the ring of land monopoly, and you at once give labor access to the forces of nature, out of which combination spring all wealth and all well-being.

Q. The farmers are in many instances opposed to the single tax. Do you not think the opposition comes from a mistaken conception of what the single tax is, and how it would operate?

A. The farmers are beginning to understand the single tax better than they formerly did. They were frightened originally by the term land tax. They imagined the single tax to be a tax on land, instead of land values. Now they are beginning to realize that the principal land values are in city lots, not in farms, and that the single tax would fall very lightly on those among them who are real farmers, and not merely land-owners and employers of hands. At present the farm-

ers suffer terribly from taxation on personal property. All that a farmer owns is in sight; the assessor can take it down with ease, whereas the city millionaire can hide his personal property in many different ways.

Q. Does it seem to you that the land question is growing in interest throughout those lands where economic questions are being intelligently discussed, and where a considerable number of the people are interested in social questions?

A. The land question is coming to the fore everywhere in English-speaking countries with a certainty that makes the politicians stare in conservative old England and her colonies, and in this country equally. Things must have gone pretty far when Herbert Spencer in his Tory old age considers it necessary to fume and froth at the advance of Henry George's ideas in the British Parliament. In "Various Fragments" (page 134), Herbert Spencer writes:

How Henry George must chuckle as he reads about the doings of the English House of Commons! To think that already he should have obtained the majority of that assemblage as converts to his leading doctrine. To his leading doctrine? Well, if not to the doctrine, yet to the method by which he proposes to carry out the doctrine. "We must turn the landlords out; we must tax them out," has been his injunction for years past, and our legislators are obeying his injunction.

Yes, in England the taxation of ground rents is now the Liberal cry. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Asquith, and other British statesmen are sounding that cry.

In Australia the agitation has already produced tangible results in a progressive land tax which is working splendidly, according to the reports of an American consul. Reports of active single-tax work come from South Africa, even from Japan and China.

In our own country the single tax was the determining factor in at least two States at the recent election—in California and in Washington. To be sure the single tax lost; but the mere fact that it has entered politics so prominently shows the defeat of the long-drawn conspiracy of silence. It is better to have fought and lost than not to have fought at all.

The situation is such that it only re-

quires some commanding man to seize the proper moment, and the nation will wake up to find that the single tax has

become the paramount issue. We who have worked for many years are willing to wait patiently for that great day.

II.—THE PRESENT OUTLOOK FOR THE AMERICAN DRAMA

JAMES A. HERNE.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

James A. Herne is one of the very few successful American actors who have written plays that seem destined to live in our dramatic literature, and I know of no playwright who has worked more tirelessly and determinedly to produce good plays—plays that are works of art because true to life, and which carry home without didactic preaching some wholesome truth, some noble lesson,—than has the author of "Shore Acres," "Drifting Apart," and "Margaret Fleming."

Mr. Herne was born near Troy, New York. He seems to have possessed a vivid imagination from early youth, and when yet a little boy the stories of heroic sailor lads which fell into his hands exerted a compelling influence over his mind. He, too, would be a sailor boy; but let me quote his own inimitable description of a reminiscence not altogether joyous:

My first youthful aspiration was to be a sailor—one of the kind we used to read about forty years ago—brave and handsome, with blue eyes, curly hair, a straw hat, white trousers and shirt, a black silk neckerchief, and patent-leather pumps. You may see him now once in a while in the window of a youths' furnishing store. When he left his native village for the seaport, he packed all his worldly goods into a colored pocket-handkerchief, which he carried on the end of a stick across his shoulder. All that his aged and widowed mother could give him was her blessing and a Bible very much worn; and when he grew up, if he had neglected to read that Bible, he invariably came to a bad end. Well, I got the bundle tied up, but I didn't get the blessing or the Bible,—possibly because I had no widowed mother,—but I got something from a living father that took all the romance out of the sea for me. Then I thought I would be a private coachman; but, before I was old enough to carry that exalted idea into effect,

my elder brother took me to see a play at the old Albany Museum, and my "destiny was sealed." I cast all former ambitions to the wind, and resolved to be an actor. A good many years had to elapse before I would be old enough to be eligible for the stage,—I think I was at that time thirteen,—and I must cherish my dream in secret, both from a wholesome dread of being laughed at by my brothers, and being again sailorized by my father. Meantime I'd be anything I could, and I went to work in a brush factory.

Whether the remembrance of this memorable interview calls to the mind of the actor a stern father, an unyielding clapboard, and the rustic woodshed, I know not; but certain it is that the event lives in his memory as one of the most striking and least gladsome of the pictures of childhood days.

From the moment he decided to become an actor he never wavered in his determination. He worked hard and saved every penny that he might buy a wardrobe; for in those days he held an opinion—which seems to be entertained, even yet, by certain ladies who possess scant dramatic power—that the wardrobe makes the actor. From thirteen to twenty, the stretch of time that must elapse before he could hope to become an actor, seemed interminable; but if its passing proved slower than the flight of later years, each month seemed to increase the boy's longing to enter the promised land upon which every hope was centered. After a little over six years of hard work, he had accumulated \$165, with which he intended to array for the stage. Life's aims, however, are rarely realized in exactly the way we anticipate, and, as events proved, the elaborate wardrobe was not to prove the open sesame to the profession. The goal, however, was reached through the medium of the money saved, for when about twenty he fell in with an actor

named James Webb, who was in diligent search for some one with sufficient capital to enable him to travel with a company which he had engaged. Webb was the possessor of a wonderful dog, which "carried the words and business of a repertoire of bad plays in his head, and could do anything but talk." Shortly after meeting with Webb the youth turned over his hard earnings to the actor for an interest in the risk and a rôle in the play. Of this experience Mr. Herne says:

Webb said I could have my name up as manager if I cared to, but I didn't; I wanted to act. The play was "The Dog of Montargis." I played the seneschal. It's not a good part; it wasn't worth what I paid for it, by any means. I had a sympathetic uncle, a few years older than myself, to whom I had confided my plans. He saw the dog, he had heard me recite, and he believed that there was money in the enterprise. He had a hundred dollars and a gold watch. Webb said he'd make an excellent treasurer. He did—his hundred dollars kept us on the road a week after my one sixty-five was gone, and his gold watch brought us home. The day after we got back, James Connor, then manager of the Adelphi Theater, Troy, N. Y., arrived in town in search of talent to support J. B. Roberts, tragedian in the legitimate, Mr. and Mrs. Howard and little Cordelia Howard, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other stellar attractions, for a spring and summer season. His fall and winter season had been a trifle disappointing, but things looked well for the spring. The canal was open, navigation had been resumed on the river; the nail factory was running full time; he had a strong line of stars, such as they were; and if he could get a good company at summer salaries, he had no fear of the result. The reason for selecting his talent in Albany was obvious. The fare from Albany to Troy was twelve and one-half cents; from New York to Troy, one dollar. Webb recommended me as a promising young actor, and my uncle as treasurer. And thus it came to pass that I made my first regular appearance on the stage at the Adelphi Theater, Troy, N. Y., in April, 1859, at a salary of six dollars per week.

Forty years have vanished since the night the young man of twenty appeared before the Troy audience in the legitimate drama; but in looking backward the memory of that engagement stands out as one of the happiest events of a checkered and eventful public career.

"Ah," exclaims the actor, in recounting the past, "the sky was very bright in those days. I was twenty years of

age and an actor earning six dollars a week, and with what seemed boundless possibilities before me. What more could be desired? I had reached the summit of bliss; the long waited for event had arrived; my dream was realized."

During this engagement Mr. Herne played such rôles as Horatio, in "Hamlet;" Cassio, in "Othello;" Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice;" and the three rôles of Tressel, Buckingham, and Oxford, in "Richard III." When summer came he returned to the brush factory, still bent on securing the wardrobe. He succeeded in saving enough to enable him to go to New York, where he purchased a wig and two ostrich plumes.

His next engagement was at Albany. No great success is recorded during these stirring days, and the struggling dramatic company that escaped bankruptcy did well for that time, when the public mind was so profoundly stirred with the all-absorbing questions which preceded the Rebellion. Party hate ran high, and most people were oppressed by a sense of impending war. After Lincoln's election events moved rapidly. Declarations of secession, preparations for the struggle, and the fall of Sumter were followed by a burst of popular indignation in the North that in some places almost approached frenzy. Mr. Herne heard the call to arms; but being more a Quaker than a rough-rider, he imitated the example of a certain gentleman from Buffalo, appearing under the flag by proxy, while the money to pay for his substitute was earned before the footlights, chiefly in Ford's Holliday Street Theater, in Baltimore, and Ford's Theater, in Washington. It is an interesting historical fact that Mr. Herne spoke the first lines ever delivered before the public in the theater in which President Lincoln was assassinated.

From Washington Mr. Herne went to Philadelphia, and after a successful engagement at the Walnut Street Theater he emerged as a star; since which time, with the exception of two or three seasons, he has appeared as "a star or a demi-star." Mr. Herne's success as an actor is eclipsed only by his achievements as a playwright.

His first important dramatic work was "Hearts of Oak," first christened "Chums." It was brought out in San Francisco in 1878, and proved a great financial success. This was due to the fact that it was before all else intensely human, and, being human, it struck the popular heart chord, while it was not a radical departure from the conventional play. True, it had no plot, but there was much in it that smacked of the melodrama; and, though from a literary and artistic view-point it was crude, it proved a phenomenal money-maker. But a student like Mr. Herne, who enjoys the literary work of such thinkers as Tolstoi, Ibsen, Valdes, and Howells, could not long remain satisfied with a play like "Hearts of Oak," although his next dramatic work, "The Minute Men," cannot be said to show marked signs of transition from the old to the new. This play barely escaped being a great success. It was one of the pioneers in the field of American historical dramatic literature. It contains much that is very fine, and the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Herne was superb; yet it lacked a certain attractiveness that is always essential to score a great success. After "The Minute Men" came "Drifting Apart." Of this work I cannot do better than quote a criticism made by Hamlin Garland, who from the time he witnessed it became deeply interested in the work of Mr. and Mrs. Herne:

"Drifting Apart" was based upon the commonest of life's tragedies—the home of a drunkard. It is the most effective of sermons, without one word of preaching. The drifting apart of husband and wife through the husband's "failin'" is set forth with unexampled concreteness, and yet there is no introduction of horror. We understand it all by the sufferings of the wife, with whom we alternately hope and despair. . . . The second act in this play, for tenderness and truth, has not been surpassed in any American play. A daring thing exquisitely done was that holiest of confidences between husband and wife. The vast audience sat hushed as death before that touching, almost sacred scene, as they do when sitting before some great tragedy. What does this mean, if not that our dramatists have been too distrustful of the public? They have gone round the earth in search of material for plays, not knowing that the most moving of all life

is that which lies closest at hand, after all. . . . Mrs. Herne's acting was my first realization of the compelling power of truth. It was so utterly opposed to the "tragedy of the legitimate." Here was tragedy that appalled and fascinated like the great fact of living. No noise, no contortions of face or limbs, yet somehow I was made to feel the dumb, inarticulate, interior agony of a mother. Never before had such acting faced me across the footlights. The fourth act was like one of Millet's paintings, with that mysterious quality of reserve—the quality of life again.

"Drifting Apart" was not a financial success, nor is it difficult to find the reason. The public that had been attracted to "Hearts of Oak" was largely composed of the lovers of the melodrama. Those among theater-goers who did not care for such plays were unacquainted with Mr. Herne. Now, "Drifting Apart" was unconventional. In it the author broke in a real way with the old, and naturally enough it did not please the public taste that had been accustomed to applaud his work. The actor-author had grown with the years, but his audience had not kept pace with him; while those who would have enjoyed a work like "Drifting Apart" knew nothing of it.

Next came "Margaret Fleming," a production which I regard as incomparably the greatest of Mr. Herne's works, whether considered from the view-point of dramatic power, of literature, or of ethics. It is strong, somber, tragic. It is very true to life until the last act is reached, when it seems to me that the author, in order to force home the tremendous truth with which he deals, has given us, in the action of Margaret Fleming, the exception rather than the rule. Of course, this is an open question, and a good case may be made from Mr. Herne's point of view. "Margaret Fleming" was produced in May, 1891, in Chickering Hall, Boston, and created a genuine sensation. In the whole range of literature, whether essays, sermons, or extended argument, I know of nothing that has been advanced against the double standard of morals which prevails in society to-day, that can approach this play in effectiveness. With little preaching or moralizing, it carries home to the mind the heinousness of the crime of marital infidelity,

and the injustice of the double standard, in a manner so direct and dramatic that it leaves an indelible impress on the imagination from which there is no escape. The performance of "Margaret Fleming" called the attention of thinking people to the really fine work being done by Mr. and Mrs. Herne. Hence, it is not surprising that when, during the next February, Mr. Field brought out "Shore Acres" for a run of two weeks, it proved such a strong attraction that it held the boards for the entire season, or that for the next year it was one of the ringing successes of New York. This play is a faithful picture of the simple life of the New England folk. It is profoundly human and thoroughly wholesome. After two long runs in Boston, Mr. Herne recently brought it back to this city and produced it on the boards of the Boston Theater, where he played to larger and better-paying houses than ever before. At present he is engaged with his latest drama, a historical play dealing with the civil war, in which the personality of Lincoln dominates the drama from its opening to its closing lines, although at no time is Mr. Lincoln represented on the stage.

A sketch of Mr. Herne would be incomplete without mention of his loyal, brilliant, and sympathetic wife, Katherine Herne, a born actress, a woman of great dramatic power, who also possesses a rare insight into life. Like her husband, she is a student in the largest sense of the word. The drama has been the special field of study for Mr. and Mrs. Herne, but they have found time for reading along many lines of research. They delight in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, are great admirers of Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Mr. Howells, while for many years the economic philosophy of Henry George has found no more enthusiastic admirers than Mr. and Mrs. Herne. In his work as a playwright Mr. Herne has had the unvarying sympathy, encouragement, and help of his talented wife, while many of the happiest hours of their recent years have been spent in the study of the larger life which modern science has revealed, and the new duties which our complex civilization demands from the in-

dividual to-day. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Herne starred together, and during the past and present seasons their oldest daughter, Julie, has enacted the exacting rôle of Nellie Berry, in "Shore Acres." Miss Herne resembles her mother on the stage, and her acting strongly suggests that of Mrs. Herne. She also possesses marked literary ability. When eleven years of age she wrote a remarkable sketch which I published in the *Arena*, and of late she has composed some poems which reveal strong poetic insight and power.

Mr. Herne's views of dramatic art are essentially those of the veritist. He belongs to the school of which Mr. Howells and Hamlin Garland are conspicuous representatives.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK FOR THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

CONVERSATION WITH JAMES A. HERNE.

Q. What do you think of the outlook for a strong, virile, healthy American drama?

A. It was never so bright as to-day. There is at the present time, despite much that is discouraging in the way of trash and cheap sensationalism, and work that is thoroughly artificial, a strong trend in the direction of real, true, healthy art; and this I may say, is not confined to the drama. It is apparent in literature, painting, and sculpture. We are no longer wholly given over to imitation; we are beginning to think for ourselves, to observe life at first hand. Instead of going to some one else for a model, we are learning to do what that some one else did. We are studying the complex and ever-varying phases of life in all their aspects, and, in so doing, we are getting farther and farther away from the artificial and the improbable.

Some time ago I heard Mr. Zangwill lecture on "Dramatic Art," and the way it was received indicates an awakening of the people on this very question. Mr. Zangwill said, among other things—

things which I thought were very good,—that the three real essentials of a good play were these: First, it must be true, and must deal in a real way with some phase of life; second, it must be expressed in the highest form or art; third, it must be vitalized by having that which moves the emotional nature—must have such human interest that it appeals at once to the heart and the imagination of the audience. Mr. Zangwill said that a play might lack the first two, but if strong in the third essential it might become a success, though it could not be called a great play. That was the case with my "Hearts of Oak." It was as true as I knew how to make it when I wrote it, and it was expressed in as good art form as I then knew. Of course, I see now that it was crude and often silly; but it did possess the third essential. It had real human interest—that vital something which held the people and made a strong impression. Why, you would be surprised to know how many letters I received from people praising that play. Some of them were just as fine as I have received about "Shore Acres." "Hearts of Oak" was very successful, in spite of its weaknesses, because it possessed "the attractive something" that is the one thing absolutely vital if a play is to appeal to the box-office. And that is the way with the old melodramas. They deal with life as it goes on around us; they all have a spark of truth; they possess, in a degree, that human interest which appeals to the emotional nature. Hence, in spite of their crudities and artificiality, they are frequently money-makers; and that is about all that can be said in favor of them.

Q. Do you believe that the hour has arrived when the American people will support the American drama dealing with the life, history, aspirations, and dreams of the new world, as readily as they patronize the same originality and ability dealing with European life?

A. Well, that is a grave question. There are some writers on the other side of the water who are doing good work picturing certain phases of life. They confine themselves, for the most part, to the little world called society. They introduce the lords and ladies; they throw

the glamour of wealth and rank around their plays. That appeals to the average American as much, if not more, than it does to the European. It is a fact—a sad fact—that a great many Americans would like to see a monarchy over here, and these people all like to hear about the titled aristocracy. We have a large class of people who affect a liking for anything European, while they have a contempt for America. They buy the literature and patronize the plays which depict the life of the old world. There is still another class of theater-goers who always want to see scenes of beauty and wealth. If a play is staged handsomely, and the women dress magnificently, they are satisfied. You would be surprised to know how many people go to the theater, consciously or unconsciously, to see beautiful dresses and fine stage settings. Therefore, at the present time, I think a European society drama, with a few titled personages figuring in it, stands a better chance of success than an equally well written and staged American play picturing the life of our people.

I think that an American drama, dealing with our life and history in a real way, would appeal to a very limited audience; for we must remember that popular taste is largely a matter of education. Now, we have been so in the habit of expecting the impossible, the absurd, and the sensational, that a very large proportion of our theater-goers are not yet ready to enjoy a play which is simple, beautiful, and true. There is just now an attempt to awaken an interest in historical plays. Several more or less commendable attempts have been made which deal with colonial and revolutionary times. I remember last year going to see one of these, called, if I remember rightly, "The Devil's Disciple," and written by Bernard Shaw. I think that play barely escaped being a great piece of work. Mrs. Herne was with me when I saw it. The first two acts were distinctly great, and Mrs. Herne said, "Now, here is a great play." We were both delighted; but after the second act it went off into driveling melodrama.

Q. How do you account for plays being so uneven in this respect?

A. There are two principal reasons: First, it is hard for a playwright to break at once with the old. The point of view often changes gradually. He may write as far as he can along true lines, and then drop into the old artificial ruts. Then, again, it is financially dangerous for him to cut away from the old moorings. There is no telling whether the public mind will take kindly to the new. If a man does the best he can there is hope for him; but, if he deliberately compromises what he believes to be true art for the sake of box-office returns, he makes a fatal mistake. I hold that the American dramatist, like the American novelist or artist, who is striving to be true to life and art, and who refuses to compromise with the artificial and false which has so largely ruled in the past, must as yet be content to live simply and with small returns. He must measure his success by achieving something which cannot be claimed by those who resort to all kinds of expedients to make money. He finds his reward in the satisfaction that he derives from the consciousness that he is helping rather than hurting his profession, that he is faithful to the high demands of literature, art, and life. This is much, and it paves the way for success along the lines of true art for those who are to come after us, even though at present it may not pay well from the financial point of view. I hold that the impression we made in our little Chickering Hall presentation of "Margaret Fleming," by the artistic success of this performance, produced without any scenic or other auxiliaries of a modern play, paved the way for what has come later.

Q. Do you regard the trend of the drama to-day toward healthy plays, or are those of low morals and vicious tendencies gaining ground?

A. The trend is toward the healthy rather than the vicious, though there is, of course, much that is put on the boards that is a disgrace to the stage. Last year in New York plays of a suggestive and questionable character in many instances enjoyed long and successful runs. This year the religious drama seems to be all the rage. Frequently plays that are neither vicious nor attractive, but simply inane, are so billed as to make them allur-

ing to people of low ideals. It is easy to bill a play so as to appeal to all that is vicious in a man's nature, and this has been done to a great degree in the past few years, especially by managers who run play-houses in which the drama is rarely ever seen. If a questionable play is produced, or if a performance contains features that are repulsive to the healthy moral sentiments of the community, a great deal of notoriety is given to the entertainment by the managers and those financially interested, on the one hand, and by those who are shocked, on the other; and this creates an impression, in the minds of people who read little outside of the sensational newspapers, that the stage is going down hill, though the reverse is really true. And at the very time when all this hubbub is being made, the chances are that at all of the houses where the drama is being enacted, plays of unquestionable character, so far as morality in its narrow sense is concerned, are being produced; or, at most, there will not be one theater out of ten devoted to legitimate drama that will run a production which could be rightly called vicious.

Q. You think that the people fail to discriminate between the legitimate drama and other performances that take place in buildings called theaters?

A. Exactly so. The drama is moving onward and upward; it is in a state of evolution. But, by confusing the drama with anything in the form of entertainment that takes place in a theater, the people allow themselves to be misled. I believe the drama is healthier, stronger, and truer to-day than ever before, and I believe that there never was a time when there was so much good acting as to-day. I have never seen so much really good acting, stock acting, by average actors, as there is in New York at the present time. The actors, for the most part, seem to be honestly trying to get down to the truth, and that is very hopeful. The drama is headed in the right direction, and will become more and more a force for progress and justice, as well as an agency for increasing the happiness of the people, through meeting the demands of a healthy imagination.

PEACE AND PROGRESS

I.—THE CZAR'S PROPOSAL FOR DISARMAMENT, BY REV. R. E. BISBEE.

II.—THE CZAR'S RESCRIPT, BY ERNEST H. CROSBY.

III.—PEACE DEMANDED BY CONSIDERATIONS OF WISDOM, HUMANITY, AND MORALITY, BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

I.—THE CZAR'S PROPOSAL FOR DISARMAMENT

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

The so-called civilized powers of Europe are one great camp of armed men. The following table, compiled from the "Statesman's Year Book," shows the standing armies, on a peace basis, of some of the leading nations:

Austria-Hungary.	24,583 officers,	334,144 men.
England	28,889 officers,	134,680 men.
France	26,402 officers,	519,642 men.
Germany	23,088 officers,	562,352 men.
Italy	14,635 officers,	216,720 men.
Russia	33,529 officers,	835,143 men.

Totals 151,126 officers, 2,602,651 men.

Grand total 2,753,777.

In time of war these numbers can be easily trebled or quadrupled out of those who have had military training. The armies of entire Europe on a war footing would number not less than ten or twelve millions of men.

The cost to the countries in the above table, estimated on the basis of one-half what it costs the United States to maintain its little standing army of twenty-five thousand men, is not less than \$1,250,000,000 annually. This is a low estimate, and leaves entirely out of account the great navies. It is safe to say that it costs the countries of Europe two billions a year to keep them from cutting one another's throats. This is maintaining peace at a tremendous price, and it is a kind of peace which trembles with a perpetual threat of war.

This spirit of militarism is the spirit

of the Dark Ages, a relic of the time of physical force. The whole creation is groaning and travailing in pain to bring mankind into a higher state. Because barbarism has always been, therefore, say some, it must always be; but therefore, says common sense, it is time for it to end. The call of the age is for man to emerge from savagism, and walk on a higher plane. Henceforth the defense of a nation shall be righteousness, justice, and reason.

This call to a higher defense than that of arms has long been sounded by prophet and poet. For the time is to come, saith the Lord, when I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; for all shall know me from the least to the greatest; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; for as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

To this medley of prophetic utterances the poets have added their voices, no less emphatic and scarcely less divine. Virgil, voicing the half-unconscious longing of his time, for

Hope was ever on her mountain
Watching till the day began,—

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

Virgil, the last great pagan poet, sings:

Comes the Last Age of which the Sybil sang.
A new-born cycle of the rolling years;
Justice returns to earth, the rule returns of
good
King Saturn;—lo, from the high heavens
Comes a new seed of men. Lucina, chaste,
Speed the fair infant's birth with whom shall
end
Our age of iron, and the golden prime
Of earth return.
Come, claim thine honors, for the time draws
nigh,
Babe of immortal race, the wondrous seed of
Jove!
Lo, at thy coming how the starry spheres
Are moved to trembling, and the earth below,
And widespread seas, and the blue vault of
heaven!
How all things joy to greet *the coming age*.*

And Whittier, New England's greatest
seer, triumphantly exclaims:

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me,
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman,
Diviner, but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold.

Massey, too, England's poet of labor,
cheers us with his cry:

Hope on, hope ever! After darkest night
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morn-
ing;
Hope on, hope ever! Spring-tide, flushed with
light,
Aye crowns old winter with her adorning.
Hope on, hope ever! For the time shall come.
When man to man shall be a friend and
brother;
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all Earth's family love one another!
Hope on, hope ever!

To quote many others would be an easy
and delightful task, but space permits
only one more. Longfellow, telling the
bells of San Blas that their attempt to
ring in the past is vain, lays down his pen
forever after saying:

*Swayne's translation

This call of the prophets has been
echoed by the Czar of Russia. Whether
he is sincere or not, the cry has gone forth,
and the world is stirred with the thought
of a glorious possibility. Whether or not
the cry is heeded by the nations, the
thought awakened cannot fail to do good.
In any case, the call is one of the most
notable events in the closing years of the
century.

The call of the czar should be acted
upon. It should be acted upon, because it
is reasonable,—a case of plain, practical
common sense. It should be acted upon,
because of the cost of standing armies.
Let these billions be spent in educating,
refining, uplifting the masses, in furnish-
ing employment to the idle; and the char-
acter of the world could be changed in a
decade.

The call should be acted upon, because
the cause of justice absolutely demands
it. When nations do justice by their own
people there will be no demand for wars
of aggression in the interest of commerce.
With justice, a fair chance for all, a
proper distribution of the rewards of la-
bor, it would make little difference
whether we have free trade with all the
world, or whether we build a tariff wall on
every side. With the present industrial
system, no amount of foreign commerce
and no amount of protection can perma-
nently solve the problems of the day.
Seeking prosperity without justice is a
fool's chase after the will-of-the-wisp.

But armies are in reality maintained
not so much for defense against other na-
tions, or for foreign aggression in the
interest of trade, as for domestic reasons.
If the czar's call is unheeded, it will be
found to be due to the fear on the part
of monarchs of their own people. The
root cause of great armies is injustice at
home. A country where real justice pre-
vails, where every citizen is perforce a
patriot, will, in this age of the world,
never want defenders. Civilized nations
could not be induced to rise against it,
while lovers of liberty everywhere would
rise in its defense.

But because justice is not done, because

wealth has power while man is disregarded, because special privileges have raised the few above the many,—for this reason monarchs tremble on their thrones and fear to disband those who are bound by oath and tradition to obey any command, however cruel or unjust. This, I repeat, if the call of the czar goes unheeded, will be the real reason.

Justice is what the nations need, but it is not what their great ones yet desire. If Christ should send word from glory that he is ready to come at the end of the century, to set up his throne and establish justice in all the earth, to put down the mighty from their seats and to exalt them of low degree, to take from places of trust and power the unworthy and put into their places only the worthy, to restore ill-gotten gains to their rightful owners, and in general to organize society on the basis of merit and love, there are thousands who would sign a petition for him not to come, and among these would be many in the church and some in the pulpit. Justice is the terror of those who have risen without merit and retain honor without worth.

But the demands of justice must finally be met. God will turn and overturn until his ends are accomplished. The army itself, now the instrument of tyranny and oppression, may become the instrument of justice, an awful avenger in smoke and flame and blood. Its own armor may yet crush tyranny to death.

Disarmament would be the crowning glory of the century now ending. What a century it has been! It came in with a tallow candle, and goes out with the

electric arc. It came in with the plodding coach, and goes out with the lightning express. It came in with almost universal slavery, and goes out with almost universal freedom, nominal at least. Universal disarmament would indeed be a fitting climax to such a series of magnificent achievements.

It is unfortunate that just at this time, in these last years of a glorious hundred, the President of the United States should propose the increase of our regular army to one hundred thousand men. Never was there a more serious anachronism. With amazement we find the religious press sustaining this call. That we may need soldiers to shoot down our own citizens is one of the reasons given. It seems impossible that the mission of Jesus, the spirit of the Gospel, the progress of civilization, the power of righteous administration, can be so misunderstood. Instead of that standing army, ask that one-tenth of the cost be put into the enlightenment of the people, including if need be the foreign nations, into sanitary improvements for the benefit of the poor, and into the suppression of the saloon. Then let the religious press stand for justice to the oppressed and discontented, and there will be no need of advocating measures of defense against them. Moreover, if we observe with foreign peoples the Golden Rule and the principles of the Declaration of Independence, we shall need no standing army for their coercion.

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

II.—THE CZAR'S RESCRIPT

BY ERNEST H. CROSBY

The irony of history rarely brings into juxtaposition such impressive contrasts as it has treated the world to this past year. We have seen America, once the hope of the nations, the pledge of liberty and peace, swelling with the military spirit, pressing forward to increase her armaments on sea and land, making war upon the express promise not to annex terri-

tory, and then seizing all she can, and deliberately preparing to deny equal freedom to peoples whom she has conquered by arms and whom she holds against their will. We have seen England, also the champion of liberty, sitting at her elbow, like a big naughty boy, and urging her forward on a career for which no honorable excuse can be framed. Worst

of all, we find the worthy advocates of this precious policy canting about "destiny," and the "will of God," and the "mission of the Anglo-Saxon race," in a way to turn the stomach of plain, honest people. I have some respect for an avowed robber,—there is something brave and picturesque about the Albanian brigand, and the cow-boy who holds up a train at the risk of his life; but if these gentlemen mixed up their profession with the preaching of the Gospel, they would lose even this faint claim to admiration, and we should rightly regard them as contemptible frauds. The Romans were a great conquering people; but they never pretended to be anything else, and the Anglo-Saxons cannot establish their right to be their successors until they throw overboard this miserable pretense of humanity. Here, then, we have one side of the contrast. Columbia, taking to shop-lifting with her liberty-cap carefully concealed in her pocket, and John Bull egging her on with a wink in his eye for the audience. On the other, we see Russia, the surviving relic of tyranny and superstition, the growling, fighting bear of the North, hailing the new century with the proposition that there should be peace on earth, and with this end in view inviting the nations to take steps toward disarmament. Since Samson found honey in the carcass of the lion, no such unexpected treasure has come from such a source. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

It is not to be wondered at that men at first doubted the sincerity of this rescript of the czar. They saw Russia teeming with armed men; they heard of the sufferings of the blameless Doukhobors, whose only fault is the refusal to kill their fellows; they knew that the Russian military outposts were steadily advancing into the territory of Turk, Persian, Tartar, and Mongol. All this they beheld, and at once they cried out that the action of the czar was inconsistent. It was so indeed. I have seen the Russian army at home, and it is, in appearance at least, a worse offense against peace than any army I know of except the Turkish. Soldiers in France or Germany or America seem like soft-hearted philanthropists

along-side of the Cossack in his war-paint. He is a rough, shaggy, dirty customer, who looks as if he had slept in his accoutrements for a year; but he is the kind of man you would not want to meet alone on a dark night. Then, there are the Doukhobors. I know something about them, and it makes my blood boil whenever I think of all they have undergone merely because they take their Christianity seriously, and refuse to profess one thing and practice another. Yes, the czar is inconsistent. With a stroke of his pen he could give happiness and prosperity to this people, and he does not do it. He is inconsistent;—but, then, who of us is not? Are we to wait until men are consistent before we allow them to improve the earth? Let us try to cure the czar's inconsistency, not by casting slurs at his one noble act, but by endeavoring to win him away from the other evil practices of his nation. Let us take his proclamation seriously, and, if he has a logical mind, he cannot long continue to oppress his peace-loving subjects.

And it is a pleasure to know, from many reliable sources of information, that the czar personally is entirely sincere in his rescript,—that this subject is the one which lies closest to his heart,—and that he would rather distinguish his reign by success in this enterprise than by a triumphant foreign war. There are numerous witnesses to these facts. Mr. Stead saw the czar last month, and was impressed by his earnestness. It is known that the slaughter of peasants by the catastrophe at his coronation filled him with dismay, and that he is naturally a man of humanitarian instincts, presenting the greatest contrast to his mad colleague on the throne of Germany.

Of course, the czar was obliged in a great state paper to treat this subject with all seriousness,—to call it a "grave problem;" and the conference which is to be held will be surrounded by all the forms and ceremonies of diplomacy and etiquette. But I am inclined to think that the most effective way to approach the subject is on its ludicrous side. It is really a matter for opera bouffe, this business of armaments. If only Gilbert and Sullivan had depicted a neighborhood or-

ganized on the same principle! Fancy all the householders of a village day after day bringing into their homes new catapults and blunderbusses, watching each other from the windows, each one trying to scrape money together to buy two weapons when his neighbor buys one, practicing at shooting at a mark with their families in the back-yard, going barefoot and hungry so as to pay the gunsmith's bill, treating each other with the most punctilious politeness meanwhile, and in twenty long years never so much as shaking a fist at each other, and yet making greater preparations for a row than ever! Even in Kentucky such a comic opera would bring down the house. Now, imagine in such a community that one of these starving householders suggests a conference to spare himself the necessity of spending the best part of his income next year on bludgeons and battering-rams. The meeting is convened under safe-conducts in a room bristling with bayonets and smelling of powder. Is it really possible that these honest gentlemen could look each other in the eye with a straight face? I doubt it, and if the diplomats and courtiers of Europe,—and alas, the statesmen and politicians of America as well,—were not steeped in an atmosphere of the most ridiculous make-believe, they too would find it easy to bring the whole absurd system to an end in a hearty fit of laughter. Oh, for a little of that sense of humor which we think we have, and which we so sorely need!

And this feature of burlesque runs all through the military world. I know something about it in a small way. I served eight years in the National Guard, and I know what it is to ride up and down Fifth Avenue on a riding-school nag, in a cocked hat, feeling like a composite photograph of Napoleon and Washington. There is absolutely nothing but vanity at the bottom of the whole business, either in the militia or the regular army. Not a man thinks seriously of war, and when some fine morning they find themselves on the field of battle, not one in a hundred but would give his ears to be safe at home again, and the hundredth is temporarily insane, deliberately hypnotized

by all the stage properties of a histrionic and hysterical civilization into a "hero." All soldiering is a "playing at soldiers." None of it is serious until a man gets a bullet in his head. Without brass bands and brass buttons it would not last a day. All of it, with its torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat-destroyers and torpedo-boat-destroyer-destroyers,—with its smokeless powder and its smoke-producer to offset the smokeless powder,—with its military *attaches* sent to spy into each other's discoveries, and its Dreyfuses falsely condemned for doing this precise thing,—with its boasted manliness in the field and its petty effeminate squabbling over the division of glory after every engagement,—with its vanities and its jealousies,—with its proud monopoly of honor and its readiness to submit its private conscience to orders from above,—with its condemnation of such an act as the destruction of the "Maine," and its high commendation of the miserable inventors who prostitute their talents to the production of the infernal machines which make such crimes possible,—all this militarism, I say,—brutal, childish, reactionary, bound up in caste and cruelty,—is a disgrace to the civilization of our time. It is a vast bubble, blown out of nothingness, waiting for some one to prick it, and ready to collapse if we will but once presume to laugh at it.

It must be admitted that the czar's proposal is not a very vigorous prick,—it is a very small step in the right direction; but it is something. America must give him what help she can. In common decency she must be prepared to call a halt in the foolish and wasteful increase of her army, and especially of her navy. A year ago we might have gone into the conference feeling justly that we were superior to our fellows in these respects. It is not too late to acknowledge our recent errors, and publicly to resume our former peaceful attitude. Unless President McKinley is willing to adopt this policy, it will not be long before the people call Mr. Cleveland back from his retirement to adopt it for them. The sounder portion of the American people are not in love with militarism, and they sympathize with the spirit of the rescript of the czar.

III. - PEACE DEMANDED BY CONSIDERATIONS OF WISDOM, HUMANITY, AND MORALITY

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE

The appointed time draws near for the convening of the International Conference, called by Nicholas II. of Russia, to discuss the possibility and the means of promoting peace among the nations. As the days go by, the interest in this great convention increases all over the world. Mr. William T. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, whose sympathy with the movement induced him to make a trip to Russia, when the czar granted him two interviews, announces to all the world that the young emperor is truly sincere, and very earnest in his desire to accomplish the measures proposed in his manifesto. He adds the encouraging fact that "three of the ablest of the Russian ministers who are closest to the czar are heart and soul with him."

Roused to enthusiasm by his visit to Russia, Mr. Stead now proposes that a "Pilgrimage of Peace" to St. Petersburg be participated in by the United States, Great Britain, and the nations of continental Europe; and he is seeking to organize it, so that it shall create public sentiment in its progress, by receptions and meetings in favor of peace and disarmament, and so demonstrate to the young czar that the people are with him, and that the people desire universal peace most passionately.

It is certainly time that a conference of this kind should be called. It has long been for the interest of the civilized nations, as well as their manifest duty, to inaugurate an international movement for universal peace. Again and again have they tried arbitration in the settlement of national difficulties, and have always found it an infallible method of securing justice. They have proved that immense armies and navies are not needed in the pacification of their irate neighbors with whom they have quarreled. They are not

needed for the protection of commerce,—for the extinction of piracy,—nor to defend themselves from the predatory attacks of semi-civilized peoples, who are always weak and not inclined to make aggressions upon powerful nations. They are only intended, so the great powers profess, "to make peace secure," and for this purpose alone are they all accumulating enormous amounts of war material.

During the last nine years, "Christian governments have spent upon armaments for war a sum far exceeding five thousand million dollars." Within a year our own country has spent over two hundred millions in a war that lasted not more than three months, and is preparing to spend nearly, it not quite, as much more in the increase of the army and navy. Is our country smitten with the same delusion as the great powers of Europe, and does it propose these enormous war expenditures to "make peace secure?" The czar declares, in his rescript, that these mighty armaments have failed of their purpose, and that "the general insecurity of the nations never was greater than now." This is one of the reasons why he suggests their reduction, and perhaps ultimately their disuse for war purposes.

Another reason given by the czar, for the lessening of the monstrous military enginery of the nations, is that "the armed peace of our day has become a crushing burden, which the people have more and more difficulty in bearing." The heavy taxes imposed upon the people to support a great army pushes them to the uttermost verge of poverty, makes it difficult for them to obtain even poor and insufficient food, weakens them bodily, and robs them of education—thus stunting them physically, mentally, and morally. It withdraws men so largely from productive industries, that women are forced

into employments unsuited to them, and are injured for the normal business of womanhood. The menial occupations vacated by men, that they may enter military service, absorbs the poor women, in whom the finest instincts of humanity are soon blunted; they become de-womanized, and sometimes de-humanized, and are ruined for motherhood and home-making.

There is another reason why the great armies of the nations should be reduced, of which the czar makes no mention. It is given in the recent remarkable official memorandum on army morality issued by the commander-in-chief of the British army, Lord Wolseley. It is dated April 28, 1898, and was presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty. This document is an appeal to officers to do their utmost to promote a cleanly and moral life among the soldiers, with a warning against the physical penalties following unchastity. He commands the company officers "to point out to the men under their control, and particularly to young soldiers, the disastrous effects of habits of intemperance and immorality."

He declares that "the excessive use of intoxicating liquors unfits the soldier for active work, blunts his intelligence, and is a fruitful source of military crime." "The man who leads a vicious life," he continues, "enfeebles his constitution, and exposes himself to the risk of contracting disease of a kind which has of late made terrible ravages in the British army." He informs them that "many men spend a great deal of their short term of service in the military hospitals, already crowded with patients, a large number of whom are permanently disfigured and incapacitated from earning a livelihood in or out of the army."

He forbids "obscenity in word or action," "immorality in barracks or other

buildings under the control of the military authorities," and directs that "all persons implicated in such practices, whatever may be their rank or position in the service, shall be punished with the utmost severity." What has caused this very unusual pronouncement of Lord Wolseley? The terrible facts are not concealed. "In 1895, out of 68,331 men in the cantonments of the British army in India, 36,681 were admitted into the hospitals for venereal diseases alone, or more than half. Of the 13,000 soldiers who return from India to England every year more than half have suffered from these dread diseases." And it is added that "every regiment of English soldiers sent to the Island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, is completely used up in three years by death and disabling diseases."

From one, learn all. Wherever there is an army encampment, there intemperance and gross sensuality prevail. And the appalling disease and mortality so prevalent among American soldiers this last summer, most of whom were young men, many of them, indeed, mere lads, were due, not so much to the unhealthiness of tropical life, the lack of tentage and suitable clothing, nor yet to "embalmed beef," as to "army canteen," and to indulgence in immorality. The agents of the Young Men's Christian Associations, and the missionaries sent to the various camps, to comfort and care for the men, returned with sad accounts of demoralizing and impure practices. What are the financial burdens of war, or the horrors of the battle-field and battle-ship, compared with the physical corruption and moral degeneration of the young men of a nation, who in the unnatural life of army encampments hasten with unhindered feet to wrecked lives and dishonored graves?

The same opportunity is never given more than once.

The man who is wise talks little of his own affairs, and less of other people's.

The more simple and pure a man's life, the more courageous he is in time of great peril.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

THE WORLD'S INDEBTEDNESS TO THE JEW

BY GEORGE C. LORIMER, D. D., MINISTER AT TREMONT
TEMPLE

Twenty-seven years ago I stood beneath the roof of an ancient and magnificent synagogue in Spain. As I wandered in and out, and up and down the sacred edifice, my eye caught an inscription commemorating the infamous fact that, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, proudly surnamed "The Catholic," the race that had worshiped there for generations had been piously expelled from their dominions. This inscription was dated 1492; and the year thus recorded was notable for another and a very different event—the discovery of America. Impressive this conjunction in view of what has since occurred in the world's history. While these most "Christian" monarchs were expelling the despised Jew from their realms, they were assisting Columbus in the unveiling of a hidden continent where their wretched victim should find a refuge and obtain the full enjoyment of his rights, and where should grow up a republic whose prowess would in the end banish Spain herself from her possessions in the western hemisphere. One can hardly refrain from asking whether there is any moral and judicial relationship between these tragical movements, or whether the seemingly equitable retribution is merely fortuitous.

But if the final humiliation of Spain and the loss of her military prestige are not necessarily providential visitations on account of her proscriptive policy, they certainly are not heavier punishments than she inflicted on God's chosen people. According

to various and varying estimates, in 1492 there were ejected from the Iberian peninsula anywhere from one hundred and twenty thousand to eight hundred thousand human beings, men, women, and children. No language can convey an idea of the agonies endured by these expatriated multitudes. They were, of course, plundered by their devilish persecutors. Many of them were maltreated by pirates; thousands were sold into slavery; and the crowds that sought shelter in Portugal were mercilessly hunted by the terrible Inquisition, were deprived of their children, and condemned to exquisite tortures. It has been claimed that the calamities which befell this long-suffering people during these savage outrages can only be paralleled by the monstrous horrors they experienced at the hand of the cruel Roman after the fall of Jerusalem. But be that as it may, both of these catastrophes luridly and fearfully illustrate the usual treatment the despised Hebrew, with a few meritorious exceptions, has received from the destruction of his capital to these days of Anti-Semitic agitation. He went forth from the ruins of his ancestral city to be mocked, derided, denounced; to make a home in the ghetto, or to be a wanderer, a veritable Salathiel, seeking a temporary refuge and abiding place where none bade him welcome. In all countries of Europe the Hebrews have been massacred, ostracized, and taxed inordinately for the poor privilege of existing,—for living it could never be called. Perhaps there is

no other instance on record of a race so thoroughly obnoxious to mankind. Tacitus, in his "Annals," betrays the most lamentable ignorance and the most inveterate prejudice when writing of the Jews. Referring to the banishment of many of them to the Island of Sardinia, he says, "If the whole number died in that unwholesome climate it would be of no kind of moment." And, when recounting the history of their venerable city, his misrepresentations are gross and inexcusable. Nor have others treated them with much greater fairness or leniency. It would seem as if the nations had concerted by pen and sword to accomplish their extermination; and their preservation in the face of such odds is justly considered an ethnic miracle of no mean import. They who have defied the bloody oppressions of Antiochus, they who have resisted the fascinations of Greece and the repressive force of Rome, they who have survived the corrupting and defiling influence of the Herods, they who have escaped the fanatical cruelty of the Crusades and the bigoted hatred of the Holy Office, may well claim to have been kept by a higher power than their own. They who have continued, notwithstanding

The torture prolonged from age to age,
The infamy Israel's heritage;
The ghetto's plague, and the garb's disgrace,
The badge of shame, and the felon's place;
The branding tool, and the bloody whip,
And the summons to Christian fellowship,—

must surely have been called of the Highest to some special vocation and service.

It would seem as though this remarkable vitality would in this age of the world have shamed hostility into silence, and have wrought a thorough change in the feelings of those who have descended from a persecuting ancestry. Alas, such a transformation has never been as radical as it should have been. Let it be remembered that it was not until 1849 that civil rights were conceded to the Jew in Europe, and that Mr. Gladstone was instrumental in removing from the race certain disabilities which had survived in England until his own times. And within the last few years Anti-Semitism on the

Continent has raged with so much fury as to recall some of the darkest periods in the history of proscription. From Holy Russia hosts of Israelites have been expelled, and in Berlin and Paris they have been subjected to unwarranted insults and indignities. A violent crusade has been proclaimed, and unless widespread and wholesome public sentiment can be roused against its brutalities the ending may be tragical enough. Think to what extremes this antagonism has already gone, when the *Anti-Juif*, the organ of the Mayor of Algiers, M. Mac Regis, lately organized a company of photographers to take snap shots of ladies who bought things at Jewish shops; and when an elegant "baronne" declared on the authority of her spiritual director, an abbe of Paris, that Jesus Christ was not of Jewish blood, representations to the contrary being pure fabrications.*

The descendants of the heroes who stood by Kosciusko in defense of Polish liberty are now driven out of Poland, and men of the same ethnic origin with Marshals Soult and Massena (whose real name was Manasseh) are no longer tolerable to the French, and the kith and kin of Maimonides and Spinoza are no longer to be recognized by the Junkers of Berlin and the impecunious aristocracy of Paris. Even in America, while unable to withhold civil rights from the Hebrew, there are circles of wealthy parvenus who carry race prejudices to the verge of insolence. Social amenities are disregarded. Gentiles,—it would be a misnomer to all them Christians,—decline to dwell with the Jew on the same fashionable boulevard, absent themselves from the splendid hotel where he is temporarily housed, and in innumerable ways evince contempt for a people to whom they are indebted for manifold and conspicuous blessings.

And wherefore? For what reason? What is back of all this senseless hatred? Are not these Semites human beings? Are not many of them as highly cultivated as ourselves? Do they not bear their part in the commercial and political

*London *Spectator*, December 10 and 17, 1898.

advancement of the nation? Is this antagonism due to differences in religious faith? Surely the religion of love and brotherhood does not countenance alienations and lasting enmity? Is trade rivalry at the bottom of all this rancor? If it is, then commerce has much to learn; for if successful competitors are to be ostracized and persecuted, why may not the poor combine to practice the same outrages against successful business men of their own blood? The fact is, that this entire policy of proscription is a blunder, is utterly inexcusable, and ought to be condemned by every lover of the human family. A Jew, what—"hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick them do they not bleed? if you tickle them do they not laugh? if you poison them do they not die? and if you wrong them, shall they not be revenged?" I have changed the person speaking in this familiar quotation, but the philosophy it embodies is as sound as when it first fell from the lips of Shylock on the Rialto at Venice.

While the Jew in many respects may be considered the most pathetic figure in history, he is at the same time the most terrible. No weapon formed against him has prospered. He has outlived every empire that attempted his extermination. Egypt and Assyria, from whose malignant tyrannies he suffered, have long since been numbered with the dead. Rome perished. Spain has been overwhelmed by crushing defeats. And the church that claimed to inherit the imperial authority of Rome, and unhappily for mankind inherited its cruel spirit, lost through the Reformation some of her noblest possessions, and may well tremble when she thinks of the uncounted hosts of God's elect nation mutilated and massacred by her impious policy. A writer in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews* describes a visit to Paris during last September. He says that a strange hush of sad expectancy seemed to rest on the city. Everywhere citizens were talk-

ing of "the Dreyfus affair," and, while many were bitter and excited, there were those whose manner betrayed anxiety and suspense. The condition of things recalled to the writer what must have been the mood of Jerusalem immediately following the crucifixion of another and a more famous Jew. As in Jerusalem the multitude must have had a vague kind of feeling that a great outrage had been committed, and as there the priests and rabbis must have been intent in making out why it was best that one die rather than the nation perish, so in the capital of France there existed last autumn a widespread feeling that wrong had been done, and a wrong that might end in grievous disaster, notwithstanding all the official chatter on the part of the army staff about the treason of Dreyfus. This feeling, I believe, has deepened and intensified during the past few weeks. While there is no other point of resemblance between the Jewish officer and the great Galilean, nevertheless the injustice that has triumphed against the former as it once triumphed over the latter has excited peculiar sensitiveness and apprehension throughout France. It is impossible to banish from view the Ile du Diable, where the Jewish soldier is incarcerated, impossible to ignore the accumulating proofs of his innocence, and impossible not to see the painful determination of the representatives of the army to cover up their scandalous proceedings, and the pitiful hesitancy of the president, M. Faure, to allow a grief-stricken wife to forward a message of love and hope to her wretched husband. But what if Jehovah shall arise in his might and pull to pieces the conspiracy by which the high and mighty, for the protection of themselves, have sacrificed one of his ancient people? What if he shall bring him out of his island captivity, as he brought his Son forth from the tomb? Aye what then? Jerusalem succumbed to the Romans, and is it impossible, if Paris is so hollow, corrupt, and ignoble as the proceedings against Dreyfus would indicate, that she too may have to pay the penalty by yielding her liberties to a new imperator? But not only may France tremble,—every land may fear that harbors blind, fanatical

hatred against the Jews. For God has solemnly pledged himself to vindicate the weak and helpless of all tribes and races, and certainly will not be unmindful of those whom he chose in the distant past as world benefactors, and through whom he has wrought out not a few of his sublime provisions for the regeneration of society and the salvation of the individual man.

That the children of Abraham have an enduring claim on contiguous peoples for offices of kindly service is one of the clearest teachings of Holy Writ. Nowhere does the Bible countenance the barbarous notion that they are to be despised and rejected because of the part they bore in the crucifixion of Jesus. Nor is there anything in the nature of Christianity itself to excuse the vulgar demonstrations against them which have too long been allowed to pass unrebuked in various civilized communities. And it seems to me that the time has arrived for the Protestant pulpit courageously to disavow complicity, even in the smallest degree, with this deadly feud, which, if the New Testament be true, can but retard the glory of the latter day. But I at least would be clear in my own conscience, and would speak, as I have before, on behalf of brotherhood, of right, and of generous feeling. Representing a church under whose enlightened views of civil and religious liberty Rhode Island was founded, where the first free synagogue was reared on the shores of the new world, I should be recreant to her traditions, and to my own sense of duty, were I to be silent in these stirring times, and fail to bear uncompromising testimony against the despicable policy of prejudice and proscription.

Were other reasons lacking for the discharge of this Christian obligation, one in every way conclusive would suggest itself in the gracious promise of God to Abraham, "And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." This representation is usually overlooked by those whose vision is distorted by race antipathy. Whatever may be unattractive in the habits and methods of the Jew is brought into prominence; whatever may be irritating in his business rivalry and successes is unduly magnified; and

whatever may be ungenerous and unlovely in his attitude toward Christianity is usually exaggerated by those purblind individuals who have made up their mind not to credit anything ennobling to "the children of the ghetto." But unless these violent partisans are prepared to reject the assurance given by God to Abraham, and unless they have determined not to believe the testimony of history, they may well hesitate to persist in their cruel and unqualified indictment. For there is an entirely different side to the case which they so ardently prosecute; and it is this other side which, without retainer, I undertake to open and defend,—that from the world's indebtedness we may all realize our obligation to cultivate the judgment of gratitude and charity.

Fairbairn, contrasting Hebraism and Hellenism, expresses the opinion that the first required the second to soften and harmonize it; and that the second required the first to pour into its blood the iron of moral purpose. While the Greek stands for æsthetics, the Jew stands for ethics. In one the "beautiful" is triumphant, in the other the "righteous" is ascendant. No works of art have descended to us from Sinai, and no ten commandments proceeded from classical Olympus. To the devout student, the ancient Israelite himself suggests the very Shekinah of God, for through him the Sacred Presence has been made exceptionally clear to mankind. Ernest Renan recognizes the justice of this discrimination. He contends that our art came from the Greeks, with the exception of poetry. That is not exclusively from the land of Homer. To the Psalms he assigns an exalted rank, and argues that but for them "Milton, Lamartine, Lamennais would not exist," at least as they now are. Concerning moral and social contributions he writes: "The code attributed to Moses contains elevated ideas of right. The prophets are at times very eloquent tribunes. The moralists, Jesus, son of Sirak, and Hillel, reach a surprising grandeur. Let us not forget that the ethics of the gospel were first preached in a Semitic tongue." And then proceeding in his historical resumé, he claims that "the prime service which the Semitic race has rendered to the world, its providential mis-

sion," centers in the origin and progress of religion. "We owe to them religion. The whole world—if we except India, China, Japan, and tribes altogether savage—has adopted the Semitic religions."

... "Based upon the clear and simple dogma of the divine unity, discarding materialism and pantheism by the marvelously terse phrase, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,'—possessing a law, a book, the depository of grand moral precepts and of an elevated religious poetry,—Judaism had an incontestable superiority; and it might have been foreseen then that some day the world would become Jewish, that is to say, would forsake the old mythology for monotheism."

Professor Max Müller corroborates the position of Renan, and even goes farther when he maintains that religion is rather a product of the East than of the West, and that northern nations have been exceptionally barren in this respect. While they had their own superstition, legends, and traditions, these never had the power of crystallizing into a great and governing faith. The West is really debtor to the East for its spiritual ideals, and the European world owes even more to Palestine than to Persia, India, or China. "The people of God," as the Bible calls them, "the people of the Book," as Mohammed termed them, judged by their history, as symbolized in their varying names, were divinely appointed to be the source of religious inspiration. On this point the learned Emanuel Deutsch wrote the following suggestive sentences:

From the dark beginnings of the Mesopotamian times down to the Egyptian bondage the word Hebrew—derived from *Ibri*, meaning from the other side of the Euphrates, or from *Eber*, the great-grandson of Shem—points to the idyllic period, the records of which are more or less those of a family only. With the awakening of self-consciousness and nationality they assume the victory-boding and mysterious name of Israel, as the children of him who obtained it after the night-long struggle at Peniel; and from the time of Babylon and the Great Dispersion they are Jews (*Yehudin*), or descendants of Judah. This last period is unparalleled in the annals of humanity. It is among them that the Divine Oneness first grew into a dogma, absolute, uncompromising.

And yet these three periods may be further distinguished. In the first, God reveals himself to the individual; in the second to the nation; and in the third, to the world. Individualism is characteristic of the first, nationalism of the second, universalism of the third; for it is during the last period that prophetism widens its horizon until it embraces the entire earth, and utters its message, not for one time only, but for all ages and for all peoples. But through each of these periods the ethical spirit shines with increasing clearness, so that when the consummation is reached the world inherits from Israel a religion distinguished by monotheism, by righteousness, and by brotherhood. And very few persons will have the temerity to challenge the value of this gift.

Rawlinson traces the magnanimity of the Persians toward the Jew to the effect of this belief in the unity of God on their mind and conscience. There can be little doubt that rival and local deities intensify race prejudices, and perpetuate alienations. When the beings whom we worship are at war with one another, who are we that we should keep the peace? Celestial divisions will necessarily become divisions terrestrial. If there are gods many and hostile, then naturally enough there will be peoples many and hostile also. The oneness of the Supreme is logically the imperative antecedent to the oneness of mankind. When humanity begins to recognize and adore the same Divine Father, and when the conviction prevails that he is one and that there is none other, and that his oversight is extended impartially to all his creatures, and that his creatures are equally responsible to him, there likewise begins to develop the idea and the feeling "that there is no caste in blood," and that "all we are brethren." And these are strengthened by that common principle or bond of union, which joins heaven to earth and unites earth itself—righteousness.

What the Creator imposes on the creature he himself accepts as his own rule of action. In reality, there is not one law for the Divine and another for the human. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" and right-doing harmo-

nizes, promotes, and preserves accord, and minimizes differences and inequalities between various orders and classes of mankind. Through it God and man are placed on terms of correspondence, and by it man comes to respect his fellow-man, and to combine with him in notable movements for the advancement of society. The worth of these conceptions, and their immense practical service, to the organizing of social and of individual life, have frequently been acknowledged; but the relation of the Jew to their rise and progress has not generally been confessed. That has been obscured by animosity. But if we are disposed to be fair, we shall allow that to him the world is indebted in a high degree for their possession and power. Neither should it be overlooked that from the Hebrew stock sprang that wonderful being who in his own person and career more than fulfilled the religion of ancient Israel, and who indeed transformed it through his teachings and sacrifice into the ultimate faith of mankind.

On this point Renan has written with unusual force and brilliancy. Referring to the enormous ferment that occurred in Palestine during the last of the Asmoneans, he says: "A matchless man—so grand that, although here all must be judged from a purely scientific point of view, I would not gainsay those who, struck with the exceptional character of his work, call him God—effected a reform in Judaism,—a reform so radical, so thorough that it was in all respects a complete creation. Having reached a higher religious plane than ever man reached before, having attained the point of regarding himself in his relation to God as a son to his father, devoted to his work with a forgetfulness of all else and a self-renunciation never so sublimely practiced before, the victim at last of his idea and deified by death, Jesus founded the eternal religion of humanity,—the religion of the soul, stripped of everything sacerdotal, of creed, of external ceremonies, accessible to every race, superior to all castes, in a word, absolute." I quote these words from the distinguished Frenchman because he was not a Christian, and his testimony on that account must be accepted as reasonably impartial. We have here his

estimate of Jesus of Nazareth, and the history of twenty centuries proves conclusively that this marvelous being, of whom Schlegel writes, "If he were not more than a Socrates, then a Socrates he was not," has exerted a more salutary influence on the world than all other religious leaders combined. He has been the source of so much comfort, the inspiration of so much nobility, and the medium of so many spiritual blessings, that his name has been exalted by the Gentile nations above every other name. It is a cause of continued regret that the nation from whence he sprang has not come into the fellowship of those who have been honored through him; but, nevertheless, it should never be forgotten that he was of Jewish origin, and that if the angel could say to his mother, "Blessed art thou among women," we too may well revere and bless the people who gave him to humanity, while, unhappily, rejecting him from the supreme headship of their own race. The fact is, we cannot think of historical religion without thinking of the Jew. When God speaks in the wilderness and proclaims his law in the mount, we behold a Jew; when idolatry is crushed and false altars are overthrown, we behold the Jew; when hypocrisy is exposed, oppression denounced, and righteousness is extolled, we behold a Jew; and when the sublimest figure of the ages appears on the scene, illumining and purifying the soul, and when the greatest tragedy of sacrifice passes once more before our eyes, we still behold a Jew—at least son of Mary even though Son of God. Well, then, may we regard with feelings akin to reverence the children of a race from whose fathers the world has received so much, and well may we do our best to shield them from undeserved reproach and from the cruel rage of ungovernable bigotry.

Classifying, as is generally done, the Mosaical system as ceremonial, its practical and philanthropic character is frequently overlooked. And yet Michelet shows how generously it welcomed strangers, and with what solicitude it watched over the slave and provided for the poor. Thus we find it written in the law: "But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among

you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose." The Jew was not permitted to restore a runaway slave; alas, that shame is one of the bitter memories of the church. Deuteronomic legislation decreed that Hebrew slaves should be set free after six years of service, and when liberated they were to be furnished with the supplies necessary to the making of a fresh start in life; and later on, when this beneficent legislation had been ignored, Nehemiah was persistent in demanding and in effecting a reform. Equally delicate and humane were Mosaic eleemosynary institutions. "If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him; because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto." Hence, also, we find directions concerning the gleanings of field and vineyard. As the poor are regarded as having a portion in the tithes and sacrifices, so they are to have a part, even though only a residue, in the harvest and vintage. The possessors of wealth, the masters of industry were never encouraged to grasp and appropriate to the last farthing the natural increment of their own property; neither were they allowed to treat their dependents as parts of their ploughshares or their wine vats. And if they had attempted by combination to crush out the humble trader and agriculturist, they would have been cursed by all Israel.

Surely modern society may well be grateful for such an example of enlightened philanthropy. We need its influence even now to soften the harshness of our new commercialism. Let us not un-

dervalue its significance by sneeringly referring to it as a specimen of patriarchal government which the world has long ago outgrown; for be it remembered that the present trend toward monopolies and trusts is in a very real sense a revival of patriarchalism, only with the benevolence and fraternalism of the old eliminated from its blood. The new is a type of paternalism which is singularly destitute of a father's heart. A thoughtful Scotch professor some years ago, when writing on the savage miseries of our social life, ventured to suggest as a remedy the revival of the legislation of Moses, which proved its beneficent character in the past, and which has not lost its old-time power for good over those who acknowledge it in the present. There were never any really pauper classes among the ancient Jews, and, while in our day many of them are poor, how rarely do we find them in our charitable institutions or among our street mendicants. They do not burden the community where they dwell with their helpless and unfortunate members. As a rule, they are sufficiently self-respecting not to accept alms from the Gentile. They provide for their own, care for their aged, minister to their sick, and in a hundred ways reveal the genuine spirit of philanthropy. In all this they are entitled to the world's gratitude, for they are constantly teaching in an illustrative fashion that there is a way, a human way, of dealing with the frightful inequalities and sufferings which disfigure this brilliant era of civilization.

But, more than this, Hegel has called attention to the supreme place of the family in the Jewish commonwealth. When this subject is referred to usually uninformed critics are ready to cry out that we are overlooking the toleration of polygamy among the founders of this nationality. And yet, according to the ablest scholars, "notwithstanding a popular notion to the contrary, monogamy was the general practice." It is not to be denied that the Israelite has always entertained a high regard for the sanctity and purity of woman. This reverence underlies much of the ancient legislation, which seems to us unduly restrictive, and unquestionably it

is back of the beautiful domestic life which is so common among the Hebrews of our day. Even their enemies do not deny to them this blessed distinction. I am not sure that I have ever heard of a divorce case, or of a serious marital infelicity growing into a scandal among them, and seeking adjudication in our civil courts. Such things may have taken place, but their infrequency at least proves that the world is indebted to them for a practically unsullied picture of what an orderly and well-conducted household should be. And this picture must be taken as including the training and care of children, for still is it believed among them:

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord:
And the fruit of the womb is his reward.
As the arrows in the hand of a mighty man,
So are the children of youth.

They consequently welcome the newly born, and do not seem to dread his approach. Infanticide must be to them a next to impossible crime. While there may be flagrant exceptions to the rule, yet the rule is that their offspring are carefully nurtured, faithfully trained in their religion, taught self-control and obedience, and are not permitted to become the competitors of their parents in business by undertaking tasks which should be performed by the natural wage-earners of the family. It is likewise to be said in favor of this people that they are temperate, law-abiding, and peculiarly careful in avoiding articles of food which imperil health. They do not figure as "drunks" and "disorderlies" in our police courts; they do not fill a conspicuous place in our "rogues' gallery," and physicians have declared them to be practically immune from most of the epidemics which have ravaged the western world.

If it shall be claimed that as much as this may be alleged in defense of Christianity, and even more in some other directions, it is only necessary for me to make reply that I am not studying in this article the comparative worth of two historic creeds. And it should never be forgotten that, in a very real, though not in an exclusive, sense, Christianity is the child of Judaism, and that it ought not to

be surprising if she has improved on her mother's virtues. But whether she has or not, it is surely only reasonable to expect that, having had such a mother, she will neither abuse her herself nor permit others to offer her affront.

An unaccountable impression prevails that the Jew is so intensely conservative as to be out of touch with modern progress. He is rarely credited with the part he has taken in the onward march of civilization. What he has contributed to the world's enlightenment and prosperity is usually, if not always, ignored by those writers who set in order the notable gains and achievements of the Christian centuries. Judged by the average presentation of this subject, it would seem as though the Hebrews as a community were simply intent on making money, and had had no share in the development of the liberal arts and sciences, or in the political and social movements which have improved the condition of mankind. One would suppose from what is said, and even more from what is studiously not said, that they had really been impediments and obstructions in the way of progress. This absurd misconception, which, however recognized as such by historical students, has obtained a firm hold on the popular mind, ought to be exposed and condemned. It is unfair, unkind, and almost unpardonable. Let us not overlook what the Jew has done for the advancement of learning and for the perfecting of culture. Not infrequently ardent Catholics plead for their church that she was in the Middle Ages the repository of ancient wisdom, whether embodied in the Scriptures or in the classics. This assertion conveniently forgets the damaging fact that learning did not revive until after the fall of Constantinople, which gave to Greek scholarship a new field and empire in the west. If the Roman Church was a repository, it was one close-locked and barred, so that knowledge could not stream forth to enlighten Europe. Not from her bosom came the healing stream of light, but from the broken and shattered fragments of the Byzantine Empire, which had been crushed and broken by that Islam power which was indebted for much of its in-

telligence and vigor to the despised Jew, who had never lost confidence in the worth of the school and in the potency of intellectual training.

When driven forth from Jerusalem by the conquering Romans, instead of succumbing before the terrible calamities which had overtaken him, he gathered his children about him and began to teach. Though deprived of capital and country, he would not consent that his offspring should be deprived of culture. Everywhere he went he fostered learning, and when the princes of ecclesiasticism committed treason against the light he was loyal to its freedom and dissemination. During the Dark Ages he gave to the nations eminent linguists, translators, commentators, critics, philosophers, poets, and physicians. Of the latter class the number was exceedingly large, for at one period the Jewish doctors almost monopolized the healing art. Their most prominent rivals were the priests, who pretended to cure diseases by the efficacy of relics. But as popes and cardinals were not generally willing to trust their precious bodies to the action or no action of such sacerdotal remedies, and relied on the skill of the heretic more than on the conjurations of the orthodox, naturally enough the Hebrew practitioner gained in renown and influence. Brought by the fortunes of war under the dominion of the Arabs, and sympathizing with the monotheism of the desert, this strange race imparted to the Saracenic cause an intellectual cast; and, through the Arabs, penetrating Sicily, France, and Spain, its leaders created centers of inquiry and scholarship whenever they enjoyed seasons of repose. Nor has this remarkable supremacy declined with the lapse of time. In learning and literature the Jew is even now represented by Maimonides, Spinoza, Neander, Wehl, Benary, Heine, Disraeli, Zangwill; in music by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Schubert; and in every other department of social progress by a host almost equally distinguished. No people among us, taken as a whole, are more refined, more cultured, or more devoted to what is excellent in art, in music, or in letters, than this people, and it is, therefore, only their due

that they should not be ignored in counting up the factors and forces that have made for the overthrow of barbarism and the triumphs of civilization.

It has been observed by impartial students of this wonderful race, that to its foresight and skill commerce is as deeply indebted as literature. Draper quotes Cananis as saying that "they"—the Jews—"were our factors and bankers before we knew how to read." Out of their necessities, when in their tribulations they were scattered from Spain to the Euphrates, and could not safely transmit large sums of money from one community to another, they evolved the principle of exchange and the method of doing business through negotiable paper; and it argues well for their mercantile capacity that, though frequently plundered by kings and princes, they steadily increased in wealth and controlled the markets of the world even while despised and oppressed by their Gentile neighbors. To them in reality belongs the honor of leadership in the organization of commerce, and to-day they seem to possess the advantages which such leadership implies. They are generally prosperous, and some of their princely bankers hold in their coffers the destinies of Europe; for it is commonly understood that they constitute a kind of "official war-office, and by the gold pressure restrain governments from plunging into conflict over some Fashoda imbroglio. Presumably, the nations will never know what they owe to their influence in preventing unnecessary strife and bloodshed. And yet this primacy and success in business lie back of no small amount of the deadly hostility waged against them in recent Anti-Semitic agitations. M. Drumont, in the *Libre Parole*, is indignant because they own so much property in France, and because they very largely control the money market. The cry now so often heard in the streets of Paris, "Down with the Jews," is intensified if not inspired by this fierce jealousy of their ever multiplying accumulations. From its vehemence and bitterness one is led to infer that the Hebrews must be the only class engaged in amassing wealth, and that their neighbors are sweet innocents who never plot

and combine to acquire filthy lucre. But those who are most familiar with business conditions in Europe and America know very well that this amiable supposition will not bear the test of investigation. The love of gold is not bounded by race, and greed is not among the ethnic distinctions. English, French, and American are just as fully set on the acquisition of riches as the Jew, and cannot be out-rivalled by him in mercenary unscrupulousness. Presumably, they are equally trustworthy, and probably they are equally tricky. At least, I, for one, would as lief be in the hands of a Jewish money lender as at the mercy of a nominal Christian note-shaver and scalper, whose conscience permits him to exact from two to four per cent a month.

The London *Daily Chronicle* (November 23, 1898) publishes a woeful account of some Whitechapel outrages which are being perpetrated by absentee landlords. There are tenements and shops, mostly old, generally yardless and badly lighted, which, though unfit for habitation, are being rented at exorbitant figures. These rents are regularly advanced, and exactions in the shape of "premiums" are likewise imposed. The majority of the victims referred to by the *Chronicle* correspondent are Jews; and while some of their own lineage act as intermediaries, the responsible parties, the real owners of the property, belong to the upper classes of English society. Ought we to condone such instances of rapaciousness as these because the guilty parties speak English, and yet condemn an entire race because in the struggle for existence it too has furnished instances of insatiable greed? No. Let us denounce the spirit of avarice wherever found; but let us not throw stones when we ourselves dwell in glass houses. And as we criticise the children of Israel, if we must, for their Midas-like power, let us not fail to set over against it their benevolence and philanthropy. The example of Sir Moses Montefiore, that large-hearted and open-handed public benefactor, and even that of the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild in bequeathing his noble and munificent art collection to the British Museum, that is to the people of all lands, ought to go

very far in atoning for exceptional harshness in trade, and ought to convince the most skeptical that the Jew is, after all, a brother man, and as susceptible as others to the appeals of human suffering. And if at times his methods and bearing are offensive, suggesting too much of the ghetto to be agreeable, never let it be forgotten that ghetto conditions and ghetto education were the result, not of his choice, but of the cruel prejudices and of the proscriptive spirit engendered by a perverted Christianity.

What the future of the Israelites is to be, no mortal, even with the aid of prophecy, can accurately foretell. But that they are to be something, and something more than they have ever been, was never more fervently believed than at this hour. There is more talk about their ultimate destiny to-day than there has been for many years. It was no less a person than Gambetta who declared, "The priest is the past, the Jew is the future,"—doubtless meaning, not only that he would loom large in the coming time, but would fashion it for the advantage of humanity as well. Still, it will be true, if the Bible may be relied on, that "in him shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." That with him the welfare of mankind is closely connected, and that the world will be as indebted to him in the new age as in the old, forms no inconsiderable part of the inevitable glory as announced by ancient seers. We read, "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." "Lift up thine eyes around about and see: they all gather themselves together; they come to thee:" "...and strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee." "And the sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee. . . and they shall call thee the city of the Lord." "In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not; and to Zion, Let not thy hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save; he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love." "And many people shall go and say, Come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us

of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." All of which is set down as being accomplished when the vision seen by Ezekiel (Chap. xxxiv) shall be converted into history: "And I will bring them out from the peoples and gather them from the countries, and will bring them to their own land; and I will feed them upon the mountains of Israel, by the water-courses and in all the inhabited places of the country."... "And I will raise up for them a plant of renown, and they shall no more be consumed with hunger in the land, neither bear the shame of the heathen any more." And a Christian apostle, doubtless recalling these gracious assurances, pens the ever-memorable sentences which teach that the Jew cannot be honored and blessed in himself and by himself alone: "Now if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fullness?... For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?"

It is assumed by many prominent people that these striking predictions are in a fair way of realization through the persistent endeavors of the political Zionists, among whose leaders we find the well-known names of Dr. Herzl and Max Nordau. The future status of Palestine is a question of general interest to Europe. Already the *Spectator*, reviewing the situation, has ventured the opinion: "It is impossible that the Turks can forever hold Palestine in their ghastly mortmain. Who would dare to say of Turkish rule anywhere '*esto perpetua*'?" And, of course, when the collapse comes the great powers must in some way provide for the government of the Holy Land. This inevitable issue, and the unendurable humiliation of the Jew in Europe, have led to the proposal that a distinctively Jewish commonwealth be established with Jerusalem as its capital. The idea has rapidly spread, and it has taken deeper root with every fresh outbreak of Anti-Semitic fury. With quite a new spirit, the persecuted children of Israel in Rus-

sia, Poland, Austria, and France are praying the ancient Passover prayer that next year the feast may be observed on Mount Zion. The ancient religion dreams of rejuvenescence, and of the renewal of its youth. Sustained by this hope, the victim of the great czar bears his exile more courageously; comforted by this expectation, the slave of the sweater in New York and London gazes longingly through the attic window toward Jerusalem; while his compatriots, suffering in Germany, Algeria, and Morocco, hearten one another by the increasing evidence that the restoration of their nationality and the rebuilding of the Temple cannot much longer be delayed.

With these exiles, inflamed by sacred patriotism, I deeply sympathize, and yet, while I believe that God has destined the Holy Land for the Jew, I cannot believe that that, and that alone, exhausts the significance of these ancient prophecies which foretell his ultimate exaltation. A writer, Oswald John Simon, evidently a Hebrew, in the *Nineteenth Century* (September, 1898), rejects with scorn the entire Zionist programme. His argument is that it could not be carried out without placing the new Jewish state on the same level of ignominious dependence as is now occupied by Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania. And such a condition he rejects with manifold exclamation points of indignation. He cries out:

It is almost inconceivable that any Jew with a remnant of the iron spirit which has made his race the heroes of all ages would accept as a final settlement of the so-called Jewish question a condition of political impotence and of national paralysis. No; in God's name let us be victims of persecution in other countries, but not in our own. Let us fight for our natural human rights as the citizens of any civilized country to the bitter end, but let us not submit to form ourselves voluntarily into a state which could only exist upon sufferance. As an attempt to realize the ideal of Judaism the programme formulated at Basle presents the spectacle of the most contemptible, if not the most grotesque, species of idealism which was ever laid before the remnant or the descendants of a great nation.

Were the Basle programme all that Providence has in store for the "People of the Book," I too would join Mr. Si-

mon in his lamentations. But to me it is only an indication, a sign of the times, and a tentative movement toward a glorious consummation, the details of which cannot now be anticipated. It is but a stepping-stone to something higher, and to something that will adequately fulfill the visions of the seers and the aspirations of a long-suffering race. But, whatever special character that consummation shall assume, it must involve the religious element, and be colored by its spirit. This has been elaborately set forth by Dr. Emil Reich, who closes his fine discussion with the significant words: "The exodus of the Jews of to-day from Europe can only be made in a manner in no way different from that in which was achieved their exodus from Egypt some three thousand years ago. A Moses is required,—a man full of divine inspiration and an energy fraught with religious zeal. Religion is not, like feudalism or guilds, a mere phenomenon of the Middle Ages; it is an historic category; an indestructible factor of all national life, and, with the Jews, the factor of all the factors." Impressive words these, and words that recall the saying of an apostle: "And so all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Such an inspired passage as this must surely have in view a more stupendous event than the re-establishment of a fifth-rate nationality. Even if we conceive as part of its announcement the rise of a renewed state, we can hardly doubt that it comprehends a movement of more wide-reaching proportions,—probably one of those tremendous religious upheavals which transform the very heart of society and inaugurate a fresh and more brilliant era in the history of mankind. For nothing short of this do I look; and if this, then the world will be as indebted to the Jew of the future as it has been to the Jew of the past.

Fears are entertained that, before the hour arrives for the tide of Jewish fortunes to turn, a grave calamity may overtake its children. An article has just appeared in the *London Spectator* (January 14, 1899) discussing the question, "Is there to be a new St. Bartholomew?"

which, while optimistic in its conclusion, is pessimistic in tone. It shows with painful exactness that many of the French Roman Catholics are so deeply imbued with Anti-Semitism and Anti-Protestantism, that they are busy circulating cheap literature calculated in its very nature to stir up fanatical devotees to deeds of desperate cruelty. M. Gaston Deschamps related his experiences on visiting various venders of pious works. He says that among rosaries and prayer-books, he found others of an incendiary and sanguinary character. These are directed against the Huguenots and the Jews; and he sums up the violence of one among them by saying: "This is almost the toccin of St. Germain,—l'Auxerrois." Another writer calls attention to the threatening state of affairs in these significant terms: "The Jesuit organs, the *Libre Parole* and the *Croix*, incite to murder and civil war, and for three years past one has shuddered to see the children returning home from the Confessional schools...and to hear their little voices shouting along the streets, 'Death to the Jews; death to the Protestants.'" And what is most surprising in the infamous business is that his Holiness at Rome administers no rebuke, nor seeks to allay the fierce passions of his adherents. But doubtless, were this torrent of foul rage to turn to blood, the pope would be represented, at least, in America, as being deep in sorrow over the unrestrainable anger of his faithful children, while in many a cathedral throughout Italy and Spain a *Te Deum* would be celebrated, as it was when the massacre of St. Bartholomew startled the civilized world. The *Spectator* does not regard the repetition of such a tragedy as probable, but it cannot hide from itself the possibility of a horrible catastrophe resulting from the frenzied feeling which is now being generated by ecclesiastics and others. It is this possibility that should call forth a protest and warning from the press and pulpit of all lands, and from the lovers of liberty everywhere. Perhaps, were it realized by those who are exciting the mob, and by those who are smiling on its anger, that the civilized world holds in execration the crime that is so complacently dis-

cussed in certain French journals, and will not quietly stand by and see Jews and Protestants crushed, the sober second thought might check and control before the agitation transcends the boundaries of prudence.

But if remonstrances shall prove in vain, and if the Jew shall be compelled to endure fresh anguish and agony, and if he shall be driven forth again from various lands, nevertheless let his enemies beware. No weapon formed against him shall eventually prosper. It will be found in his case, as it has been in the history of the Bible, that "he is the anvil on which all hammers are broken." For remember, it is written: "O Israel, . . . though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee. . . He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock. For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand that was stronger than he." However his foes may rage and smite, he cannot perish. They may press him sore, they may seem to overwhelm; but when their madness has spent itself, he will reappear as before, calm, self-contained, unconquered, and unconquerable. Dr. Nansen, writing of his heroic attempt to reach the Pole, has this to say of a grave peril which threatened his trusty ship:

On January 4th and 5th, 1895, the "Fram" was exposed to the most violent ice pressure we experienced. She was then firmly frozen in ice of more than thirty feet measured thickness. This floe was overridden by great ice

masses, which were pressed against her port side with irresistible force, and threatened to bury if not to crush her. The necessary provisions, with canvas "kayaks" and other equipments, had been placed in safety upon the ice, and every man was ready to leave the ship if necessary, and prepared to continue the drift living on the floe. But the "Fram" proved to be even stronger than our trust in her. When the pressure rose to its highest, and the ice piled up high above her bulwarks, she was broken loose and slowly lifted out of her bed, in which she had been frozen, but not the slightest sign of a split was to be discovered anywhere in her. After that experience I considered the "Fram" almost equal to anything in the way of ice pressure.

But the Israelites have in the ages gone endured a more terrible pressure than that to which the explorer's vessel was exposed, and with almost identical results. Instead of being crushed by proscriptions and persecutions, they have only been thrown up above them, and have at last come to rest quietly and safely on the silent bosom of the forces which once threatened their destruction. As it has been, so will it be. These people cannot in the future be subjected to severer ordeals than they have endured in the past. History witnesses to their indestructibility; and we may be sure they will survive whatever strain they may be called on to endure in the struggle for existence. And more than this, notwithstanding the fury of their adversaries, the day will come, and is not far distant, when the world's indebtedness to the Jews shall be universally acknowledged, and the long night of the great tribulation be ended forevermore.

CONCERNING THE SANITY OF NAPOLEON

BY E. P. POWELL

No one can have read Gustav Freytag's powerful novel, "The Lost Manuscript," without an ineradicable conviction that absolute power develops in its possessor insanity and breeds moral imbecility in the dynasty.

"Do you speak of a special malady that only befalls rulers?" asked the sovereign. "Physicians will be grateful to you for the discovery."

"In fact," answered the professor, "the fearful importance of this phenomenon is far too little estimated; no other has exercised such an immeasurable influence on the fate of nations. This malady is undoubtedly as old as the despotism of the human race; it has produced deformed and grotesque characters in every period. Sometimes it became madness which could be proved by medical men; but in

numerous other cases the capacity for practical life did not cease, and the secret mischief was carefully concealed. What preserves a man in ordinary situations is that he feels himself at every moment of his life under strict and incessant control,—his friends, the law, and the interest of others surround him on all sides; they demand imperiously that he conform his thoughts and will by rules which secure the welfare of others. At all times the power of these fetters has less effect on the ruler. We cannot but think of the gigantic power of a general and conqueror, whose successes and victories brought devastation and excessive sin into his own life—till he became a fearful sham, a liar to himself, and a liar to the world before he was overthrown, and long before he died."

The symptoms of mental malady were seen in Napoleon from his earliest days. It is singular that his biographers have not made more of that which they have not failed to note. Bourrienne tells us that during the consulate he often broke out with hysterical weeping, or sat brooding for hours in morose silence. Josephine said, "No one knows how weak he is but myself." She had the wit to conceal much of his frailty, as well as to induce him to exercise a greater degree of self-control. No biographer pretends that he was anything but coarse and violent in his passions.

On the Island of Tilsit Napoleon stood arbiter of the world. But for England and Russia he would have been absolute in Europe. England was the one power that he hated. He would make an alliance with the former, and crush the latter. The place he assumed from that time was that of a being superior to humanity. He had risen above the laws that govern individuals and those that govern nations.

A Corsican Jacobin of small repute, he had been rapidly exalted to the highest point of power ever held by a human being. In 1800 he occupied the imperial Tuileries. At this time he began to put into operation the ideas that demonstrate his genius. He restored the church, as a development of society collateral with the state. He concluded a concordat with the pope. He recalled the

noble emigrants. He drew up the extraordinary laws known as the Code Napoleon. He established universal education, working out a scheme reaching from the primary schools to the universities. He created the Bank of France. All these were ideas that showed intense individuality and independence. They were the work of genius of an order so extraordinary as to place him not only above existing rulers, but to take him out of the rank of common humanity. He followed neither the radicals nor the conservatives.

In 1805 England, Russia, Sweden, and Austria formed the great coalition to reduce France to its former limits. Napoleon struck one after another before any one could strike a blow at himself, and overwhelmed them within a single campaign. December 2d, he routed the Russians and Austrians at Austerlitz. The next year he partitioned a large part of Europe among the members of his own family. His brain seems to have been touched with a dream of universal empire. He no longer treated ambassadors with decent respect. September 25, 1806, sent him out of Paris to meet Prussia and Russia. October 27th, he triumphantly entered Berlin. Early in 1807 he met the Russians at Eylau and Friedland. On July 9th the two emperors stood alone on an island in the river Niemen. Even the King of Prussia was forbidden to approach. The two partitioned Europe. Alexander could have his vast empire of Cossacks and Slavs, on condition that he allowed Napoleon to govern all the rest of the Continent as he chose. England alone remained free. To crush her without arms the continental system was inaugurated, and Alexander was compelled to swear eternal enmity toward the island of the west.

Here was enough to turn the head of the greatest of men, and the best; but Napoleon was not the best. It now remained to see if he would become the worst. He went back to Paris to decree the abolition of the reigning houses of Portugal and Spain, and claim those states for family possessions. Spain revolted, and began a war that was not really ended before Napoleon was dethroned. He must strengthen himself by arts of

peace. To do so he divorced Josephine, and married Marie Louise of Austria. He was now involved in matters that indicated a rapid change of character. We may turn to Freytag for a passage that seems exactly to cover the case. "It is not difficult in general to follow the course of Cæsarean insanity. The first accession to power has an elevating tendency. There is an eager desire to please, and strenuous exertion to establish themselves by graciousness. A fear of opposition compels moderation. But arbitrary power creates slavish worship, and puts the emperor on a pinnacle above other men. He is treated as a favorite of the gods—nay, as if an emanation from the gods. Amid this adoration egotism increases. The demands of an unrestrained will become reckless; the soul gradually loses the power of distinguishing between good and evil; his personal wishes appear to the ruler henceforth the necessity of the state, and every whim of the moment must be satisfied. Distrust of all who are independent leads to senseless suspicion. Family bonds are severed, the nearest relations are watched as secret enemies, the deceptive show of hearty confidence is maintained; but suddenly some evil deed breaks through the veil that hypocrisy has drawn over the hollow existence." It does not seem probable that Freytag had Napoleon in mind while penning these lines; but the picture is none the less accurate. He who had been known as the Little Corporal, when he reached the height of possible ambition, knew not what to do with himself. He stormed and fumed with his ministers; yet he kept on intimate terms such scoundrels as Fouché, and Barère, and that Iago of diplomatists, Talleyrand—a man whom he never tired of calling treacherous, mercenary, purchasable. His ministers tried to cloak his furious outbreaks, but not always with success.

It was an awful moment for Saxon civilization. "England," he said, "is half a century ahead of us." Nearly always successful on land, Napoleon had failed utterly on the seas. He restored discipline to the navy, but still could not compete with the British fleets. He was no longer capable of tolerating a free nation.

—much less a rival. The continental scheme to which he forced Alexander to agree aimed to break up all commercial relations with England. It banished from the Continent all merchandise which was of English origin, or was borne in a ship that had touched England. This supreme selfishness could be enforced only by constant conflict. Among others, scores of American ships were seized, and condemned as lawful prizes, although claiming neutral rights. He wished to starve England into submission.

Was the scheme sane? Was it possible to enforce upon civilization this barbarous and wholesale selfishness? It was meanwhile necessary to hold Europe down by main force. The continent was garrisoned. Martial law was practically in universal operation. But revolt was imminent at every point. Prussians whetted swords on the door-stones of his representatives. Half a million men were threatening Russia to terrify Alexander into a faithful upholding of the treaty; but starvation was as likely to destroy Cossack as British. The Russians knew that their emperor had been driven to sign away their highest interests. It was an attack not only on the prosperity, but on the moral principles of the peoples. It denied the existence of international rights or laws. It set up a single will against all history, all evolution. Having debauched the French court, Napoleon would reduce civilization to the level of Talleyrand. Russia did not trust him as an ally any more than as an enemy. It believed him utterly oblivious to the truth. He lied in all directions.

His rise had been the most wonderful, the most unique, the most magnificent in history; it was meet that his downfall should be so awful, so overwhelming that history could never afterward devise its equal. To enforce the treaty required the invasion of a region unknown to the rest of Europe, with a climate the opposite of sunny France, where he was to be far from his base of supplies, and must contend with forces not to be fore-estimated. Only a mind possessed of irrational self-importance would have dared the combat. But Napoleon had become the Mazeppa of his own pride. The only reason given for

the war was contained in the address to his troops. "Soldiers, the second Polish war is commenced. The first was terminated at Tilsit. Then Russia swore eternal alliance with France and eternal war with England." There was no other reason for a movement that not one of his generals approved, and against which most of them protested. "Forward we march. We will carry the war into the heart of the territory."

Infatuation was added to the certainty of disaster. The clear calculations of genius had deserted him. He promised the Poles restoration, but he cheated them even in the teeth of the invasion. He promised integrity to the Turkish Empire, while negotiating its division. He insulted Prussia, while compelled to leave it in his rear. Bernadotte, who was secretly the friend of England, declined to furnish Swedish troops. Napoleon struck the latter with his fist. Then rushing about the room, he shouted, "What, the rascal! He dare to give me advice! Bernadotte impose conditions on me! Does he fancy, then, that I have need of him? I will soon bind him to my victorious career, and compel him to follow my sovereign impulse." He believed himself incapable of defeat. He multiplied enemies needlessly. He lost sight of the fact that he might some time need friends. Europe was his, however, only under his heel. That he was confused as to his own intentions is probable. Spite and rage tore up imperial plans. In moral forces he had no faith whatever. He had ascended into a region of egotism where he no longer felt obliged to be rational.

But Europe was steadily organizing after a new manner. Beaten in brute-force contest, the moral forces of the Continent were everywhere growing alert. Humiliation of defeat begat the virtue of patriotism. The youth of Prussia formed the *Tagendbund*, or Friends of Virtue. Alexander wrote to Frederick that he would not allow him to become an ally. "It would grieve me to chain Prussia to my fortune, if bad; but, if it be good, I will readily share it with you." Such was the result of universal tyranny. Russia was safer alone. It had lines of retreat that no power could cut off. No one now

trusted Napoleon; they must learn to be true to each other.

But, if Napoleon's head was turned, those of his ablest generals were not. They used every effort to turn him aside from the terrifying venture. France had become terribly impoverished by protracted and continuous wars. Her fields were uncultivated for lack of laborers. None were left but superannuated men and children. Women cursed the scourge of war and the loss of all dear to them. Talleyrand, for once honest, urged Napoleon not to venture on a war with Russia; the people would not stand by him. "I must do him that justice," said Napoleon, afterward. "He uniformly maintained that I deceived myself as to the energy of the nation." But this was not all. He was at war with Spain—a war in which his generals were meeting extraordinary difficulties. His rule had always been never to strike at two places at once,—on one only, and always in mass. Now he would strike simultaneously at the remotest extremes of the Continent. No explanation can be found, but "Cæsarean insanity." His project was irrational; he defied all his own rules of successful warfare; he ignored the entreaties of his generals; he was about to undertake a desperate invasion with foes in the rear, and with his preparations not half completed.

Evidence as to his mental condition is not wanting. Napoleon, relates Count Segur, was frequently discovered half-reclined on a sofa, plunged in profoundest meditation. Fancying he heard his name called, he would start up, exclaiming, "Who called me?" Then, striding about the room, he would cry out, "No! Beyond a doubt nothing is yet matured for so distant a war. It must be delayed three years." He would then begin plans to secure the mediation of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria. Negotiations were begun. But Russia knew well that the moment was opportune for herself. She grew bolder, and touched the pride of Napoleon. Alexander sent an ultimatum requiring the French to evacuate Prussia.

To sum up the situation, Napoleon was unprepared for the greatest of all his campaigns, but go on he would. He said, "I am not yet sufficiently great to be safe:

I cannot stop." Behind, France was hungry; Spain was fighting with desperation against his dynasty; Prussia did not love him; even Austria was at heart his foe. Above all, his ministers disapproved of the movement.

Yet from Paris to Dresden he had a triumphal march. Beside him rode his wife; about him were a numerous court. Nations thronged the road. Every one wished to be able to say he had seen the great Bonaparte. The army was full of enthusiasm. They loved him as the chief in whose greatness they shared. They fought to see which regiment should first touch Russian soil.

In all battles the French were victorious. The Russian armies fled before them. This was not all; the people also retired, foot by foot, verst by verst. They burned and destroyed food, crops, houses, shelter of all sorts. Priests led the multitude, officers led the army,—all went together. Nothing was left but wild beasts and a desert. Epidemic fevers broke out. It was pestilence, and it was fire. Napoleon had two hopes, either a great battle and a great victory, or that Alexander would offer to treat for peace. Neither hope was realized. His army pillaged in spite of him. It was composed of too many nationalities and languages; half of them could not understand the emperor, and he was a wretched linguist. Besides, it was impossible for them not to pillage, as there was terrible neglect in the department of supplies. Everything had been hurried at the last moment. It is impossible to read the account of the early days of this invasion without amazement. Disorder; the unexpected; quarreling; the emperor hesitating. The victorious marshals grew jealous of each other. The army was decreasing in numbers. Provisions had to be secured with increasing difficulty. The Russians burned city after city, village after village. Napoleon should have foreseen the burning of Moscow. In Moscow and St. Petersburg the Russians were singing *Te Deums* over asserted victory. They were leading the French on and on into a desert of death.

Kutusof began to intrench at Borodino. He would at last offer battle. The ominous words appear in the reports of his

aids that "the emperor slept but little." The night set in with a cold, drizzling rain. Autumn was premature; it was in league with the Russians; it added to Napoleon's depression. To-morrow would be Borodino. If the French were victorious, what could they do with victory? They would at best lose a large part of the army. If beaten, they would be annihilated.

The morning dawned. Napoleon was on the heights of Borodino taking a last survey of the line of battle. Davoust came dashing up, asking permission for a great flank movement; but the emperor replied, "It is too dangerous a maneuver." The words were strangely unlike Bonaparte. The first day's fighting was but skirmishing. Night came on. Napoleon went to his tent. An awful terror grappled him. He called the commander of his reserve corps, and ordered all things done for its comfort. Again and again he called him back to press him with questions. Now, indeed, should Napoleon sleep. But his aid heard him call. He found him supporting his head with both hands, and meditating aloud. "What is war?" he said. It is a trade of barbarians, the whole art of which consists of being the strongest on a given point." He then complained of the fickleness of fortune, which he said he began to experience. He then added that "a great day is at hand; there will be a terrible battle." He trembled on the eve of the great battle.

Murat, Ney, and Davoust were the heroes everywhere. They began the fight with the dawn. Napoleon was in the rear, at his tent. He cheered up a little as the sun rose, and, pointing to it, said, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" But this sun rose on the Russian side; it shone in the faces of the French, and dazzled them. Poniatowski and Eugene were grand in their way; but the struggle was terrific. Davoust was wounded, Compans killed, Rapp wounded. Murat was nearly seized by the enemy. It looked for hours like a rout. Murat and Davoust sent to Napoleon for reinforcement. He hesitated, and would not order up his guard, or any portion of it. "The whole of that day he was sitting down, or walking leisurely in

front of a redoubt, at a great distance from the battle of which he could see hardly anything. He merely made gestures of melancholy resignation on every occasion when couriers came to inform him of the loss of his best generals. Every one looked at him with astonishment. Hitherto, during these great shocks, he had displayed an active coolness; but here it was a dead calm, a mild and sluggish inactivity." The marshals seized the battle themselves. Ney cried out, "What business has the emperor in the rear of the army? There he is only in reach of reverse, and not of victory. Since he will no longer make war himself, since he is no longer the general, as he wishes to be emperor everywhere, let him return to the Tuileries, and leave us to be generals for him." With tremendous energy and magnificent genius they were breaking the enemy in pieces. The right wing annihilated half the Russian line, and dashed on the opened flank. Now for the guard! Then again and again they sent to Bonaparte, begging him to order up the reserve. Otherwise the day would end only in another retreat of the Russians. General Belliard was sent to beg Napoleon even to show the guard, to bring it into the sight of the foe. He went back, saying he had found the emperor still seated in the same place—with a suffering and dejected air, his features sunk, and a dull look. Ney was furious. Murat recalled that the day before he had seen the emperor, while out observing the enemy's lines, dismount several times, and with his head resting on the cannon remain for some time in an attitude of suffering.

This was the pitiful sight of Napoleon at Borodino. The only hope for the invasion was to capture the enemy. But Napoleon hesitated, delayed,—the battle raged on without rousing him. The guard was withheld; it was half-past three; each corps had beaten what was before it, but was unable to take advantage of victory. Not being supported by reserves, each one halted exhausted. It was getting late; the battle ended. The French had gained the field, and nothing more. Forty-three generals killed or wounded, a third of the army used up, the

rest exhausted, Murat exclaimed, "Alas, in this great day I have not seen the genius of Napoleon."

Now was the time to retreat with some honor. It would not have been glorious, but it would not have been ignoble and disastrous. Ney saw this, and insisted on it. The ground was covered with twenty thousand Frenchmen. They held the field. There were but eight hundred prisoners taken. Kutusof had his army in safety. Bessieres enumerated the list of killed and wounded generals. Napoleon wept; but soon said, "Eight days at Moscow, and there will be an end of it." Count Rastopchin had already resolved to burn the sacred city. The French arrived as the last of the population poured out of the gates. The roads in all directions were full. Nothing was left but a horde let loose from the prisons, and a small remnant of police. They were organized and ready. Napoleon showed signs of positive mania. He gave orders on orders. But in every direction the black smoke began to creep up from houses that were closed. At daylight the Duke of Treviso as marshal subdued the fire. The next night, with a high north wind, the rekindled flames drove toward the Kremlin, where Napoleon and the flower of the army slept. The brands flew; the winds blew all ways. No one could foresee or forestall. Now came the final sentiment. Rage at the incendiaries grew into disgust with the whole expedition. The Kremlin itself was on fire. The emperor awoke to find himself in personal danger. The smoke wrapped the whole city, it stifled every one. The incendiaries kept on, silent, determined. Not an hour should have been lost. Every one fled. Outside the city, without supplies, what was to be done? He had on his arrival at Moscow sent couriers with a proposal for peace to Alexander. In a hasty council the situation was discussed. Should they march for St. Petersburg? Should they begin a retreat? Napoleon decided to wait for an answer from Alexander. The Kremlin still stood, half burned. The soldiers and officers, covered with mud and soot, were bivouacked under all sorts of shelter. The stench was awful. The weather was bleak and chilling. The

army was already taking the form of a mob. Kutusof was nearing the city. Still Napoleon only hesitated. He waited till October for the word of peace from Alexander. It never came. On the 3d of October he decided to march for St. Petersburg. Not one of his generals agreed that it was feasible. "What," he cried, with sparkling eyes, "are you not inspired? This conquest is all that is worthy of us." This was the insanity of exhausted genius. He sent General Lauriston to negotiate. The Russians fooled him with pretenses.

Winter was coming. Provisions were growing more and more scarce. The peasantry began to arm. There were skirmishes everywhere, and the cavalry was half destroyed by this trifling. "Two weeks more," said the Russians, "and your nails will drop from your frozen arms." Napoleon was still unable to decide. The soldiers began to suffer terribly for clothes as well as food. The first snow began to fill the air. Napoleon sent out ridiculous orders. Twenty thousand horses were ordered to be bought, and provisions for two months laid in store. As well have ordered twenty millions of horses; not twenty could be had. Kutusof said, "The hand of God is on Napoleon. We shall soon take France in Russia."

On the 19th of October the French army finally left Moscow. It looked like a caravan. It was a mass of luggage and spoils. The emperor could scarcely get through the crowd. In a mean hut Murat, Eugene, Berthier, Davoust, Bessieres, and Napoleon assembled for a council,—three generals, two kings, and an emperor. The decision was to turn to the northward and retreat. The army had become a train of specters, covered with rags, with female pelisses, pieces of carpets, anything, half burned, half mud, only rags wrapped around their feet. Generals and colonels marched pell-mell with soldiers; there was no command, no rank, no order, nothing but one misery. The advance touched the Beresina. It must be crossed. Ney with eight thousand men pitched at thirty thousand Russians, and whipped them. Over the bridge poured the crowd,

but too slowly; for the way must be cleared. They were trampled down and driven over with wheels and horses. Selfishness broke loose; humanity was frozen. Leaving Murat to command, with all possible speed he, who had gone into Russia the greatest man in the world, fled to Paris the meanest and the weakest.

There is no question that the Russian invasion was a failure solely because of the imbecility of Napoleon. At Borodino it was easily possible to overwhelm the foe so completely as to compel advantageous peace. At Moscow every moment showed feebleness of will and incapacity to grasp the situation. Driven from Moscow, had he been in possession of the intellect that directed against the allies in 1804, or with which he entered Berlin in 1806, he could have so beaten the terrified Kutusof as to have marched home in comparative safety. The inception of the invasion was that of a maniac; the conduct of it was that of an imbecile. That Napoleon could rouse himself to flashes of genius is true. But we shall search in vain in his after career for anything greater than erratic ability. Once more at the head of an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men, he allowed his enemies to gather around him, and the battle of Leipsic was lost. Still another army was freely placed in his charge by France, but total defeat followed, and Paris was entered by triumphant, rejoicing Europe.

Treated with generous courtesy by the conquerors, his word proved worthless, and a meteoric display of Napoleonism out of exile occurred. France remembered the glory it had reaped from Napoleon sane, and forgot the wretchedness and misery that had followed his insane egotism and waning morals. But in less than four months Waterloo became the eternal synonym for total and hopeless defeat. The sublimest picture at the opening of the century was the island kingdom sturdily asserting freedom and international rights, while all the rest of Europe was in abject slavery. He had hoped to starve England; he now turned to her as his jailer. On St. Helena she fed him and his retinue till he died in 1821. The battle of Waterloo has been

studied in vain for one touch of power. His surrender showed little patriotism and less heroism.

Did Napoleon commit suicide? The question is startling, but what else can we make of the testimony? He had hardly set foot on St. Helena when he conceived an irrational hatred for Sir Hudson Lowe, the governor. He spoke of him invariably with abhorrence, and displayed both intense suspicion and vindictiveness. The questions of dispute began with Napoleon's right to be addressed as "Emperor." The quarrel was kept up in reference to rations, to freedom of roads, and reception of visitors. It was uniquely vulgar and cheap. From the first he was subject to strange attacks that affected both his mind and his body. The diary of his physician, O'Meara, contains records like these: "Found him in bed at eleven. He said, 'I had a nervous attack last night which kept me continually restless, with severe headache and involuntary agitations. I was without sense for a few moments.' In reply to prescriptions, he answered, 'It would make one to live too long.'"

He soon refused to take exercise; would neither ride nor walk, complaining that he was restricted by the governor, and vowing not to go out at all unless allowed entire freedom. Sir Hudson Lowe sent to O'Meara to inquire if he knew how his prisoner could be induced to take exercise. Some larger freedom was granted, but he would not take advantage of it. More and more he confined himself to his room. He said, "I should receive with the greatest pleasure information that orders had come to shoot me." Strangers he would rarely allow to visit him, or to get a glimpse of his person. No persuasion of his friends or of his physician could overcome his resolution to shut himself up. He was steadily growing worse. "Napoleon for some days has eaten no dinner. Told me he intended to accustom himself to only one meal a day." The physician insisted that he should go out, that it was necessary for him to employ constantly both his physical and mental faculties, that he was a man who required much exercise. "You are right," replied Napoleon, "but under

the present system it can never take place." From September of 1817 the records show rapid increase of bad symptoms, and evident mental mania. "Napoleon complained of soreness in his lower extremities. His legs swelled, and ankles pitted on pressure. Appetite deficient, with nausea. I prescribed in addition to exercise antiscorbutic vegetables." Two days later symptoms were worse. O'Meara wished to call in counsel. But Napoleon refused, saying, "I myself know as well as any physician what is needful for me. It is exercise. As long as the present system is in force I will never stir out." When told that the governor had taken off certain restrictions, he replied, "It is true; but, if he has power to make restrictions as he pleases, he may renew them to-morrow." He then appealed with the question, "Would you go out under the restriction of coming in again at six o'clock in the evening?" He then added, as if he might be suspected of a determination to end his life, "Had I any intention of committing suicide, I should have done it in the beginning, and with a pistol shot." This is improbable; for he might in that way have died in Russia, or at Waterloo. He seems to have had an insane cunning, which crept to light in such a remark as this: "I am convinced that the barbarous manner in which I am treated will be revenged by the blood of Englishmen. Would it not now be useful to the French to get rid of the allied troops by poisoning the bread and water? Would it not be useful to assassinate Wellington?" His complaints began to be greatly aggravated. His physician warned him that his symptoms demanded prompt treatment, or they would terminate fatally. He only replied, "I shall at least have this consolation, that my death will be an eternal disgrace to the English nation." Urged not to hasten his own death, he answered, "What is written is written. Our days are numbered." His legs swelled; his side pained him; tumefaction was evident; numbness, cough, sleeplessness, nervous attacks, with loss of sensation. The governor, anxious not to allow his prisoner to kill himself, sent word that he might ride

farther into the valley. O'Meara insisted that he ride at once; for soon he could not. Napoleon assented to the correctness of the advice, and laughed at its earnestness; but go out he would not. Las Cases' report speaks of this "seclusion" as follows: "The emperor still within doors, and sees no one. The different individuals of his establishment know not how he occupies himself in his apartment. He sent for me as it were by stealth, and I went to him." It is impossible to read these records without a conviction that Napoleon was mentally unbalanced when he landed on St. Helena, and that he was rapidly growing worse. It seems equally probable that he intended to kill himself, but by a cunning method that he believed would waken the sympathy of the world.

The conviction expressed of the moral, followed by the intellectual failure of Napoleon from 1807, does not imply that he was not during all this while capable of doing much that did not distinguish

him from those who surrounded him. "The Cæsarean malady" rather destroys poise of character, often looking toward specific manias. It upsets judgment, and drives its victims to commit follies and crimes that seem unexplainable to common sense.

It does not follow that the renaissance of Napoleonism is irrational. This century has, thanks to him, been able to laugh at the divine right theory both in state and church. At Helena Napoleon said, "At least the allied powers cannot take from me hereafter the great public works which I have executed; the roads which I have made over the Alps, and the seas which I have united. They cannot place their feet to improve where I have not been before. They cannot deprive me of the code of laws which I formed, and which will go down to latest posterity." It was impossible after him to establish absolutism in church or state. At least he made himself an impossibility.

MUSIC IN RELATION TO THE SPIRITUAL

BY DANIEL BATCHELLOR

There are two significant words in our language,—silence and sound. In ordinary use they are carelessly uttered; but to the earnest thinker they are full of deep import. Silence is the fit shrine of the indwelling spirit, sound is the manifestation of the unseen spiritual presence. We sometimes try to grasp the meaning of silence. Let us now consider the significance of sound.

Few of us at first realize how general is the sphere of tone expression. We are apt to think that sounds are the occasional interruptions of the prevalent silence. A little observation, however, will show that silence is very rare. Listen awhile, and hear how many sounds there are of which you were unconscious. What you at first took for silence will be found upon closer observation to be the soft modulation of many tones blending in quiet harmony.

Consider, first, what may be called the vocal sounds of the animal world. We speak of our fellow-creatures as dumb an-

imals; but comparatively few of them are destitute of tone language. Although they may not be able to express themselves through a medium of words, cries of pain, fear, and anger, as well as outbursts of rapture, are far more common than the casual observer would imagine. Animal cries are not always caused by physical pain; they are sometimes the result of mental distress. This is obviously the case with our trained domestic animals, and any careful observer of lower forms of life will recall instances of agonized cries caused by mental conditions.

The main purpose of tone language, however, is not so much to express pain and alarm, as to give utterance to the abounding life within. See this in the spring song of birds, or in the joyous barking of the dog when he goes out with his master.

It often excites our wonder to see how readily animals communicate with one another. In many instances we know that

this is done by some form of vocal expression, and, for aught we know, that may be the general manner of communication. Oftentimes we cannot hear any sound, but we must not limit tone expression to our power of hearing. A cat or dog will notice sounds too faint for our ears, and what do we know of the auditory nerves of smaller creatures? At any rate, we know enough of the vocal powers of singing and talking birds, and of domesticated creatures, to see how natural it is for animals to express themselves in tone language to the extent of their ability.

But nature's tones are not confined to living creatures. There is no lack of music in what we call inanimate nature. Think of the liquid music wherever the waters have free play. Who has not been charmed by the tinkling cadence of water dropping from a rocky ledge into a sheltered pool below. Of course, the effect is heightened by the harmonious relation of other things,—the coolness of the grotto, the fresh green of moss and fern, and the delicious sense of remoteness from the toil and stress of every-day life; but as our ears learn to listen to the music of the dropping water, we can dispense with these accessories, and even in the daily life at home we can catch the music of the liquid spheres as they fall back into the deep well with elastic resonance, or even as they tinkle into the bathtub or the water-jug.

Then, there is the music of the brook as it goes lapping and swirling on its way. What sweet reiteration there is in it. It is always singing the same old song, and yet ever seems on the point of saying some new thing. As we listen, we find ourselves asking, Whence? and whither? And then we bless Tennyson for having given an articulate voice to the brook:

I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down the valley.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Or, if we would know the deeper voices of the spirit, let us listen attentively to the thunder of the water-fall, or to the majestic roar of the ocean waves, where "deep calleth unto deep."

Leaving the music of the waters, our attention is called to the tone vibrations in the air. The Æolian music is the most perfect of all nature's forms of tone expression. It is soft and sweet in the zephyr, that breathes through the pines or whispers to the "light quivering aspen;" it is rich in the harmony that trembles from the telegraph wires; it is solemn in the deep organ tones when the wind bows the heads of the forest trees, and terrible in the shock of explosion or in the reverberating roll of the thunder.

Many of nature's tones escape us, because we notice only the louder interruptions of sound. In the full glare of sunlight we do not see the light of distant stars, and in like manner the few louder sounds so fill our ears that we cannot hear the myriad softer tones about us. In the valley, the brook rushing over the rocks makes such a brawling noise that we can hear nothing else; but as we ascend the hill-side, and the sound of the torrent grows fainter, we hear the song of birds, the hum of insects, and can at last even distinguish the breeze sighing along the grass.

But, so far, we have been considering only the actual sounds which fall upon the ear. We have now to think of the musical tendency, or the latent music which slumbers in everything, only awaiting the call to start into expression. Especially is this true in elastic substances like wood and metal, out of which we fashion our musical instruments.

We find, too, that there is a bond of sympathy running through everything, sometimes manifesting itself in special affinities, sometimes in the general attraction which relates each atom to all other

atoms. This sympathy is revealed in many ways, as in companionship among animals, or in the mysterious attraction which causes the atom to seek out its kindred atom in crystallization; but it is nowhere more wonderfully shown than in the sympathetic response of tone to tone. Two or three simple experiments will illustrate this principle. Let two pianos be tuned alike and placed near each other; then, if one of them be played upon, the other instrument will give back faintly the music of the first. Or, sing close to an open piano, and those strings which are attuned to the voice will respond. If the dampers are lifted from the strings, the response will be more full and free. Another simple experiment is to sing into a wide-mouthed bottle, sea-shell, or other hollow instrument, and, when the sympathetic tone is struck, it will be reinforced from the resonating cavity.

There is everywhere an indwelling tone, waiting to start into action, and ever striving to express itself through more or less of restriction and hinderance. Notice, also, that the more free and elastic the medium of expression, the richer will be the music.

But we must guard against confusion of terms. Much that we have been speaking of as music would ordinarily be called noise. Let us find the relation of nature's sounds to music. And the first thing to note is that all simple sounds are musical tones. But the sounds which we hear are generally complex in character in which tone conflicts with tone. Noise is disordered music. As familiar instances of this, take the clink of the blacksmith's hammer, or the scream of the circular saw, in which there is an evident tendency toward musical intonation. Noise needs space to clarify it. Distance lends enchantment to the ear as well as to the eye. It has been said that nature loves to carry sweet sounds. The hoarse whistle of the locomotive close at hand is distressing to the ear, partly because it is so loud, but more because of the evident jarring of discordant tones in it. Remove the sound to the distance, and all the jarring elements become subdued, until only a pure tone falls pleasantly upon the ear.

See again, how a low musical tone is-

sues from any confused mass of sound. It is not perceived by the untrained ear; but, when we have learned to listen for it, that wonderful world tone meets us everywhere. What does it mean? This universal music, so like a voice speaking out of everything, must have a deep meaning for us, could we but find it out.

All nature is a mighty parable. "Day unto day uttereth speech." This world about us is an embodiment of the Divine, wonderful in what it reveals,—not less wonderful in what it conceals. It is both a mirror and a screen. The baffled intellect says, "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself." But the pure and reverent heart sings:

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run:
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

Scientific research shows that sound is due to vibration. Musical tones are from regularly timed vibrations. When these are very slow we feel them as rhythmic pulsations. Rhythm is music to our vital sense.

More rapid vibrations acting upon the nerves of the ear produce the sensation of tones. This is music to the auditory sense.

When the vibrations reach a much greater velocity, they excite the optic nerve, and produce the sensation of colors. These constitute music to the visual sense. For music is essentially the perception of organized movement. It is the beautiful in time. There is music to the imagination in the ordered movement of planets and suns in their orbits, which poets have recognized as the harmony of the spheres.

The universality of movement reveals the omnipresence of force. This is the secret of its charm. What is it that attracts the kitten in the moving object? What is it that excites the healthy boy in the flying ball? Is it not the sense of life in the movement appealing to the life pulses within?

There is life everywhere, life in everything. The pyramid and sphynx, which have stood through the centuries as the emblem of stillness and death, are really

palpitating with life. However they may appear to our senses, science teaches that they are composed of vast multitudes of tiny atoms and molecules revolving with inconceivable rapidity in their orbits. Each atom is a center of life; each molecule an adjustment of related forces. And the universal life is manifested as perfectly in atom and molecule as in planet and system. Then, if the revolutions are perfectly timed, all the conditions of music are there, except that the interpreting ear is lacking. Music in the atom, music in the globe,—the one too minute and the other too vast for our limited senses to grasp.

We are here on the border-land of matter and spirit. The study of music takes us deep and deeper into the heart of nature. We see her not only arrayed in holiday attire and disporting in songs of joy, but also at work in her secret laboratory, molding atoms and molecules, planets and systems, by the law of harmony.

So far we have been taking an objective view of the matter. But music is not only an interpreter of nature. It serves also to reveal the mysteries of human nature, and helps us to understand the relation between the inner and outer world—the self and the other self.

Each new power of the mind gives larger and truer views of nature. Conversely, each new discovery of nature reveals to us more of our inner world. We are realizing more and more clearly how near we are akin to all living creatures. Mental and moral attributes which were once considered exclusively human are found to have their prototypes in simpler forms of life. Human life is the highest development of nature which is known to us. The life that appears diffused in many lower forms is here gathered and concentrated into one complex nature, where it glows into an intensity of thought and feeling of which the lower and simpler forms were incapable. Music is the language of the universe, and they had enough of it to express their own feelings and desires, but this human life demands a higher form of language to give expression to its feelings and aspirations. Therefore, all nature freely ministers to it, in proportion to its growth and in-

crease. Every fragment of tone expression in nature is a foreshadowing of and an approach toward the human tone language.

We see this principle of successive development epitomized in the individual. The child begins with an unconscious cry. As the intelligence awakens, it finds means of expression in various tones and monosyllables. Then, as the ideas begin to connect themselves, these elements of expression gradually become united into sentences, while at the same time the wider swing of melodic inflection in the voice indicates growth of feeling. The time and labor required to bring human utterance to perfection indicates the importance of the faculty.

We have now reached the realm of musical expression where human agency is required. For, in all the sounds of nature no real song was ever evolved outside of the human mind. We understand by music different tones organized as to relative pitch, force, and duration into melodies and harmonies. Defined in this way, there is really no music in nature until we reach the sphere of human life. We speak of the melodies of birds; but these are nothing more than flexible warbles and trills, which can be so exactly imitated by simple mechanical means as to deceive the birds themselves. The few birds which do approach toward a set form of melody only emphasize, by their very rudimentary character, the great difference between animal sounds and human songs.

The blended tones given forth by an Æolian harp, or on a larger scale by the telegraph wires, are so captivating to the mind that we at first imagine we are listening to pure chords. Closer attention, however, shows that the harmony is incomplete and formless.

Nature is filled to overflowing with the raw material of music; but it is left for human art to gather up the elements, and to organize them into musical strains. The painter finds his models everywhere; the musician can only catch passing hints of the form which his melodies and harmonies should take. However lavish nature may be with song material, he must listen inwardly for the strains of blended music

which shall interpret the infinite yearnings of the soul.

So the musician must be in a special sense a creator. What is man, that this crowning work of creative energy, this outblossoming of spiritual expression, should be left for him to perform! Here, if ever, man is face to face, ear to ear, and heart to heart with God.

We see, then, that the quest of music is really a study of the human mind in its most exalted moods. This subject has engaged the attention of thinkers in all ages. It enters into the earliest forms of philosophy, and is mixed up with the theology of the oldest nations. Hence we find the ancient Chinese, Hindoos, and Egyptians, each in their own way, trying to account for the wonderful influence of musical tones by supposing that they were emanations from the gods, or world forces. The Egyptians rose to the grand conception that music was the expression of order in the great world movements—an idea which the poetic Greeks took hold of and formulated as the harmony of the spheres.

It is a significant fact, as pointed out by Sedley Taylor, that every great advance in music has been coincident with some important scientific discovery. For instance, in the ninth century the opposite poles of the magnet were discovered, and at the same time Huebald de St. Amand demonstrated the opposite attraction of the seventh and fourth tones of the musical scale, which may be taken as the starting point of modern harmony. To one acquainted with the principles of music, a moment's reflection will suffice to show the mental relation existing between the physical and musical poles of attraction.

Music and astronomy have always seemed to go hand in hand. This may be because they both call for the exercise of the higher mathematical faculty. Hence we find that the Egyptians were the most skilled mathematicians and musicians of their time. The idea that a mathematical mind is opposed to the musical temperament is a mistaken one. It is true that there are musicians who narrow their studies and sympathies down to some particular form of their art to the exclusion

of everything else; but these are the exception rather than the rule. A notable instance of the intimate relation between astronomy and music is that of the Herschels. William Herschel was the son of a German musician, and was brought up to the same profession. But his father was wise enough to provide him with a good general education,—and so made his future career possible. While engaged as an organist at Bath, England, he began to turn his attention to astronomy. Not being able to purchase a good telescope, he had to make one for himself, and succeeded in making a splendid instrument. He became the foremost astronomer of his time. His son, Sir John Herschel, was a great mathematician and astronomer. But now the pendulum swung in the other direction, for Sir John became greatly interested in musical education.

It is not strange that scientific advance should keep pace with musical progress. They both naturally result from a higher reach of mental power.

The old Greeks, in their fine system of education, placed music as the keystone of the arch. They regarded the hearing as the leading sense,—not that they were deficient in the power of seeing, for a close study of the proportions of their statues and temples shows that they had a fineness of vision far surpassing ours. Yet the education of the ear was more to them than the training of the eye. There has always been a rivalry between the ear and the eye. With the discovery of writing, and later of printing, a great impulse was given to eye training in education; and less demand was made upon the ear. Although this led to most important results in intellectual development, it has served to check other noble powers of our being. For one thing, the sense of hearing has become quite secondary to that of sight. Every teacher knows how difficult it is to convey clear ideas to the pupils' minds without the aid of black-board diagrams.

The realm of sound is as worthy of cultivation as is the world of form. In some respects it is even more important, since the ear is more directly the servant of our emotional and spiritual faculties. Haweis says: "There is something as yet unan-

alyzed about sound, which doubles and intensifies the sense of living. When we hear, we are somehow more alive than when we see." This is something which we need to take into account in our methods of education.

It is now known that the brain comprises a number of specialized centers of intelligence, with nerve fibers stretching from one to the other. The auditory center occupies a middle position in the brain, and seems to serve as a main office through which other special centers communicate with each other. This tends to confirm the Greek idea of the ear being the leading organ, and goes to show that they were right in regarding music—in its larger sense—as the keystone of the educational arch.

We naturally regard thought and feeling as the opposite poles of our being. They are intimately related, continually act and react upon each other, and there is often rivalry between them; but their normal condition is that of co-operation. We are so under the domination of intellectual culture, that we are apt to regard thought as superior to feeling, forgetting that each is supreme in its own sphere. We have no desire to limit the marvelous power of constructive thought; nor must we forget on the other hand that, while thought guides, it is feeling which sways us and shapes our destinies.

This brings us to an important point, namely, that music has chiefly to do with our emotional nature. Think how much our spiritual growth depends upon it. Music has been naturally connected with all great social and religious movements. Martin Luther's songs did more than his polemics to shake the world. Charles Wesley's hymns have probably done more for Methodism than his brother John's sermons; and our modern evangelists still depend largely upon music to move their hearers.

Music is one of the greatest helps to quicken the imagination. The value of a vigorous imagination can hardly be overestimated. Without it we should have no ideals, and consequently no upward striving after higher forms of life. That music powerfully stimulates the imagination is unquestionable. We feel its effect upon

ourselves, and see it in others. When we ask how it works upon the mind, the answer is not so clear. Perhaps it will throw some light upon the matter if we consider that the imagination is not some new faculty, but an exuberant activity of all our mental faculties. Nature teaches by play, idealizing what would otherwise be commonplace drudgery, or even painful effort. When we are engaged in sport our faculties are intensely alive. Then we get re-creation. If we listened to music as we listen to a statement of fact, and had to unravel the complex relations of rhythm, melody, and harmony, it would indeed be a severe mental task. But everything is idealized. While our senses are charmed by the sweet influence of pure tone vibrations, the brain is roused into joyous activity, and disports itself in what we call imagination.

Conscious thought, however, is not all of the mind, nor even the greater part of it. Thought activity may be likened to the waves rolling on the surface of the ocean. Far below lie the silent depths whose strong currents sweep onward in their course beyond the range of our observation. We have been considering the surface indications of music; but its chief sphere of influence is more profound. Down in the unconscious depths of our soul it sways the currents of our lives.

Between these two spheres of conscious thought and unconscious volition lies the realm of the sub-conscious. Here we have to do with the intuitive faculty, where we arrive at mental conclusions without any apparent process of thought. It would be difficult to give a complete and satisfactory account of intuition. We may perhaps partly explain it by saying that, as inherited accumulation of habit becomes instinct, so inherited accumulation of mental conclusions becomes intuition. This explanation is not complete, because some rudiments of instinct must have existed before habits could be formed, and there must also have been elementary forms of intuition before thought tendencies could be stored in the mind. Whatever may be the origin of intuition, we know that music strongly appeals to that faculty. We may be ignorant of the structural form of music, and yet be

deeply stirred by it. Intuitively we grasp its meaning, and something within us vibrates in sympathy with the strains of harmony.

However much we may learn of music in our conscious study, more comes to us through faculties of which we know little or nothing. Why does harmony sound sweetly to us, while discord is disagreeable, and even painful to sensitive ears? Scientific investigation has proved that tones are in harmony with each other when they have a large proportion of coincident vibrations; whereas, if their numbers do not so well agree, they sound discordantly together. In other words, harmony means kindred, while discord is estrangement. But what shall we say of that wonderful mathematical faculty within us which can at the same instant count up the vibrations of several tones, even at the rate of thousands in a second of time, compare them together, and accurately note their coincidences and differences!

Compared with this, the most wonderful feats of "lightning calculation" are insignificant.

In this process, it is beautiful to see how the ear listens for the coincidences and ignores the larger number of non-coincident vibrations, until they become so numerous that they can no longer be set aside. This feeling out of the mind after harmonious relations is shown by the structure of the scale, which is formed upon a chordal basis. Through long centuries and millenniums was that scale being built up in the human mind. Those singers of olden time seem to have known nothing of the laws of modern harmony; and yet, guided by the ear, or, in other words, by a fine intuition of harmony, they selected the tones which we in these latter days have learned to group together in their natural chord relations.

A logical development of the intuition^{al} in music would involve a study of the

emotional content of the tones of the scale, but that is too large a subject to be included here. Suffice it to say, that each tone has its own personality, and although it may pass through changes of mood from various causes—such as pitch, speed, force, and grouping—it retains through all its unmistakable identity. As we gain musical insight, the tones of the scale appear like the outward projection of our own inner life.

In this study, great ethnic problems confront us. Take this one, for instance: Why is it that the eastern races do not use the fourth and seventh, the two most energetic tones of the scale? What a chapter of human history that opens up!

To return to our original proposition, music voices the spiritual in nature and in human nature. It bears witness to something above and beyond that which is grasped by the material senses. It influences us on every plane of our lives, quickening in turn our vital impulses, our intellectual activities, and our spiritual aspirations. Its meaning becomes grander as we rise in the scale of being. When we hear music, it is not like listening to an argument which we can test and weigh until we arrive at a mental conclusion. Music comes as a divine revelation. It carries conviction at once, and we *know* that it is true. Browning finely expresses this when he makes Abt Vogler say:

But God has a few of his chosen ones whom he
whispers in the ear:
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we
musicians know.

The meaning of song goes down through the region of word language,—deeper even than the thought waves,—down into the depths of our spiritual consciousness: there its meaning is grasped, and responded to by nobler and sweeter impulses of life.

A GARDEN SPOT OF NATURE AND A TREASURE HOUSE OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION

BY HENRY WARE ALLEN

The ordinary tourist who takes a regulation trip to the City of Mexico, never leaving the plateau, gets no more conception of the real attractiveness of the country—of the charms it has for the archaeologist, the artist, and for him who travels for pleasure—than a tourist from Europe would get of the United States by traversing Cape Cod. It has been known to travelers and explorers, and to those who have read their reports, that, for example, the valley of Oaxaca, lying in south-western Mexico, offers an extremely interesting country to visit; but until recent years the fact of its being reached only after several days' journeying over dusty plains and difficult mountain passes has kept away all tourists except the few who were determined to see the ruins of Mitla, the giant tree of Tule, or a market day in the City of Oaxaca, whatever the cost might be in money, time, or personal inconvenience. But this most interesting part of Mexico is now connected with the capital by rail, and our journey was accomplished with ease.

After leaving San Lazaro station our train went spinning along for many miles between rows of shade-trees, and parallel to an ancient highway upon which were journeying various picturesque individuals and parties on their way to market. To the right extended the glassy level of shallow Lake Chalco, from the marshes of which our locomotive startled great flocks of ducks. Looking back on the other side over Lake Texcoco, we could see large flat-bottomed boats loaded with merchandise, each of them being propelled by a dozen or more Indians, who pushed with poles along one side and then ran nimbly around on the other side to commence at the bow again,—these endless chains of animated figures presenting a fantastic picture in the morning sunlight.

After a little while the road curved most conveniently, bringing into view those stately sentinels of the valley, Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, the two snow-crested volcanoes. We may possibly climb Popocatepetl, procuring guides, horses, and mozos at Ameca-meca, and at an altitude of seventeen thousand eight hundred feet above sea-level enjoy the grandest bird's-eye view on the continent. It was from the ever-steaming crater of this mountain that intrepid Cortez secured sulphur for replenishing his supply of gunpowder. But the more precipitous slopes of its mate, "the sleeping woman," are quite forbidding.

After passing the "castle" of the late ex-President Gonzales, our train stopped at the first important place, Texcoco. The country hereabouts is full of historic interest, and sooner or later every one in the City of Mexico comes here to see "Molina del Flores," an hacienda containing one of the world's most charming gardens, a beautiful spot on the hill-side divided by a rushing mountain stream, favored alike by nature and a lavish expenditure of silver dollars.

At noon we reached Puebla, the "City of Angels," the most conspicuous object on the landscape as we approached being the pyramid of Cholula. After lunch at one of the several good hotels, we went by street-cars to visit the most mysterious and interesting monument of prehistoric man, and, climbing up its dilapidated sides to realize its height, enjoyed a rare panoramic view of mountains, valley, and the dome-studded city. As a matter of course, we exchanged a few centavos with various urchins for stone hatchets or small carved figures of ancient mold which are found imbedded in the walls of the pyramid and in the earth round about it,

Next day we visited the cathedral, in contrast to which that in the City of Mexico seemed a poverty-stricken affair. Here all was found to be as grand, as beautiful, and as finished as money could make it. Puebla is the Rome of Mexico, and we were fortunate in finding that an especially holy day was being celebrated. Gorgeous vestments were brought into use, while organ, choir, orchestra, and the reverent multitude, of every degree and picturesquely attired, combined to make the occasion impressive.

While it was yet morning we sought the plaza, where a large variety of pottery, baskets, and other peculiar products of the district were being sold by the natives, and where opportunity was enjoyed of observing the characteristics of the local Indian population, which are markedly different in every Mexican town. We were tempted to remain in Puebla several days, its good hotels, clean streets, and pure, bracing atmosphere being a welcome contrast to their opposites in the capital; but we contented ourselves with a day and a half, and left the next morning for Oaxaca.

Six o'clock is early for a start; but we were glad that the trip was to be made by daylight, a trip which provides the unique experience of going from a temperate climate down nearly six thousand feet to the dinner station, Tomellin, in the tierra caliente, and of rising again at night to a level of five thousand feet above the sea. Leaving Puebla, the huge cone-shaped, snow-clad mountains, Orizaba and Malinche, made the prominent element of grandeur in the landscape for a long time. For several hours there was little of novelty to attract attention except the agricultural peculiarities of the district, an occasional fortress-like hacienda, now and then some extended view of a wide valley sloping down ahead of us, or may be a cluster of habitations upon some mountain side, always graced by the dome of its little church. Our locomotive seemed to avoid the straight and narrow way, choosing always a serpentine path, until we were forced to conclude that the engineers who planned the road either were actuated by a desire to provide the traveler with opportunity for view-

ing every bit of scenery, or else that they acted in obedience to orders which provided a maximum mileage with its corresponding emolument to concessionaires. But, however that may have been, we adopted the hypothesis, that the scenery, the railroad, and the comfortable coaches in which we rode were prepared for our special benefit, and we enjoyed it all accordingly.

As the sun got higher we got lower, and before noon were despising our overcoats and thinking that a plunge into the running water with which our train was racing would be decidedly refreshing. The little river grew larger, while we crossed it dozens of times, and the palisade-like formations on either side suggested at once opportunities for the artist and a story for the geologist. After dinner, served by the ubiquitous celestial, we left the stream that had become so familiar, and, pursuing the upward track of another one like it, entered a cañon sixty miles long and rich in variety of grand views. The rushing water was nearly always heard above the puffing of our sturdy locomotive, and, as our path bended and turned, now winding through tunnels, crossing and recrossing the stream, now taking a narrow shelf that was made by blasting away hundreds of tons of solid rock, rows of heads protruding from car windows all along gave evidence of general interest in the scenery. It was just dusk as we gained the highest point, and, as if to reserve the famous valley of Oaxaca for another day, the veil of night was dropped with tropical suddenness, and we rolled from the crest down to our destination below.

Oaxaca is dissimilar in many respects to all other Mexican cities. It has, of course, the regulation zocalo, alameda, and plazas, but the Indian population is distinctively different from that of either the plateau or gulf states; and the city, with clear water from the mountain rushing along the middle of its principal slanting streets, its balmy atmosphere, and semi-tropical vegetation, has a charm peculiarly its own. Cortez soon heard of the fertile valley of Oaxaca, and he was eventually appointed lord over this domain by the King of Spain. But the in-

domitable spirit of at least one tribe of this country successfully resisted all attempts of the conquerors, and down to the present time these people have been left in sovereign and undisputed possession of their native hills, the Mexican Government wisely refraining from sending any soldiers or tax-gatherers to molest them. Some of this proud race, the "Mixtecs," come to market in Oaxaca, and it is noticeable, and generally commented upon, that their dialect bears a strange similarity in sound to the English language. It was in the mountains of Oaxaca that Mexico's great patriots, Juarez and Diaz, imbibed that love for their country and zeal for its welfare that have made them such factors for their country's good.

Market day comes on Saturday, and this is one of the most interesting sights to be seen in the republic. Long before daylight the commercial pilgrims begin to arrive in the city, some on foot with staff in hand and merchandise held on their backs by a strap over the forehead, some driving trains of burros, and some, of more important character, driving pairs of oxen whose heads are firmly bound together by yokes which draw the cumbersome, primitive wooden cart. The streets become filled with these motley caravans, and, as if the market square with its modern equipment of masonry and roofing were not ample for their accommodation, the overflow takes possession of all neighboring thoroughfares; sombrero dealers in one direction, sellers of rebozos, zarapes, sandals, pottery, baskets, etc., assorting themselves in classified order. Here we were at last a part of the crowding, bargaining, gesticulating, picturesque gathering that makes an Oaxaca market day the most unique in all Mexico, already congratulating ourselves for having come.

We noticed many peculiarities of the people, and were impressed over and over again with the bright, fearless glances, the clear complexions, the fine features, the graceful movements, the pleasant laughter, and the happy manners of these Indian women. Some of them, if regulated by an artist of fashion, might have graced any drawing-room in the world,

and one in particular had that fine type of Italian beauty seldom seen except in the upper classes. What did it mean, this evidence of culture where none exists? Possibly these people are degenerate survivors of a much higher civilization.

To judge by the small percentage of others besides themselves present, it would appear that these Indians gathered here from surrounding hills and valleys to trade among themselves, as their ancestors did before them, not requiring any middle-man to share their profits. At any rate, it was evident that the presence of a golden-haired American child of two summers, with bright blue eyes, red cheeks, and a little fat finger always pointing at something wanted, was a decided novelty; for as our party moved along, followed by a faithful muchaco with big basket on his head to collect purchases, we made a sensation. Bargaining was suspended, the chatter of gossip ceased as attention was directed to the fair little one from the far north. The more eager ones came forward, and seemed glad that their exclamations were understood and responded to; the language of kisses there was no doubt about.

Returning to the cool seclusion of our hotel rooms, we investigated the contents of our basket, spreading out the hand-woven cloths of strange designs, the delicately carved colanders made of cocoanut shells, the little dinner-bells made of fine clay, the funny-looking shoes made of fibrous material for rainy weather, and the rain-coat that makes its wearer look like a porcupine when it is dry and like a big wet bird of some strange variety when in the rain.

Near the market place is the "Soledad" church, one of the oldest in use on the continent. On its walls hang portraits of the consecutive and unbroken line of bishops who have presided here since early in the seventeenth century down to the present time. We saw the usual small paintings that are brought to give graphic testimony of some miraculous visitation of mercy by the Virgin of Guadalupe, and an especially large one, a marine view of a storm-beaten ship, whose crew gave this painting as a thank-offering for having been saved in a "perilous passage

from Cadiz to Vera Cruz in the year 1741." Another large picture that commanded attention represented a company of Indians who, while engaged in offering tribute to their heathen divinities, are surprised by a band of Spaniards, and, presumably by direction of two white-robed priests in the foreground, are being massacred for their paganish idolatry. As we turned to leave the sanctuary we almost stumbled over a poor Indian who had bared his shaggy head and was crouching before a very ghastly-looking, blood-bespattered wooden image of human shape, whose big toe he kissed. It was just possible that his religion was, after all, scarcely an improvement over that of his ancestors.

It is pleasant to sit in the alameda or the zocalo and to watch the people enjoy themselves, seemingly thoroughly content. The music, usually of the military bands, is never failing; they have nothing to worry over. There is no silver question to muddle their brains, the problem of protection or free trade doesn't concern them; for their home-market is sufficient, and the phenomenon of poverty with progress has not disturbed them, because they have experienced little commercial progress or relative poverty.

But, pleasant as it was for us to remain in the City of Oaxaca, our destination, the objective point of our trip, was Mitla, twenty miles beyond, where are situated ruins of what is called the "palace." So, after inquiries, we engaged a carriage, one of very few in the city, and at an early hour in the morning, after *desayuno*, our conveyance appeared, drawn by six mules. The driver had an assistant to handle the whip, and, owing to the roughness of the roads, which are rarely used by carriages, these two men were continually occupied in their respective duties.

The feature of this agricultural district is the independent farmer, with his small but sufficient acreage. We met him driving his ox team along the highway, and noted his self-reliant bearing. He is a contrast to the average rural peon in Mexico, who has no alternative but to accept the petty wages paid by the big

landlords. In Mexico the land question is only just beginning to assume its real importance, because the mass of the population has, after centuries of oppression, become accustomed to and apparently content with a very meager subsistence; but there is already an awakening, in sympathy with the rest of the world, which will before long result in a vast improvement of conditions.

The valley of Oaxaca is most beautiful during the rainy season, but it is well that we did not come at that time, for then the country roads are well-nigh impassable, except for burros and drivers who can pick their way in single file.

After about two hours of traveling we entered the shaded streets of the little pueblo of Tule, and turning up a narrow lane, approached the tree of enormous girth and mammoth proportions described by Humboldt. We climbed out of our dusty ark, and surveyed the tree at leisure. Walking around it, close to the bark and stepping over huge roots, required seventy-two paces. To get the width of one side twelve paces must be taken, while seventeen are necessary to match the greatest width of this mass of living wood. On one side is imbedded a tablet commemorating Humboldt's visit, and carved initials and missing pieces of bark tell of other visitors, most of whom returned to the city without going further. But we were reminded of the aging day, and were soon rolling onward again. We had expected a hot, disagreeable journey, but our carriage bounded along on easy springs, was well shaded by an ample roof, and the air was cool and almost free from dust.

As journeying peons passed, we were again impressed with their contrast to the population of the plateau. The tourist is there wearied by the array of wailing cripples who at each station gather about the Pullman cars, pleading for centavos; and even the best of peons to be seen there seem a hopeless, stupid, and inferior lot when compared with the natives of Oaxaca. We met a number of women riding on burros, talking and laughing together, their pretty *rebozos* artistically bunched on their heads to shade them from the midday sun, and ornamented

ends falling down their backs. The men in attendance walked along beside their better halves. At one place a number of young men were actively engaged in an interesting game of ball.

At noon we reached Tlacolula, where the market day of the week, Sunday, was in full blast. Fronting the plaza we found an excellent fonda where man and beast were entertained. While awaiting the preparation of our midday meal we strolled about the market place, and again became objects of curiosity and exclamation to a multitude who had probably never before seen an American child. They pressed about us, talking in their outlandish dialect, and propounding questions to one of their number, who spoke Spanish, and so acted as interpreter. "What was our native language if not Castilian or Latin?" They had never heard of any other. "Where did we come from?" "Los Estados Unidos, where was that?" "Was it very far away from Tlacolula?" "Did we have silver there,—surely not refined silver?" etc.

Rolling out of town through a dusty lane, with funny little dwellings on either side, and barking dogs everywhere, we soon emerged into the wild, mountainous country that leads to Mitla. Arriving, we found a most hospitable host, whose hotel, with its three large patios, the first one a garden about eighty feet square, made the place seem more like a delightful quintada than a public tavern, especially as we were the only guests.

We hastened to see the ruins before sunset. On all sides except the valley whence we came are high, frowning hills. It was an appropriate site for the king's residence; for the buildings whose ruins we saw are supposed to have been used by the king and his court, and as temples and adobes of the priests. We felt ourselves to be very far away from the rest of the world, and the air of dying day was still to oppression. With the grim mountain behind us and the slanting valley in front of us, we left the mysterious ruins, passed down to the inn, and were conscious of a new experience.

In the early morning, before leaving, we took another good look at the ruins of Mitla. The remnants of four large build-

ings face a square which, it has been demonstrated, was accessible only by means of an underground passage-way, the entrance to which was before us. There were several sets of these large buildings, and we noticed various patterns of design in their ornamentation. In some places the solid rock was chiseled out, and in others small geometrically-shaped stones had been nicely inserted, and now remained immovable after exposure to the weather of unknown centuries. The walls of the interior and underground passages are glazed with a cement, highly polished and of a dark red color, a lighter shade appearing in places worn or scratched away. Some of the huge blocks of solid stone measure nearly fifteen feet long by four and a half wide and three and a half thick. One was said to weigh not less than forty tons. How were they lifted into place? Certainly not without considerable mechanical skill. From the dilapidated remnants of some of the walls enough stone was taken to build a good-sized church, and there is used by the padre as a stable-yard for his horse an inclosure of ancient construction, ornamented all around at about twelve feet from the cemented floor with a frieze of hieroglyphics painted in scarlet characters on a terra-cotta colored background. Recently discovered tombs, ornamented with the same heavy stone work, were shown to us. The bodies that were found there crumbled to dust when exposed to the air, but some relics were secured. The government now has an agent here to take care of the ruins, and it is intended to inaugurate extensive excavations under direction of scientific men from the City of Mexico. Before leaving we secured stone implements, little stone heads, and other Egyptian-like ornaments, from the pretty Indian girls who had been waiting for us, bashful, pouting, and laughing among themselves.

On our return trip to the City of Mexico, we took the Vera Cruz Railroad from Puebla, and stopped off at San Juan Teotihuacan to see the pyramids of the Sun and the Moon. The symmetry of these artificial hills is well preserved, their juxtaposition is exactly that of the Egyp-

tian pyramids, and the intervening quarter of a mile between them gives prolific evidence of a prehistoric city of large population. In some places excavations have revealed the frescoed walls and cemented floors of substantial dwellings, and the strangest part of it all is that,

according to expert testimony, these streets and houses must have been buried by human agency and not by any force of nature. The fields around are strewn with fragments of ancient pottery, and one may pick up for himself quantities of little broken stone images.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

SECOND PAPER.

"THE APOLOGY."

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

This poem, "The Apology," may be supposed to have been addressed to the Concord farmers, over whose fields and pastures the poet rambled, or in which he passed idle hours. They were at work, and he was doing nothing, as it might appear to them. Busy, hard-working men, who labor with their hands, are apt to think that scholars, those who are engaged in mere intellectual work, are not really laborers, and have an easy time of it. Let them attempt such work for a few consecutive hours, and they are free to complain of fatigue. The poet, knowing the false attitude in which he seems to stand in relation to his possible critics, would fain set himself right in their esteem. He is, to all appearances, unsocial, solitary; and it looks like misanthropy or pride. Hence the apology in the lines above.

Emerson would say that good poetry is always good logic. There is reason under the lines. They are not gratuitous and lawless. He says, "I like a long logic. I cannot pardon the absence of it; but I would not have it spoken in propositions." That, in his case, would take too long. If he had given all the reasons for his profound sayings it would have required a thousand years. He always presupposes large in-

telligence on the part of his readers. The more one gets out into the broad cognition where Emerson gets his thoughts, the more he sees cohesion and structural integrity.

How can we reduce to good common sense these lines?

I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

In the first place, let us remember that this is poetry. It is poetry, not because the lines are in rhythm, measure, and rhyme. It is poetry in that it is representative expression, and largely metaphor. Metaphor is a mode of expression by which we say one thing and mean another. Metaphor is a correlation. The thing said and the thing meant are both required to give logical completeness to the thought, or one half of the thought is revealed and the other half concealed,—

For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

These lines of Tennyson are literally true of metaphor, if not of words generally.

Another element of poetry, according to Emerson, is "transcendancy." Prose can get along with commonplace, with the ground; but poetry wants clouds and the sky. Clouds and the sky? Well, that is metaphor. It doesn't mean what it says. It refers to something in thought and sentiment corresponding to physical elevation or altitude. If we explain it too much, we shall make it prose. Now, the

god of the wood, and the word of the god of the wood, are metaphors. There are no metaphysical realities anywhere in the objective world answering to these concepts. They are only pleasant, harmless fictions. Nevertheless, they are a sort of logical reality to the poet. Imagination bodies them forth, and gives them a local habitation and a name.

A muse is the personification of an influence, as the term is used by our poet. It is often spoken of, in the older literature, as a person. The god of the wood might have been termed the muse, and thus have meant the influence, or the effect and inspiration, of the wood. What is a word in the plain, literal meaning of it? If we find it written, we may call it a picture made up of a combination of optical phenomena addressed to the eye; if it is spoken, it is a combination of acoustic phenomena addressed to the ear. But in both these forms it is only a vessel which contains or a vehicle which carries something. What is that content? We call it the concept, or the meaning. *There*, in this third constituent, is the word—the logos. That is what the wood-god gives. That is what the poet goes to the woods for, or to the pines, or to the Walden lake. The natural order in original or spontaneous thought is, first the meaning, and secondly the optical or acoustic form. Literature reverses this order, and gives, first the form and then the meaning; first the senses, secondly the understanding. This is kindergarten, which poets do not need. These meanings are given by the influences of field and grove, or by nature in her various aspects and manifestations, and the poet translates them into songs. The soul of a word is its meaning; that is really all there is to a word. In the history of the intellect the meaning is at last all that is assimilated and retained, and remains after the vehicles are forgotten. The meanings are all that are essential for the "discourse of reason," or for the larger cognition in which they unite with other conceptions. So the god of the wood is poetry for some of the conditions which give the mind thoughts, concepts, or the essential elements in words; and the poet says:

I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Was he idle? Men need the corn and fruit produced by farmers, but do they not need thoughts also? It is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," which is poetry for thoughts.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

And through the "idle" poet the "laborious band" will get it by-and-by. They could not have received it directly from the god of the wood.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook.
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

And so, notwithstanding his sloth, as it appeared to the farmers, who thought they only were at work, he had his own task which no one else could do, and an idle hour standing beside the brook advanced it. Thus came letters in his book,—letters which charm a million of readers to-day, and which will give delight and instruction for a century to come. He says, "The impressions on the imagination make the great days of life." It takes a good while to earn a hundred dollars, but a thought may be given in a moment which shall be the light of our lives. Who knows how much thought in Emerson's book came from Walden lake and from the pine grove beside it, even the fields of the farmers?

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history,
But birds tell it in the bowers.

Flowers, to the poet, are wonderful symbols. "Behold the lilies of the field." Read the poem, "The Rhodora." Why are flowers beautiful? "Beauty is its own excuse for being." Beauty must be one of the ends of nature, or there would not be so much of it. And then consider the

relation of flowers to insect life, and the great part in vegetable economy performed by insects through the medium of flowers.

Books were written at the time this poem was written about the language of flowers,—botanical language, it was called. A dialogue between lovers, it was claimed, could be carried on by means of these symbols. "The rose," says Emerson, "speaks all languages," by which he means that the sentiment conveyed by a rose will be the same to all men, no matter what their language.

My branches speak Italian,
English, German, Basque, Castilian.
Mountain speech to Highlanders,
Ocean tongues to islanders,
To Fin and Lap and swart Malay,
To each his bosom-secret say.

Flowers, like the boughs of the pine-trees, touch the heart, awaken old memories, and reveal secret chambers which have long been closed, for years, perhaps.

Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

A fine poem, called "The Miracle," and published in that part of Emerson's poems called "The Appendix," illustrates these lines. The poet, as would seem by the poem, had a bad dream. He dreamed he had quarreled with some one, and lost his temper and used language of which he was ashamed. In a waking hour he went out for a walk in the woods, and, behold, there was a little bird, a wren, who also had lost his temper and was scolding furiously, as he had done in his dream.

Wandering yesternorn the brake.
I reached this heath beside the lake.
And oh, the wonder of the power,
The deeper secret of the hour!
Nature, the supplement of man,
His hidden sense interpret can:—
What friend to friend cannot convey
Shall the dumb bird instructed say.
Passing yonder oak, I heard
Sharp accents of my woodland bird;
I watched the singer with delight.—
But mark what changed my joy to fright.—
When that bird sang I gave the theme.
That wood-bird sang my last night's dream.
A brown wren was the Daniel
That pierced my trance its drift to tell,

Knew my quarrel, how and why.
Published it to lake and sky,
Told every word and syllable
In his flippant chirping babble.
All my wrath and all my shames,
Nay, God is witness, gave the names.

The last stanza in "The Apology" is a true climax, and completes it as a beautiful whole:

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield
Which I gather in a song.

Emerson, in the poem, "Monadnoc," says:

So can not waste that barren cone
Above the floral zone,
Where forests starve:
It is pure use;
What sheaves like those we glean and bind
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?

The terrestrial Ceres brings us corn. The barren rock is useless for that, and yet it is pure use to the poet. A celestial Ceres gives him thoughts, sentiments, beauty, truth, which he gathers in a song, and Monadnoc is the song. 'Tis the celestial Ceres again as the second crop; the song, "The Apology," the sheaves. The harvest brought by the oxen strong was needed, but it was gone long ago. The sheaves—the poems, "Monadnoc" and "The Apology"—will abide with us forever.

"Hitch your wagon to a star!" Emerson once said to the farmers. Was this advice too fine to be worth anything? On the contrary, it was practical in the highest degree. Wordsworth tells us of a

Light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

This light comes around the farmer and all earnest workers, if they get their wagons high enough. It attends humble or what the world calls ignoble work, if the worker puts his heart into his work. This is consecration, and thus comes the poet's dream—the light that never was on sea or land, because it is subjective, or only in consciousness. It belongs to the kingdom of heaven within. It is in the mind

and heart. Dreams bring the beautiful things of an ideal world, and the objective world is so far forgotten. And yet, in all this, there are many kinds of work which, for a blessed hour, will go along just as well. Much of his work does not require instant attention, but leaves the farmer to other thoughts. Work performed as a hated task does not command this amelioration, this supersensual light. Browning, in "Balaustion's Adventure," with beautiful chivalry, makes a quotation from his wife—nay, he makes the quotation twice. It was what she had written about Euripides:

Our Euripides, the Human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres.

Emerson quotes Iamblichus as saying, "Things more excellent than every image are expressed through images." This is to raise the value of an image by a higher meaning, and in this way things common become beautiful and illustrious. Words may have a second, a quadruple, even a centuple meaning,—go up to a tenth power. We need this elasticity in words, this capacity for ascension, in reading poets like Emerson and Browning. In this way you "hitch your wagon to a star." The oxen brought in a harvest for the barns and cellars. The poet's farming is transcendental farming. Perhaps he often raises only transcendental wild oats, as Louisa Alcott said of her father's farming at Fruitlands. But Mr. Alcott, like the farmers at Brook Farm, tried to unite transcendental and descendent farming, and while attempting to hitch his wagon to a star, he got it too far off the ground. But they all looked for a moral and intellectual harvest. It was for this that Emerson said, "I go to the god of the wood;" and yet he would say to the descendent farmer, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and that is an equivalent for the expression that while at "your proper work the god of the wood shall come to you. Let the literal farmer, then, plan for two crops, a second harvest, a celestial Ceres and a celestial Bacchus: but in his aspiration for these he must not

forget his oxen and what they can homeward bring him.

I heard an eloquent Boston preacher, a few Sundays ago, give a fine analogy, in his sermon from the text, "And the star stood over where the young child was." The star, in its metamorphosis, or in its raised value to a tenth power, was an image for the ideal life, or it was the pattern on the mount; while the child represented the birth, the beginning of a new life in the soul. That was, in a sense, to be born of God and into a kingdom of heaven. Browning calls the beginning of this new life a spark. Jacob Böhme saw a symbol for it in the morning redness. Emerson calls it love of the best.

Browning, in "Abt Vogler," has this metaphor of a star meaning a phenomenon in music, wherein he follows out another analogy. This "Abt Vogler" star has given Browning students a great deal of trouble. In a paper from the London Browning Society, one man thought he knew what it meant. "It is perfectly plain," said he; "don't you see it." But he didn't tell, so he left it in the condition of the Keeley Motor. Certainly I must not pretend to tell. We are apt to be deceived by our own opinions,—the personal equation plays us false; so I will only make a suggestion. Of one thing we are quite sure,—the star was not an object seen up in the sky. On the other hand, it was obviously a name Browning gave to a musical effect. Music is but a collection of events, and is not a thing, so it cannot be described in concepts; but he translates his music, by metaphor, into a building, and now he can describe it. In this varied meaning, or as a building, it gleams all over with stars.

Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar and
dwelt with mine,

Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its
wandering star;

Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not
pale nor pine.

For earth had attained to heaven, there was no
more near nor far.

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be
allowed to man.

That out of three sounds he frame, not a
fourth sound, but a star.

Browning here, as we know, refers to the common chord. Why does he call it a star? Well, why does he call the other effects in his beautiful building stars, meteor-moons, balls of blaze? The building was made of stars.

And the emulous heaven yearned down, made
effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion,
to scale the sky.

The music was made of fine effects which the poet calls stars. Why should he not call the chord a star? Some thought led him to give this element emphasis. Helmholtz had just published his remarkable discoveries in regard to the mechanism and mathematics of sound, and this may have led Browning to the emphasis he gives to this particular star or phenomenon. But why go so far away from our poem? Because Browning's star and Emerson's star, and that other vehicle into which Emerson has gathered his second crop, are all one to the poet. They

carry us up to the stars. Hitch your wagon to a star, may mean hospitality to all new thought—an alert attention to what science can bring, progress forever, and a love of the best. Let the intellect help the hands, mix thought with work, and learn to follow things common through centuple meanings, through the light that never was on sea or land, till they find and touch at last the spheres. These are all celestial wagons.

Concord has good farmers, and under the inspiration of the terrestrial Bacchus she has distinguished herself in the production of the Concord grape; but a better distinction is to have given to the world the great poem, "Bacchus," by the man who stood alone in grove and glen. *That man, that farmer, could hitch his wagon to a star.*

The pride and glory of Concord is thus in the poems she has given. Even the shot fired by her farmers, and heard round the world, owes half its fame to the song of a Concord poet.

RAILROAD DEPARTMENT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION*

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

Having an hour to spare at Ashland, Kentucky, I stepped into the reading-rooms in the Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The general secretary offered me the courtesies of the reading-room, but I wanted to ask him questions. I was much interested to find upon the table all the best magazines, both literary and technical, showing evidence of good but careful use. Looking at a map that hung over the secretary's desk, I discovered that it was dotted with round spots of carmine, and in answer to my question as to what these dots represented, he told me they were the ends of divisions where the Y. M. C. A. had rooms or entire

buildings devoted to the comfort, instruction, and amusement of railroad employees. On further inquiry, I found that there was the most hearty co-operation in this great work between the railroad corporations and the Y. M. C. A., the fact being that in most instances the railroad company furnished the building, and paid a liberal amount toward its maintenance and care. I think I never was more interested in anything, for it seemed to me to solve the problem of the improvement of the railway service. It put me into such a good frame of mind with these great and much abused corporations, which are supposed by many to care more for their engines than for their employees, that I desired to sift the thing to the bottom, and find just how far their efforts had gone. We know a man has sympathy with a cause when

*The writer desires to acknowledge her obligations to Mr. W. C. Matthews, General Secretary Railroad Department Y. M. C. A., Ashland, Ky., for information and verification of facts.

he puts his hand into his pocket and demonstrates it in hard cash. We never doubt it. We often doubt the sincerity of people who profess the greatest interest and sympathy, but who never give a dollar to strengthen their words.

The support received from sixty-two corporations during 1897 amounted to \$150,000, in addition to all that was received toward erecting new buildings and providing permanent equipment. The large and steadily increasing fund received annually from corporate support is practically an endowment insuring stability, and is equal to an endowment of \$3,000,000 at five per cent.

Fifty-two associations occupy entire buildings, either owned by them or set aside by the railroad companies for their use. These have generally been provided for at the joint expense of railroad companies and the railroad men, and range in cost from \$1500 to \$250,000. The finest will be erected in St. Louis. And the stability of the work is assured by the fact that the railroad officials are encouraging the opening of these associations along entire systems.

Investigation shows that these buildings become the headquarters for railroad men, where they go direct from their trains, and this results in a decreased patronage and often the closing of saloons and other kindred resorts. The conditions of life that surround railroad employees, especially those in train service, have made it impossible for the city associations to meet their needs; so the Y. M. C. A. established a separate department for this class of men, and it is known as the Railroad Department Y. M. C. A.

They recognized the fact that these men, absent from home influences, with irregular habits of life, with the evil influences which abound at division and terminal points, are most in need of physical comfort, intellectual food, social relationship, and the spiritual strength which emanates from every strong and well-developed association; and the Railroad Department of the American Y. M. C. A. as it exists to-day stands as one of the grandest achievements any society

has ever made. It started in 1872, and was at once attended with success. The result is seen to-day in a membership of thirty-eight thousand, composed of men from all grades and departments of service, representing every shade of religious belief, over one-half not identified with any church whatever.

The officials of these great corporations prove, by their aid of these associations, that they realize that their obligation to their employees is not fulfilled by the mere payment of wages. Let us believe that, aside from a business consideration, they recognize that these men should be aided to better their own condition and raise the standard of their character and industry.

Social and reading rooms are now opened at one hundred and thirty railroad terminal points throughout the country. United work, in behalf of the railroad men and young men of the town, is carried on at some of the smaller division points by forming a railroad association, and constantly emphasizing the work as for railroad men, inviting young men of the town to join. At such points an equitable proportion of the financial support is provided by the citizens. The reading room, and in some cases the games and social privileges, are free to all railroad men. The baths, educational classes, lectures, etc., are usually limited to members. Any man connected with any department of railroad service may become a member, on the payment of a small annual fee ranging from three to five dollars. A membership ticket in one Railroad Department is generally recognized as entitling the holder to the privileges at all other points where there are organizations.

Carefully gathered statistics show that during the past year there has been an average of thirteen thousand three hundred visits at the rooms each day.

A desirable meeting place is thus afforded for officials and men to exchange views and co-operate in good work, and it has proved a great stride toward a better understanding between capital and labor, and a hearty joint effort to promote the best interests of both.

Employees have been aided in overcoming defects in education, and in fitting themselves for better service, as well as in getting rid of bad habits and associations and replacing them with good ones.

To multiply and improve the good results attained, a special class of trained employees (railroad secretaries) has been called into service, now numbering one hundred and sixteen. They make it the business of their lives to develop this work, and in carrying their plans into effect they associate with themselves as committee-men many of the employees out of all departments of the service, now numbering over thirty-eight thousand men. The secretaries and workers meet one another in State and international conferences, and, by consultation and comparison of work done, are thus enabled to improve themselves, the quality of the work they do, and its value to the railroad companies.

The secret of the success of the Railroad Department lies in the fact that it is non-sectarian,—working for the good of all without regard to age, condition, or creed, and in the fact that it is not a charitable institution. It calls out the highest qualities in a man's nature, and silently offers him the opportunities to develop all his talents in the most manly way, while anything that smacks of charity,—moneyed charity,—degrades mankind. True charity, brotherly love, is the great power back of the whole institution. No other institution that I have ever seen puts this broad charity into such active operation. Divided into sects, each pulling for its own, we should see the great institution fall. United by the cement of brotherly love, and by the purpose of uplifting and bettering those men whose lives are spent and risked daily in the interests of travel and commerce, it will stand a colossus of Christian achievement.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt says: "In all the larger fields of Christian educational work or benevolent endeavor, I know of no agency, which for persons immediately concerned, and for the service they render to the public in the safety of life and property, accomplishes so much as the Railroad Branch of the Y. M. C. A."

Mr. M. E. Ingalls, President Cleve-

land, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, says: "I have some experience with it in the West and South, and it has grown steadily in my appreciation and favor."

J. T. Harahan, Second Vice President Illinois Central Railroad, says: "I am very much interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association among railroad employees, and can say from personal knowledge that an immense amount of good has so far been accomplished. On the recent annual inspection of this company's property the president and board of directors, together with other officers, were fortunately able to stop over night at Waterloo, Iowa, where they attended a meeting of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association at that point. Everybody was highly pleased with what he saw, and I am sure all the gentlemen were very much impressed with the good influence exerted by your organization."

This official recognition by the corporations has given the association standing as a railroad institution, without which it could never have done its effective work. The railroad secretary is thus regarded as a railroad man rather than an outsider, and any aspect of the work as a mission to railroad men has by this co-operation been avoided. There are six railroad secretaries of the international committee devoting their entire time to the Department, and as the railroad organizations multiply the need for this supervision increases; for uniformity can be insured and questions in dispute be settled only through the continuous service of supervising secretaries who have relation to the associations and officials of the entire system.

When we consider that there are 850,000 employees, representing 3,400,000 persons, or about one-twentieth of our entire population, connected with the railroads of this country, and that the whole success of the roads in serving the public, in carrying passengers safely, in conveying freight without loss or damage, in making business of a character to secure its continuance, increase, and improvement, depends upon the competency and fidelity to duty of these 850,000 workers, and especially of those who are directly

connected with the train service, we see the importance to the public of their capability and morality.

A high order of executive ability is required in the management, but the very highest order of manhood may find place in carrying out the orders and executing the plans of the official management. The best equipped road in the world depends for its success upon the character of the engineer at the throttle, of the conductor with his ticket punch, of the telegraph operator and train dispatcher, of the switchman and trackman, and more or less on every employee who has aught to do with the safe and expeditious running of trains.

At all hours of the day, at all hours of the night, these men must be on the alert with head and hand to avert disaster to the thousands of lives and millions of money intrusted to their care.

We never wonder if the president of the railway is a sober, conscientious man when we start upon a journey on his road, but often we find ourselves thinking of that man at the throttle who assumes the responsibility of every life upon the train, and hoping that he is sober and brave. Army and navy boast no braver hearts than those of locomotive engineers, and history tells of no nobler deeds than these heroes of the throttle have dared to do; and more heroic deaths than they have died in the discharge of duty in the effort to save the lives of passengers do not appear upon the martyrs' roll. And when we know that these men are looking to higher ideals, and are trying to uplift every man of their calling by example of a brave and orderly life, we can more safely trust ourselves upon the trains they guide.

Many incidents well worth telling were gathered. I give one as a sample.

At Hinton, West Virginia, the next division point east of Handley, two saloons were started; for these hell-gates are opened just as soon as a division station is established. They began work on a thriving scale, but they were not left to enjoy their business of destruction. Quickly the railroad company put up a building for the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A., where the railroad men

could go and get a good meal; enter into a social game of chess, checkers, or crokinole; read and study; or enjoy a conversation with a friend; get a bath and go to a comfortable bed at an early hour, and next morning be in good shape for work,—instead of the carouse at the saloon, where they would have lost money and sleep, and become unfitted for work. It ended by the saloon-keeper himself applying for membership; and, being told his business would not permit of his admission, a little later he abandoned his saloon, and was received as a member of the association, and is now a law-abiding, church-attending citizen.

Another saloon-keeper complained that the association had caused a reduction in his receipts from \$3000 a month to less than \$700. In other instances the business became so unprofitable that the saloons were closed, while business men state that the legitimate business of the place increased at least one-third as a direct result of the work accomplished in that building. All are hearty in their praise of the railroad company, and what it has done for their men in the construction of their building, equipped with general and smoking room; reading rooms, well stocked with the standard literature of the day, including daily, weekly, and monthly publications; lavatory, with wash-bowls, bath-tubs, and toilet conveniences; dining and lunch room, where, under direction of a first-class cook and assistant, good meals are served at regular hours and lunch provided at any time of the day or night. These rooms occupy the first floor; above are sleeping apartments, single cot-beds in separate rooms, with accommodations for ten men at one time, and also room for the general secretary in charge of the building.

This is true of Handley, West Virginia, where the railroad company erected a building for the work of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. When the association was established at this point, two years ago, there was not a church in the town, but saloons were easily accessible. Now one saloon has been closed, and two churches have been organized.

At Clifton Forge, Virginia, is the largest building along the line of the

Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and President Ingalls placed in the hands of the international committee the securing of a first-class library to be located in this building, but to be made circulating all along the line; and personally solicited \$2000 for its purchase, one-half of the amount being given by the directors of the road, and the remainder by Mr. George Bliss, of New York. About fifteen hundred volumes were selected with great care by agents of this committee, and the number and class of books drawn the first year clearly demonstrate the success of this particular feature. Many young men now spend at home with a library book evenings that formerly were spent on the street. Educational classes in practical lines of study will be organized as soon as possible, while a lecture course on profitable and popular subjects, and by men of national reputation, is meeting with good success. This building cost about \$14,000, the expense being met by the railroad company, with the exception of \$3000, which was subscribed by railroad men.

In this building men representing nearly every position in train service meet in the rear room for a regular social Bible study, and at the close bow in prayer and commit themselves and their loved ones to the keeping of God.

October 20th to 23d, 1898, the Ninth International Conference of the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. was held in Fort Wayne, Indiana, the sessions being held in the Baptist Tabernacle, when more than six hundred railroad men met together. They came from different sections of the country. New England was side by side with Georgia and Alabama. West and East convened in delegations of sturdy men, and there were present prominent railroad officials and church representatives. Delegates from England and Scotland were also there.

THE COMING AGE will take pleasure in noting all such happy co-operation as exists between the railway corporations and their employees in the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. Surely it is a beam of light across the threshold of the new age that is already come, that the

hard lines once drawn between railway magnates and their employees are softening and gradually disappearing, and that confidence and mutual respect are being established. And these great corporations having taken the initial step and proved its value, it is safe to prophesy that the coming age will see all other corporations following in their wake. It is necessary that some one take the initiative. It is highly gratifying that it should be taken by the great railway companies, and the circumstance cannot fail to interest the entire country. There must come a different feeling into the heart, not only of every employee and his family, but of every traveler and his family, toward the railroad companies, who, in thus providing for the welfare of their employees, are insuring greater safety for their patrons. The thought of strikes and wrecked trains will never enter the traveler's brain, for he will know that there is only harmony and respect existing between the employers and employees of the railroad companies.

Millions of dollars are being spent under the interstate commerce laws that require that safety appliances shall be put on freight and passenger cars, such as automatic car couplers, safety handholds, power brakes, and other arrangements which are intended to save the lives of passengers and employees; but no law has been passed, nor can be passed, which will force men to be in condition to control their appliances according to law. The best investment the railroad companies ever made to insure safety to their patrons and employees was to provide for the uplifting of these men; for as they lift themselves up they elevate their calling.

We find the traveling palaces now in charge of men in neat and becoming uniforms, their bearing toward passengers that of gentlemen, their faces bespeaking steady habits and clean, good lives. Competition in railway service will be henceforth, not between the fastest trains, but by the line that has the greatest number of red dots on its map.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE STUDY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

BY W. G. TODD

FIRST PAPER.

The term "Psychic Phenomena," in its broader scientific application, includes all the phenomena of mind, soul, and spirit possible of manifestation, and, indeed, all modifications or states of the *ego*. This is the signification given it by Aristotle and the earlier psychologists. The term, however, in modern phraseology, has come to designate almost solely a special class of mental phenomena—the occult, or the unusual and abnormal manifestations of intelligence, and it is in this sense that I will use the term in the present article.

This class of psychic phenomena naturally takes us over and beyond our usual physiological boundary lines, and into, to use the language of Franklin Johnson, in his "New Psychic Studies," "the dim border-land between spirit and body, or, if there be no such neutral zone, into the territory where they overlap and mingle."

Can we study this region? Let us say, at least, that it has already proved itself to be no *terra incognita*. The Society for Psychical Research finds this frontier land of physical science already pre-empted or tentatively occupied. Thither have fled in various ages the religious mystics of the East, and later, their western descendants and imitators. There is theosophy, shaping its new decorative fashions in speech from world-old material. There is modern spiritualism, telepathy, psychometry, psychopathy, hypnotism, and kindred pioneers, old and new, all of which seem to claim and exercise the rights of "squatter sovereignty."

This motley array need not, however, confuse the mind of any of the readers of this article, for we seek the law of psychic phenomena, and as regards this law—and this is the real point on which we

need light—this mass of iridescent coloring on the frontiers of human thought, this scintillating mentality born of the oriental dawn yet now shimmering beneath the midday sun-heats of western science, may be reduced to two simple classes,—those, on the one hand, who believe that the source of psychic phenomena (as we use the term) is in a region beyond the mundane plane on which we live, and those, on the other, who believe that all occult manifestations are traceable to conscious or unconscious states of our own minds.

It was with a view of satisfying myself on this question of the source of psychic phenomena, and not with any idea of contributing to the already overgrown mass of spiritualistic manifestations, that I commenced some five years ago a series of experiments under conditions apparently very favorable to the perception of the truth, the results of which, after due deliberation, I am tempted to offer to the public. Without taking more time for explanations, I will simply say that in these experiments I decided to use what is known as the "ouija board," having satisfied myself that it offered less opportunities than other means of writing for errors and deception in the receipt of psychic communications.

THE OUIJA BOARD.

What is it? It is simply a thin, common board, somewhat smaller than a dressmaker's cutting-board, with the letters of the alphabet painted in a semi-circle embracing the larger and upper half of the board. the words "Yes" and "No" in the opposite upper corners, the numerals in a straight line across the middle of the board, and the words "Good Bye" be-

low them. On this board is placed a small triangular "planchette," which moves under the hands of operators, runs to letters, words, and figures, spelling out answers to questions.

But it should here be said that there is nothing peculiar or potentially occult in the ouija board or its planchette. Any piece of board, or pasteboard, or even of glass will give the same results; and, as to the planchette, a tobacco-box cover with three corks glued to it for legs is the equal of any other. Indeed, a scientific friend of mine once asked his two boys in my presence to stand up and balance a small piece of board jointly on the tips of their fingers. In a few minutes this board commenced to move about the room in circles, and the boys, to keep the balance, were obliged to move with it. It thus led them to a bookcase, tapped upon one of the books, and when the book was opened, answered questions by selecting words and letters from the page. I make these rather lengthy explanations concerning the means employed, not for those who have used this or other similar means, but to remove from the minds of those less accustomed to psychic phenomena all feelings of superstition regarding the special nature of the means I employed in obtaining psychic communications.

PERSONS OPERATING THE OUIJA BOARD.

This board is placed upon the laps of two persons sitting opposite to one another, and so close together that the feet and knees of the two persons touch. Both persons place their fingers (both hands is better) upon the planchette, their fingers touching. If the two persons are rightly related electrically, the planchette will begin to move in circles in one or two minutes, and increase in speed and force until it glides in swiftly described curves over the board or directly from letters with an accuracy which the operators could not direct and which taxes their minds to follow. Such is the case, I say, if the two persons be "rightly related electrically." This is the nearest I can come to stating the personal conditions required in the operators. I have not been able as

yet to determine beforehand what persons are "rightly related." It is wholly a matter of experiment. Under my own hands the planchette usually will not move at all. Under other hands it will move, but show itself incapable of giving intelligent answers. Nor does this appear to be wholly a matter of mentality, or temperament, or will alone, or even of belief. Credulity is a barrier to truthful representations on this board. The opinionated mind is a barrier, and the vacant mind is no more useful. My best results have been obtained by having as operators two persons of unlike temperaments, rather incredulous, mentally alert, even critical, but broad-minded enough to be governed in their judgments by evidence.

The most of the communications recorded in this article have been obtained with the following operators: the wife of a practical geologist, a woman educated amid the surroundings of Harvard University and the religious influences of Unitarianism, sitting with my wife, a woman brought up amid similar religious and intellectual influences, the sittings being conducted in the privacy of my own home. These two operators and myself, none of us believers in the ordinary phenomena of spiritualism, usually furnished the mental influences immediately surrounding the board: but beyond this small company there seemed to be an influence furnished by such visitors as sometimes were present, and this I will speak of as a part of the

GENERAL CONDITIONS SURROUNDING THE BOARD.

Our best communications being obtained when the company was limited to the three persons already mentioned, we naturally felt the presence of others, and fell to making some estimate of the force and character of their influence. In this way we found that much depended upon the character, grade of intelligence, and personal interests of all those present, as regards the direction which the thought expressed by the board should take. A company of people of rather low interests and aims would seem to prepare the way for bringing communications on their own

plane. Intensely selfish natures would invite replies as conflicting as the conflicting ambitions of selfish individuals. A trivial company would induce trivial answers. An obscure question would bring an obscure reply, while a question shaped in logical form and exact language would bring an answer characterized by a similar precision. More than that, all these peculiarities would generally be exaggerated.

I have seen both sad and humorous illustrations of this reflection of the character of those present by the board. For instance. A company of shop-girls met together one evening to ascertain by their ouija board the true relation of one of their number (not present) to their employer. Their suspicions were confirmed even to the minutest details, and also magnified, so that to the poor girl this ouija board was very much the evil agency that ignorant superstition has sometimes named it. Again, two young ladies sat down to the board, laughing and simpering, having no definite idea of the seriousness of their undertaking. At first they could think of no questions. Their thought life—or their inquiry life—was rather limited, so they finally fell to asking about their future Easter bonnets and possible lovers. The board took them at their own measure of themselves, and gave them unreliable gossip and frivolous conjectures. It was too much even for their own thoughtfulness. The board had outdone them on their own mental plane, had exceeded them in levity. This sobered them to the point of querulous complaint, and they bitterly asked, "Why do you treat us so? Why don't you give us as good answers as those at Mr. T.'s?" The board kept pace with their complaining mood, and quickly replied, "I answer a fool according to his folly." Again, I have seen an anxious and troubled one ask a simple question, and find that her fears, deeper than her query, had conjured up horrible phantoms of danger and death. On the other hand, the quiet, receptive mind, calmed and awed and trustful in a consciousness of the vastness of nature and of that which is, finds scarcely any but scientific replies coming in answer to its call, and the personality purporting to

make them will suddenly disappear if a trivial question be asked.

The result of a careful observation of these surrounding influences has led me to the following conclusion: That the general company determines the direction of the thought expressed by the board and the moral plane of the replies, but has no power to limit the intelligence manifested in these replies to the limits of its own knowledge. This was shown in the fact that sometimes the intelligence purporting to speak through the board would differ strongly from every one present, although this difference would not express itself in any argument based on inductive reasoning, but rather would oppose the thought of the questioner or the objector by bright sallies of wit, truths expressed through correspondences, and the affirmation of principles which included and illumined the subject.

NATURE OF THAT WHICH PURPORTED TO MAKE THE REPLIES.

It claimed to be an individual personality. Without attempting here to take up the question as to the real source of the communications we received through the ouija board—a work which belongs to a later stage of our subject—I may however say that the answers to all our questions claimed to come from some disembodied spirit, even when that individual, as in many cases, refused to give any personal name, and even when the philosophical breadth of the reply seemed to indicate a nature partaking more of the universal than the individual.

At our first sittings those intelligences who claimed to come to the board made communications having the same vague and evasive character as those uttered by the average trance medium. But soon there was a difference. At the close of one of these early meetings, when doubt seemed to overbalance the few grains of possible truth, there came a strong, stern influence to the board, whose nature one could almost feel as well as see in the wide-sweeping curves of the planchette. It came in this way: It was at the close of one of our early sittings. The hands of the ladies still

rested upon the planchette, and we were all conversing over the results of our work thus far. I had just expressed the thought that I felt there was a bare possibility of our reaching some real truth from beyond ourselves by a perfectly quiet and receptive state of mind while engaged in the sitting. Immediately the planchette, which during this conversation had remained immovable, sped across the board and rapidly spelled out, "Right, right you are, parson." When we inquired who this influence was, we only received the reply, "Names are of no consequence." Later, when it seemed necessary to have some distinguishing title for each of the different personalities, he said, "You may call me the Universal Friend." His was a powerful and peculiar influence. He would insist on answering all difficult questions on the philosophical plane, but seemed little interested in others. Personal questions and local interests irritated him, causing sharp replies, and he would not tolerate levity. As to the rest of these influences, they manifested the same amount of individuality which we perceive in the written words of our ordinary associates.

THE COMMUNICATIONS.

The subject matter of which they treated might be arranged topically under such heads as the Future State of Being, Life, the Soul, Evolution, Re-incarnation, etc.; but this would break up the order of their coming, which seems to me to be of more value than a more formal order.

The first communications, as already remarked, were vague, hesitating, and unsatisfactory. The first influence that claimed our attention was one who called herself Mrs. S., and purported to be a friend at whose funeral I had but recently officiated. Mrs. S. was known in life as an active, vivacious woman, of ardent nature, generous emotions, quick perceptions, and ready sympathies, with personal rather than philosophical interests. Of her we asked:*

*The replies to these questions were written down by myself, word for word and letter by letter, at the time they were given. Long dashes show a hesitancy, or break in the communication.

Q. "Do our friends always see us?"

A. "No; sometimes your atmospheres will not let them see you at all."

Q. "Is it what we call the mental atmosphere?"

A. "Soul."

Q. "What is the difference?"

A. "Your mind is the essence of you."

Q. "Does our intellectual work here assist us beyond?"

A. "It may be a great curse, selfish work, if of ever so high a quality—intellectual gymnastics."—"But the purpose lives."

None of these influences appearing at our first sittings remained long, and the force that moved the planchette seemed rapidly to decline. The next influence to appear was one calling herself Mrs. B., and we asked her questions similar to those propounded the previous influence. Mrs. B. in life was naturally social, tactful, extremely thoughtful of the comfort of others, ready in bright replies, quite impersonal in judgment, very unselfish, with a fondness for philosophical conversation, but with a disposition to touch all its subjects with a light, deft hand. Of her we asked:

Q. "Does our intellectual discipline here aid soul life?"

A. Sometimes it helps very much indeed. It quickens apprehension—if you have not worked selfishly. Selfishness blights and kills whatever it touches."

Q. "What is the difference between soul and spirit?"

A. "Soul is active spirit—the body of spirit, bad or good."

Q. "Is it the astral body?"

A. "Don't know what you mean,—do you?"

Q. "What do you find to do?"

A. "Help souls who need an uplift—now and again. Work is a delight. It corresponds to work on earth, but with a difference that I cannot explain. It is so difficult that you must wait to know. Doing the commonest work on earth in the right spirit helps you to your loveliest work here. It is all one in a way which I cannot explain, but you must apprehend somewhat."

Passing over most of the communications of this earlier period, we come to

a time when the planchette moved with a stronger, steadier sweep, and the influences could remain longer. It was then that the Universal Friend appeared. Of him we asked:

Q. "Please tell us your name,—who you were on earth."

A. "Names are of no consequence. Call me Friend, Truth-seeker."

Q. "Do you come directly to us, or through other minds?"

A. "I come through others. There are those who can come directly. This (the board) is a material means. They come as pure spirit to listening spirit. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear the voices of pure spirit. The ideal self is the self to which pure spirit appeals."

This influence was then asked the following list of questions, taken from the *Arena* of April, 1893, there published as the questions asked by Mrs. Underwood, in her experiments with automatic writing:

Q. "Can you tell us in what consisted Christ's power?"

A. "Self-abnegation, and love of humanity, both as individuals and as a whole."

Q. "In what consisted Buddha's power?"

A. "Idealized love, and pure unselfish spirit."

Q. "What Mohammed's power?"

A. "Large magnetic nature, and idealism of a less spiritualized type."

Q. "And Confucius's power?"

A. "A moralizing by material maxims, on a more earthly basis—maxims for a strictly moral life, without the inspirational element."

Q. "And the power of Joseph Smith?"

A. "Largely earth-magnetic temperament,—not of a high order, but powerful in his sphere, and with elements on his own plane."

Q. "How far do the medium's own ideas color the thoughts you are giving us?"

A. "A difficult matter. Ask me that again."

Question repeated.

A. "Not in actuality, so much as in a flawed expression."

Q. "Is it true that spirits remember their earth life only when they come in

contact with mediums and earthly conditions?"

A. "Certain details fade and perish, but I should say that the more vital experiences remain in their essence."

Q. "How do you feel at the moment of death?"

A. "Lighter and lighter. It was I, and yet not I. I was freed."

Here a little child softly asked her mother, "How can people climb up to the other world?" Immediately was written:

"Sweetheart, going is as easy as going asleep. You just float out and away, and leave the old heavy body behind you. The body has helped you get a start, and was a good old body while it was needed."

In connection with the above estimates of individuals, I will here give others that came later. But the first one to which I turn shows so plainly the peculiarities of the Universal Friend, especially when in what we called his "particular moods," that I must give the manner of his introduction. We were all talking of the relations of the universal to the individual as we sat down, and of the apparently composite character of the Universal Friend, as regards these two opposite poles of being, when immediately the planchette began to move.

Q. "Who is it?"

A. "Friend."

Here we waited a few minutes to bring our minds to the right point of definite inquiry, and in my own mind, beneath the question I was trying to shape into definite form, there was the involuntary and semi-conscious query, "Can this 'Friend' be an individual, or is he not rather some general force springing from the world-wide energies of nature?" All this was but a fraction of a moment, but the influence became impatient, and hastily wrote:

"Ready."—"Ready for Mr. Todd to determine if I be universal mind itself, or if I be such a scrap of the universal, under pressure of development, as he is himself."

This reply and those immediately following are so striking, the former showing a knowledge of what was in my own mind and the latter showing an equal

amount of ignorance, that I recorded at the time the exact movements of my own mind. I was, first, desirous of making some inquiry about noted persons who had lived, and was about to commence with Emerson. Then the thought came that I should first know whether this influence lived on earth at the time of Emerson. The Universal Friend had always been reluctant to speak of his earth life, and had previously avoided informing us, sometimes with some degree of irritation. This may throw some light on the fact that my next question—a preliminary one—was taken as the essential and fundamental one in my mind. My first question was:

Q. "Was Ralph Waldo Emerson writing and lecturing at the time you were on the earth?"

A. —"Wait.—Perhaps I shall some time be impelled to tell you of my former earth experiences. Otherwise, let them rest. It is your own experience with which you have to deal."

Q. "But I was asking of your life, not so much from personal curiosity concerning yourself, as from a desire to learn from a contemporary the secret of Emerson's power as a lecturer and writer."

A. "As a lecturer Emerson was impressive as a man standing before the people divested of every false prop, and speaking simply and truthfully of life just as he saw it, without reference to the preconceived notions or opinions of any other soul. He saw life singly—not whole, perhaps. Upon this simplicity of nature and candid expression rested Emerson's success and intrinsic worth as a lecturer."

Q. "What the secret of Henry Thoreau's power?"

A. "A stoical severity of nature modified all impulses with Thoreau. He, too, was a truth-seeker and a truth-speaker, but he found in the inanimate more genuine companionship than in humanity. People wearied and disgusted him."

Q. "Do you mean by the 'inanimate' that which is below the animal?"

A. "I spoke according to the accepted manner."

Q. "But Thoreau was fond of animals."

A. "Animals, I think, appealed chiefly to Thoreau from their setting or environment."

Q. "That never occurred to me before, but now it seems true. What of Bronson Alcott?"

A. "Bronson Alcott did not see life in simplicities, but in convolutions. He was often charmed by a quality of cobwebbed drapery, with which he hung the avenues of his mind."

Q. "But Mr. Alcott claimed to adhere rigidly to the 'dialectic' method in thought, so much so as to be called 'The Modern Plato.'"

A. "He was self-involved rather than spirit-evolved."

Q. "What was the secret of his daughter's power. I mean Louise Alcott?"

A. "She wrote of the expression of life, as she saw it, within its human limitations."

To place in contrast some of the influences that appeared I will here introduce Mrs. B. The same day on which the above biographical notices were given, and amid precisely the same circumstances, Mrs. B. was asked:

Q. "What was the secret of Whittier's power?"

A. "I cannot tell you any better than you already know. His large humanity appeals to you as well as to me. I have not such discriminating knowledge as have many."

I will introduce here another influence—Miss K. She was the friend of Mrs. Todd in her youth. She died full of promise of rare ability in literary work, gifted with critical discrimination, poetic tastes, witty readiness, and generous nature. She was asked:

Q. "Do you know, in spirit life, the writers who once pleased you?"

A. "Yes, very well. I still love the large serenity of Emerson. He bore dying far better than some."

Q. "That reply is just like L. K. Emerson probably changed less."

A. "There was less to drop away. He was large, and simple, with fewer accretions than most."

Other names were mentioned, and the question asked:

Q. "Did Emerson bear dying better than these?"

A. "I will not compare in that way. The good we can joyfully bear witness to."

At another time the Universal Friend was asked:

Q. "Will you give us your estimate of the life and work of Madam H. P. Blavatsky?"

A. "Madam Blavatsky belonged to a non-existent earth-type; non-existent, I mean, as a normal expression, heavily weighted with sensuous magnetism, and also gifted with glimpses of laws transcending earth. She, for her followers, stood at once as an angel of light and as an instrument of abnormally developed wickedness. Madam Blavatsky lived in a double world; nor did she harmonize her worlds. Truth was so inwrapped in gross errors that, in her life, it was less radiant than phosphorescent."

Q. "Will you give us your estimate of Charles Darwin?"

A. "Darwin was a wholesome man. His aim was for facts and truths in their logical relations in the world of material expression; and from this leading to open avenues far beyond. Darwin only half realized his work. Modesty, self-denial, and self-abnegation gave him a foothold in realities of which he was consciously unaware. Darwin is akin to a breath of mountain air."

Q. "Please give us your estimate of Alexander Humboldt?"

A. "Humboldt had wider vision than Darwin. He perceived the spiritual significance behind the material fact. This world was for Humboldt a sheathed expression of a world of truer import."

Q. "What of Louis Agassiz?"

A. "Agassiz had a most receptive mind and soul. He loved the world in its humblest forms, and found in patient and careful analysis the unity of related existences. His ardor, his unwearied researches, were those of the truth-lover, and in his work lay his reward."

Q. "What of Rev. Samuel Johnson? You must know him."

A. "Yes, I should know Johnson well. He sought for truth with vision unspotted by opinions. His mind was keyed to

the inspirational harmonies of being. He apprehended truth by an instinct of soul, rather than by mental groping. Convictions became his without effort. His comprehension of systems was less perfect than his intuitional sight of basic truth."

At another time the Universal Friend was asked:

Q. "What was the secret of Plato's power?"

A. "Plato sat at the feet of universal reason, and gave his mind, his heart, his soul, to conveying his apprehension of the law of related truth to the world. But Plato thought little of the world; for his thought was of such stress within him that he spoke from very necessity. He lived in the perception of sequence. This he continually tried to make clear to imaginary listeners. This effort gave to himself the purest joy, since it made his own thought objective to himself."

Q. "How was his 'dialectic method' related to this perception?"

A. "His dialectic method was the result of his intellectual judgment as to the best way of conveying to others some apprehension of the perfect law of sequence, or the law of logical relations. His mind crystallized about this."

Q. "Is his thought of much value to us of to-day?"

A. "Unless the life and work of Plato can open to you a more perfect view of mental possibilities and inevitable relations between action and result in your own personal life problem, there is for you little to be gained in reading Plato."

Q. "Is the same true of Marcus Aurelius?"

A. "Marcus Aurelius is a soul which can never die, even for your earth. His mind is of royal distinction. He cleaved to the liberating life of universal truth."

Q. "Was he the best exponent of the Stoic philosophy?"

A. "Marcus Aurelius is an exponent of a greater than Stoic philosophy."

Q. "Your ideas frequently remind me of him."

A. "I am proud to be allied to this soul. He is of sight so clear, of comprehension so true, as to be a never-failing inspiration. In him, you who sit in earth da ..

ness and who hear earth confusion, can always find light and harmony from spheres eternal."

Q. "What of Epictetus?"

A. "He was a philosopher, but not of the comprehensive vision of Marcus Aurelius. The latter saw wholes; the former parts,—though related parts. Epictetus was true to the quality of vision which he possessed."

Among the feminine influences that made themselves known through the board, the one which seemed to come nearest to the Universal Friend was Mrs. J., one who has not before been mentioned. But even she did not possess the power of making critical estimates of literary or philosophical work; her philosophy seemed rather a statement of her view of her own surroundings, and of what was going on in her own mind. She was interested mostly in moral and in psychological questions. Her nature was broader her perceptions clear, and she talked like one having a motherly interest in all human beings, and with sound, practical judgment. Asked about what noted writer was contemporaneous with herself, she answered:

—"I am not wise in these matters. I apprehend moral truths at present better than the special evolution of these truths through past or present mediums of expression on earth."

Q. "You often use the term 'evolution.' Is it the law of life?"

A. "Evolution comprehends the law of all life, from its most apparent infinitesimal beginnings up to the grades of spiritual development."

After one of the long philosophical conversations with the Universal Friend Mrs. B. appeared, and was greeted with:

Q. "We are glad to see you, Aunt B., but we've apparently exhausted our resources in asking questions."

A. "Poor things! I know just how it seems."

Q. "You must not tell us again that we are not to laugh at the board."

A. "You are trying to look into a blank, and it looks very obscure, does it not?"

Q. "Did you mean that that was apparent in our questions?"

A. "Not so apparent, as the very natural result of such questioning."

At another time we asked Mrs. B. deeper questions, and received profound answers, apparently being uttered from precisely the unselfish stand-point which she occupied in life.

Q. "What is soul growth?"

A. "Soul growth may be conscious or unconscious. Which do you wish to know about?"

Q. "Both."

A. "Well, as I see it, conscious soul growth is rare; for you may recall that old saying, 'The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation.' When the impulse of life sets strongly toward unselfish thought and deeds, the soul does not stand still, but becomes more and more open to reality. The soul grows by becoming one in sight and deed with universal truth. In unselfishness you not only find your highest, but the neighbor's highest. If this could be applied to all life, the world would be no longer separated from the spirit world. Selfishness does not live in this world in which I find myself. All that survives death is the principle of unselfishness."

Q. "What becomes of such a man as Napoleon?"

A. "We will call no names, but the inexorable law holds; the personality remains only when it is in harmony with that law."

A reply somewhat similar to the first part of this was received from Miss K. at a different time, and in reply to a very different question.

Q. "What kind of doing is thinking?"

A. "Thinking is picturing; but the creation of the mental picture is an unconscious act. It is real work, however."

Q. "How can you say it is an unconscious act?"

A. "Do you feel yourself creating the picture? You may feel your failure; but when the right moment comes you have the picture. Perhaps it has waited half a life time to come. It comes as a result, but an unconscious result."

Q. "That is a new idea, but it may be true of the results of thought."

A. "Mr. T., do you remember this, 'He builded better than he knew?'"

Sometimes there seemed to be proprietary right in questions. Once, when the Universal Friend had departed without answering all the questions I wished to ask, I put the following question to Mrs. B.:

Q. "Do the spirits who speak to us live like individual cells within the universal organism, sometimes speaking to us as individuals, and again with the power to speak in a more universal voice?"

A. "It is not Mrs. B."

Q. "Has Mrs. B. dodged that? Who is here?"

A. "Friend. That is my question, but not to-day. Wait! I can only stay to say that. Here we do know what belongs to us!"

Q. "I cannot help feeling that Aunt B. dodged a little."

A. (From Mrs. B.) "No, no, no."

Q. "Do you have a division of labor and rights in it?"

A. "We are more liable to do what is really ours to do. In your world we often are expected to do work which never could be ours."

The next time we sat at the board, the Universal Friend was the first to appear, and the following conversation ensued:

Q. "The question belonging to you is, Are the influences which speak to us through this board sometimes individual intelligences, and again the united intelligence of a plane of being?"

A. "There is such a thing as receiving nutriment from a surrounding atmosphere of intelligence, if that is what you mean."

Q. "Would that atmosphere be composed of individual minds?"

A. "Yes; the atmosphere of a nine-

teenth century city gives different nutriment to the inhabitants of that city than did the clan-life of earlier days."

Q. "Is this a person speaking now?"

A. "Why should you wish to limit the person to your preconceived notion or individual consciousness of the possibilities of the person, as your earth experience has shown? The personality grows more centralized as material husks fall away. I am an individual, far more so than yourself. Does that help you any?"

Q. "I want to know if a mass of individuals in your sphere, or what you call an atmosphere, can answer these questions?"

A. "As you now stand on the plane of being, you are influenced to your highest thought by this universal force of intelligence. So also are those on the higher planes of intelligence. Can you not see that within this atmosphere of universal intelligence the individual may continue to exist?"

Q. "Is evolution the law of life hereafter?"

A. "Evolution is the law of all growth everywhere. This does not tend to the disintegration of the individual. Form may change, but always for the better. Trust to your own glimpses of evolution here on the earth, and find the key to that future individuality, or personality, which you question."

I have here made quotations enough to show the general nature of the communications, and the personal peculiarities of the different speakers. In the next paper this question of individuality will be continued, and similar philosophical questions taken up.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

BY GEORGE D. HERRON

Subjectively, the kingdom of heaven is a state of mind in which a man loves all his kind, and lives in communion with the love that is the substance of all things, without regard to reward or return. Self is eliminated from the horizon of thought and purpose. The affections enter that region of boundless selflessness, in which

the man bestows all there is of himself upon the evil and the good, the loving and the unloving, the farthest and the nearest, without estimating the worth of one above another. He does not value his personal existence. He has no "interests." He lives in a universal communion of love. He dwells in a realm beyond

the reach of weights and measures, morals and laws. All there is of God is his, and all there is of himself is his brethren's. Nothing can happen to him, because he has nothing to do with happenings. There is no evil from his point of view. Behind the shadows and phenomena, he abides in eternal love and life. Where he is, there is only good, love, and liberty.

Objectively, the kingdom of heaven is a society in which all men work for the common good, and each receives according to his needs or power to use; a society in which no man calls anything his own, because all there is belongs to every man; a society in which there is neither wages nor profit, neither price nor bargain; a society in which there is no more question about how much one shall have over and above another, than there is question about how the air shall be divided for individual breathing. The realized kingdom of heaven would express, in all economic facts, the highest inward aspiration of the soul. Until there is a perfect synthesis or harmony of subjective and objective spheres, there can be no escape from social misery and tragedy. Only the civilization that gives to him that asketh, that turns not away from him that would borrow, that sends its highest privileges upon the evil and the good, that distributes all there is by an all-inclusive and non-exclusive communism, can realize the social perfection of our Father in heaven, who, with his only Son, freely giveth us all things, and who, when the sons of men had wasted the already prodigally given resources of the world of spirit and things, undertook to redeem them by giving them more spirit and more things.

It thus turns out that there is no such thing as a purely economic question to one who occupies the point of view of a citizen of the kingdom of heaven. The land question, for instance, is nothing but a spiritual question, a problem for spiritual liberty, a matter of the salvation or destruction of human souls. It is only through the use of the land that the race can find spiritual unity with God.

Can such a society ever become a fact? Is the kingdom of heaven indeed at hand?

We might change the question, and ask if anything else seems likely to be practicable. What is history and experience but an open book, on every page of which we may read, in blood-red letters, the waste and misery, the utter impracticability and imbecility, of anything or everything that is not obedience to the law of love?

Whenever we really desire the kingdom of heaven, we shall see that it has been at hand all through the time of our wandering in the wilderness of experience and speculation. When the desire for the kingdom is strong enough, the ways and means will speedily appear. It is desire that creates function, in both natural and spiritual development. It would be infinitely easier, if we only knew it, actually to realize the kingdom of heaven, in the whole structure and organism of society, than it is to effect a better order by the thousand tinkering, compromises, and "scientific methods" that we are likely to undertake.

The desire will be created by putting and keeping the idea of the kingdom of heaven before the common mind until the thought of the people begins to gather about it. The apostles of the kingdom are sent to overcome the world by the witness of their faith. It is the ideal, and the passion for it, which have been the sole making force of history. This is the thesis of Hegel and St. Paul. We can establish the kingdom in objective and economic facts only by first establishing it in human thought and faith. "When the ideal once alights our streets," says Edward Carpenter, "we may go in and take our supper in peace; the rest will be seen to."

That there is no individual extrication from social wrong is the blessing of both the individual and society. The passion for individual extrication is really the evasion of individual responsibility. The only Christian innocence in a world of wrong is the sacrifice of one's life in bearing away that wrong. Only through the emancipation of the whole human life can the citizen of the kingdom realize his full liberty and citizenship. Only so can we live the life of love—the life of the Son of God. No man of love will want

to be extricated from the common wrong except as a part of the common life. He dares not seek a perfection that separates him from his brethren. He will no more

drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God be full come, when he can drink it in fellowship with all his brethren in the ransomed society.

CHRISTIANITY AND PRESENT DAY SOCIAL PROBLEMS*

BY B. O. FLOWER

SUFFERING DURING TRANSITION PERIODS.

It is a melancholy fact that, owing to the lack of spiritual development in society, all great transition periods are characterized by widespread suffering among the poor. Even when the breaking up of the old and the establishment of the new mean ultimate gain for the race, the transition period has ever been freighted with indescribable misery. Thus we find few pages in history, since the advent of Christianity, so essentially tragic for the poor as those which marked the greatest of all transition periods prior to the present—the first century of modern times.† Feudalism, in yielding to centralization, threw tens of thousands of retainers out into the world with no visible means of support and no shelter. The new manufactures led in many places—notably in England—to the turning of farms into pasture lands for sheep, while numerous other changes worked untold misery on the masses, causing the poor to be driven to begging and stealing, when they found themselves promptly confronted with prison and gibbet for any attempt to avoid death from starvation. And so, too, in the present century, in this age of iron, steam, and electricity, we see on every hand the misery of millions, and too often injustice not only prospers on the street, but issues from the citadels of state. Great labor-saving machines even, which, under

the reign of a spiritually enlightened public conscience, would prove an unmingled blessing, are liable to add to the idleness of the workers and the wretchedness of the masses. Combinations and corporate power are placing the producer and consumer at the mercy of the few, and intensifying the suffering of the many. The cause of this is perfectly evident.

ETHICAL GROWTH HAS NOT KEPT PACE WITH MECHANICAL PROGRESS.

The ethical or spiritual elevation of society has not kept pace with inventive and mechanical progress. The nineteenth century has laid broad and deep the foundations for a happier social order, but its advent waits on the rise of man. The supreme demand of the hour is the moral awakening of society, the quickening of the spiritual consciousness in the individual and the state. All efforts henceforth should be concentrated upon the higher development of man, that the advance of justice, freedom, and fraternity may be speedily realized. This is the august duty that faces the clergyman, the statesman, the teacher, the journalist, the essayist, the parent, aye, and the individual, whether young or old. It is a duty that no one can evade if he is true to his higher nature, and woe to him who at so critical a juncture in humanity's history shrinks from the work that demands his most serious thought.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

It is a most encouraging fact that the closing years of our century are witnessing many evidences of a spiritual

*"Christianity and the Social State," by Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D. Cloth. Pp. 506. Price, \$2. Philadelphia, H. A. Rowland.

†Historians usually date modern times from the hour of the fall of Constantinople in 1453.

awakening which, I believe, is destined to permeate society and lead to greater things than the world has yet beheld. There are many signs of a quickening in the moral sensibilities of society, not the least of which is the arousing of the church and the clergy to the imperative call of justice. Many eminent ministers in leading churches are speaking in no uncertain tones upon the duties of the individual, the church, and the state in regard to the various relations of life, and especially concerning commercial and economic affairs. Dr. Lorimer hails with joy the manifold evidences that the church is at last awaking to her solemn duty. He tells us that:

There is a waking up to the church's responsibility for the existing state of affairs in the world. On all sides the appeal comes to her from the "disendowed classes" that she will compassionate their needs and do something to vindicate their right to just and humane treatment. Her ministers must speak; they must enter the arena of conflict or be forever discredited as ambassadors of Him who, in caring for the souls of the multitude, refused not to heal the body. "At the times of this ignorance God winked," and society has winked too; "but now he commands," and society commands as well, "all men" in the pulpit "to repent," and "to bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

This conviction has been with the author of these pages for many years, and he has never knowingly hesitated to speak and write accordingly. It is this conviction that now constrains him to do what he can to advance the dawning of the clearer and fairer day when the Social State shall prevail for the blessing of mankind. He confesses at the outset to a strong bias on the side of the poor, the illiterate, and despairing. It is their cause he would particularly plead. While he dares not go as far as Basil, and say, "The rich are thieves," or, with John Chrysostom, assert that they are "brigands," and that "everything ought to be in common," he yet believes that the excessively affluent under present social conditions have too much power, too many exclusive privileges, and, in some respects, constitute the most dangerous of the "dangerous classes" of a community. He has found it impossible to keep from his mind such questions as perplexed Bossuet when he wrote, "Why should one fortunate mortal live in abundance, able to satisfy his every little useless fancy, while another, every whit his equal, cannot maintain his poor family, or even procure for them sufficient food to allay the gnawing pangs of hunger?" How frequently have this and similar queries agitated and confused man-

kind; and how natural, when they have been considered, for thought and speech to champion the interests of the wretched, even to the extent of doing injustice to the favored.

It is indeed a hopeful sign when men like Dr. Lorimer—the most eloquent pulpit orator in the Baptist denomination, and one of the ablest ministers of our time—has the manhood and the courage to depict the wrongs of our age and the perils of civilization as he has done in his new work, "Christianity and the Social State." It is no easy matter for a clergyman occupying the position of this distinguished divine to speak the plain, unvarnished truth contained in his portrayal of the essential injustice of the present time; and no one better knows the peril of such plain speaking than does our author. He has long ere this felt the pressure which every minister of an influential city church sooner or later is made to feel if he speaks for justice and equity, and strives to awaken the moral energies in man. In referring to the difficult position of the minister who hears the call of God to speak and spare not where injustice and oppression prevail, and yet who realizes that his position is necessarily very much like that of Nathan before David, Dr. Lorimer says:

During a somewhat extended and varied ministry I have usually had to endure a running fire from the pew whenever I have ventured to discuss such subjects as fewer working hours, or more humane treatment of girls and women, or the advantage to society of reforms which in all likelihood would diminish the dividends of certain corporations. As long as I have contented myself with vaporish and feathery generalities, and with fluffy sentimentality, I have been let alone; but whenever I have advocated specific measures, I have generally been treated, as Howells declares Tolstoi has been regarded ever since he accepted Christ's message, as erratic or crazy, or as dangerously inclining toward the Avernus of anarchy. At such times some pious bondholder has significantly whispered, "Preach the gospel," and other pastors, when they have protested that street-car conductors should not be despoiled of their rest day, and when they have rebuked the authorities for shooting helpless miners in the streets, or have raised their voices against lynching, or have pleaded for more equal distribution of the good things of life, have frequently been reminded that they should "preach the gospel." For, according to these critics, "to bind up the broken-hearted, to

proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord," "to deal bread to the hungry, and when the naked is seen to cover him, and not to hide one's self from one's own flesh;" and to cry, "Behold the hire of your laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud;" and "Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton"—is not preaching the gospel.

THE MISTAKE OF ZOLA.

After a very thoughtful introduction, in which the author dwells at length on the new idealism which is practical rather than speculative, and which seeks to touch, gladden, and glorify all life, he proceeds to consider "The Gospel according to Zola." Those of our readers who have followed the writings of the great French novelist will appreciate the fact that, with all his faults, he is one of the most powerful delineators of life and its conditions who have written in our century. No writer has approached Zola in the vivid portrayals of the dark and seamy side of life in the centers of civilization during the closing years of our century, and this is especially true of his last three great works "Lourdes," "Rome," and "Paris." Time and again the reader is forced to start back in horror, with a sense of heart-sickness, as the scenes which are being enacted under the full light of what we call nineteenth-century civilization are described with photographic accuracy. But while we are compelled to admit the unquestioned power of the novelist in depicting many phases of life, we are not unmindful of the fact that what he describes is only a partial appearance, and though we frankly admit that it is a crying shame that after two thousand years of Christianity such things could be practiced by nations claiming to follow the great teacher, yet we must protest against the inferences which the Frenchman draws from the pictures he presents. His deductions show that, while he is unsurpassed as a microscopist, he is wanting in the broad vision of a philosopher. He has centered his eyes on certain partial appearances from which he has drawn unwarranted

conclusions. This is especially obvious when we remember that he accredits Christianity with the widespread misery incident to man's indifference, selfishness, inhumanity, and ignorance of the higher life. He seems to think that almsgiving is the only answer Christianity has to give to the world's cry for justice, and he urges that charity is no solution to society's great problem. On this point our author observes:

M. Zola is right; charity cannot save society from its poverty and pain, from its vice and villainy, and from its decadence and despair; but he is wrong in identifying the gospel with charity, and whoever regards them as one, and considers the words as convertible and equivalent, is as far astray from the truth as the novelist himself. Christianity is entitled to be regarded as the revelation and incarnation of love. But love and the helping hand are not necessarily the same. "If I give my goods to feed the poor," says Paul, "and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." Here he discriminates, and we should do likewise. Many offerings are made for the sake of personal pride and self-gratification, and are destitute of the humanitarian spirit. Christianity, indeed, enjoins almsgiving; yet with comparative infrequency is this obligation set forth either by Christ or the apostles. But it never tires in its commendations of love. From first to last love is the burden of its speech, the music of its song. And by this grace it does not mean weak emotionalism or emasculating sentimentality. With it there is ever associated in the New Testament a virtue of the most vigorous type—righteousness, justice. These two great moral forces are not antipodal to each other, but they are actually indispensable to each other's completeness and manifestation. Love is the soul of genuine justice, and justice is the real and noblest expression of love. Love inspires justice, and justice vindicates love. The one is the spirit, the other the body; the one is the heart, and the other the hand of the ethical life, by which the social order is ultimately to be transformed and transfigured. What charity cannot do, and what the gospels never proposed that it should do, love incarnate in justice shall finally accomplish.

Zola entirely mistakes the teachings, the motive, and the spirit of religion; and, mistaking these, he is all at sea when he assails Christianity. He fights windmills of his own invention, and imagines he is attacking the battlements of Christianity. From his denunciation of what Christianity is not he invites us to receive his panacea, which is science—"science will save

society,"—and so he would supplant Christianity with science in the hope of finding a happy solution to the pressing economic problems of the age. Dr. Lorimer points out the absurdity of the novelist's position in these words:

Justice is an ethical quality, and can only spring from the ethical spirit, and not from physical researches and materialistic triumphs; it is the child, the first-born, of love, not of steam or electricity, and it can only be sustained by love, not by dynamos and machinery. Love—love of God and love of man—is not only synonymous with religion, but *is* religion, and, consequently, in religion, true religion, is the final hope of mankind; for only through justice can religion be enthroned over the marts of trade and the cabinets of states.

If, however, Zola is wrong in his remedy, he is right in regard to the necessity for prompt succor for the people. His plea is just.

We too ought to make common cause with him, as he renders yeoman service on her behalf. He is wrong at almost every point except this one. Here, at least, he speaks the "words of truth and soberness." We have read somewhere that in one of the old cities of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower, and called it the "Bell of Justice." He likewise ordered that any one who had been wronged should ring that bell, and the magistrate should come to his relief. In the course of time the lower part of the rope rotted away, and a wild vine was tied to lengthen it. A starving horse that had been turned out to die in his age, seeing the vine, gnawed it, and in doing so rang the bell. Straightway came the magistrate, and having ascertained in whose service the animal's life had been spent, he said: "The dumb brute has rung the bell of justice, and justice he shall have; the owner shall care for him the rest of his days." Humane magistrate! But is not the bell of justice ringing now? Hark, its solemn strokes fall upon the ear of society, rung by hands hardened with unprofitable toil, by tattered and starved men, women, and children, who are no more to you great ones than dumb, driven cattle. Listen, listen; let it wake you up! But, should you fail to hear, it may rouse the Judge of all the earth, who in his own good time will decree justice,—justice that means respite and rest for the oppressed, and retribution and remorse for the oppressor. A writer in 1853 earnestly said: "The oppressed classes do not want charity, but justice; and with simple justice the necessity for charity will disappear or be reduced to the minimum." Ruskin has repeated this idea; and we are satisfied that not until justice shall reign supreme in

business and in all other relations, as well as in the administration of law, will society be delivered from the foes which now invade and ravage.

Great and solemn duties confront every man and woman to-day. Each individual is a factor for good or evil; each has a mission to perform. Happy the one who faithfully lives up to his highest, and nobly discharges his duty. On this subject of the duties of the individual our author observes:

What are your duties? Do you acknowledge any? Whether you recognize them or not, among them will be found an obligation to pay what you promise, and an obligation to minister to the well-being and not to the evil of all about you. You are to respect their manhood and womanhood; you are bound to advance and not to retard their interests; and you are bound to sympathize with them, and do all in your power to promote their happiness. And it is to be borne in mind that just in proportion as you are yourselves privileged by genius, wealth, and position beyond them are these duties more imperative. There is no significance in leadership if this is not the case.

FORMS OF GOVERNMENT WHICH HAVE FAILED.

In the chapter entitled "Other States and the Social State" we have a graphic characterization of those forms of government in which the uppermost ideals have been militarism, imperialism, commercialism, and ecclesiasticism. The world has tried each of these, and found them wanting. They have crushed the masses, retarded progress, dwarfed development, and proved a curse to humanity.

It must be apparent from what I have thus far advanced that the governing ideal of that commonwealth which is to realize the highest possible good for the greatest number, and reduce to the minimum the wrongs and woes which afflict the world, cannot be found in militarism, imperialism, commercialism, or ecclesiasticism,—not in any one of these, nor in all combined. As long as any one of these pernicious tap-roots remains the vital spring of human affairs, there can never be a complete and lasting transformation from our present semi-barbarous civilization to a nobler, purer, sweeter form of social life. What then? Where are we to seek for what is needed? Where hope to find an adequate and permanent foundation on which may be reared a new and more

glorious superstructure? My answer is, we must look to the New Testament; and there we will discover a formative force of incalculable energy, which Thomas Jefferson was pleased to term "fraternism;" and it is this fraternism which, in the fullness of time, will constitute the spirit and organizing principle of the coming social state, and differentiate it from every other kind of state which has guided the fortunes and destinies of mankind.

The social state means that order of society where, to use the words of Campanella, "the man is managed for the good of the commonwealth and not of private individuals;" where the advancement, the peace, the prosperity, and the happiness of all is the aim and business of each citizen; where legislation is ever in the interest of the entire population and not of a mere fraction; where the end of every enactment, enterprise, and endeavor is human weal, and not corporate selfishness, whether mercantile or ecclesiastic; and where manhood is esteemed more highly than merchandise, and the condition of the nation is judged, not by market reports and dividends, but by the continued growth of the people in education, comfort, and in moral and spiritual greatness.

Following an elaboration of the ideal of the social state, we have these suggestive words:

Notwithstanding this apparent assurance, it is perfectly natural for minds in bondage to the selfishness of commercialism, and unfamiliar with the trend of the more enlightened sociological school, to treat this whole conception as mere philanthropic sentimentality, utterly devoid of science, and as having in it, therefore, nothing to commend it to men of practical sagacity. This impression cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. I insist that it is unwarranted. Why should it be thought unscientific to substitute a rational and humane principle of organization for one that has so little to recommend it that the longer it is retained the more fatal to happiness does its working appear? Judged by what we see and hear, by the inequalities, the corruptions, and the unendurable agonies of modern life, and by the total failure of relief measures, however brave and generous, it is clear that the present social basis must itself be totally unscientific. If the building we are rearing on greed and self-interest is continually tumbling about our ears, and smothering in its debris and dust untold numbers of inoffensive fellow-beings, have we not reason to suspect the soundness of the foundation? Is it not evident from this ceaseless horror that the architect is a novice or worse, and that his blundering, which he loftily calls "science," should be peremptorily arrested? The time for a change has unquestionably arrived, and many of the foremost writers on political economy testify directly or indirectly that it must be and will be along the lines that mark the distinctive character of the social state.

THE RISE OF THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

Christianity has done much toward awakening the conscience of humanity, and laying broad and deep the basis of life:

Jesus proclaimed the brotherhood of man, and inculcated a genuine equality in the exercise of which each should co-operate with the other in developing the highest possibilities of the whole. The power of co-operation, this sense of interdependence, this ability to work together, to think, plan, and act in companies, combined with the consciousness that in no other way can the individual be perfected, constitutes the essence and spirit of social life.

The social conscience has slowly risen through the ages. Turn, if you will, to the days of the Cæsars. Even if you select the reign of the noblest of the rulers, such, for example, as Marcus Aurelius, you will see that, though at the head of the empire stood a man who embodied rectitude, justice, compassion, and wisdom, his influence was slight, even while he lived, on his age and people. And so, down through the Middle Ages to the present time, one fact—a very significant and encouraging one—is constantly forced upon the intelligence of the reader, that the social conscience of civilization is steadily, even if slowly, rising.

There is indeed no fact more patent than that society is attaining with the passing of the century a more enlightened and more exacting conscience. It has steadily grown. The stages of its advance can be marked. While it is still defective, and while it gives repeated signs of its fallibility, we have reason to rejoice that it is neither dead nor stationary. Its failure to give right decisions, especially when the interests of great corporations or of great political parties are involved, we deplore. But these mistakes will hereafter be rectified. They depress, but they should not lead to despair.

Now, all agencies that are bettering the race should be fostered and encouraged. Christianity has proved a positive agent for the betterment of man.

Her genius is ethical, not ceremonial, and it is her mission to promote right living. Consequently, wherever she has gone, and wherever her mission has been faithfully presented, there has always been more or less of self-examination and of personal and public reform. She

is herself a kind of conscience incarnated in the church and implanted in the very bosom of society, causing heart-searchings and commotions endless. From her lips ever emanates the law of duty, and the weight of her authority was early on the side of implicit obedience to regnant righteousness.

THE COMING DAWN.

The darkness which surrounds us is not that of approaching night; it is rather that before the dawn. Now, less than ever, should humanity despair. The present, instead of being a time for pessimism or repining, is a period calling for the strong, resolute work of men and women who see the passing of the storm and darkness, and who know that if the advance guard are true to their high mission, the dawning civilization will be fairer than any former age. To-day the sky is overcast.

Around the social horizon to-day are heavy and massive clouds. They are dull and forbidding. Occasionally they are rent, and the electric flame can be seen flashing within. But they are rather the tokens of a storm that has well-nigh played its part than the heralds of one approaching. Sunshine gilds their edges, molten gold quivers among their fleecy borders, rainbows spring out of their blackness, and the sun is preparing to permeate them through and through with light. There is no denying the awful fogs and mists that rest upon the world, and no escaping the fierce breath of the tempest that carries dismay to helpless millions. But there are indications of the better time. Never before have so many ministers preached about love; never before have so many economists seen that love is the solvent of existing problems; and never before have so many philosophers and poets, with men of science, exalted love as the mistress of all knowledge, the explanation of deepest mysteries, and the inspiration of highest genius. Evolution seems to be on the eve of repeating its earliest marvel. All things are making for a new and final avatar of love.

THE MENACE OF THE CORPORATIONS.

Of the menace of the corporations Dr. Lorimer speaks in no uncertain words:

These organizations usually carry everything before them, destroying the old-time sympathy between employer and employed, and impairing the independence as well as the fortune of the private citizen. They are accused, and we think with justice, of various devices to escape

bearing their proportion of taxation, such as the making of inadequate returns of their property and business to the government; and it is alleged that in many instances they use their advantages to deceive the public, and by manipulations which will not bear honest scrutiny defraud the stockholders who have no direct share in the management.

He quotes from Rev. Samuel Harris's very thoughtful words on the true character of the corporations:

The first of these is that the corporation is not a natural, but an artificial agency, and that its design is to countervail or avoid the operation of certain great natural laws which, because they are natural, are presumably salutary. It is a natural law that the man who acquires capital shall administer it, his administration of it, and his responsibility for such administration, being of the essence of his proprietorship, and that such use should cease with his death. In other words, the natural law which operates to prevent the irresponsible use of capital, and the undue accumulation of it, is the law of personal responsibility for what a man has, and that it shall be distributed at his death. Now, both of these natural provisions are avoided by the law of corporations. The corporation is a person that does not die. With accumulating resources and accumulating power, it goes on its way defying the law of death which arrests all personal enterprises. And not only in duration, but in range, its power is extended far beyond that of any individual or combination of individuals. The natural law is that a man may wield as much power in the shape of capital as he can gain by industry or inheritance. But here is an artificial person that is allowed to wield the power which a thousand or a hundred thousand men have gained, and to do this for an unlimited time, subject to no risk or chance of death or decrepitude.

Of its influence here and now Dr. Lorimer rightly observes:

Corporate power does inspire awe and cowardice in this land of freedom. Even the assessors stand in dread of the affluent members of corporations. Hence, horses owned by such magnates are at times valued by state officials at only twenty dollars, carriages at thirty dollars, pianos at one hundred dollars; and it is not uncommon for these gentlemen to migrate from cities before assessment day in order to escape a reasonable tax on personal property. It is coming to be suspected that, if things go on as they are going, these favored parties will enjoy all the benefits of popular government, while the middle classes and the poor are left to defray its expenses. . . . These unions are commonly called "trusts," as, for instance, the whiskey trust, the sugar trust,

and combines formed for the control of many other commodities. Very many of the necessities of life are thus in the hands of a limited number of individuals, who determine prices, not by the action of some law of political economy, but by their own judgment as to how much they can, without very serious protest, extract from the pockets of a long-suffering public. An element of conspiracy is hardly ever absent from trusts. It may in most instances be negative, but it is just as effective, so far as results are concerned. . . . It is assumed that monopolies are an unquestioned good, that they exist by a kind of divine right, and that therefore all other interests must succumb to their welfare. To promote them it is not considered immoral to do many things which the individual members, let us hope, would blush to perform in private life, such as bribing officials, purchasing at a nominal value from unsuspecting women lands rich in ore, or depriving districts of country of their stores of natural gas by digging shafts at a remote point and exhausting the supply through wasteful combustion. The petty tricks committed to maintain these shameless combinations are proofs positive that they are, on the whole, pernicious, and that they are not justified by sound economic principles.

DR. LORIMER'S DISTRUST OF LAW AND FAITH IN FREEDOM.

It is clear from the passages that we have cited, not only that Dr. Lorimer appreciates the grave evils in commercial life which menace free institutions, and which are working so much misery through their essential injustice, but that his sympathies are strong on the side of the poor and the oppressed. His work reveals the fact that he has read widely and thought deeply on present-day conditions, and, what is more, he has the courage of his convictions. The oft-repeated charge of moral cowardice aimed against the clergy cannot be advanced against the author of "Christianity and the Social State." When, however, the reader comes to examine the remedies proposed by Dr. Lorimer for the evils which he has so graphically portrayed, he is likely to feel keenly disappointed, unless he is a rigid individualist. To all others I imagine the remedies proposed will appear inadequate to meet present emergencies. If the reader should be an avowed socialist, he will probably exclaim, "Oh, what a lame and impotent conclusion!" For Dr. Lorimer, while not so pronounced an individualist

as Herbert Spencer, leans strongly to the great philosopher's opinions regarding the peril of legislation and the wholesomeness of freedom; nor is this altogether surprising when we remember that our author belongs to that religious denomination which, more than any other orthodox fellowship, has stood resolutely for liberty and the right of private opinion.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AND FREEDOM.

No great body that leaped from the brain of the Reformation so well learned the evil of legislation against the rights of the individual's conscience or convictions, as that denomination which, from the days of the Protestant Council of Zurich, that decreed the death of Baptists by drowning, to the martyrdom in 1612 of Baptist Edwin Wightman, felt alike the savage fury and the unreasoning intolerance of the various warring religious sects. Catholics, Calvinists, and Episcopalians alike made them the object of the most cruel persecution; and it will be remembered that even in New England the Puritans, while loudly demanding the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, were unwilling to permit others to enjoy the right demanded for themselves. The example set by Roger Williams and his Baptist brethren in Providence, in which freedom of opinion was granted, stands out as one of the most luminous facts in the somber history of the religious struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. From the long night in which persecution and intolerance swayed the scepter of law, the Baptists came forth with a keener appreciation of the value of liberty than perhaps any other great body that arose in the time of the Reformation; and it has been the glory of the denomination that, while holding tenaciously to what it believes to be right, it has constantly opposed the union of church and state, while standing for a larger freedom than some other orthodox denominations.

It is not strange, then, that Dr. Lorimer naturally inclines more to the social and economic philosophy of Herbert

Spencer than to that of Karl Marx. Many readers of this work will doubtless sympathize with the author in his fear that the advent of socialism might mean the establishment of a condition unfavorable to progress along any line of truth not favored by popular thought, and might also work injustice to the minority in the intellectual world. This would be feared especially in view of the recent persecutions of Seventh Day Adventists in various parts of our country, and the passage of laws which take from the intelligent citizen the privilege of seeking the service, when ill, of practitioners of methods and schools of cure that are comparatively new. Doubtless a large proportion of Dr. Lorimer's readers will feel, as he does, that the present state of ethical advancement does not warrant the wholesale introduction of iron-clad laws which might prove unfavorable to progress and growth, and give rise to a bureaucratic despotism more to be dreaded than monarchy. Many earnest reformers distrust what is known as military socialism, even while entertaining profound respect for such noble representatives of socialistic thought as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the Fabian school of socialists, William Dean Howells, Edward Bellamy, William Morris, and other representative socialists. But many of these thinkers will learn with surprise and disappointment that Dr. Lorimer, while freely citing the advantages which have followed municipal and state ownership of natural monopolies, fails to favor these beneficent innovations, which have proved so eminently satisfactory in Europe wherever fairly tried. Indeed, with the post-office and the public schools, with the example of English ownership of the telegraph, and the continental ownership of railways, and with municipal ownership of various natural monopolies in Great Britain, and the success of the postal savings-banks wherever fairly tried,—it is to me very surprising that a writer so well informed and, as a rule, so fair should fail to endorse these important measures for curbing private greed and benefiting the public, which governmental and municipal ownership offers.

OPPOSITION TO SOCIALISM.

In the chapter entitled "The Socialistic Salvation," Dr. Lorimer seems to me to fall into a serious error through mistaking anarchists and the ultra-materialistic thinkers of continental Europe as representative of the socialism believed in and advocated by the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Before noticing the remedies suggested for present unjust conditions, I wish therefore briefly to examine this part of his discussion. In an admirable manner Dr. Lorimer describes various communistic experiments from the days of the Essenes, not omitting that of the primitive church in Jerusalem. He points out, however, that these experiments were all voluntary in character, and of necessity radically different from that proposed by socialists, in which all members of society would be compelled to conform to the ideals and standards of the majority. Much that is here advanced is very thoughtful and suggestive; but at this point he seems to depart from the rule which he uniformly observes in other parts of the volume, in giving the views of truly representative thinkers; thus we feel no little surprised when we find Herr Most, the communistic anarchist,—who can by no stretch of imagination be regarded as reflecting the socialistic ideals of English or American socialists—cited as an authority or a representative of the views of socialists. Now, since this work is written for Anglo-Saxon readers, it seems obvious that it should reflect the dominant thought of English and American leaders of socialism; and one naturally expects in this chapter to find the views of such men as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, or those of the brilliant coterie of Fabian writers, together with the views of such men as Mr. Bellamy, William Dean Howells, Prof. Herron, or Rev. W. D. Bliss, as these would have fairly reflected the only socialistic ideals and standards which have any chance of success in the Anglo-Saxon world, and which reflect the growing sentiment among reformers who incline toward socialism.

One regrets, moreover, to see the extreme views of the most materialistic

among the Continental socialists advanced to prove that socialism would be degrading to womanhood. In all new systems of thought, whether social, religious, or philosophic in character, there are extremists who go to absurd lengths, and this has been true of many European socialists. Moreover, the materialistic ideals of leaders on the Continent are not reflected by the representative Anglo-Saxon socialists; and of all the dreams entertained by the leading socialists of the English-speaking world, none is dearer than the elevation of womanhood and the advent of mothers so conditioned in life as to bring forth noble children. The fault of this chapter, due chiefly to confusing the thought of different schools of thinkers, should not be permitted to pass unchallenged, especially when it appears in a work so thoughtful, candid, fair, and strong as the one now before us. In justice to socialism, this much should certainly be said.

SOME SUGGESTED REMEDIES.

This brings us to the way out as indicated by the author, which may be summed up as follows: (1) Development of units. Dr. Lorimer lays great stress on individual development. The home, the church, the school should be a unit in calling out a passionate love for justice and compelling a sense of duty. This is something that cannot be too highly emphasized, for without an awakened spiritual consciousness on the part of the people, any form of government will sooner or later become corrupt and oppressive. (2) Wise restrictive legislation, directed toward curbing corporative power, discouraging gambling in stocks, and protecting the weak from the rapacity of the cunning and the strong. This subject is treated somewhat at length; but, in view of the signal failures in so many instances, in recent years, when the people have sought the enactment of wholesome restrictive legislation, and the general contempt for such legislation by the trusts and corporative powers when laws have been passed, the average student will have less faith in the efficiency of this part of

the programme than is entertained by our author. So long as the rule of the machine, of the boss, and of the corporation prevails, there is comparatively little hope for far-reaching benefits through restrictive legislation of the character proposed. (3) Shorter hours for working-men. The hours for the laborer should be shortened. This would give more persons an opportunity to work, while it would make family life and the growth and development of the individual possible. (4) Taxes. Dr. Lorimer lays down these propositions, from which he argues at length: (a) Taxes should be equal, and not unequal; (b) Taxes should be direct, and not indirect; (c) Taxes should be simple, and not complex; (d) Taxes should be certain, and not precarious. In the unfolding of his argument it will be seen that Dr. Lorimer is .

FACING TOWARD THE SINGLE TAX. *

although he is not yet ready to avow that Mr. George has solved the problem, as is evident from the following:

The private ownership of land is apparently the fruitful source of wrong and suffering in modern society. Its governing principle seems to be contrary to the genius of the new era, and to be incapable of adjustment with its necessities and aspirations.

Some such arrangement as has been proposed by Mr. George and his followers, I am persuaded, must be adopted in the near future. I say *some such*; for it is not clear from their reasoning that they have yet discovered the terms in which the remedy they suggest can be adequately and finally stated. They confuse and deceive themselves by fanciful analogies, and even contradict themselves and each other. Imagining that they are in the clear sunlight, after all they have been publishing they are only groping toward the morning. But it is a great thing even to be merely facing in the right direction. This I am sure they are doing,—though once I did not think so,—and the means by which the land shall be restored to the people may be nearer discovery than many suppose. When the true theory has been developed, then it may be possible to sustain the institutions of government by a single tax,—a tax levied on the land and determined by a rule which shall deal equitably by all. Such a tax would, in its nature, be both direct and simple; and while it might not do everything expected of it by its enthusiastic defenders, it would open new roads to industry, and, as it would practically restore the soil to the toiler, it would

restore the toiler to the soil, and thus diminish the pressure of population on our cities and rehabilitate agriculture with more than the dignity and attractiveness which have attached to it in its palmiest days.

(5) Prohibition of the liquor traffic. Inasmuch as the liquor curse is (1) a most fruitful source of crime, misery, and ruin; (2) because it curses the innocent as well as the guilty, and causes the wife and children and the relations to suffer poverty, abuse, and disgrace, while placing the lives of those in the power of the drunkard in jeopardy; (3) because it is so largely responsible for the filling of jails, penitentiaries, and almshouses; (4) because it is responsible for a large proportion of the court, prison, and other expenses which are so real a factor in the general taxation; (5) because the saloon is one of the greatest temptations that lead the young from the paths of rectitude; (6) because drink is demoralizing to manhood; (7) because the liquor power is a corrupt influence in government, debauching the public conscience as it debauches manhood,—it should be placed under the ban of the law. The chapter on the liquor traffic, entitled "The Crime against Humanity," is very strong and merits careful perusal.

(6) The redemption of childhood. In a luminous discussion of this subject is set forth a strong plea for the little ones. Not only would the author invoke wise legislation prohibiting children of tender years from shops and factories, but he would throw around the young all the help which the school, church, society, and home can command. The education, the environment, the development,—these things should be of first concern to those who are working for a better condition.

(7) Co-operation. Dr. Lorimer would supplant corporations with co-operation such as is now being so successfully carried on in England, and which was described in our February issue,—co-operation which is thus summed up by Mr. Holyoake:

Co-operation means this: A number of persons join together for the purpose, by acts of economy, concert, and good-will, of obtaining certain advantages, and of dividing the results among themselves, each taking a share proportionate to the industry and capital he has applied in helping out the scheme.

Of this method Prof. Ely says:

This plan would give to the masses the largest economic welfare that could be obtained, for with labor and capital thus united the entire product of industry would accrue to the laboring classes. It would involve an intellectual and ethical training, and would lift up the entire level of society, beginning with the lowest social stratum.

The rise of co-operative methods would undoubtedly change the face of social conditions, and in an orderly way bring around a revolution in the interests of justice, without being accompanied by the shock and ruin attending forcible revolts. It is a noble plan, and challenges the attention of all who are seriously studying social problems. It is radical instead of being palliative; its goal is that of justice; and its victories in Great Britain have been so signal as to promise great things in the near future. Of the promise of co-operation Dr. Lorimer has this to say:

Miss Frances Willard, in the closing days of her life, said to her faithful secretary, "Only the golden rule of Christ can bring in the golden age of man." Now, co-operation is the practical application of the golden rule to labor, and, indeed, to trade and commerce of every kind; and when it is intelligently and honestly practiced the social state cannot fail to culminate in the golden age.

In the compass of a magazine paper it is only possible to give a brief review of the general line of thought set forth in this notable volume, which, coming as it does from so distinguished a divine, is one of the many indications of a general spiritual awakening which promises to usher in a nobler civilization, grounded on justice and made luminous by love.

DREAMS AND VISIONS

A RECORD OF FACTS.

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

PART III

I.

One morning in December, 1884, my husband and I were in church, and the contribution basket was passed. I noticed him take some paper money out of his pocket, two five-dollar bills rolled together. He put one of them in the basket, and I thought put the other in the watch-pocket of his trousers or his waistcoat pocket; I did not notice particularly. A friend was visiting us at the time, and we walked home from church.

Some time in the afternoon my husband discovered the five-dollar bill was missing. He examined all his pockets. I told him I thought he put it in the watch-pocket of his trousers, but he thought he had put it in the pocket of his waistcoat. We searched the parlors and dining-room, but failed to find the missing money. When he and his friend walked out, they concluded to go up to the church and see if the janitor had found the money; but he had not.

That night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I awoke from a dream. I heard some one say distinctly, "Go up in the third story, and get your husband's five dollars." I was very much surprised. It was repeated a second time peremptorily.

My husband was not in bed, but in the front room, where he had an argand burner on the table near which he sat. I asked him if he would let me have the light for a moment to go up into the third story. He said, "Of course." I took the light and went upstairs, feeling that probably I was going on a fool's errand, but, as I had not told my husband, I would not be laughed at.

I set the lamp down on the floor, and lit the gas to make the room quite light. As I turned to lift up the lamp, I spied the greenback lying on the floor beside an old-fashioned sofa. I took it and hastened downstairs, and said, "Were you in the third story to-day?" He answered, "Yes." I asked him where he sat. He said, "On the sofa."

"Then here is your five-dollar bill. It evidently slipped down your leg and dropped while you sat there."

We have a library on every floor, and occasionally go to the one in the third story for reference. He had entirely forgotten that he had been up there until I found the money.

This could scarcely be mental telepathy, as he had forgotten the occurrence.

II.

In 1892 an old friend of ours, who conducts a short-hand and business college in this city, had started a short-hand magazine and sent me a copy.

One morning, several weeks after I had received this magazine, I was seized with the impulse to write him my opinion of it and inclose money for two yearly subscriptions. I was not only seized with the impulse to do the thing, but to do it immediately. I got up and wrote a letter, giving him my opinion of it, and saying that I inclosed subscription price for two copies, one to be sent to me and the other to my friend, Mrs. W., in Wilmington, Delaware.

My anxiety that he should have this letter immediately, even before it would reach him in regular course of mail,

caused me to take it down to my husband's office, where I intended to have the office boy deliver it at once. When I reached the office the office boys were busy or out, and I concluded to walk over to the college and see Mr. Barnes himself.

When I entered the office of the college he was dictating to a lady, who sat at the type-writer. After our greeting I told him I had brought him my letter. He opened it, and while he read it I noticed the expression of his face. He turned immediately to the stenographer, and said,

"Miss Blank, we can get them through to-day. This makes one hundred *bona fide* subscriptions.

Then he told me that that very morning he had been perplexed about getting his magazine through the mails at cheap rates, the law requiring one hundred *bona fide* subscriptions, and he had but ninety-eight. I do not remember whether he said he had thought of me or not, but I know that his wish put in thought form sent out a wave that touched me as sensibly as anything ever did in the world, for I could not have been contented a moment that day if I had not followed the impulse that bore so strongly upon me that it was something I ought and must do.

III.

In 1896 my husband and I went to Boston, by way of Washington. We had a daughter living in Huntington, West Virginia, and we desired to stop over and see her. We took dinner at Cincinnati. After dinner my husband came to our room, and remarked that, if I could change my dress for traveling dress quickly enough, we could catch the train that arrived in Huntington at one o'clock, if I preferred, instead of waiting until the next morning. I said that I did, and would at once make the necessary change in clothing.

In dressing for dinner I had worn diamond ear-rings and pin. These I took off, and put them in a chamois bag, fastening the ear-rings, as I usually did, to the pin, and inclosing all in the bag,

which I wore with a ribbon fastened around my neck inside my dress. The next day, in Huntington, my daughter asked me to dress to meet some friends. She even insisted upon my wearing the diamonds. I laughed at her eagerness, but, to humor her, took the bag from my neck, and in opening it, for the pin was stuck in an inside leaf of chamois, I opened it rather carelessly, feeling confident that the pin was secure, but in my haste the night before I had not fastened the pin, and they dropped out on the floor. In stooping to pick them up, I discovered only one ear-ring. We both looked well and called the servant in to assist us. In the mean time her friends had arrived, and her husband and mine were entertaining them. She called her father, to explain why we were delayed, and I told him of my loss. He laughed, and said, "Oh, you will find it; go off alone somewhere and you will get it,—you always do."

Our daughter insisted that it was on the floor, and I offered the servant a good reward to find it. Then I said that, if they would excuse me to the company for a few minutes, I would go into the room alone, as my husband had advised me.

As soon as I was alone I threw myself upon the bed, and remained in a passive attitude a few minutes. "There is no use looking for it here; you dropped it in your room at the hotel in Cincinnati," came as clearly as words could have spoken it. I went into the room where my husband was, and said to him,

"There is no use looking for it here; it is in our room at the hotel in Cincinnati."

He said, "All right; I will wire at once to the manager to have the room searched;" and my son-in-law said, "I will wire the conductor on the train you came on to examine the sleeper."

I never felt more confident of anything in my life than I did that that ear-ring was in the hotel. I was perfectly calm, and would not discuss the matter with my daughter, who was still of the belief that it was lost in the room at her house.

We went on to Boston and returned by way of Cincinnati. When we entered the

door of the Grand Hotel, I for the first time showed my husband that I had thought of the ear-ring. I said, "Let us go to the clerk and get my ear-ring." He said, "I like your confidence," and led me to the clerk.

As soon as we made our wish known he started for the safe; I produced the other ear-ring, and he held up its mate.

"It was rather strange," he said, "how it was found. When we received your telegram, I immediately ordered the room searched. This was on Saturday. The housekeeper took the servant into the room and moved the furniture, and made a thorough search, reporting that nothing was found. On Monday morning a chamber-maid, who has been in this house for

twenty-three years, but who was absent on a visit on Saturday, returned and went into that room to clean up. In moving the wardrobe that stood near the dresser she discovered the ear-ring. It is probable that the roller pushed the ear-ring before it when it was moved the first time. At any rate, she found it, and brought it here."

I need not say we paid her a liberal reward. I have not to this day been able to conjecture how I could have dropped the ear-ring without noticing it when I put the other one and the pin into the bag. I only know it was lost and was found in this way, as can be testified to by all who knew of the circumstance at the time.

IN THE OLD DAYS

BY J. A. EDGERTON

The old days! Do you ever think of them,
When sitting silent as the shadows meet?
When lying broad awake at dead of night,
To hear the rain that drips into the eaves,
Do you remember how sweet was your sleep,
In the old days?

The old days, when you wanted to grow big.
Before you knew the sorrows it would bring:
When looking at the blue hills far away
And thinking of the world that lay beyond!
Do you remember how you yearned for it,
In the old days?

The old days, they are furrowed o'er with graves.
The sweet-faced mother, first and dearest friend,
The old home faces that you used to know,
Your playmates and your sweethearts, where are they?
Do you remember how you loved and lost,
In the old days?

The old days! How they brim the eyes with tears
And fill the heart with longing and regret!
Oh, there are tragedies for every life;
And there are songs as sweet as ever sung:
And there are memories that never die,
In the old days.

ORIGINAL FICTION

GIGLIO

BY MINNIE GILMORE

I.

She had been christened Marah.

"Marah!" cried the priest, when they told him. "Do not call her Marah, my children—Marah, meaning bitterness. Call her, rather, by that sweetest of woman-names, Mary."

"It is bitter to be a woman," her mother had answered. "Marah is the name for the woman-child."

So the child was christened Marah.

But the troupe, in their soft Italian, called her Giglio—Lily.

II.

She was a flower-like little creature, as the Italians, with their poet-eyes, had seen when they named her—a lily-like little creature, in truth.

For her soul looked from her eyes like a lily from blue waters, and her hair was gold as the lily's stamens, and her face fair as the lily's petals; and her childish form had the grace of a young lily, swaying lithely on its slender stalk.

And as for the rest, her little feet were light and swift as the wings of a young bird skimming along May-morning meadows; and her hands were tinted as tiny sea-shells, with a warm pulse throbbing in each pink palm, just as the childish heart was throbbing in the little warm child-breast; and her mouth, with its dewy lips, was like a small, cleft crimson rose-bud, and her breath was the breath of morning, cool and pure and sweet.

A flower-like little creature,—but, ah, a flower is one thing, and a little human

child is another; and alas for the child, and thrice alas for the woman-child, whom men call a flower!

For the human weed attains its bloom; but the human flower, never!

Always, a man loves the white bud; always, a man plucks and wears it,—

For a day, an hour.

III.

She was the daughter of the *impresario* of the troupe. Her mother had died while she was still a baby. The *impresario* was rich and famous and handsome. Many women had looked upon him with gracious eyes.

"He is a man," they smiled. "He will love again."

But the years went on, and he did not love again.

"If it were not for the little Marah—the women began to sigh, shrugging their white shoulders.

For they thought that the little Marah held him from them,—all save one fair woman, by love and pain made wise.

"Not the little Marah," she told them, "but the little Marah's mother—"

But they interrupted her with light laughs. "The little Marah's mother is dead," they cried; "and to be dead is to be forgotten."

"Not always," murmured the one wise woman, softly. "Not always."

"Always, always, always," laughed the women, who, in their way, were right.

For the living are all, and the dead, nothing; and as for the rose of love—cherish it while it lives; but when it is

dead, fling it away,—trample it into the dust.

This is the way of the world.

IV.

The little Marah's mother had been a great artist,—the child, born and cradled in the artist-world. The first stars she had ever seen were the glittering foot-lights, framing in fire the stage of the great La Scala. But she did not remember them, though their flame had burned their brand on her child-soul. When she was old enough to remember, she saw only God's night-stars, shining like angel-eyes above a little rose-hedged villa.

For the *impresario* did not mean his little Marah to be an artist if he could prevent it; did not mean her to know the struggle and pant and throb of the sensitive, restless, passionate artist-soul; the rapture of genius,—its rapture and, ah, its pain!

So he left the little Marah in the villa by the roses, just as we leave the young rose on the bush, to bud and blossom; just as we leave the young bird to sing its songs, and flutter its fledgeling-wings, in the nest.

And the little Marah, after all, was bird as well as flower; just a little fledgeling human bird, with the heart of the bird in her breast, and the song of the bird in her throat, and the wings of the bird in her soul.

The heart of the bird in her breast,—how it thrilled, and throbbed, and quivered; the song of the bird in her throat,—how it swelled and strained and started; the wings of the bird in her soul,—how they stirred, and spread, and soared,—always up, up, up,—always skyward, Godward, heavenward!

Oh, the wings of the bird in the soul! Oh, the heavenward flights of the young, and pure, and innocent! The beautiful joy in the heart, the wonderful light in the soul, the rapturous thrill in the body!

The little Marah tried to tell them all.

For to try to speak the unspeakable, as the fledgeling bird struggles to sing before it has found its voice,—this is youth, and purity, and innocence.

When the soul sinks to silence, as the

spent bird sobs its death-note, and is still,—that is age, and sin, and knowledge.

So the little Marah strove to speak; but the wise folk only shook their heads, and said:

"The little Marah dreams too much. Dreams are not true; and all are dreams save the birds and roses."

But the little Marah, too, could shake her head, her golden head, against their gray.

Dreams were feathers from the wings of the sleep-angels that rocked her all the night!

But her beautiful, day-long visions, born of the wonder and joy of life, and youth, and flesh, and spirit,—these were not dreams, as she knew quite well.

She, and the birds, and the roses, and—Prince Papa.

V.

"Prince Papa?" laughed the wise folk. "Every woman, in her life, crowns one man prince; but he is never Prince Papa, little Marah—never Prince Papa!"

But the little Marah did not understand. How could she? Her time had not yet come.

Yes, Prince Papa knew; Prince Papa knew everything,—how little children came down from heaven on the wings of the night-angels, while the wise folk slept, and only God looked on; how the little birds broke from the eggs, like roses from their buds, after the wonderful spring-night when the Moon-Man, flashing from nest to nest like a great gold eagle, had dropped the eggs of the moon-birds under the mother-bird's wing—the how and why of all that puzzled her,—yes, Prince Papa knew everything.

Even what the pain was that made her press her hand to the watch that was always ticking, ticking, ticking, in her little warm, white breast.

For subtly, slowly, surely, a pain had come to the heart of the little Marah, as pain always comes to the joy of youth, surely as a cloud to the sun, as a thorn to the rose, as a hush to the bird's glad song; and over her life fell a brooding April shadow, and into her heart crept a tiny, dull, deep prick.

Roses, roses everywhere! And the

roses wept only dews ; but the little Marah wept human tears.

Why? Ah, she did not know. If she had known, the prick would not have hurt her.

The mystery of suffering,—this is its pain.

But Prince Papa knew why the little Marah wept, though he did not tell her. If he did not tell her, he hoped that she might never know ; and she should not know if he could prevent it.

Not if he could prevent it. But he knew that he could not prevent it, if her soul spoke.

For the artist-soul will force its way through common life to art, as the sun burns its way through the sky, as the rose strains from its sheath to the sun, as the bird wings its way to heaven.

With this difference,—that the sun and the rose and bird gain their goals, and are happy ; but the gain of the artist is ever the loss of the man and woman, and the cost of the artist's laurels is the man's and woman's rue.

So Prince Papa would have spared his little Marah the pain that is price of genius ;—but he could not spare her, though he was a man, and she only a small, frail woman-child.

For of the woman-flesh, man, indeed, is master. It is his toy, and slave, and captive ; and its fate is what he wills.

But the woman-soul is God's only, and whither he bids it it must go ; though the might of all men stand against it, and it be only the soul of a small, frail woman-child.

So day by day, and night by night, and season by season, as the roses bloomed, and the bird-songs swelled, and the bird-wings strengthened, the prick in the little Marah's heart pricked deeper ; and at last she knew, though Prince Papa had not told her, that something was stirring inside her heart, just as the bud of the rose stirs, shut in its close green calyx ; just as the baby-bird stirs, under the mother-bird's wing.

What was it, oh, what was it? A rose whose thorn had pricked its way in there, or a little bird that was pecking its way out, or a little star that must burn its way through—?

Or—or—?

VI.

The little Marah was ten years old.

She knew, now, that birds stay in nests, and roses on the bush, and stars in the sky ; and that when something stirs in a little human heart, it is more than star, or bird, or flower.

Was it a grand prayer she would some day pray? or a great thought she would some day think? or a brave deed she would some day do? or a true tale she would some day tell? Or was it, was it—the childish breath came quicker—was it a sweet song she would some day sing?

To sing,—this was what the little Marah had waited to do, just as the bud of the rose waits to bloom, just as the wings of the bird wait to soar, all her childish life.

"To sing,—that is not much," said the wise folk ; and sang to her—in their way.

"To sing,—that is easy," laughed the children ; and sang to her—in their way.

"To sing,—that is nothing," trilled the birds ; and sang to her—in their way.

But not the wise folk's way, nor the children's way, nor even the birds' way, was the little Marah's way.

Only her heart sang in her way, when the world slept, and the angels watched with their starry eyes, and she bent her ear to her breast, and listened.

Would her voice ever sing the song of her heart, as the wind sings the song of night, as the waves sing the song of the sea, as the angels sing the song of heaven? Oh, would it, would it?

"Some day," the wise folk began to whisper, "the little Marah will be a great singer."

A great singer! A great singer!

Oh, beautiful, blissful, rapturous day! When would it come?

VII.

The struggle and pant and throb of the sensitive, restless, passionate artist-soul, the rapture and pain of genius,—the little Marah must know them all! It was fate ; and Prince Papa no longer resisted.

For to resist fate is to be a bird beating its life out against the bars of its cage.

While to submit to fate is to be caged still, indeed, but to find in the cage seed,

and sugar, and water; and mayhap to catch through the bars a sight of the woodlands, a ray of the sunlight, a breath of the wind.

So the wise bird sings in its cage; and if it be a home-sick song, a heart-sick song, a soul-sick song, it is all the sweeter.

And for a man to make the best of fate,—for his lip to smile though his heart be breaking,—this is wisdom.

And Prince Papa was wise; so he took the little Marah's hand in his, and said, as they went forth together,

"The beautiful, terrible, rapturous, torturing thing in the little white breast is genius. As well first as last, my little Marah. We cannot hold the rose from the sun, nor the bird from the open."

So the little Marah was led, at last, toward the beautiful world of art, where her unled soul had found its way before her.

And she was no longer Marah, but always Giglio.

Giglio,—Lily; a little human flower, as the Italians said.

VIII.

"My name is Marah," she told them. "Why do you call me Giglio?"

"Because we are fools, *ma petite*," laughed the bold-eyed prima donna, "and forget that no lilies are left—on the virgin stem!"

"Because you have the smell of the fields," sneered the contralto, upon whose musk-perfumed lips cigarette and wine blended their scents as she spoke.

"Because mademoiselle toils not, neither does she spin," sighed a weary-eyed ballet-girl, covering her pallor with a mask of rouge.

"Because Giglio means a sweet, white, virgin flower, that all men wish to pluck and wear," whispered the dark-faced baritone, bending toward her with eager lips.

But she shrank from him,—she knew not why,—and stole away to think it over.

Why did they call her Giglio? They had told her, but she did not understand.

Giglio,—Giglio! It was a soft, sweet, pretty name.

But, alas, her true name was not Giglio, but only Marah.

Marah,—bitterness!

IX.

The footlights, and the stage, and the great orchestra.

The music was like the sea, mused the little Marah,—and like the wind, and like the birds, and like her own heart; each voice separate and distinct, yet softly meeting, and commingling; and the voices of the singers were like the voices of the angels, as she had heard them in her wing-rocked dreams.

So her eyes were very wide and dark, with a beautiful tremulous light in them; and her cheeks rose-flushed, and her little curled lips glowing and quivering as they would glow and quiver, later, only when the one kiss of all kisses should burn upon them; and in her breast, her thrilled child-heart was panting; and her pulses throbbed like tiny hammers, white-hot in some fairy forge.

And when the opera was ended, and behind the scenes the artists asked her verdict on their "Faust," she gazed at them for one mute moment, and then hid her face on Prince Papa's heart, and sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed.

"But she has of the sentiment,—the little Giglio!" smiled the singers to one another.

And they kissed the little throbbing, pink-palmed hand, and went their way.

All save the Signor Sylvio!

X.

The Signor Sylvio was the *tenore* of the troupe,—the "silver-voiced tenor," Fame called him. But the silver voice was not all.

For the Signor Sylvio was young, and strong, and beautiful; and to have youth and strength and beauty, and a silver voice as well, is to be a man among men, indeed,—

And a god among women.

To be a god among women,—that is, to hold their hearts in hand, as Pan held the river-reeds; to hack them, and hew them, to draw their pith, and then to

laugh, laugh, laugh at the poor, dry, empty things!

For Pan was the father of men,—Pan, half-god and half-beast,—Pan, pursuer of Syrinx.

But Pan was god first, and beast after.

And man is beast first, and only man after.

And to make a poet out of a man,—that was the work of Pan.

But to make a toy out of a living, loving, shuddering woman-heart,—this is the work of man.

And the Signor Sylvio, despite his youth, and strength, and beauty, and his silver voice, was only a man.

Only a man among men,—but a god among women.

And the little Giglio was a woman-child.

XI.

Across the footlights he had sung to her,—to the wide child-eyes, with the beautiful, tremulous light in them; to the glowing, quivering child-lips; to the thrilled child-breast panting with the rapture and pain of the artist-soul within it; above all, to the pure child-soul, budding from her eyes like a lily from blue waters.

All about her were beautiful women with smiling eyes, and luring lips, and bared white throats and shoulders; but, for once, the Signor Sylvio did not see them.

He saw only the pure-souled child, set among them like a pearl among rubies, like a lily among burning passion-flowers.

So across the footlights he had sung to her, and across the footlights she had listened.

And in the wide child-eyes, and quivering child-lips, and panting, thrilled child-breast, the Signor Sylvio had seen—what he had seen!—an old, old sight to the Signor Sylvio, yet ever new and sweet.

So when the troupe had kissed the little pink-palmed hand and gone their way, the Signor Sylvio lingered.

And he smiled on the little Giglio with his soft, dark eyes, and laid his caressing

hand on her hair; and asked, in his silver voice that had stirred the heart of the child, as the wind and the tide stir the lilies.

"The tears,—are they only for the music, little Giglio?"

And the child, with her roused soul flashing from her eyes as the sun-warmed lily bursts from bud to blossom, answered softly, so softly that he bowed his beautiful head to hear her,

"For the music, and for the pain in my heart, and for the song in my throat, and for—for you, signor, you!"

"She is only a child, signor," laughed Prince Papa.

Yes, only a child, the little Giglio; only a—woman-child.

But the heart of the child is the woman-heart.

And the Signor Sylvio knew it.

XII.

The little Giglio was dreaming. She was always dreaming, the Italians said.

The dream of a child,—who knows it? An angel-dream, men call it; and it is white-winged, yes, and its flight is heavenward; but between the wings pant a human heart and soul.

A flower-dream, sing the poets; but the child-dream is not the flower-dream; for the dream of the flower is of song and sunshine, but the dream of the child knows shadow and silence; and the death of the sunshine is the death of the flower. But to die with its dream,—that is only for the flower. The human child buries his dream, and lives on.

There was so much for the little Giglio to dream of, so much, so much.

The sky, and the birds, and the flowers.

The sky,—was it the angels' garden, and the rainbow the beautiful road to it, and the sun its great golden rose, and the moon its lily, and the stars all its little wild-flowers?

When the wind blew, were the dream-angels rocking good children in their beautiful white wings? and when it rained, were the star-flowers shaking the dew from their bright petals? and when

it snowed, were the snow-flakes the baby-doves of heaven, sinking to earth as they tried their fledgeling wings?

The birds,—what was the joy within them, that they were always singing, singing? Where did they go, when they flew where her eyes could not follow them, and what did they strain to tell, when they fluttered back, liting their happy songs, and blinking their bright eyes at her, and waving their wings like little beckoning hands?

The flowers,—what were they dreaming, blushing, always blushing, on their tremulous young stems? Did the wind and the sunshine love them? Were the dews the tears of the flowers?

And were her tears the dews of her heart?

There was so much to dream of, so much, so much. The skies, and the birds, and the flowers—

And there was herself!

What was it to live, and what was life? and was it all just to live, and then, not to live; and then,—nothing?

And if this were all, what was the worth of it?

And if this were not all, what was the rest?

Was the rest only one of the dreams against which the wise folk warned her, and how was she to know the dream from the reality, she had dreamed so much?

Was it a dream, or was it reality,—all her beautiful, joyous life among the birds and roses; its peaceful nights rocked in the wings of the dream-angels; its day-long visions, born of the wonder and joy of life, and youth, and flesh, and spirit,—their light in her soul, their joy in her heart, their bliss in her body?

Was it a dream,—the pain in her heart, the song in her throat, the soul in her flesh like a white flower in the soil, that strained heavenward, and thrilled earthward, loving both and yearning both, as a bird between sky and meadow hovers with open wings?

And, oh, above all,—was it reality, or only her sweet, fond, fleeting childish dream, that somewhere beneath the sun, somewhere within her own little life, aye, even within her own child-breast, was a

world not all of earth, nor yet all heaven, nor even all beautiful song; but where earth and heaven and song all met and mingled, as the sky and the earth and the bird commingle, when its wings just reach the horizon-rim?

She did not know the name of that world, but only to dream that there was such a world, was wisdom beyond her youth.

But genius tells one all things,—all the secrets of life and death and immortality, and of love that is all three; yes, even in youth.

A dream? Ah, no! That mystical world whose name you know not yet, little Giglio,—the beautiful world of love,—is the one reality of life!

XIII.

"Always, it is the soul that is green, and the voice ripe," said the old *maestro*. "But with the little Giglio, it is different. Her soul is ripe as a rose in the summer. When the green voice ripens, you shall hear."

"A ripe rose on a green stem is to be feared," said one, "lest the stem break."

"She is only a child," laughed Prince Papa, lightly.

"Yes, only a child," smiled the Signor Sylvio, "only a woman-child." And he smiled again, more softly.

"I am only a child," sighed the little Giglio, and pressed her cheek more closely to the beautiful signor's knee.

"To be a child, to be a man, to be a woman, is what?" she asked him.

"To be a child," said the Signor Sylvio, "is to be happy; to be a man, is to seek happiness; to be a woman, is to mistake unhappiness for happiness, and to learn her mistake—too late."

"But I do not understand," cried the little Giglio; "and when I do not understand, it is to my heart like a pin to my body. It pricks, and pricks, and pricks, deeper and deeper; and I think of it at first a little; and then, much; and then, of nothing else; and the tears well from my eyes, like white blood from a wound. But when I understand, then the prick and tears go; and the little wound heals over."

"But women say, my little Giglio, that the woman's heritage is a life-long wound that only death heals over."

"But who makes the wound, and where?"

"Always a man makes it; and on the white breast, just above the heart."

"And what is the wound's name, my signor?"

"*Cara mia*,—Love!"

XIV.

Love.

"What is love?" asked the little Giglio.

"Ask *il signore*," they answered, and smiled at her,—even Prince Papa.

For she was only a child, the little Giglio,—only a child.

But she did not ask the signor, though she was only a child.

Why not, little Giglio?

Ah, she was only a child,—she did not know!

But the signor knew, as all men know love when they see it; whether it be the rose of love in the soul of a woman, or only the bud of love in the heart of the little woman-child.

So the signor answered, though she had not asked him.

"What love is, little Giglio," he whispered, "may be told best in song."

So the signor sang it.

Love is a sprite whose mystic art
Deals dual wound with single dart.
In man's and maiden's kindred heart,—
In kindred heart.

Love is a star that flees the skies.
To shine a space in human eyes.
And light the way to Paradise.—
To Paradise.

Love is a bird of snowy wing.
From height divine sent fluttering.
Within the human heart to sing.—
In heart to sing.

Love is a rose on youth's bold breast;
A lily pure as angels' quest
When virgin-heart is Love's white nest,—
Is Love's white nest.

Love is a tide of endless flow.
The sea-tides come, the sea-tides go;
But tide of Love ebbs not, ah, no!—
Ah, no! ah, no!

Love is a dream that mocks compare,
The sweetest dream of earth and air,
And sky and sea and elsewhere,—
And elsewhere.

Love is a flame that flickereth
Beyond the span of mortal breath.
Love is all life, Love is all death,—
All life, all death!

The little Giglio breathed a long sigh.
"Love is all life, Love is all death!"
she murmured. "I shall remember."
And went back to her dreaming.

XV.

The Signor Sylvio stared at the stars.
and dreamed with wakeful eyes; for the
signor could dream, too.

To dream,—this is the first gift of the
artist-soul.

For the artist is dreamer first, and
artist after, just as the rose is first the
seed, and then the bud, and then the per-
fect flower.

But, ah, not every bud fulfills its prom-
ise; and dreams are many, but fruitions
few,—fewest of all, of dreams of song.

For pens and chisels and brushes and
lutes are common things, but the sing-
ing-voice is rare.

So the dreamers of song are many,—
who sing their dreams, few.

But the signor could sing his dream,—
aye, all his dream, and more than his
dream; and this is genius,—to make a
poem of a word, a song of a note, all hues
of one tint, all dreams of one dream,—
to be just one man, and yet all men.

And all men are in one man,—only, it
is genius to know it.

And the signor had genius, as he had
voice, and youth, and strength, and
beauty, and all the divine gifts that are
withheld from the many, and showered
upon the few.

And the signor stared at the stars, and
dreamed on.

Over the way, the little Giglio slum-
bered, rocked in the wings of the dream-
angels. She stirred in her sleep, and
murmured, "Love, love, love!"

Love!

The signor smiled, and stared at the
stars. He knew love well, the Signor
Sylvio; none knew it better.

Far, far back, the signor's loves had begun; back in the years when beautiful ladies had smiled on him, a poet-faced boy, singing with the soul of a man and the voice of an angel, beneath the Italian olives.

The signor stared at the stars. He was wakeful.

The applause of a great audience was ringing in his ears; the harmonies of a grand orchestra surged about him; and above both rose his own silver voice, as it had welled from his soul a few hours before, swelling and swaying as the tide sways, flowing from the sonorous sea.

But of the ships that yield to the tide, how many go down in the sea!

And with them who had yielded their souls to his spell,—how was it?

Ah, he knew, he knew! As he had known since he had been the little lad with the poet-face, singing his first love's heart away, beneath the Italian olives.

The signor stared at the stars, and his eyes were smiling.

For, humanly speaking, genius is the divinest joy of the soul, and love the divinest joy of the heart, and beauty the divinest joy of the body,—and the signor had all three.

And he loved his genius; and he loved his beauty; and to-night, just while the stars were shining, he loved love even more.

For of all the loves of his life there were three loves sweetest, and of these three he was dreaming now.

Of his first love,—hourly-eyed, lotus-lipped, Murillo-tinted; beautiful, yes,—but only a beautiful peasant, like whom there are many.

Of his new love, a fair, proud, noble lady, like whom there were few.

And of his child-love, slumbering over the way, rocked in the wings of the dream-angels,—the little Giglio, like whom there were none.

And the signor smiled, and stared at the stars.

Dream on while you may, little Giglio,—dream on, dream on!

For the wings of the dream-angels are tender, and only tender.

But, oh, strong, and fierce, and cruel are the arms of the tenderest human love!

XVI.

The little Giglio was twelve years old. "Twelve, twelve! Twelve, twelve!" ticked the little birthday watch under her cheek, where, as she slept, Prince Papa had tiptoed in, to place it.

"Twelve, twelve! Twelve, twelve!" ticked the watch in her breast. "A wonderful thing to be twelve! A beautiful thing to be twelve! A perfect thing to be twelve! Twelve, twelve! Twelve, twelve! Giglio is twelve years old!"

"She is only a child, my little Giglio,—only a child," mused Prince Papa.

"She is only a child," smiled the Signor Sylvio, as he gave her twelve birthday kisses,—"only a child,—the little Giglio. She will soon forget!"

And in a frame of twelve great pearls (and two of the pearls were heart-shaped, and linked by a diamond-thread in a love-knot, and sealed with a single ruby), he gave her a miniature of his beautiful face,—lest she should forget too soon.

For always it is the man who forgets, and the woman who is forgotten; and that even a woman-child should forget first,—what man could suffer that?

And now the day was ended, and the birthday watch had ticked its "Twelve, twelve! Twelve, twelve!" through its twice-twelve happy hours; but the little Giglio was wakeful still, for she had not yet thanked the signor.

And to thank the man for pain, as the dog fawns upon the hand that smites it, is the woman's instinct; even the woman-child's.

So she stole out of bed, all a tangle of pink feet, and white limbs, and dainty lace and linen, and flushed cheeks, and wide, dark eyes, and floating golden hair; and clasping the signor's gift in her hand, opened the door, and sped down the dark corridor to the brilliant supper-room, where every night Prince Papa and the signor smoked together.

But to-night Prince Papa smoked alone.

XVII.

Very fondly and tenderly he took her in his arms, and pressed her little face against his breast.

"The signor is gone, my Giglio," he said. "He gave you his picture, that you might not forget him. His twelve long birthday kisses were his farewell."

A sudden tremor thrilled the childish form; but the brave lips kept their smile.

"My signor gone, Prince Papa? But where? And when is he coming back?"

"Gone far away, my Giglio, to a beautiful lady who loves him. And he is not coming back;—not ever any more."

The childish form no longer trembled. On the little white bosom the fluttering lace was still. Only her paling lips stirred.

"Not ever any more," they whispered; "not—ever—any—more!"

And against her breast, where the picture nestled, one of the heart-shaped pearls was broken, and the diamond love-knot snapped; and the ruby glowed in the ruin, like a drop of red life-blood.

"Perhaps—some day—" began Prince Papa, repenting his abruptness.

But he broke off, confusedly, for of a sudden the child-eyes challenged him, child-eyes no longer, to be blinded and deceived; but woman-eyes, that looked upon the truth.

Yet he tried once more, in his love, and pain, and pity,—

"Perhaps—some day—"

"Not ever any more!" interrupted the little white lips; and moaned, and shuddered,—and were still.

XVIII.

To her small white bed she went back slowly. Through the window, the round moon watched her; but she did not see it, though its smile illumed her face.

"Gone—gone—gone—"

"To a beautiful lady who loves him,—"

"To come back—not ever any more—not ever any more—not ever any more!"

To and fro, to and fro, her head tossed on its pillow.

Her golden curls shimmered in the moonlight; her tearless eyes were bright.

Suddenly she rose, and groped her way to the window. She saw the moon now, through a blurring mist that chilled and closed about her,—it was big and

bright, like a great gold lamp; only its light was so still and pale and cold.

Cold, cold, cold, like her heart!

She took the picture from her breast, and looked at it long and mutely. She did not see the broken pearl, nor the snapped love-knot, nor the blood-red ruby; she saw only the beautiful smiling face!

And he was gone—far away—to a beautiful lady who loved him,—and he was coming back—not ever any more,—not—ever—any—more!

As she swayed back to bed, the moonlight followed her. It shone on her golden hair, on her flower-face, on her childish breast with the picture pressed against it; on her little fair child-limbs.

The night-wind fluttered toward her. She shivered as its dank wing brushed her, and her pale lips stirred once more.

"Love is all life, Love is all death!" they murmured.

She had remembered.

XIX.

Prince Papa, listening at the door for sigh or sob, and hearing neither, turned away with a smile.

"She is only a child," he thought; "and she will soon forget."

"She is only a child," smiled the Signor Sylvio, whispering of her, between his kisses, to his new-made bride.

But over the bride's fair face passed a shadow; and over her lips a sigh.

Ah, she was a woman,—she knew; she knew!

Yes, she was only a child, the little Giglio; a child beloved of the dream-angels, who rocked her in their wings so softly that she did not wake,—this side of golden heaven!

"Giglio!" moaned Prince Papa, the next morning. "My little Giglio!"

But she did not answer him. Why should she? Only a flower is Giglio; and she, with the soul of genius, and the heart of passion, and the throat of song, had been no flower; but just a little, loving, tender, human child.

A woman-child.

And the name of the woman-child is Marah,—bitterness.

WHO HATH SINNED?*

THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

CHAPTER X.

We followed her instructions to the letter. Doctor Heine was told sufficient to enable him to act intelligently. He promised the protection of a home to Ruth, and his wife would gladly have taken charge of the child if it had been necessary, so deep was their sympathy for the young mother. He notified Davis to vacate the rooms at once. Mr. Noel and myself released the furniture from mortgage, and had it removed to a comfortable room in a distant portion of the city, whither Mr. Noel accompanied Davis. He undertook to persuade Mr. Noel to use his influence with Ruth, but finding that all his plausibility was now in vain he submitted quietly.

As soon, however, as her father left the city he began to harass Ruth with letters, some pleading, others threatening; but she was firm in her resolve not to answer him. He was correct, however, in the surmise that they would have the effect of unnerving her and keeping her in a state bordering upon frenzy. At last she resolved not to open his letters, but return them to him. These things I learned long afterward, as I held no communication with her. I met Dr. Heine or his son by appointment to learn of her, but they were both as ignorant of her thoughts and feelings as though they never saw her. She never spoke her husband's name. But they reported her as unable to eat or sleep for so many days that we all feared for her safety.

Work poured in, for Mr. Heine and I took specimens of her writing to different lawyers, judges, and others who required this kind of service. It was remarkable what she accomplished. Were I to give the figures, I do not believe they

would be credited by persons who do not know me. Dr. Heine insisted that she remove to her old rooms on the second floor. The front room had been well furnished, and there she would have the needed light and cheerfulness. She worked heroically day and night, Sundays as well as week-days when occasion demanded. I learned, too, that she at times sent money to Davis, and provided him with shelter and food that bitter winter.

The next summer she withdrew her support, and he at once obtained employment from a street contractor to drive a team, and he would take pains to pass her window three and four times a day in the garb of a common day-laborer. It was a great shock to her, Dr. Heine said, at first, but she moved her desk, and put up a sash curtain.

She hoarded her earnings with a miser's care, stinting herself in all those matters of dress and surroundings which usually mean so much to women, but her child was bountifully supplied with clothes and toys.

Now it was that Mr. Heine took me to see some land in which he was interested. He wanted Ruth to purchase several acres, and after mastering the details of his plan, I wrote her a letter, encouraging her to make the purchase, as, if he was correct in his views, she must realize handsomely at no very distant day on the investment. Mr. Heine was deeply interested in this silent, lonely, persevering woman, who, like the coral insect, was rearing a reef in the midst of an ocean of sorrow and suffering that should inspire other women who might see it.

Her energy seemed to know no bounds. She kept up her studies; she learned German and now spoke to the

old couple in their mother tongue, and she even formed classes of Germans to whom she taught English. She had also a great faculty for designing pictures for book illustrations, and young artists with more hand than soul found her help invaluable.

Thus days, months, years rolled on. I never saw Ruth, never heard from her directly. I knew she was quite independent now, having paid for her land with her steadily increasing earnings.

The winter of 18— set in with unusual severity. Early in the season small-pox became epidemic, and the medical profession was taxed to its utmost in battling with the terrible scourge. Thousands were stricken down, and the fatality was something fearful. Davis continued to drive his wagon-load of rock or dirt down the street Ruth lived on, for it seemed that was the only occupation he ever had, and that portion of the city was being greatly improved during those years. Soon after the epidemic reached its height she learned that his wagon had ceased to pass the door. The calm exterior now changed, Dr. Heine told me, to a nervous anxiety, until at last one morning he saw her leave the house hurriedly. About noon he received a note from her, stating that she had found Davis dangerously ill. Medical aid proved unavailing. Long continued dissipation and exposure had done their work. He died within three days, begging his wife's forgiveness.

"God forgive—God have mercy upon us all." She heard him say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and the well-spring of her tears was opened, the flood-gates burst.

She was not sorry he was gone, for she believed his taking-off was a merciful providence, although she wished then that it had been possible for her to have spent with him the long term they had been separated.

We accompanied her to the cemetery; and then for the first time in several years I re-entered the home hallowed by her sorrow and suffering; no, hallowed by her unswerving faith in Divine Providence and by her assurances of overshadowing and all-sufficient grace.

I made a thorough examination of the body of Davis before interment, never having had opportunity to do so in life. I found him to be a rare specimen of bodily symmetry,—by every physical measurement perfect. Phrenologically, he was entirely lacking in veneration, self-esteem, and self-respect. His heavy, curling hair had hidden these defects. Animality was large, energy, according to the science of sarcognomy, small.

CHAPTER XI.

The next year Ruth brought her boy, a beautiful child of seven years, to the city, resumed her abode with the Heines, and put him in school. The old folks were quite happy in her joy, and now Ruth's health improved. She had never been robust, but heroic work made her strong in all that counts as true strength, and I rejoiced with her as she triumphantly presented Adiel to me.

How strangely like the father he was, the same form and feature, cast in the more delicate physical mold of the mother.

He disliked the city, and pleaded to return to his grandparents; but this prejudice was overcome by his love for his mother, the interest he soon took in his school, his love for his new playmates, the many devices good old Mrs. Heine and the doctor used to entertain him. He was a good child, and perhaps the brightest I have ever known; but he had, I soon discovered, a peculiar disposition, and was willful to a degree, but easily reasoned or laughed into accepting the views of others; he had a wholesome respect for his mother's authority, and yielded to all her wishes.

If he had his heart set upon a thing she did not wish him to do, she explained to him the objections; to which he would stoutly answer, "Other boys do it."

"Not boys who have careful mammas who watch over them and love them as I do you."

A boy's death from drowning put him into a philosophical mood, and he said:

"Mamma, if he had been your boy he would not have been drowned. You would not have let him go."

She humored him in everything that

would give him harmless pleasure. She took pains to teach him the love of truth for truth's sake, and of right for its own reward, not through fear.

Let those who do not believe in the influence of mind over matter note this case. Ruth was a bright, joyous woman once more. Her visits to her parents were like gleams of sunshine; but she cared nothing for society,—her home, her family, and her boy made her world. Those who had supplied her with employment took great interest in her boy, though few of them had ever seen her. Adiel, naturally talented, became something of a prodigy, and at fifteen was as precocious as his mother had been at that age, with far more experience, which came from his city life.

When he was old enough to engage in business, she cast about for a proper vocation for him. Appealing to me, I told her what I thought were his natural inclinations, which he afterward verified. I did not tell her, I could not then, the danger that also lay in wait for him.

It was not an easy task for me to see her. She was always busy, but Adiel called upon me at intervals. When the time came for him to choose a business he came to me. He said his teachers thought he had better remain in school, but his mamma favored a practical education. I knew that Ruth wanted to avoid in the child the blunders that, as she supposed, had been made with the father, who had a collegiate education and no practical knowledge. He said Mr. Heine wanted him in his business, and a lawyer would take him in his office.

"How do you feel about the matter yourself, Adiel?" I asked the manly boy.

"I feel perfectly willing to abide by the decision of my mother and her good friends, feeling sure they cannot err, and I might. I love my studies, as you know, and am fond of my teachers. They say that, if it is not necessary for me to go into business so young, they are sure I would make good use of a few years in college."

"Very true; but if I understand you, you will continue to study after you leave school, as well as make practical use of

what you have already learned in school?"

"That is my intention."

"Besides, you have the blessing of a good mother, who is well educated and continues her studies. I take it there will be no great mistake made however you decide," I said, laying my hand upon his shoulder and passing it down his arm.

"You will find a muscle there," he said, with some pride. "I am built for work."

"Let us see," I said.

He drew off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and very soon I had him bare to the waist.

"Yes," I said; "you are a well-developed boy, almost a man. If you use this great power for good you will be a great man. I need not tell you that such energies turned in the wrong channel would mean destruction."

I put my hand upon his head.

"What is the matter?" he said.

I did not know that my face betrayed my emotion. Alas, if science were true, the boy's moral power was weak in comparison with his great energies and his love of company and excitement.

He entered a large business house, and in less than a year was making all their city collections. His love of work, his punctuality and accuracy, and his cheerful, bright face made him a general favorite, and I heard words of praise on every side, for in his business he made an extensive acquaintance. A flowery path seemed opened before him, for he was in great demand, as such promising boys always are; but he continued in his first employer's office, beginning the second year as bookkeeper. I got acquainted with his employer, being so much interested in this young employee. He told me that he intended putting him through the business from the foundation to the top. When he became twenty-one he would make him a junior partner.

"You see he went unscathed through the fiery ordeal of collector. When a boy does that you may safely trust him anywhere. I have never known this test to fail. Before Adiel came to me I had made several expensive experiments, and

had the sorrow of seeing two promising boys fall under the great temptation; but Adiel seemed never to have been tempted, so high is his sense of honesty, so pure and strong his home influence."

Thus time went on; our Adiel was our pride, our joy. I say "our," for I know that every one who had heard of his mother's sad life and heroic work rejoiced with her in possession of such a treasure in her only boy. With rapid strides he reached the position of junior partner and business manager, and he became known all over the country. He often laughed as he told me of the surprise of business men upon whom he called in various large cities, who expected to see a bearded, middle-aged man, but when he appeared they welcomed him with wondering enthusiasm.

Nothing made him vain. He was reticent and backward, except when talking of business; then he forgot himself, his natural bashfulness fled like a mist before a sunburst, and his earnestness swept everything before it. The firm, always substantial, strengthened, and grew in popularity and influence. In acknowledgment of his ability every honor was thrust upon him.

He was strong physically, though not so large as his father, although equally well proportioned. He had a frank, open countenance, a keen, fine eye, and a sunny, hopeful nature.

One characteristic gave me uneasiness. His hand, though smaller, was the exact reproduction of his father's, even to the nails. I have never known this peculiar rule to fail, that the child's hands are like those of the parent from whom he inherits most.

But in Adiel I could see no resemblance to the father beyond the points I have described. I hoped that environment would modify any adverse tendency. Besides, I remembered that I had been told his father was a good boy, and I knew he was an educated man. I further knew that Adiel's mother had inherited the finest traits of both her parents, and trusted the same would prove true of her son.

As time passed and Adiel neared his

majority, he became equally popular in society. He was a church-member, and was a great favorite with young and old, men and women. I remember his first sweetheart was a charming girl about his own age. He was very much in love, he told me; but there were so many bright eyes shining upon him then, it was hard to make up his mind. His mother laughed at him, and told him that the love of nineteen was forgotten at twenty. I believe now that, had he married that girl, his life would have been different; but in the gay throng that gathered around him, with his ambition to succeed, he did not give the serious attention to this matter that he might have done under different circumstances.

One thing I noted was that he had no responsibility. His mother made home pleasant for him the few days he spent there, for he was absent traveling most of the time. The senior partner carried all responsibility, believing Adiel had enough to do to get business. When he came home from his trips his desk was literally snowed under with billets-doux and invitations. Sometimes his mother expressed the wish that he could rest at home and be her own for a while, but she could not, would not be selfish, and keep him from what seemed a needed social recreation.

She sold some of her lots, and to please her son moved into a fashionable portion of the city. The Heines went with her, and kept house under the new arrangement as before. She could rest now. She handled her son's money during his minority, and invested it well, so that when he became of age he had quite a handsome little fortune.

About this time his health began to fail. I was his physician. He rallied from a spell of fever, and his untiring energy drew him again into the busy field of action, for it was harvest time in his line of business. I remembered his mother's untiring energy and her fine constitution, but I saw his danger and warned him.

Strange enough, his mother's health became poor at the same time, but she was hopeful, and, smiling, said:

"How fortunate for me that I can afford to rest. What should I have done had this come upon me before."

She did not write to Adiel of her failing health, nor did he ever tell her that he was not so strong. His was a brave heart, so like her own.

I now perceived the development of that quality of mind I had long watched and waited for, but which did not appear to any marked degree, at least to my knowledge, while her health was good. She had peculiar dreams that invariably came true.

I called one morning and found her nervous and ill.

"Doctor," she said, "I have had the most fearful dream; it was like no other dream I ever had."

"Tell it to me," I said, putting my fingers on her pulse.

"I was in a strange room," describing the furniture minutely; "I saw Adiel lying in bed. On a table beside him were bottles, not of medicine, but beer. I awoke. I was frantic with grief. I slept and dreamed of seeing him very angry with his partner. His face was flushed and I realized he was excited with wine. He said bitter things. I saw him associating with a bold, bad woman, much older than himself, with a showy dress, bare arms and neck. The impression of the dream is the most vivid experience of my life. I cannot realize that it is not true."

I calmed her fears, and told her dreams went by contraries, but I was troubled too. I made a note of the time she had the dream. I knew that there was a closer sympathy between this mother and child than often occurred. He was a part of her life; a higher development of her soul came at his birth. Her undeveloped character before his birth had given way to a strange maturity. At all events, her dream made a great impression upon me.

CHAPTER XII.

It was in March, 18—, that I got the sequel to the sad story. Adiel had been absent several months, and upon his return his mother had planned to give a reception. Members of the church to

which he belonged, and many of his old friends were there. He brought a friend with him, whom I had reason to suspect was not a disinterested person, by name of Thompson. He was ten years his senior, a man who had seen much of the world, but who had the strong physical force to withstand any temptation that stood in the way of his ambitious projects in business, having none socially, for he thought that to succeed in business meant to settle the social problem, and besides, he could indulge with impunity in dissipation that would wreck the more sensitive and better born Adiel.

Adiel was indeed in wretched health, and the evening's excitement was not good for him, and several times he and this friend stepped out, I knew, for the purpose of taking a stimulant; but the mother's eyes were still blind to the boy's danger. I did not object to her plan of having his friends meet him. I knew that if he had not been at home, some one would have planned an entertainment elsewhere, and he would have been there. But I noticed while many bright eyes followed him that he seemed more indifferent, not that he was not gay and did not strive to entertain all, but he managed dexterously to have them enjoy themselves among themselves, and he seemed to have no part in it at all. The faces of all were familiar to me but one, and for that one he had sent a carriage. She was a blonde of such striking appearance as to seem to be entirely made up, but such was not the case.

She had a magnificent suit of flossy hair, light in color as the silken ringlets upon a baby's head. Her eyes were of violet blue, with dark brows and black heavy lashes that gave an expression of saintly innocence. Her nose was not pretty, but her mouth and teeth were specially beautiful. She wore a handsome black lace, with diamonds,—the handsomest dressed girl in the room, and I was sure that she was the oldest. Indeed, it occurred to me that she was nearer thirty than twenty. Her beautiful complexion, though, defied conjecture, and she wore so much lace about her throat that my best means of calculation was quite hidden.

Adiel had asked his mother to be specially nice to her, and I saw them in conversation as I passed through the rooms. I confess that after ten minutes' talk with her, I was puzzled whether she was the most innocent of creatures or the veriest adventuress. The impression she made upon me was painful, and I felt it to be the same with Ruth, but she was Adiel's friend, his present favorite, he had told his mother, that was sufficient. But she was so different from the cheery, laughing girls around, whose faces told the story of their hearts with no effort at concealment. None of them seemed attracted to the "lady in lace," but they were courteous and pleasant to her. She seemed so concentrated and drawn within herself when in conversation as to be entirely alone even in a crowd. But I felt sure that, whatever her history was, she had a part to play in the drama of life in which Adiel and his mother would be the chief actors. Wherever I went, whatever I said, I found myself involuntarily interested in the quiet little figure that sat apart, never mixing with the throng, attracting first one, then another to her side for a moment as if by compulsion. Adiel did not suffer her to be neglected, but he was a study to me while in conversation with her. His friend, too, seemed to have met her before. Of

all the bright faces, and there were many brighter than hers, hers alone visited me in my dreams that night. She alone seemed to remain when all the others had said good-night.

She was there next morning when I called. I saw her moving from room to room just in advance of me, or resting herself in a chair just opposite to me, and I wondered if Ruth felt the same conscious presence.

Adiel slept late, but came down to his breakfast while I waited. He professed himself quite well, then spoke of the evening's entertainment, and asked us how we liked his new flame. I told him that I considered several of the young ladies who had been present much more attractive, and his mother agreed with me.

He had met her the previous summer at a fashionable watering-place. She was not a society girl, but lived quietly with her mother, unknown to many people. "My violet," he called her; but there was a peculiar nervous strain in his laugh as he informed us that the handsome ring she wore was a gift of his, and that he intended to marry her.

We did not take much heed of his words. He had been a very David Copperfield in his love affairs; so we laughed, and passed it by.

(To be continued.)

The man who suspects evil of others gets the prompting from evil within himself.

Never do business with a man who expects you to make any moral concession in a contract.

When a good man feels that he has done a wrong he does not sleep until he rights that wrong.

Never allow yourself to be persuaded to do anything against your own rational judgment.

Never be satisfied with a common thing when one of strength and beauty will supply its place.

HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

BREAD AND FLOUR

Bread has been used as food by mankind from the earliest times. The discovery that grain, when moistened and afterward heated, could be made into a palatable and nutritious food, was indeed a most important one. This is, perhaps, the earliest form in which bread was made.

The next step was the pounding of the grain between stones and the formation of flour, and the last step, the baking of loaves, or fermented bread.

It is mentioned in the Scriptures that Abraham made unleavened bread, and also that in the time of Moses leavened bread was used. The Hebrews had several ways of baking bread. They often baked it under the ashes upon the earth, or upon copper or iron plates, or in pans or stoves made for this purpose. Like other eastern people, they had a kind of oven like a large pitcher open at the top, in which they made a fire. When it was well heated, they mingled flour in water, and this paste they applied to the outside of the pitcher. This bread was baked instantaneously, and was taken off in thin pieces like our wafers.

Bread was also baked in cavities sunk in the ground or the floor of the tent, and well lined with cement or compost. The bread being made thin in the form of flat cakes, or wafers, they did not cut it with a knife, but broke it,—which gave rise to the expression so common in Scripture, “breaking bread,” which was synonymous with eating. The show-bread was offered every Sabbath-day to God on the golden table which stood in the holy place. None

but the priests could lawfully eat of this bread.

Many substances have from the earliest times been employed in making bread, such as wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, and potatoes. It is comparatively of late years that wheat, the most nutritious of all cereals, has become the almost exclusive article used for this purpose. In ancient times, as well as in more modern ages, barley was the most general flour employed.

Wheaten bread was used chiefly by persons of distinction, and was prepared for feasts and ceremonial occasions, barley bread being the common food of the upper classes, and oat and rye bread that of the peasantry and poor.

The baking of unleavened bread is a very simple matter to understand. The ordinary sailors' biscuit is an example. The baking of fermented or leavened bread is a complicated although a very common process.

Wheaten dough, freed from the bran or husks of the grain, consists of water, gluten, starch, sugar, and dextrine. Dough at a temperature between 80° and 120° slowly ferments. The starch is first converted into sugar, and then into alcohol and carbonic acid. If baked at this opportune period, a light bread with an agreeable flavor is procured; if fermentation goes on too long, acetic acid is formed, and a heavy bread with a sour taste is the result.

To procure perfect fermentation, leaven is employed. Well-baked bread is known by its lightness, and by the regularity of

its size and distribution of the small cells formed by the carbonic acid gas and alcohol.

Home-made is sweeter, lighter, and more wholesome than baker's bread, for the trade uses many adulterations like alum to secure whiteness, and mashed potatoes to increase the weight. Small quantities of sulphate of copper are said to be used by bakers for the reason that it produces a very white bread from inferior kinds of flour, and also adds greatly to the retentive capabilities of bread for water. Carbonate of magnesia is also used by the trade. It improves the color of bread, and also enables it to absorb more water, so that the consumer is cheated out of a quantity of nutritious flour, and buys water instead.

Another class of adulterations is of earthy substances which are white and tasteless, such as chalk, bone dust, plaster of paris, white clay, etc., which add to the weight of the bread. These are easily detected by chemical tests. When wheat flour is adulterated with rice flour, barley flour, or any inferior flour, the adulterations can be discovered readily with a microscope. The presence of mineral substances can also be discovered. Different varieties of bread are made from the various qualities of wheat flour. Brown bread is made from wheat meal, in which the husks have been ground up with the rest of the grain. Bread is and always has been considered the staff of life; but from the above we can readily see that it can be made a useless and even dangerous staff. Therefore, every housekeeper should be a good judge of flour, and learn to make good bread, the very best of bread; and the first requisite for making good bread is good flour. Do not buy cheap flour for economy's sake. It is the greatest piece of extravagance; cheap flour is always inferior flour, or adulterated flour, and you cannot make good, wholesome bread out of it.

All flour owes its valuable quality to the gluten which it contains in greater abundance than any other grain if it is not robbed of this principle. You do not want flour with the hull ground into it any more than you want flour that is robbed of its nourishing qualities. To

learn this is the duty of every wife and mother. There are brands of flour that are as good as gold. Learn what they are, and stick to them, so as to help in forcing every manufacturer in the country to make pure, wholesome, unadulterated flour. There is no reason for people to cry out against any imposition upon them. It is within their power, and it is their duty as well as their prerogative, to know the best, and leave the inferior upon the hands of the manufacturers. When they find no market for inferior flour, they will cease to make it, we may be sure; and when bakers find that housewives have the intelligence to detect the impurities in their bread they will cease to use them. I rather think these abuses have their uses in educating the people up to a point where they can no longer be imposed upon.

Some poor people say they buy bread because they are too poor to make bread. They can buy cheaper than they can bake. Let me tell them they cannot buy bread cheaper than they can buy the ground cereals, like Wheatlet, which can be boiled into a wholesome food, purer and more nutritious than any baker's bread.

Many rich men, and men who are not rich, whose lives are hard indeed, but who eat at hotels, pay twenty-five cents for a dish of cooked grain and milk for breakfast. Twenty-five cents will buy two boxes of excellent food that will last a small family a whole week, and if you cannot afford the milk, you will thrive upon this food without the milk. Learn which of these prepared grains can be purchased freshest and purest.

Do not be mistaken as to the significance of bread, and do not suffer any spurious article called bread to be palmed off upon you. When your children ask for bread, do not be heathenish enough to give them a stone, for to such we can compare heavy, indigestible bread.

See to it that your flour contains all the life sustaining qualities of pure bread; then it will be neither white nor dark. The former is robbed of its nutrition; the latter has the harmful qualities, or else dirt and foreign elements mixed. Bread should be a veritable "staff of life."

VALUE OF NON-CONDUCTORS.

Every person knows the bracing effect of a dry, non-conductive atmosphere, while he is equally conscious of the exhaustion produced in a moist atmosphere. In addition to the discomfort of the atmosphere, we may suffer from conductive clothing.

Every mother should understand that non-conductors are necessary for our protection. The vital conditions are retained by silk and woolen garments. Linen, on account of its conductivity, is very objectionable in personal clothing, and should never be put on a little child.

Our grandmothers told us a silk cap was good for the hair and made it glossy. A great scientist now tells us that a silk cap retains the nervaura in the brain, and is very beneficial in impairment of the brain.

The nervaura can be retained by proper or wasted by improper clothing,—silk and woolen being pronounced by scientists as the best.

There are times when a morbid condition exists, when the patient feels a burning, prickling sensation or even pain in the body. This can be overcome by a sponge bath of tepid or cool water, and brisk rubbing.

Metals, being good conductors, cause great suffering. Probably the greatest harm done to operators of sewing-machines is from the metal foot-piece, instead of from the motion of the limbs, because physicians who condemn sewing-machines recommend bicycles. If the foot-piece of the sewing-machine were of wood or cork, it is very probable there would be little injury done by the sewing-machine.

The same is true of metal pen-holders. I know of several instances where partial paralysis has followed the use of a metal pen-holder. Rubber, gutta-percha, and wood are harmless. The best pen-holder, because lightest, is a porcupine quill, the pith permitting the pen to be placed securely in it.

Telegraph operators suffer from using the metal key, and often partial paralysis ensues.

LONGEVITY.

Longevity has been the popular desire in every age. To live well is more desirable than to live long. Comparatively few seem willing to make the sacrifices needed to live either long or well.

The misuse of our faculties will produce discord in mind and result in disease of body. He who exercises the greatest number of his faculties wisely has the surest promise of mental harmony and bodily health. A child brought up in indolence will be a weakling in body and mind. Unused faculties dwindle and dwarf.

Of course, we mean that man's faculties should be used for their noblest and best development and fruition. We know the same faculties may be developed in opposite directions. The heart or will of man may be educated to love good or evil. The understanding may be trained to accept evil for good. Any falsity the mind dwells upon not only distorts the vision, but gives untrue premises in science and religion, and ultimately perverts the life.

Hope may be cultivated to make our lives joyful. But when we refuse to cherish and nourish hope, it will dwindle and die, and give place to gloom and evil foreboding.

Longevity is easy of attainment if we live orderly lives. The human body is constantly being compared to a piece of machinery. There are scientific ways of learning to understand this wonderful machine. The careful housewife understands her cooking-stove. She would upon no account overload her fire-box, and she will give you her reasons thus: First, it burns it out, and warps the outside lids, and renders unsightly the greatest treasure of her kitchen; second, it burns the food before it is baked.

She can tell exactly the quantity of fuel to heat the oven and boil the tea-kettle; but, alas, how seldom she realizes that the stomach corresponds to that fire-box exactly, and that, if it were treated as carefully, it would keep the whole body in order, without disfiguring the fair surface, and last as long as she could utilize it. Some housekeepers can boast of hav-

ing had their cooking-stoves twenty to thirty years without repair, because they understood them so perfectly. Others are always repairing or buying new ones, and never learn that they are burning them out and wasting fuel. Ashes and clinkers choke the drafts, and prevent perfect circulation of heat. So it is with every ounce of surplus food and drink, not only is it waste matter in the body, but positively harmful.

Do not cram body or brain if you would have either to do good work and last long.

THE EMERGENCY BOX.

Many women pride themselves upon an Emergency Box replete with dainty laces, beautiful collarettes, gloves of the latest cut and color, handkerchiefs, pins and hairpins, and indeed, every necessary article to make a hasty toilet in case of emergency, or to start on a visit out of town on short notice. These of course are the ladies who keep also in reserve a good supply of lingerie for like emergency, and get up and go at a minute's warning. This is a most excellent plan.

But the emergency box that I have in mind is a rarer thing by far, and yet equally useful and necessary. It is one where in case of emergency you can lay your hand upon old soft linen handkerchiefs, old linen sheets, rolls of cotton prepared for bandages, old flannel, soft and warm, for compresses, and old thin blankets, hot water bags, a fountain syringe with tubes of glass as well as rubber, also the best antiseptic used by surgeons, camphor ice, and indeed everything necessary to bring the quickest and safest comfort to a sufferer in case of illness or accident. The best housekeepers will see to it that these things are always ready. No pure linen handkerchief should be thrown away when too much worn for use, or old linen sheet or worn blanket; but all made pure and clean, and put together where you can lay your hands on them, if need be, in the dark,—not scattered here and there, so that in the excitement of illness or accident nothing can be found.

There is another box of great convenience.

It contains wrapping-paper of various sizes and weights, balls of twine, window cord, and cord and springs for shades, box of screws of different sizes, a box of sorted wire nails, a hammer, screw-driver, hatchet, and a board of thumb tacks. This box should have a division in it, and an upright place for hatchet and hammer. There are many people who have their own carpenter, and send for him to drive every nail and put in every screw; but there are many others who must do many things themselves, or leave them undone. It costs little to prepare this box for an emergency, and you can add to it as occasion requires. By putting everything in its place after using it, you will find this box a great source of convenience and a great saving of money.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Housekeeper.—Personally I dislike made-over dishes. I like everything fresh each meal, and believe that the best housekeeper understands how to cook enough for each meal with but little left over. I should prefer to give that away while fresh to eating it at a second meal. Many palatable meals can be made of cold food, and it is far more sensible than to waste or throw away food.

Mother.—I should say the trouble with your little one is over-eating. Little children are not apt to have nightmare, and it is caused by overfeeding, or lying in improper or uncomfortable position. Observe the position you find your child in when you go to her on such occasions.

Mrs. O.—Three times a day is often enough for any child of five years to eat. Piecing between meals is unscientific and hurtful.

Anxious Mother.—Good warm foot gear and leggings, good cap and comfortable wristlets are a better investment for your eight-year-old boy than an overcoat without these comforts. Boys as a rule detest an overcoat, and leave it off at unreasonable times.

Mrs. G.—Sponge the feet with cold water each morning, and rub briskly. This will warm them for the day, and is more effective than a hot foot-bath, with its possible bad effects.

Inquirer.—No; I do not use tea or coffee, but do not condemn their use in moderation by others.

Daisy.—You are young to have rheumatism as you describe. Correct diet will give you relief, and probably cure you. Physicians as a rule, I believe, do not permit their rheumatic patients to eat potatoes.

MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. MARY DODD, HYGIENIST

SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Corn mush
 Stewed cranberry or cream for mush.
 Eggs in shell. Hard rolls.

SUNDAY—DINNER.

Pot roast of lamb, with gravy. Peas.
 Mashed potatoes. Celery.
 Cauliflower. Hard rolls.
 Bread. Dessert—Oranges.

SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Canned cherries. Graham bread.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw.
 Stewed apples. Cream biscuit.
 Rolled avena mush. Hard rolls.

MONDAY—DINNER.

Pea soup.
 Toasted graham bread. Baked potatoes.
 Stewed tomatoes. Hard rolls.
 Rice.
 Dessert—Farina pudding.

MONDAY—SUPPER.

Canned strawberries. Toast.
 Purina mush.

TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw.
 Rolled avena mush. Hard rolls.
 Stewed prunes. Milk toast.

TUESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Stewed apricots.
 Corn samp. Corn bread.
 Rolls. Dessert—Apple pie.

TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Baked apples. Scone.
 Grape juice. Bread.

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw.
 Canned egg plums. Cornmeal mush.
 Hard rolls. Rice cakes, with jelly.

WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Mashed potatoes. Cod-fish, with cream gravy.
 Lettuce, with raw tomatoes (whole).
 Sweet potatoes, browned.
 Dessert—Samp, with gooseberry dressing.

WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Canned cherries. Purina mush.
 Hard rolls. Toast.

THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apples. Apricots.
 Rolled avena mush. Hard rolls.
 Bread and butter.

THURSDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes, boiled. Squash.
 Egg plant. Hominy. Hard rolls.
 Dessert—Oranges and bananas sliced (with plenty of juice).

THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Muffins. Farinose.
 Canned peaches. Bread.

FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw.
 Stewed pears. Rolled avena.
 Hard rolls. Creamed potatoes.

FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn bread.
 Corn. Damson plum.
 Hard rolls. Fruit pudding, steamed, with currant and raspberry sauce.

FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Baked apples. Hard rolls.
 Scone.

SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apples.
 Rolled avena mush. Stewed apples.
 Rolls. Cream for mush.

SATURDAY—DINNER.

Baked beans. Potatoes.
 Stewed tomatoes. Rice.
 Spinach, with lemon. Dessert—Sago pudding, made with orange juice for flavoring.

SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Plums, egg. Purina mush.
 Toast. Rolls, or shredded-wheat biscuit.
 Cocoa.

EDITORIALS

THE SUPREME DUTY WHICH CONFRONTS US

As we approach the threshold of another century it is well to scan the past and study the present, for we are living in the even-tide of the most wonderful age known to history. The world to-day is not the world of our fathers. This may be said of all ages; but it is true in a much larger sense of periods of rapid transition than of the long breathing-spells that come between the birth hours of epochs,—and no period known to man has been so replete in revolutionary changes of world-wide bearing as the nineteenth century. It has witnessed the utilization of nature's hidden forces in such a way as completely to change the front of civilization. The age of iron, steam, and electricity has girdled the globe with the thought-bearing wire, has filled the sea with steam-driven ships, while covering continents with networks of railways until the whole wide world has been knit together. The helping hand and the bond of brotherhood wait only on the heart of man.

Scientific discovery, inventive genius, and mechanical progress,—these have been the magicians of the nineteenth century. They have filled the world with dazzling wonders; they have shortened time and distance as factors in business life; they have called upon the machine to perform the labor of man, so that work which required a thousand persons to execute in our fathers' time is to-day performed by a hundred; while through these instrumentalities we see to-day, for the first time, a condition reached in which it would be impossible for the work of the world to be well done, and still leave ample time for all men to develop the best

in nature, to enjoy life's richest blessings, and to rise Godward. But, amid the bewildering achievements of this marvelous epoch, the student of events is forced to realize the great and solemn fact that ethical development has not kept pace with material progress. The soul has not risen in the same proportion as the intellect has advanced. Hence this miracle-working age, which might have dignified and glorified life and carried into the hearts and homes of the world a measure of peace and hope and gladness not known through the past, has in many cases increased the feverish anxiety, the apprehension, the dread, and the bitterness of life.

The century which is vanishing, and which has been so strong in lights and shadows, may be said to have made a golden age possible, for it has laid broad and deep the foundations for a nobler and happier life, in so far as it has been possible for physical science, invention, and the utilization of nature's wealth and forces to contribute to the comfort and well-being of the larger life now opening to man. The one thing lacking—the keystone of the arch, without which neither the rich nor the poor, neither the individual nor the state can be said to enjoy felicity—is that wisdom which makes justice a passion, which lifts man above all that is base, sordid, or selfish, and which calls into active life all that is brave, true, loving, and fine in human nature. Will the oncoming century witness the rise of the soul, as the past has marked the progress of intellectual development? This is the supreme question that the Sphinx of to-day puts to humanity; and upon its answer hangs the growth or decay of free

institutions, and the rise or decline of manhood and civilization. The present, more than any other hour in history, demands that all who love humanity and who have faith in the future should unite in intelligent and concerted effort to light and warm the heart and brain with divine love; to make the young and old alike feel what Mazzini felt when he exclaimed, "Life is a mission," or to feel what Victor Hugo felt when with prophetic tongue he cried, "To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right, and duty welded into the heart. To live is to know what one is worth, and what one can do and should do. Life is conscience." Let these twentieth-century truths flood the awakened consciousness of our people, and freedom, fraternity, and justice will

cease to be idle words and become the living creed of the new civilization.

Let no man dream that the call is not to him; let no one imagine that the duty and responsibility of the "Eternal Now" are not his, or that he can allow the opportunity of the present to pass without the Dead Sea fruit crumbling in his hands in a moment in the future when his soul would give Golcondas of wealth for the guerdon that comes only to those whose lives go out in love to all God's children. A great responsibility rests upon ministers, teachers, molders of thought, and parents at the present time. A generation is rising before us, whose minds are yet plastic, and may be molded to conform with the divine pattern, so reflecting and expressing duty and justice and love.

B. O. F.

PERSONAL PURITY AND INTEGRITY

Pompey the Great was a conspicuous example of stern morality and sturdy integrity in an age of the utmost profligacy and dishonesty. When Rome was the synonym for license, when her armies were so depraved that lust and avarice had well-nigh destroyed all noble sentiments, he kept himself free from the contaminating sins of his day. In speaking of his campaign against Mithridates, in which he restored the empire's prestige, conquering all opposition and planting the Roman colors from the Black Sea to the Euphrates, from Cyprus to Egypt, Froude tells us: "In the midst of opportunities such as had befallen no commander since Alexander, he outraged no woman's honor, and he kept his hands free from the accursed thing. When he returned to Rome, he returned as he went, personally poor, but he filled the public treasure to overflowing."

Such an example, standing out in bold relief from a background so dark, is an inspiration for all time. It emphasizes the moral grandeur that lies in the soul of man when the passions are governed,

and the highest impulses and noblest conceptions of the soul are enthroned on the seat of reason. Purity of character and strict integrity are among the great foundation principles upon which true character rests. Without them, no matter how transcendent the genius, how splendid the intellectual faculties, how great the heart, the character is dwarfed. It is the duty of each parent to carry this truth home to the heart of his child. Give him a noble example in your own life, and emphasize it further by calling his attention to the luminous illustrations which stud the heaven of history with eternal glory,—the lives of those who have been great enough to pass from birth to death with pure, unsullied hearts, radiant with loving concern for others, and so essentially brave that they feared nothing but doing wrong.

We must educate the soul as well as the brain and body, and, as moral training has been so sadly neglected, the greater stress should now be placed upon it.

THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

CALIXTO GARCIA

The recent death of General Calixto Garcia at Washington removes the second of the three great leaders of the revolutionary forces in Cuba.

Garcia was a man of extraordinary power. He was a sincere patriot; indeed, the liberty of Cuba was the supreme object of his life, as his forty years of faithful service in the cause of freedom amply testify. The story of his life reads almost like a tale from "The Arabian Nights." He was born in Cuba, and received an excellent education. He spoke English and French almost as fluently as Spanish. He chose law as a profession, and lived for some time in New York City.

When very young he learned to revere the apostles of freedom. Washington, Lafayette, L'Ouverture, Bolivar, and San Martin were the heroes of his youthful imagination. The dream of free Cuba early absorbed his thought, until it became the one dominant idea of his life. Riches, glory, distinction in his profession, a life of ease, all became as nothing to him compared with the emancipation of his loved island home from the cruel tyranny and spoliation of Spain. He was one of the originators of the revolution of 1868, and after war had been declared we find Garcia, with one hundred and fifty intrepid followers, boldly taking the offensive. His little band could perform prodigious feats. Town after town fell before their seemingly invincible assaults. The news of their victories traveled far and wide, and many recruits came into the lines. In the course marked out by Garcia lay the city of Juguani, a place of twenty thousand population. Here the Spanish were reasonably well intrenched; but even Juguani was powerless before

the Spartan band. Garcia was made brigadier-general by the provisional government, and later was given command of the army. At Santa Maria, after an all-day battle, he forced General Vingues to surrender his army. The Spaniards fully expected to receive the same cruel and barbarous treatment which they were accustomed to mete out to the unfortunate Cubans; but here Garcia displayed his essential greatness. The conquered men were well cared for, and later freed. This was something new in the history of Spanish wars, and the unprecedented clemency of the Cuban general made a deep impression on General Campos and other Spanish officials.

The uniform success which attended the Cuban forces under Garcia led, however, to reckless over-confidence on the part of the commander. One day, in company with twenty followers, he rode far in advance of his troops. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by five hundred well-armed Spaniards. A desperate engagement followed, in which most of the Cubans fell by the side of their general. Seeing that he was about to be taken prisoner, and knowing the cruel treatment that usually awaited a captive officer, Garcia placed the muzzle of his pistol in his mouth and fired it off. He fell among the heroic dead. The ball of the revolver passed through the palate and came out of his forehead. His captors, believing him to be dead, carried his body in triumph to the nearest town, where his wound was examined by the surgeon, who was amazed to find that the warriors still lived. Fired by the truly scientific spirit, and a great desire to prove what skillful surgery could do, the surgeon devoted his best energies to the

case of the rebel chief, with the result that Garcia rapidly recovered. He was then sent, a prisoner of war, to Spain; but in 1877, when peace was proclaimed on the ill-starred isle, General Campos sent word to Prime-minister Canovas, requesting him to free Garcia. This was done. The rebel general hastened to New York. It is stated that he placed little reliance on the sincerity of the Spanish, and accordingly believed that the insurgents would be the first to take up arms again. In this he was not mistaken. Faith was not kept; hostilities were renewed, and Maceo, the brave and brilliant Creole general, held his own against fearful odds. Garcia could not remain idle when his native land called for his services. Hence he suddenly reappeared on the island at the head of a ragged band of desperate patriots. Fortune, however, refused longer to favor him. He was again captured, but, strange to say, he again escaped the summary death meted out to most of the rebel officers who fell into the enemy's hands. The remembrance of his noble clemency lived in the minds of the Spanish soldiers. He was again sent to Spain. This time he was forbidden to leave Madrid, and remained under police surveillance. He was given great freedom, however, within certain limits, and made a comfortable living teaching English and French. He made friends wherever he came in contact with people, and seemed quite happy in old Madrid.

It was only seeming happiness, however, and his heart yearned for the new world; and when the late war broke out in Cuba, the old passionate longing to be at the head of troops seized him; but the police received instructions to guard him closely. Therefore he found it necessary to feign indifference. He gave out that he was getting old, and did not expect ever to leave Madrid. At length the police became somewhat lax. One midnight Garcia escaped from his house, and before his absence was discovered by the police he had reached Paris. He lost no time in leaving France and reached New York, where he set to work to raise a filibustering expedition. The government at Washington, however, being advised of the movements of the insurgent chief, ar-

rested him. He was placed under \$2,500 bail. Before the time of his trial, however, he succeeded in getting away with another expedition. Once on Cuban soil, he issued a memorable address to his countrymen, and later a strong appeal to his soldiers, which ran as follows:

Army of the Republic, your old general comes to die by your side, if necessary. Let there be no armistice, no treaty, until based on the recognition of our independence—free forever, or battling forever until free.

If we die in the struggle, we shall be dead, but our country shall live, and we will be honored thereby.

It is necessary to save our men from indignity, to save our women from outrage, to save our children from the gallows, and to make our country prosperous and great. To arms, veterans! Indifference is cowardice! Glory is achieved by honored death! Let there be no rest for us until we pass the threshold of the Palace, where our enemies forge our irons. Soldiers, to battle!

In December, 1896, Garcia won a brilliant victory in the capture of Guaimaro. This victory, or succession of victories, was won after hard fighting, as there were sixteen forts which had to be taken. The engagements lasted twelve days. There were rich spoils gained after the surrender, among which were two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, a number of Mauser rifles, and machetes. The Spaniards were again treated with great kindness and shortly afterward paroled.

It was unfortunate that General Shafter and the Cuban chief failed to harmonize. This was doubtless due partly to General Shafter's ill health, and partly to General Garcia's quick temper. They were men of very different temperaments, and ill suited to agree; and there can be little doubt that their misunderstandings caused many of the Cubans to distrust our people.

General Garcia's last mission was to Washington, whence he came on behalf of his people to arrange matters between our government and the inhabitants of the stricken island. While in Washington he was stricken with pneumonia, and died on the eleventh of December. His name will live among the illustrious champions of freedom—one of humanity's liberators.

LIQUID AIR

It is my purpose to notice from time to time remarkable inventions and discoveries which promise to contribute in a positive manner to the advance of civilization. This month I wish to call attention to a possible new motor power.

In the light of recent events, it seems possible, if not probable, that in liquid air we may soon have a new motor power destined to work a mechanical revolution. Mr. Charles E. Tripler, who is giving his life to the development of practical uses for the new discovery, declares that he now has solved "the problem of harnessing this great power to machinery." He predicts its practical utility "as a motor for all kinds of machinery,—for railroad trains, steamships, and factories." Mr. Tripler has heretofore made good his predictions relating to liquid air; hence his statements are worthy of consideration. A few years ago he declared his conviction that liquid air could be made at a small cost. The idea was scouted at that time; the possibilities of the new discovery were realized, but its cost of manufacture led people to believe that it would be of little practical value. Ten years ago, it is stated, the cost of a gallon of liquid air was from two to three thousand dollars; Mr. Tripler now makes it at a cost of a few cents a gallon.

Several months ago Mr. John Brisbane Walker invited Mr. Tripler to Irvington, where some wonderful experiments were made in the presence of the editor and his friends. These were reported in the *Cosmopolitan*. Since then Mr. Tripler has been at work endeavoring to harness the new power, which may be as destructive as dynamite, and which is "from twenty to one hundred times more powerful than steam, according to the heat applied. Even with the heat of the surrounding atmosphere, its expansive force is twenty times greater than steam."

In the month of December several invited guests, including one of the ablest writers on the New York *Herald* staff, witnessed a series of experiments which were highly interesting and instructive. Here are some of the facts as given by the *Herald* on December 25th:

Consider this simple experiment as produced yesterday in the presence of ladies, business men, and scientists:

A quart of liquid air placed in a common tin tea-kettle boiled furiously while held aloft in space. It was with difficulty that the cover was kept on while the steam escaped in dense clouds. Instead of ascending, however, the vapor fell to the floor like a shadowy veil of lead.

A pint of cold Croton water added to the contents made the tea-kettle boil with fresh energy, and when it was placed over a cluster of gas jets, it sent the liquid spouting toward the ceiling, filling the room with volumes of hissing vapor. At last, when it seemed that the tea-kettle was about to melt, Prof. Tripler plunged his hand into the steaming vessel and took out chunks of ice from the boiling caldron, to the amazement of his visitors.

Then he removed the kettle from the gas flame, turned it upside down, and showed that it was perfectly dry inside, though the steam was still pouring out, with a layer of ice coating the entire bottom of the tin kettle. It was found that where the fire had blazed fiercest the ice was thickest. It was as white as porcelain and hard as steel, and although near a red-hot stove it had scarcely begun to melt half an hour later.

When did Robert Houdin or Herrmann or any other wizard perform a feat like that? The liquid was real liquid, weighing a pound to the pint. The ice was real ice, as pure as crystal, and the elemental fury of the boiling was real, for the professor blistered his hand.

But it was the fire of a frost, hundreds of degrees colder than Greenland, that performed the miracle.

Water freezes at 32 degrees above zero. Mercury in a thermometer freezes solid at 40 to 42 degrees below zero. The alcohol in a spirit thermometer freezes at 200 degrees below. Yesterday Professor Tripler's liquid air froze whiskey and alcohol into solid ice.

But in Mr. Tripler's laboratory yesterday his limpid, almost colorless, liquid air, looking as innocent and harmless as a cup of spring water, was 400 degrees below zero, and the man who held his finger in the fluid ten sec-

onds would have screamed with agony and lost his finger as by fire.

And how is liquid air made?

Tripler compresses ordinary atmospheric air with a fifty-horse power steam air-pump until it becomes red hot and is run through a coil of pipe submerged in a tank of cold water and cooled. The compression goes on and on until the pressure is registered at thousands of pounds to the square inch.

And how is the liquefaction produced?

Suppose you had a church full of air compressed into a steel cylinder of a gallon measurement. How could it be still further squeezed?

By heat producing expansion. The air thus condensed to the almost ultimate limit of compression finally liquefies.

The heat of the surrounding atmosphere does the trick. What seems a white frost apparently bursts through the very fiber of the steel pipe containing the liquid air within. Having once started the machinery and manufactured a supply of the fluid at 312 degrees below zero, the ordinary atmosphere of the room coming in contact with the frost-coated pipe, it is soon robbed of its natural heat derived from the atmosphere, and then liquefies.

There is but one step beyond this compression. It is when Professor Tripler gives a few extra turns to his machinery and freezes the liquid air into ice. It is then frozen air. A block of it in your hand would feel like a bar of iron at white heat just out of a blast furnace.

Now the ice of our city refrigerators, which seems so cold and delicious to famished travelers, is hot by comparison. Its temperature is 32 degrees above zero; add this 32 degrees to the 312 degrees at which liquid air stands when manufactured, and you have 344 degrees below the temperature of a block of ice. This

means that our New York ice is 344 degrees hotter than liquid air.

This explains why liquid air boiled furiously yesterday when the professor placed a kettle of it on a block of Hudson River ice.

For practical purposes it is claimed that liquid air will prove of inestimable value. It furnishes a clean, dry "cold," easily delivered, it is said, at any required temperature, which will enable shippers to send fresh meat and fruits in perfect condition long distances in cars or ships. Warehouses can be kept colder than the Klondike the year round, for preserving perishable merchandise.

Special hospital rooms in the tropics or elsewhere, from New York to Calcutta, may be kept at any degree of fridity, destroying all germs of disease, and not only making yellow fever impossible, but instantly stopping the ravages of that dread scourge.

A bit of liquid sprayed on a dangerous wound will arrest blood poisoning. A certain doctor has had such wonderful success in using liquid air that he is afraid to make it public. It seems a miracle.

His patient was given up with a malignant cancer eating into his nose and eye. Liquid air was sprayed on the abscess, instantly stopping its ravages. The patient began to rally, the cancer soon withered and disappeared, and now the wound is nearly healed.

It is said that the cauterizing effect of a spray of this liquid frost, 312 degrees below zero, is a thousand times more effective than nitrate of silver, which destroys the flesh, or lunar caustic which cannot always be controlled. With liquid air cauterization can be stopped instantly. Cases of hay fever, asthma, diphtheria, the grip, and those terrible throat and pulmonary diseases that are carrying off sixty per cent of all who die, can be cured by the spray of liquid air.

PENSIONS FOR THE AGED

The rise of the social conscience is perhaps nowhere more apparent than in the revolution which has been carried on during the past century in the treatment of society's unfortunates. The old-time indifference, neglect, and inhumanity which characterized the attitude of the state toward the aged poor, insane, and criminals, have gradually and steadily given way to a more enlightened and humane sentiment. The essential brutality and injustice of the old order have been forced upon the public conscience in such a way as to compel the state to expend vast sums annually for the proper treatment of those who are no longer in a condition to care for themselves, or whose acts prove them irresponsible or dangerous to soci-

ety. To-day it is difficult for us to conceive how it was possible for the State of Massachusetts, for example, to permit her insane to be treated with such hideous barbarity as was shown to prevail when Miss Dorothea Dix took up the battle for humanity and wrought a revolution. In the treatment of criminals, again, we note a noble advance over the methods and conditions which prevailed half a century ago. The same fact is true in regard to the treatment of the aged poor. In olden times they were frequently allowed to die in neglect when there were no relatives to look after them. It was not considered the duty of the state to see to their necessities. More recently homes have been provided for them, but with the steady

rise of moral sentiment these poor-houses or almshouses no longer satisfy the conscience of a large proportion of our people. Hence, new homes for aged men and women have been established in many great municipalities, in which a serious attempt has been made to surround the inmates with life's comforts, and in many ways to make their declining years a time of comparative peace and happiness.

But while these tentative provisions mark the growth of a healthy humanitarian sentiment, they cannot be regarded as an ultimate; and even to-day the growing sense of justice throughout the Christian world is leading to a persistent agitation in many European countries for the establishment of pensions for the aged. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and other leading statesmen favor this new demand, but it remained for progressive little New Zealand to inaugurate the movement by the passage of an enactment which provides for pensions for worthy persons over sixty-five years of age, who have been residents of New Zealand for a term of

years, whose yearly income is less than two hundred and fifty dollars, and who do not possess property exceeding thirteen hundred and fifty dollars in valuation. The pensions provided by this new statute amount to ninety dollars a year, or about twenty-five cents a day. It would seem that this measure is not wholly satisfactory to the majority of people, but it has been accepted as a first step. It is said that the people had set their hearts on pensions for all persons over sixty-five years of age; but, owing to the cry of certain alarmists, many legislators felt it might be wisest to proceed by the step by step method.

This experiment will be followed with great interest by students of social events throughout the world. It is by no means improbable that it may be the first definite attempt to establish a measure which will soon be extended so as to include all the aged ones, and in a comparatively short time become as general throughout Christian nations as is the present postal system.

ELECTION OF SENATORS BY POPULAR VOTE

The policy of ignoring the people excepting on election days, which has prevailed to a great extent during recent years, is giving place to a strong reactionary influence in favor of letting the people govern by direct methods. This fact is illustrated in the growing popularity of the initiative and referendum which have proved so eminently successful in the government of New England towns since the settlement of our country, and which have given almost universal satisfaction in the Republic of Switzerland, where they have been fully tested on a large and all-including plan. The recent adoption of one or both of these measures by various States illustrates the rapid change in public opinion, as does also the growing demand for the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people.

In this country officials in high places are not in the habit of favoring new measures until there is a very strong senti-

ment demanding the innovation. In view of this fact, the recent annual messages of several of the governors of the different States are significant. Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, strongly urged popular election of senators, declaring that "political power can nowhere be so safely lodged as with the people themselves." The Governor of Michigan favored the election of senators by direct vote; the Governor of Minnesota advocated direct legislation; the Governor of South Dakota referred approvingly to the recent adoption of direct legislation by his State. It is very evident that a wholesome reaction is setting in in favor of the principles of democracy; and if the educational work which has been carried on for the past few years be steadily pushed forward, the day is not distant when government will be lodged directly with the people, and thus a more ideal republic will be realized than has yet been enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

TO AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS: The editors of THE COMING AGE cannot undertake to review, or even notice, books sent to them. The most they promise is that each book received will be entered, with the name of author, publisher, place of publication, and price, when given. This note is published to prevent any possible misunderstanding.—EDITORS.

THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM AND THE MARCH TOWARD PEACE AND UNITY IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

During the century now drawing to a close South America has thrown off the yoke of foreign despotism, achieved freedom, and dreamed of peace and unity. It is with the realization of this ideal and the unfolding of this dream that I wish to deal at the present time. In Mr. Butterworth's history he has emphasized this fact, while vividly portraying the rise and onward march of the Latin republics of South America.

The fall of Constantinople is taken by historians as the starting-point of what we call modern times. Almost simultaneously with the dispersion of the Byzantine scholars throughout Western Europe, we see the general awakening which culminated in the fivefold revolutions of that period, in which feudalism yielded to centralized government. Art rose full-statured from the Italian brain. The new learning and the Reformation revolutionized religious thought in and out of the church. Commerce became a Titan in a day, making the Spanish Peninsula the mistress of the age, into whose lap was emptied the wealth of the Indies and the gold of America; while science, not satisfied with giving the new world to the old, or unfolding the pathway around the globe, revealed a new heaven; and last, and perhaps greatest in its beneficent influence upon all future generations, gave the printing-press, the

pledge of permanency for the world's best thought.

Another luminous period in history, worthy to stand side by side with the first century of modern times, has its starting-point in the new world in the dawning days of the last quarter of the eighteenth century; and if 1453 be taken as the starting-point of modern times, 1775 may rightly be recognized as the year in which the signal-gun was fired that heralded the advent of popular sovereignty—the birth of freedom. April 19, 1775, will ever remain in the public imagination as the birth moment of a new order, and the war of the American Revolution as the historical fact which made free government not only possible but inevitable. The Declaration of Independence was an earthquake shock to the thrones of the old world. The surrender of Yorktown sounded the knell of the old *regime* in France, and the French Revolution, in spite of its frightful degeneration from the lofty ideal of a noble freedom to a carnage of blood and spoliation, gave fresh momentum to the new truth which our war had carried home to the minds of the most advanced thinkers in many lands; and, as the example of our people was imitated in France, so we find the influence of France reacting on the new world where the old order still prevailed. San Domingo, or Hayti, then a French dependency, was one of the first voices that answered the cry, "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality." The island was soon given over to the fury of warring factions; while from the confusion and anarchy that everywhere reigned there emerged that strange and masterful figure, Toussaint L'Ouverture, the negro statesman, warrior and philosopher, the emancipator of the black men of San Domingo, a genius of high order, who will ever live in history as one of the grandest personalities in the worldwide struggle for liberty. He was called the "Black Napoleon," thereby arousing the jealousy and hatred of the Corsican. He gave

*"South America," a popular history of the struggle for liberty in the Andean Republics of South America, by Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated; cloth. Pp. 284. Price, \$2. New York. Doubleday & McClure Company.

Hayti freedom, but was finally betrayed, carried to France, imprisoned, and brutally neglected. In vain did he plead with Napoleon for justice. The soulless Man of Destiny, who was unconsciously being hurried forward to a fate not altogether unlike that which he had meted out to Toussaint, was deaf to all entreaties, and the noble negro emancipator miserably perished in a French dungeon.

The South American mind felt the new impulse of freedom, but was rather slow to respond. Only the most sensitive, progressive, and daring souls were able quickly to throw off the spell which prejudice, custom, the established order, and religion had thrown over the public mind. Still, even here we find groups of active workers tirelessly engaged in the perilous service of freedom. At times their labors seemed hopeless. They encountered hostility on the one hand, and stolid indifference and cynical incredulity on the other. And yet they worked on. They could not do otherwise, for they had heard the call to come up higher; they had caught a glimpse of the new light; and when truth touches the ear and the eye of man, his soul can sleep no longer. Moreover, words vitalized by truth and justice, and carrying the potency of a larger and happier life, cannot fall into the human mind and wholly die. They may, and often do, rest dormant for a time; but the hour comes when they are quickened, and, lo, another recruit is found among the chosen band of progress. Thus it was that thousands of those who heard the new gospel of liberty with apparent indifference, or open hostility, pondered on the words uttered until, before they were conscious of the fact, their point of view had materially changed. Yet, had it not been for a factor in European history at this time, it is probable that many weary generations would have passed before South America would have achieved her freedom. If it had not been for the ambition of Napoleon— Ah, here we are face to face with one of those momentous "ifs" of history which make us pause and ask, Does anything happen? Could it have been otherwise? We cannot say; yet certain it is that at this crucial juncture the ambition of Napoleon gave to South America her supreme opportunity; and, thanks to the untiring work of the apostles of liberty, the public mind was so far aroused as to make possible the first step which led to freedom.

It is necessary that we now turn back to Europe at this time. Napoleon had crushed

the Revolution, and in a measure had brought order out of anarchy. The dream of universal empire had already touched, fired, and turned his head. Belief in himself, born of this daring dream, reinforced his marvelous military genius, until startled Europe shrank back with something like the fascination of horror which the bird feels for the witchery of the snake. Among the thrones which tottered and fell before the Corsican was that of Spain; or, rather, the Spanish royal family was deposed, and Joseph Bonaparte was raised, by order of the Emperor, to the seat once occupied by Ferdinand and Isabella.

At length the startling news was carried over the sea. The monarch who, the masses of South America believed, ruled by a divine right, had been driven from power; and in his place one not born to the purple, one who had no credentials from above, a low-born alien, demanded their fealty. In one day that strange spell which religion, prejudice, and established government had for generations wielded over the popular imagination was dispelled. And just here let us quote a passage from Mr. Butterworth, which concisely characterizes the condition of the Andean people, and indicates the influence which the news of Bonaparte's accession to the Spanish throne produced on South American peoples:

The three parties in these colonies at the time of the rise and growth of independent republican ideas were the adherents of Ferdinand VII., the few partisans of Joseph Bonaparte and the French succession, and the heroes of independence. The last steadily grew. It was composed for the most part of *criollos*, or those born in America of European ancestors. Most of these were of Spanish or Portuguese blood. The free air of America had given these men a more liberal character. They became lovers of liberty, justice, and human progress. A new race had formed under the Andes. It was a race of a fearless and noble spirit. Adequate justice has never been done to this new liberty-loving race. The splendid deeds of their heroes have never been deservedly told or sung or recognized among heroic achievements. When the *criollos* caught the spirit of liberty they gave to it their lives.

Napoleon crowned his own family, and Europe discredited them. His rise and fall tended to carry republican ideas into all lands, as the crusades wrought new relations in the whole human family of the East. The personal ambition of Napoleon did not destroy the ideal of the government of the people through chosen representatives. The short reign of the amiable and true-hearted Joseph, who loved all men and hated none, who helped all men and hindered no beneficent purpose,

was an influence that aided the cause of South American independence, though the patriots had little sympathy with the French king when he occupied the throne. Although the creoles did not recognize his authority, they found in the character of Joseph Bonaparte much that was favorable to their cause beyond the mere accident of change of thrones. Joseph was a man of such democratic tendencies as to present to the revolutionary viceroysalties that liberal type of a leader of men which the world was not fully prepared to receive. The coming and going of Joseph Bonaparte in Spanish political history, as we view it to-day, brought to South America her great opportunity. The American colonies were faithful to the cause of the deposed Ferdinand VII. They regarded themselves as without a government, and set up their own governments in the name of Ferdinand VII., whom they held to be living in exile, and whom they expected to see return to the throne.

The taste of free government gained by the South American peoples while they were waiting for Ferdinand to reascend the throne was fatal to the royal cause. The Spanish-Americans learned only how hateful, unjust, and crushing was Spanish despotism after they had tasted the sweets of a freer state. Of the great struggle for freedom, how her campfires were lighted down the whole Andean range, how the banner of the sun was unfurled from mountain to mountain, how Bolivar, San Martin, and others won for the southern continent what Washington and his associates achieved for the United States, is set forth in the vivid language of which Mr. Butterworth is a master; but, as he outlined this story in *THE COMING AGE* for February, we will pass it over, together with his graphic description of the present condition and future prospects of the South American republics, that we may notice somewhat at length another fact. Only second in its beneficent promise to the achievement of liberty, is the dream of unity and peace which the South American nations have cherished since the days of the Panama Congress. It was Simon Bolivar's dearest dream to see all the republics of the new world knit together with the bonds of peace and common interest. Bolivar was without doubt one of the greatest apostles of freedom of our century. He has been appropriately termed the Washington of South America, because, although his mind in many respects resembled that of Hamilton rather than Washington, he achieved freedom for the northern part of South America. He was a passionate lover of liberty, a man of undoubted military genius, and of statesmanship of a high order. Few

men in active political life have looked farther into the future, or dreamed nobler dreams of human progress than this young Spanish-American who died of a broken heart in the flower of early manhood.

When the independence of the Andean republics had been attained, Bolivar, appreciating the perils that beset them from without, and their inherent weakness owing to having freedom so suddenly brought to their door, set to work to make the glorious work of revolution permanent. Through his efforts and under his direction the Panama Congress assembled in 1826.

In Bolivar's opinion the time had come for all American republics to form a compact for the protection of the liberties and peace of the republics of the western world. The congress was in a sense a failure, but it was a suggestion. The twentieth century was in it. The International American Conference of 1890 was an outcome of it. The nature and purpose of this congress were expressed by Mr. Conas in these words: "Europe has formed a continental system, and holds a congress whenever questions affecting its interests are to be discussed. America should have a similar system."

Our republic was invited to join the Panama Congress; but, largely through the power of slavery, this supreme opportunity given our country to step to the front as a leader in the real progress of the world, was only accepted in a perfunctory manner. Bolivar had freed all the slaves in the lands he gave to freedom, while with us the slave power was dominant in government. Had our government been free and unshackled, and had she possessed sufficient wisdom to appreciate her duty and the splendid destiny that might have been hers, it is probable that bonds of peace and fraternity might have been welded, in this gathering of free nations, that would have rapidly advanced the civilization of the American republics, while bringing into intimate sympathy and close commercial relationship all the free peoples of the new world.

Though the Panama Congress failed in a measure to meet the high expectations of Bolivar, it planted a luminous ideal in the minds of more than one of the republics represented, as will readily be appreciated when we call to mind the successive attempts that have been made to realize the lofty conception of peace and unity. Indeed, the future is made bright with promise by the numerous attempts which have been made since 1821 to realize the dream

of the great liberator, for they prove the fact that all these nations cherish the ideal, and are not discouraged because as yet the end has not been fully reached. The Pan-American Congress was the latest and in many respects the most successful attempt to draw the western republics into closer relationship, and arrange for the settlement of all disputes by arbitration. But prior to this event attempts in the same direction were made in 1838, 1840, 1847, 1856, 1864, and 1881. In 1847 the republics of Bolivia, Chili, Ecuador, New Granada, and Peru held a congress at Lima, at which a treaty of confederation was adopted.

After each of the various calls and attempts of the various Latin republics to realize tangible results looking toward unity and peace, Mr. Butterworth continues:

But the soul of the movement lived, and another congress was convoked, to meet at the city of Washington, in 1882. The call for this congress came from our own land. Mr. Blaine, from the Department of State, issued a manifesto in which are the following notable words: "For some years a growing disposition has been manifested by certain states in Central and South America to refer disputes affecting grave questions of international relationship and boundaries to arbitration rather than the sword. It has been on several occasions a source of profound satisfaction to the government of the United States to see that this country is in a measure looked up to by all the American powers as their friend and mediator. The existence of this growing tendency convinces the president that the time is ripe for a proposal that shall enlist the good will and active co-operation of all the states of the western hemisphere, both north and south, in the interests of humanity, for dissensions in South America caused this proposed congress to be postponed till 1890. . . . Thus the principles of Bolivar grew. The Panama Congress, one of the first ever held in the interests of humanity, did not fail. It was to find expression in the International American Conference of 1889-'90.

The Pan-American Congress finally assembled at Washington on November 2, 1889. James G. Blaine was elected president, after which the congress adjourned until January 2, 1890.

At this congress reciprocity and the commercial relations of the Latin-American republics were discussed. Senor Quintana said: "The real constitution of the famous council of the Amphictyons, from which the constitution of the United States was taken, was nothing more than a great council of arbitrators between the towns of Greece." Said Senor Zelaya: "Civilization, humanity, and Chris-

tianity cry out for this remedy of arbitration for all conflicts in the future which may arise between American nations."

The moral influence and result of the congress centered in arbitration. In 1890, after long discussion, the delegates adopted a declaration which was a prophecy of the future. The declaration began as follows:

"The delegates from North, Central, and South America, in conference assembled, believing that war is the most cruel, the most fruitless, and the most dangerous expedient for the settlement of international difficulties;

"Do solemnly recommend to all the governments by which they are accredited that they conclude a uniform treaty of arbitration in the articles following:

"Article I. The republics of North, Central, and South America hereby adopt arbitration as a principle of American international law for the settlement of the differences, disputes, or controversies that may arise between two or more of them."

Mr. Blaine beheld, what Bolivar with quite as clear a vision had perceived,—that with a cordial understanding between all the free states of America, with a league formed for protection against old-world powers, and a provision for the settlement of all disputes by arbitration, the western world would go forward with rapid strides, becoming not only a mighty emporium of trade, but the leader of civilization through the triumph of peace, while conserving the vast wealth which would be required for armaments if the lands of the West attempted to imitate the nations of Europe. Mr. Blaine also felt that, by cultivating the closest friendship with the southern republics, the vast and increasing commerce of South America would be diverted to a great extent to our country, instead of going, as now, to Europe.

It is to be hoped that the dawning years of the twentieth century may produce some great statesmen on the northern and southern continents, who by striking hands may accomplish what has so long haunted the imagination of far-sighted and high-minded statesmen of the West, bequeathing to the western world at last the priceless boon of enduring peace, through compact and the arrangement of a court of last resort for all disputes. This, I believe, will be one of the early victories for the free nations of the earth. Certain it is that, if the United States sets her heart on the fulfillment of this dream of peace, she can bring it about at an early day, provided she proves herself high-minded, unselfish, and, in reality as well as in profession, the champion and promoter of freedom.

OUR MONTHLY CHAT

The enthusiastic reception of *THE COMING AGE* by the public is most gratifying, showing, as it does, the widespread hunger for literature which appeals pre-eminently to the spiritual or higher nature, and which seeks to ennoble, dignify, and exalt life. The following expressions from two correspondents fairly voice the contents of hundreds of letters received from various parts of the United States and Canada:

Permit me to congratulate you upon the copy of *THE COMING AGE* which has reached me. It is admirable in tone, matter, and arrangement. It gives one new hope to hear a strong, real voice speaking for righteousness. I wish you all success in your noble endeavor to enthrone the spiritual in life.

CHARLES A. EATON.

Mr. Eaton is a leading Baptist minister of Toronto, Canada.

I think a few words of congratulation from one who is in sympathy with your noble undertaking will be encouraging. I agreed with your utterances in the prospectus, and likewise those of Mrs. Reifsnider. The first number of *THE COMING AGE* has made its appearance, and brings its proof in the realization that you are conducting the grandest magazine ever devised. Its field covers the mission of individuality. I esteem most essential your aim in upbuilding character and enlarging the minds of the people. When you arouse the individual, you will raise the nation to a higher ideal.

L. H. PIEHN.

Mr. Piehn is President of the First National Bank of Nora Springs, Iowa.

To publish all the kind words received would require more space than our magazine contains; hence I merely give these two as illustrating the feeling of thousands of thoughtful people. From the reception of this magazine, we believe that when its character is understood by the people in general it will become more popular than many of the literary publications now enjoying enormous circulations, because we are convinced that the heart-hunger of our age demands a brave, earnest,

and sincere magazine which shall speak for progress and the upliftment of man, and which, while ever being bright, attractive, and entertaining, shall be a teacher and leader in the best sense of these terms.

This month we give our readers a real treat in the luminous thought of Dr. Lorimer, Mary A. Livermore, Professor Batchellor, Charles Malloy, E. P. Powell, William D. McCrackan, James A. Herne, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, and many other truly representative thinkers who are working for a nobler age.

OUR CONVERSATIONS.

Mr. W. D. McCrackan furnishes us with an intensely interesting talk on the land question from the view-point of a single taxer. James A. Herne, the talented actor and playwright, discusses in a thoughtful manner the outlook for the American drama.

OUR SYMPOSIUM.

Under the title of "Peace and Progress," we have three papers of special interest on the subject of universal peace. The agitation of this most important problem before the world at the present time is doing more than most people imagine in educating the public mind and awakening the moral consciousness of the people. Dr. Bisbee's paper is of great value, while the clear, strong reasons why wisdom, humanity, and morality demand the grounding of arms, have seldom, if ever, been so ably and concisely presented as by the brilliant veteran in the warfare for higher civilization, Mary A. Livermore. Mr. Crosby's vigorous pen may be rather too militant for a Quaker, but it is enlisted, as ever, on the side of peace, progress, and justice for all the people.

DR. LORIMER'S MASTERPIECE.

Never has the Rev. George C. Lorimer written a greater paper, and I think I may add that no abler tribute to the Israelite has yet

appeared than is found in the distinctly great contribution prepared for *THE COMING AGE*, and which we present in this issue, on "The World's Indebtedness to the Jew." Not only will every intelligent Israelite want this paper, but it should be read in the homes of all our people, if for no other reasons than to show the rising generation the crimes which spring from intolerance and bigotry, and to inform the minds of the young upon some of the most significant though tragic facts of history.

MUSIC AND THE SPIRITUAL.

Professor Daniel Batchellor, of Philadelphia, furnishes us with a paper which is rich in food for thought in his discussion of "Music in Relation to the Spiritual." It will be deeply enjoyed by all musicians and many who do not possess the musical ear, but who realize the truths which our author unfolds.

THE POETRY OF EMERSON.

Mr. Charles Malloy gives us the second essay on the poems of Emerson. These contributions, coming as they do from the foremost living interpreter of the Concord poet, are of especial interest to all admirers of Emerson. Mr. Malloy was a warm personal friend of the philosopher, and is the last of the prominent leaders of the old Transcendental movement.

THE SANITY OF NAPOLEON.

E. P. Powell is at once a historian and a philosopher. In his history of Secession movements in the United States, as in many of his essays in leading reviews, he has proved himself a master in the marshaling and elucidating of historical facts; while in his "Heredity from God," he has proved himself no less happy in handling scientific and philosophical problems. In his remarkably thoughtful paper on the "Sanity of Napoleon," he deals with the great historical character in a philosophical manner. To my mind there is no question as to the presence of insanity in a mind like that of Napoleon, which becomes completely dominated by an exaggerated idea of self-importance. Our readers will be glad to know that Mr. Powell is to contribute several papers to *THE COMING AGE* during the present year.

MR. HENRY WARE ALLEN'S PAPER.

In a much lighter vein, Mr. Henry Ware Allen gives an instructive description of the natural features of a little-visited part of Mexico. His pen picture of the natives is exceedingly interesting, as is also his description of the wonders of the ancient civilization whose architecture and hieroglyphics still remain a wonder and a puzzle to our age.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE STUDY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

This month we present the opening paper of a series of important contributions, prepared by Mr. W. G. Todd, of the Kansas State Library. The author is a careful, painstaking, scientific investigator, and his reasons, no less than the narrations of experiments, will be of deep interest to our readers.

THE RAILWAY DEPARTMENT OF THE Y. M. C. A.

It will be quite a revelation to many readers to find out how extensively the Y. M. C. A. is supported by the railways for the special use of their employees. These associations are unquestionably doing a great work in preventing the workers from falling into paths of sin and ruin, and as such are real aids to a nobler manhood.

CHRISTIANITY AND PRESENT-DAY SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

This month I have made an extended study of Dr. Lorimer's notable work on "Christianity and the Social State." It is a volume meriting special notice, and, coming from the pastor of the largest Baptist church in Boston, is specially interesting as a sign of the times, illustrating the growing recognition on the part of the church of the real demands of the hour.

A PAPER BY PROFESSOR JOHN URI LLOYD.

Among scientific chemists of prominence in the United States few names stand so high as that of Professor John Uri Lloyd, of Cincinnati. His labors as a working chemist, no less than his luminous contributions to current scientific literature, are well known

throughout Europe and America. Like Dr. Weir Mitchell, he enjoys the distinction of being a successful novelist as well as a master in scientific research. Thousands of intelligent Americans who have enjoyed "Etidorpha" know little or nothing about the author beyond the fact that he has written one of the most, if not the most, remarkable psychical romance produced in this country during the past quarter of a century. Our readers will be interested to know that Professor Lloyd has prepared a paper entitled "Do Physicians and Pharmacists Live on the Misfortunes of Humanity?" which will be a feature in the next issue of *THE COMING AGE*.

THE NEW ENGLAND PRESS ON A SOCIALIST MAYOR.

The recent inauguration of Mayor Chase, of Haverhill, was the occasion of extended newspaper comment, owing to the fact that he is the first avowed socialist to be elected to preside over an American city. Perhaps the most notable feature of these editorial notices lay in the absence of the bitter and indiscriminate strictures which a few years ago were called forth whenever socialism or socialists were subjects of comment. This marked change in the attitude of the press was strikingly illustrated in the editorial in the *Boston Advertiser*, the most conservative Republican daily in Boston, which on January the 3d published the following editorial:

One of the inaugurals yesterday which attracted the most attention outside of that delivered by Mayor Quincy, was the announcement, made by Mayor Chase, of Haverhill, of his policy. Mayor Chase was elected as a socialist, and naturally is inclined to favor certain socialistic projects, such as public work for the relief of the poor, the right to own and operate all public utilities, a system for supplying food and clothing to indigent school children, and so on.

This is called socialism in this section. In other parts of the country it is not considered very much out of the way. Certain cities have decided to fix minimum and maximum rates for street-car charges, and it is not a long step from that to fixing a minimum wage of street-car employees. Some of the most influential politicians and newspapers of Chicago are now talking in favor of municipal ownership of street railways. The Mayor of Detroit was one of the first to establish the system of providing farms for the poor, and Boston already in one

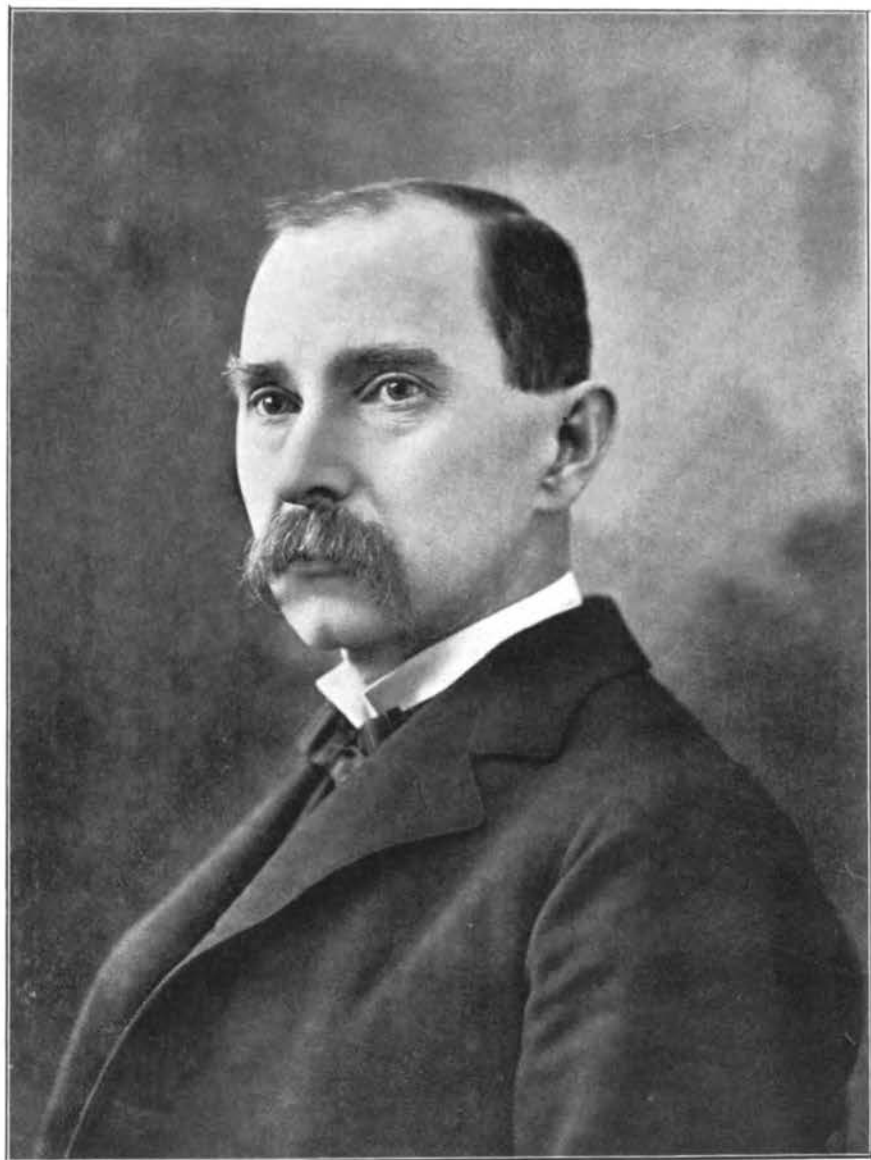
industrial crisis supplied work for the unemployed. As for the care of school children, Boston now employs doctors for that purpose, although the school children are supplied with nothing but medicine as yet.

The fact of the matter is that there seems to be a socialistic tendency in a good many American communities. It has not gone as yet to anything like the lengths suggested by Mayor Chase; but, after all, the distinction is one of degree more than a difference of essential principles. There are plenty of things done in this city of Boston to-day that might have been considered devices of socialism fifteen or twenty years ago.

Another notable fact which the election of Mayor Chase has called forth is the growth of socialistic sentiment in some of our western commonwealths. The mayor recently received a strong congratulatory letter signed, if I mistake not, by every State official in Kansas, from Chief-justice Doster down, excepting the governor.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE FILIPINOS.

I note with deep regret the seemingly indifferent, if not hostile, attitude of the administration toward the Filipinos who have so manfully struggled for freedom against the tyranny of Spain. I believe that an overwhelming majority of our people was heartily with the president in his determination to see that these unfortunate strugglers for freedom were not handed back to the barbarous rule of Spain, and doubtless a majority of the people favor a protectorate by the United States, at least until such time as a stable government can be established. But I think the administration mistakes the temper of our people if it imagines that the Americans will sanction any attempt to ignore the revolutions, or to wage a war of conquest against those patriots who, like our fathers, have valiantly fought for freedom. By kindness and a conciliatory policy I doubt not but that we can easily obtain all that it is right and fair for us to have; and certainly the great exponent of free government and popular suffrage—the champion of the right of men to rule themselves—should not stultify itself by waging a war of conquest against a people struggling for freedom, or seek to impose an odious government upon them. The United States cannot afford to assume the role of an oppressor.



Sincerely Yours
John Uri Lloyd

AUTHOR OF "ETIDORHPA."]

THE COMING AGE

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CONVERSATIONS

I.—TOPICS OF THE HOUR, BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

II.—THE RIGHTS OF THE MUNICIPALITY AND ITS OBLIGATIONS TO ITS CITIZENS, BY HON. SAMUEL M. JONES, MAYOR OF TOLEDO.

III.—THE PRACTICAL PROGRAMME OF THE BOSTON EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, BY REV. GEO. C. LORIMER, D.D.

I.—TOPICS OF THE HOUR

JOAQUIN MILLER.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH

Many persons who have long admired the sturdy poetry and vigorous prose of Joaquin Miller do not know that "Joaquin" is merely the pen name of the poet, who was christened Cincinnatus Hiner. He is a native of Indiana, and was born November 10, 1841. In 1854 his father moved to the Willamette Valley, in Oregon. At that time the gold fever of California was at its height, and the young poet determined to try his fortune in digging for gold, little dreaming that riches lay stored up in his own brain,—that the gift of a wonderful imagination and the poet's soul were sources of true wealth from which he might draw at will. He had to learn the

lesson of looking within rather than without, a lesson not learned till years later. As a gold miner he was not a shining success, but through practice he became an excellent cook, a knowledge which proved very valuable last year when he went to the Klondyke. The experience in the gold diggings was by no means unpleasant to the poet, for he was a born frontiersman, a natural lover of travel and perilous adventures,—a fact which became evident when, in 1856, he entered upon a rather roving life, during which time he served with Walker in Honduras. Returning to Oregon, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1860, and for a time edited the Democratic Register, in Eugene, Oregon. From 1866 to 1870 he served as county judge in Grant County, Oregon.

For several years the poet nature had struggled to assert itself. The unrivaled splendor of the western scenery, the stirring and highly dramatic episodes of the hour in the land of the Sierras, had appealed with irresistible power to his vivid imagination, and in 1871 his "Songs of the Sierras" was published, when the young poet found himself fairly launched in literary life. Shortly before this he made his first visit to England and the continent of Europe, and after his return we find him giving much time to journalism. His brilliant style had attracted the attention of newspaper men on the alert for correspondents who understood how to invest a recital of facts with the fascinating charm of well-conceived fiction. In 1873 his "Songs of the Sunlands" was published. "The Ship in the Desert" and "Songs of Italy" followed in quick succession, and in 1881 he brought out "The Danites in the Sierras," a rather powerful novel, which has been dramatized and as a play has proved exceedingly popular. Among his later works are "Memorie and Rime," "Fortynine, or the Gold Seekers of the Sierras," "My Life among the Modocs," "The Shadows of Shasta," and "The Building of the City Beautiful." This last volume represents the poet's maturer thought. It was written after his removal to the Heights overlooking the Golden Gate. It is different from his other works, and is characterized by marked simplicity of style. The words used are for the most part Saxon. As literature it is, in my judgment, far superior to any of the other social visions of our generation. It is highly poetic, deeply religious, and pervaded by a noble spirit of justice and altruism. It was conceived and woven in the loom of the poet's imagination when he returned to his rose garden and orange grove after an extended trip through Europe, Palestine, and Egypt. The story opens in Jerusalem, reaches its climax on the plains of Mexico, and closes on the Heights overlooking the City by the Sea. Each chapter in this little social vision,—which deals with the gospel of toil and teaches that the happiness of all depends on the industry of each,—is preceded by a simple yet charming little poem. From these little waifs, numbering twenty-four

in all, I select the two following as illustrating their character, and also because they belong to those simple heart songs which are so dear to the people. The first is founded on a quaint little legend still told to travelers in Palestine, according to which in far-off Galilee the listening ear may, even now, at times hear the loom of Mary sounding down the ages, and note the rhythmic stroke of the carpenter as it once sounded when the youthful Jesus wrought at his trade.

What sound was that? A pheasant's whir?
What stroke was that? Lean low thine ear.

Is that the stroke of carpenter,
That far, faint echo that we hear?
Is that the sound that sometime Bedouins tell
Of hammer stroke as from His hand it fell?

It is the stroke of carpenter,
Through eighteen hundred years and more
Still sounding down the hallowed stir
Of patient toil; as when He wore
The leathern dress,—the echo of a sound
That thrills for aye the tolling, sensate ground.

Hear Mary weaving! Listen! Hear
The thud of loom at weaving time
In Nazareth. I weave this dear
Tradition with my lowly rhyme.
Believing everywhere that she may hear
The sound of toll, sweet Mary bends an ear.

Yea, this the toil that Jesus knew;
Yet we complain if we must bear.
Are we more dear? Are we more true?
Give us, O God, and do not spare!
Give us to bear as Christ and Mary bore
With toil by leaf-girt Nazareth of yore!

The following little sermon in song tells the story of the ages, the lesson of lessons which man is so slow to learn:

"How shall man surely save his soul?"
'Twas sunset by the Jordan. Gates
Of light were closing, and the whole
Vast heaven hung darkened as the fates.
"How shall man surely save his soul?" he said,
As fell the kingly day, discrowned and dead.

The Christ said: "Hear this parable.
Two men set forth and journeyed fast
To reach a place ere darkness fell
And closed the gates ere they had passed:
Two worthy men, each free alike of sin,
But one did seek most sure to enter in.

"And so when in their path there lay
A cripple with a broken staff,
The one did pass straight on his way,
While one did stoop and give the half

His strength, and all his time did nobly
share
Till they at sunset saw their city fair.

"And he who would make sure ran fast
To reach the golden sunset gate,
Where captains and proud charlots passed,
But, lo, he came one moment late!
The gate was closed, and all night long he
cried;
He cried and cried, but never watch replied.

"Meanwhile the man who cared to save
Another as he would be saved
Came slowly on, gave bread and gave
Cool waters, and he stooped and laved
The wounds. At last, bent double with his
weight,
He passed, unchild, the porter's private gate.

"Hear then this lesson, hear and learn:
He who would save his soul, I say,
Must lose his soul; must dare to turn
And lift the fallen by the way;
Must make his soul worth saving by some
deed
That grows, and grows, as grows the fruit-
ful seed."

In 1887 Mr. Miller secured a tract of land on Oakland Heights, overlooking San Francisco and the Golden Gate. Here he set to work planting an orange grove and making a garden of roses. Several little unpretentious cabins jewel this garden spot. In one lives the poet's mother, now in her eighties; one of his brothers occupies another; and the foreman of his grove a third.

"Oh, we have a little village up there," exclaimed the poet during my interview with him when he was in Boston in February, "and every cabin is hung with roses. My mother works in the garden every day, and," he continued, "we have a sort of religion up there. A part of it is to go to bed with the sun and get up with the sun. I don't believe in this nonsense about the midnight oil. I believe night was given man for sleep."

When all the world was thrown into excitement over the gold brought to San Francisco by a vessel from Alaska, and the word "Klondyke" was on every tongue. Mr. Miller was engaged to push forward to the new camp and furnish the world reports of the El Dorado of the Arctic. He has returned after an experience which few would care to undergo, and during the past few months has been relating some of his adventures on the lecture plat-

form. When I saw him two months ago, though he was installed in the palatial Hotel Touraine, and though he was enthusiastic over Boston and the kind of reception which had been accorded him, he said he wanted to go home. "There's no place for me like the Heights," he exclaimed, and added, earnestly, "How can you live in a great city? It would kill me."

It would almost seem that there were two natures in the breast of the rugged poet of the Sierras,—one a passionate lover of simple home life, and the other as passionate a lover of travel and perilous adventures as the daring Vikings of old, who were never so happy as when, free-handed, they were facing death.

In his conversation this month, the poet discusses several questions of general interest at the present time; but perhaps no part of his conversation will be more enjoyed than his vivid descriptions of our Arctic empire and our new possessions, the little tropical islands in the Pacific where eternal sun shines on the stars and stripes.

TOPICS OF THE HOUR.

CONVERSATION WITH JOAQUIN MILLER.

Q. Mr. Miller, I desire your views on the union of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. You know, when war was first declared with Spain, almost instantly all the powers of continental Europe displayed unmistakable sympathy for Spain; and, indeed, had it not been for the stand of England, there can be no doubt that the republic would have been humiliated through the concerted action of these powers. While they ranged themselves on the side of despotism, Great Britain instinctively placed herself, however, on the side of free government. And this, I think, was something more than chance; for the genius of her government, like that of ours, is republican, while continental Europe, not excepting France, partakes largely of the spirit of absolutism. Now, do you not believe that in the years to come the English-speaking peoples will act in unison on great questions which seriously concern civilization and progress?

A. Here is a thing to consider—a fact not to be forgotten. Not so very long ago our old Saxon mother took her Bible under her arm and started around the world. In the course of time she came to the good Dutch town of New Amsterdam, still carrying her wonderful Book of poetry, prophecy, law, and religion, and, lo, New Amsterdam became a Saxon city. She rested here awhile, and then set her face westward, still carrying the Book. She climbed mountains, crossed rivers, penetrated the forests and traversed the prairies, till she came to the French town of St. Louis, and it became a Saxon city. Then again she turned her face toward the setting sun. Crossing the vast plains and desert wastes, she scaled the Rockies and climbed the Sierras until she reached San Francisco, and here she found two hundred miles of Spanish coast, and it, too, soon became Saxon land. To-day she is tenting on the sands of Luzon at Manila, and before the noon of the next century she will have shaken hands with herself in the heart of India, having made the complete tour of the world which—in a true sense—she will have conquered; but the real conquest will not have been by bullets, but by the Book written in terse, direct, and robust Saxon; the Book of law and poetry and prophecy and religion, all-comprehensive, and set down in only about six thousand five hundred simple words.

Q. The Saxon language seems to possess a peculiar power and virility. Time and again we have seen it entirely supplant other tongues. Thus, as you have pointed out, the Dutch language gave way before it in New York, as did the French and Spanish in New Orleans, the Spanish in Florida, the French in Canada; and, indeed, wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue penetrates it seems to demand and compel a right of way, in a manner that leads us to regard it as a far more masterful tongue than the more musical and poetic languages of the Latin peoples.

A. Let me tell you. There is no language like the pure, simple Anglo-Saxon; but to-day our language, and more than our language—our very civilization,—is imperiled by the rapid multiplication of words. Look at China, with her five hundred thousand words, and hardly an idea.

I am afraid that, if we keep piling up words and making dictionaries as we have been doing of late, some day we shall have as many words and as few ideas as the Chinese. Let me call to your mind a fact,—China was once a great, powerful, civilized nation, a nation of thinkers, inventors, and robust scholars. Matches were made, clocks invented, and scores of important discoveries and inventions blossomed upon every highway, while Europe was wrapped in barbarism. But China was a great empire. Within her borders various tongues and dialects were spoken, and I am informed by an oriental scholar, thoroughly conversant with the history of the East, that when in the course of time one of the emperors desired to knit his people together, it occurred to him that if they made a dictionary combining the words used in all the different parts of the realm, and this language were taught to the young, the people would be unified as in no other way. Fifty scholars were summoned from various parts of the empire. Their work, it seems, was not satisfactory to his majesty, and they were decapitated and fifty more summoned to take their places. After much toil and travail, the great dictionary was completed, with its hundreds of thousands of words. Next it was decided that all persons holding important governmental positions must master the dictionary. Those who survived the ordeal came forth mentally dead, so far as original or virile thought was concerned. The Chinese scholars were, and are, fluent in the use of words, but barren in ideas. China to-day is an illustration of the result which must follow crowding the mind with words, terms, or expressions, so that the imagination becomes stunted and thought dies.

What we most need is to get back to the simple, forceful Saxon. Whenever I go to our universities and our colleges to speak, I say, Remember Shakspeare's scorn of words, words, words. The Book, which even as literature is the greatest monument in our language, has but six thousand five hundred and forty-three terms. John Milton, Latin scholar though he was, employed but seventeen thousand words in making "the devil roar till all hell resounded through her cav-

erned shore." Shakspeare used about twenty-four thousand words in giving us the whole world of life and love and death, as felt by man, woman, and child, in every position and state of being. It was the short Roman sword that went to the heart and conquered the world, and not the long, tasseled spear of the barbarian. And so I say to the students: When you go down to battle with a great wrong remember the boy David and his sling, and his pebbles from the brook that went to the brain. I say to the young men, If you have a good big, robust thought, that may do the world good, don't polish it up as if it were a brass door-plate that you were afraid the world would not see. The world is waiting for ideas, not words. Don't deck your great thought out in little French frills; don't send it forth in low neck and swallow-tail; if you do, it will take cold and die; but garment it in simple Saxon words, if you want it to touch the heart of the world and live in life and story.

Q. What do you think of the outlook for American literature?

A. A literature, if it is true, must partake of the characteristics of the nation from which it springs. The American literature, when it comes, must be in keeping with our characteristics; it must be nervous, quick in movement, and active to the point, like our life in this great, prolific land, which is almost telegraphic in the swiftness and dispatch with which it meets and masters the problems and burdens of the age; a literature of dots, dashes, and small words if you will,—one that shall say much in small compass. It must, if it is true, differ from the splendid literature of England as we are unlike the Britons. I say, all honor to the great Americans who have helped make the literature of England,—but their work is not American literature; for that, when it comes, must reflect the spirit of our life. American science has swept time and space almost entirely away. We dash along at fifty and sixty miles an hour, but our literature, as a rule, still rumbles along in English stage-coach style over a corduroy road of big, bumping words; and too often some of us have a red-coated outrider blowing his horn. I say, over and over again, that the danger of

American literature, the blight of American books, is the use of big words.

Q. Changing the subject, will you tell us something of the frozen North? Is it indeed an El Dorado, or is it already despoiled of its yellow wealth?

A. It is a land of gold and death. Yes, its wealth seems to be inexhaustible. Why, in Alaska and the adjacent British territory there is gold enough to pay the combined debt of the Anglo-Saxon world; but the problem is to get it from the frozen clutches of the ice king.

After I reached Dawson I went to various places to see just what each of the diggings had to promise, and after my investigation, and a careful comparison with the observations of other old gold miners, we all came to the same conclusion,—that these gold fields are one hundred to one richer than any other diggings on earth, but that it costs more than a thousand times as much to get it out. The gold is there,—there is no question about that; but it is sheathed in ice as though eternal winter, fearing she might be despoiled of her stored-up wealth of the ages, had some time cut the sluices and let an ocean flow over the valley of gold, and then breathed upon the waters until they became a sea of glass resting over the golden bosom of a once tropical land; for if we dig down through that frozen sea we come upon palm trunks and numerous other evidences of luxuriant tropical vegetation. The problem to-day is, how we may melt the ice and wrest the gold from the frozen empire of the North. The scarcity of fuel makes all work difficult. Steam cannot be utilized to advantage. If coal could be brought into the camps in sufficient quantities perhaps electricity could be made to solve the question. After watching the development of gold mining in California since '49, I do not doubt that the ingenuity of the Yankee will soon solve this difficult problem, and thus unlock a treasure house of gold such as perhaps man has never before known; and yet I do not find it in my heart to advise any one to go there, for the perils and hardships of that land of perpetual ice will soon put frost and snow into hair and beard, even of the young, that no after years will thaw out.

Q. Do you think Alaska as rich in gold as the British possessions?

A. Quite as rich, and perhaps richer. There are, thus far, more gold fields discovered on the Yukon than across the boundary, though most of them are not quite as rich as the Klondyke. Circle City, three hundred miles from Dawson, is the largest log-cabin town in the world. There is much gold in this section, but it is not nearly so rich as the Klondyke region. But new camps are being opened all the time, and some promise to be even richer than those around Dawson. Take, for example, the comparatively new camp of Minook on the Yukon, one thousand miles below the Klondyke. Here the ore is very rich in gold. Alaska is a treasure house of mineral wealth. Besides gold there are various other valuable minerals, notably copper, which is found in great quantities and in a very pure state, and quicksilver. Her wealth is concealed under the shroud of snow and ice, but we have discovered enough of it to know that it is one of the richest store-houses in the world. Now all that is needed is a practical method of handling the ice so that we can harvest the riches.

Q. How did the natural scenery impress you?

A. There is a solemn stateliness, a somber grandeur not found anywhere else in our possessions; and this is especially true when the sun is bidding good-bye to the region. I shall never forget my experience on the Yukon and my race with death toward the day. We started in September down the Yukon,—the meaning of that word is River of Trouble. The ice began to close around us shortly after we started, and day by day the outlook grew less cheerful till at last the boat was held in the vise-like grip of the ice. Then day seemed suddenly blown out. Three of us started to return. We traveled toward the daylight, but perpetual night reigned. We lost all idea of time; above us was the deep blue, cobalt sky, spangled with such stars as I had never seen before; around us stretched the everlasting snow and ice; and in the sky flashed and flickered the strange, weird, baleful northern lights. We pressed on,—but I will not tire you with the details of that race with death. At last a shining,

glittering peak of the snow-clad Rockies rose before us, and we knew that light lay beyond; and then arose a glow of wonderful, pink light; an aureole crowned the peak. It spread, it grew, till all at once the sun in unmatched glory beamed on the benighted land below. It was a baby day, and died almost as soon as born; but it was enough, for it brought hope. The long dread night, with its cobalt sky and gleaming stars, its frozen stillness, was broken and we knew that other days would come.

Q. Leaving the North, with its frozen splendor and its shroud of snow, let us go to our new tropical possessions in the Pacific. How were you impressed with the Hawaiian Islands?

A. Hawaii is a beautiful flower-pot in a garden of the sea. It is the prettiest spot on the globe,—mostly mountains, whose rugged, volcanic peaks rise spire-like toward the sky, and their tops are almost always clothed with fleecy, snow-white clouds. Their bases and sides are fringed with fruit-laden tropical trees and gorgeous flowers, and rainbows are almost ever present. The skies have the glory peculiar to the tropics, and the voice of the sea is heard on every hand. Life is cheerful, simple, joyous. The natives are good-hearted, happy, and the most hospitable people I have ever seen. They are far superior to our Indians and to most of the inhabitants of the Pacific islands. Who were their ancestors, of course is not known, but a curious and interesting argument has been made to show that they are one of the ten lost tribes of Israel. Several reasons have been put forth to sustain this theory, among which may be mentioned the fact that in olden times every island had its city of refuge, a walled inclosure which ran down to the sea with its perpetual wealth of food; and in every one of these inclosures was a spring of water and usually a grove of cocoanuts. If any one who had committed a crime could reach the city of refuge he was safe so long as he remained in the inclosure; and this gave his friends an opportunity to make peace with the wronged ones. The refuges were patterned after the Israelitish cities of refuge. Another peculiarity of the natives in the earlier times was the practice of the rite

of circumcision; and there are several other facts that have been advanced in favor of the supposition that these natives descended from the lost tribes. Commodore Wilkes has set forth this claim in one of the best books ever written on these islands.

Q. You were somewhat in evidence in the ill-starred revolution, were you not?

A. Well, I shouldered a gun for the natives and their queen because I felt the queen herself had not been justly treated, and I shall always feel that she was not treated right; but the revolution was a fiasco. It lasted five days, and was got up by two or three worthless half-breeds who had neither valor nor common sense. I do not believe the queen was implicated. I was present at her trial, and it was not shown that she had instigated or furthered the revolt. She is highly respected on the island. I went to Mr. and Mrs. Dole, and asked them that no violence should be done to the queen; and they both assured me that she should not be harmed, and she was not. Mr. Dole is highly respected in Hawaii. Indeed, the white man, though hopelessly in the minority, dominates the islands for the

good of all races present; for it would be hard to find a finer set of men than the white people of Honolulu. Harvard, Yale, Williams College, and other famous institutions are well represented. They are men and women of superior intelligence, and for the most part of high principles. The government, even when I was there, was intensely American. But one thing we must keep in mind,—this group of islands is very small. We Americans are so used to boundless stretches, that these islands impress us as being little dolls' gardens, so far as size is concerned.

It is a land of fruit and flowers; of birds of rare plumage; of fleeting clouds and radiant sunshine; of happy, careless natives; of patient, industrious Chinamen; of thrifty Japs, and of intelligent Yankees, with boundless energy and enterprise. However, for the most part there is little friction. The natives are on good terms with all people; the Celestials are pre-eminently peaceable; the Anglo-Saxons rule, and so are happy. Oh, yes; Hawaii seems like a bit of Paradise let down from the white clouds above.

II.—THE RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF THE MUNICIPALITY

THE GOLDEN RULE MAYOR.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

There is probably no more interesting figure in official municipal life in America than that of the Hon. Samuel M. Jones, popularly known as the Golden Rule Mayor of Toledo. Mr. Jones is a Christian in more than the ordinary perfunctory sense. He is striving in his business, social, and official relations to live the Golden Rule, as we shall presently see.

He is a self-made man, and, in his life American youths may find another of those helpful examples which nerve the hand, strengthen the brain, and put new courage into the soul during the dark hours of struggle and anxiety which come

to so large a per cent of our young men who achieve success in life to-day.

Mr. Jones was born in Wales on August 3, 1846, but was bought to America by his parents when three years of age. The voyage, which was taken fifty years ago, occupied thirty days, and suggests to us one of the changes which have marked the march of invention during the last half of our wonderful century. Arriving in New York, the parents proceeded by canal boat to the central part of the State, where they located. They were very poor, and the struggle for a livelihood was of that character which calls for true heroism. The little boy when very small had to help in the battle with the wolf. Very pathetic is this observation of Mr. Jones:

"The poverty of our family was so stringent that it was necessary for me to go out and work, and I bear upon my

body to-day the marks of the injustice and wrong of child labor."

When eighteen he determined to go out into the world and battle for a livelihood where opportunities seemed more favorable than at home. At that time the oil fields of Pennsylvania offered a favorable chance for employment to those who were not afraid of work. Thither the young man turned his steps. He arrived at Titusville with fifteen cents in his pocket, and, as he found work more difficult to obtain than he had anticipated, his small capital soon vanished, and for a short time his position was extremely trying. The sensitive youth, eager for work but without a cent, and with no means of paying for food or shelter, affords one of the most tragic spectacles which enter into every-day life. One thing worried him greatly,—he knew that his patient, loving mother was anxiously awaiting tidings from her boy, but he had no money for the necessary stamp. This fact, however, did not deter him from writing a good, long letter on some stationery kindly furnished him by the keeper of a little hotel. His letter written, sealed, and directed, the young man began to plan some way to obtain the necessary three cents for postage. While striving to hit upon some means of meeting the demands of Uncle Sam, he noticed a man going to the post-office with several letters, and a daring idea came into his head, which he instantly acted on. Approaching the gentleman, he said: "Are you going to the post-office?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Will you have the kindness to mail this letter for me?" he asked, as he began fumbling in his pocket for the necessary coins, which were not forthcoming. The gentleman evidently took in the situation, as he exclaimed, in a kindly tone: "Never mind; I'll stamp it." The kindness of the stranger lifted a burden from the boy's heart. With innate courage he set forth again in search of work. This time he succeeded. His energy, perseverance, and application brought their reward. From an employee he became in 1870 an oil producer. His business prospered, and he succeeded in accumulating a fortune. In 1893 he invented some important improvements in appliances for producing oil, and shortly

after engaged in the manufacture of the product. Here he came in contact with the labor conditions in a city for the first time. The workmen in the oil fields had as a rule received comparatively large wages, but the amount paid the toilers in the city was very small. "I found," he said, in speaking of this, "men working in Toledo for a fraction of a dollar a day. I began to wonder how it was possible for men to live on such a small sum of money in a way becoming to citizens of a free republic." Mr. Jones refused to listen to the argument that, because other firms required long hours and small pay, it was necessary for all houses to do the same. He shortened the day of those who came to work for him from twelve to eight hours, and while paying excellent wages made each worker a profit sharer, as will be seen by the following form of a letter which for the past four years has, with a check, been sent to each employee at Christmas time:

Toledo, Dec. 25, 1898.

Mr. John Smith:

Dear Brother—Following our custom for the past few years, we inclose herein our check in your favor for the sum of... that being five per cent on the amount that has been paid you in wages by this company during the past year. This is not intended as a charitable gift; it is an expression of good will, a recognition of faithful service, and an admission that the present wage system is not scientific, therefore not a just system; further, it is doing the best we know at the present moment in the way of making a beginning that will finally lead us to a condition of life (brotherhood) where the question of what a person shall receive as a reward for his labor will no longer be a mere matter of chance, depending upon the necessity of the one and the greed of the other, as is the case at present, but where justice will prevail, and where every man will be secure in the enjoyment of all of the fruit of the labor of his hands. If in the future there shall appear a better way to contribute to this end, we hope to be as ready to adopt it as we were to adopt this little division of profit.

Accompanying this dividend, we hand you a little booklet, our fifth annual Christmas greeting, wherein you will find our views upon the subject of social relations somewhat fully discussed, and we commend the same to your thoughtful consideration.

We wish you all always a merry Christmas and a useful, that is, happy New Year.

Very faithfully yours,

S. M. JONES.

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

This Golden Rule business man next sought to create a spirit of fraternity. His employees were taken with other friends on little summer excursions on the lake, and also became guests in his great home. His large business grew rapidly, and other laborers were required. They received the same treatment, and soon became as interested and enthusiastic as the other employees. Last year he bought a square of land adjoining his factory. It contained a dozen old trees and several rookeries. The latter were torn down, the land evened, and a park and play-ground laid out, with seats under the shady trees, and swings, a may-pole, and seesaws for the little ones. Here also provisions were made for public meetings and conferences when the weather permitted, and here, to use Mr. Jones's words:

On Sunday afternoons we have our meetings. Not preaching meetings or Sunday schools for just a few, but meetings for the people and all of the people. We have talks upon topics of general interest,—brotherhood, man's relation to man, the Golden Rule, socialism, transportation, and kindred topics, discussed by people of varied phases of religious belief. At one time we had a Christian minister, a Jewish rabbi, and an agnostic, discussing from the same platform the subject of the Golden Rule.

A hall has also been fitted up for public meetings and conferences when the weather will not permit the out-door gatherings. The little park has proved a source of great pleasure to the people, and it is but one of several things which Mr. Jones has done, and is doing, in his consistent attempt to live up to the precepts of the Golden Rule. Is he discouraged with the result? Far from it. Let me quote his own words as given a few months ago in the Chicago Tribune:

It seems to me that I see the beginning of a better day when this declaration of our forefathers shall be realized. Selfishness and greed and love of money, grown rampant, have well-nigh consumed us; but the people, the great people, the patient, loving, waiting people, are thinking, as they never thought before, that the reign of the people is about to begin. The right to live, of every man who is willing to work, must be admitted. The ideal of the republic, which we find in the well-ordered family, must be realized, and soon, if the nation is to be saved and the republic to be permanent. I believe we are coming to this realization at a tremendous pace. The machinery which does the

work of the world in one-quarter or less of the time that was formerly required to do it, has made it both unnecessary and impossible to provide ten or twelve hours' work for all of the people. The people will not willingly starve or commit suicide. They have a right to live, because they are willing to work. The Almighty himself promised it at the very dawn of creation, when he said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

I advocate the eight-hour day, though not because it affords a final and complete solution of the labor problem, for it does not. It is only a step in the right direction, but its immediate adoption would put at work immediately thousands of men now in enforced idleness, and we may as well admit,—those of us who claim such superiority as to style ourselves "Captains of Industry,"—that these men are our brothers, and that in one way or another they must live. Through our selfish and soul-destroying greed we have driven millions into beggary and thousands into crime, so you see that, when we follow the effect to its logical conclusion and then turn around and look for the cause of crime, we often find the real criminal very near our own door.

People ask me what I would do if we had the eight-hour day universally adopted, and there was not work enough to go around? I reply: Divide the day again; and then, if there should still be unemployed men, divide it once more. This is a perfectly logical, rational, and reasonable programme. That is why I wrote the song "Divide the Day,"—because I believe in it, and the simple rules of arithmetic will demonstrate that it must be a success.

To be contented with existing conditions would for me be to blaspheme the sacred name of Christ, and would moreover be treason against the republic itself. I know that the republic cannot endure, and that our mock Christianity must perish from the face of the earth, unless those of us who claim to be both patriotic and Christian are able to demonstrate, by the sacrifice of service, that our claims are well founded, by redeeming our beloved country from the cruel grasp of selfish greed that would destroy, and making it what God designed it should be,—a haven for the oppressed of all the earth.

The religious ideals of the man, and the spirit which pervades his work, are well illustrated in the following extract from his fifth annual Christmas greeting to his employees, which accompanied the annual dividend check last Christmas:

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago the angelic voices rang out on the midnight air of Judea's plain, proclaiming the dawn of a new era, for which the world still waits, the era of "peace on earth and good will to men." Are we idly waiting for the coming of this

good time, or are we helping to make it a reality? Nothing is plainer to me than that the mission of Jesus was to establish a new social order on earth, which he called "the kingdom of heaven" and "the kingdom of God." Jesus never once used the term "kingdom of heaven" or "kingdom of God" as meaning a place, but always a condition of mind, a social order in which men (Christians) would love all men as brothers, and live and act toward them as brothers. . . .

If Christ taught anything he taught that men might have this perpetual Christmas whenever they want it. He said, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and again, "the kingdom of heaven is within you," and he taught that we might begin to live in it at any time merely by giving up the idea of hating men and giving ourselves to loving them instead. I suppose those people who insist on waiting for some dim and distant millennium have the right to wait, but for my part I prefer to take my share now and here, by living as best I can according to perpetual Christmas rules. A millennium is only perpetual Christmas. . . .

We have not yet learned to be ashamed of a civilization that makes some of our brothers paupers; but we have sound proof that the world is awakening, and before many years we shall awake to see a Christmas when poverty shall be banished from the earth. Shame on us that we have tolerated it so long! The Rev. Heber Newton, of the Madison Avenue Episcopal Church, New York, said in a recent sermon that the kingdom of God was a new order of society, which men themselves should bring about, and from which should be abolished poverty and misery. The time would come, he said, when men would consider it a crime and an outrage that any person should starve to death in the midst of plenty. He for one looked to see poverty abolished in our own generation. So do I. I am looking for a Christmas when every man shall have the fruit of the labor of his own hands, and no man shall, either by the methods of the gambler or the methods of respectable business, have the fruit of the toil of some other man's hands. Then poverty will be a thing of the past, because the real cause of poverty—the man that lives at the expense of other people's toil—will have disappeared.

As Mayor of Toledo, no less than as a large manufacturer, Mr. Jones has sought to carry out his Golden Rule creed. He has been fearless in his advocacy of that which he felt was for the best interests of all, and deaf to the specious pleadings of those desiring special privileges. In an interesting sketch which appeared in the New York Herald of February 19th, dealing with Mr. Jones's work in Toledo, the

writer, after discussing the mayor and his labors in general, continues:

In summer Mayor Jones takes his employees and their families out for lake rides, and in many other ways carries out his policy regarding the brotherhood of man, of which idea he is a devout advocate. While little is said about it, he contributes perhaps five times his salary as mayor to the poor of the city, doing it in an unostentatious and quiet way. He is a musician of no mean ability, and has achieved a reputation as a speaker upon industrial subjects. He is continually besought to speak in various cities over the country. He owns what is known as Golden Rule Park, where open-air meetings are held, with good speaking and good music in summer, and Golden Rule Hall, where the same programme is observed in the winter.

The presence of such a man at the head of a municipality cannot fail to stimulate all that is best in municipal and individual life, while the fact that business men are thus stepping out of the old ranks, and carrying the teachings of Jesus into every act of life, is one of the many encouraging signs present in the closing years of our century.

THE RIGHTS OF THE MUNICIPALITY AND ITS OBLIGATIONS TO THE CITIZENS.

CONVERSATION WITH HON. S. M. JONES.

Q. Will you give us some of the principal reasons for favoring municipal ownership of such natural monopolies as gas, electric lighting, street-car service, telephones, etc.?

A. All natural monopolies should be publicly owned, and such monopolies as you mention should be municipally owned, because, in the first place, they cover a class of necessities that are common to all of the people. It may be urged that the poor do not need gas, electric lighting or telephones, etc., but in the most just order of society, into which we are coming, these utilities will be as accessible to the poor as they now are to the rich. It is no stretch of imagination to say that many a poor person has died simply for want of a telephone to reach a doctor quickly, and the only substantial reason why the poor should not have telephones and other things that are now considered luxuries is found in the fact that

they cannot have them. Unjust economic conditions have placed them beyond their reach. I fancy that the time will come when the social needs of a city will be so perfectly understood that the telephone will not only be publicly owned, but publicly paid for, and will be as freely used by all classes of citizens as are now the streets, street lighting, the protection of fire and police departments, and public-school education. Man is a social being. We have not yet begun to take in the profound philosophy of the statement that "no man liveth to himself." If we have prosperity that is real, we all share it; in like manner, whether we will or not, we all share in the adversity which to our short-sighted eyes may seem to affect only a few.

A second and perhaps the best reason why these monopolies should be publicly owned is found in the fact that private ownership of a public utility is a public immorality. No legislative body has a moral right to farm out a privilege granting certain individuals the right to rob the people while pretending to serve them. Perhaps the word "rob" may be extravagant in this sense; but I mean to say that no moral right is lodged in any legislative body to grant a privilege to a corporation to make profit from the people by providing a social necessity, when this class of service is the manifest duty of the people. According to any just conception of democracy, it is one of the imperative functions of government. To evade it or avoid it by granting franchises or leases of privileges of that kind is a shirking of responsibility on the part of the leaders amounting to nothing less than a crime against the people.

Q. Do you believe that it is wise and proper for municipalities to make reasonable preparations for free lectures, free music, baths, and other agencies which tend to elevate and dignify manhood and minister to the healthful condition of the mind and body of the citizen?

A. If it is wise for the state to provide for a system of free education, which has been done, then all the reasons that have been urged for that form of socialism may be brought forward in support of a proposition for free lectures, free music, free baths, free play-grounds, free gymnasia,

etc. We are beginning to see that we have been making a narrow use of the word education; a whole lot of stuff has been called education that did not educate. We have separated life into fragments, and the fundamental fact is ever before us that life is a whole, and we are coming to accept the doctrine of the absolute unity of the entire race. This is because of our better conception of democracy and brotherhood, and as this idea of unity takes possession of us, we see the necessity of having every social unit as nearly complete, as nearly perfect, as the socialized energy of the municipality, state, or nation can make him.

The acceptance of the idea of democracy involves a dismissal from the mind of any thought of class or classes, and this degrading notion has always hindered the progress of the world. The idea that a few of us are endowed with the "divine right of kings," and are especially fitted to govern or rule what we have called the lower classes, is undemocratic, as well as unchristian and of course unbrotherly; and worst of all, it is unscientific. Emerson says that "the entertainment of the idea of depravity,—that is the last profligacy and profanation; there is no atheism but this."

If we are a democracy, we must believe in the people; there is no escape from that conclusion. If we believe in the people, we must believe that we are going to be saved altogether or lost altogether, and it is my belief that we are making progress toward nobler ideals of democracy and brotherhood than we have ever yet dreamed of. I see the promise of this in the growing desire to enlarge the functions of government in ministering to the social necessities of the people; and as we have long since recognized the importance of one part of the thing called education—what is taught from books—and have practically made that as free as the air we breathe, so I believe we shall enlarge our conceptions of what constitutes education, and make such things as baths, gymnasia, play-grounds, music, lectures, etc., as free to all as the common school now is.

Q. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the city would, in the long run, save far more than the amount expended, in the reduction of expenses required for courts,

jails, almshouses and the service of physicians, if more attention were given to the moral well-being of the people and to more effective sanitary measures?

A. There is no room to doubt that fifty per cent of the sum now expended in so-called restraining and charity methods would,—if expended in any reasonable way along socialistic lines, so as to enlarge the privileges of the people and to provide opportunities for them,—within twenty-five years place our almshouses, jails, penitentiaries, and prisons very largely in the domain of the relics of a hideous past. To appreciate this truth, we first have to understand that the source of our wealth is in "hard, bone labor," all fine-spun theories about brain-work and capital to the contrary notwithstanding. Let me illustrate: We might wipe off from the face of the earth all created wealth, all property, manufactured goods of every description, and if we have a healthy, educated, and socialized people ready to work for the good of all, we may reasonably expect to restore in a short time all of these material things. I think this will help us to see the relative importance of health and wealth, and, along with it, the necessity and duty of providing opportunities for people to be healthy. Then, when with our socialized energy we shall provide opportunities for them to work, it will follow as a perfectly natural consequence that they will be wealthy.

Q. Inasmuch as a republic depends on the character of manhood, do you not believe that it is the sacred duty of the state to promote, so far as lies in her power, habits of industry and to maintain self-respecting manhood?

A. It most assuredly is the sacred duty of the state to promote habits of industry and to maintain self-respecting manhood, and the imperative necessity of this hour is that the city, state, and nation shall organize in its collective capacity so that the citizens of this growing commonwealth may live self-respecting lives. We provide for free education. Through the manual-training schools, we even teach our children how to work, and then we turn them out into a scrambling, fighting, quarreling mob (the competitive system), where every man is struggling for himself

in a "grab all," "catch as catch can," "devil take the hindmost" game, foolishly expecting that they will win success; they are helpless babes pitted against trained fighters. After having taught them the art and beauty of work, and how to work and how to make beautiful things, we fail to give them an opportunity to work. We deny them the right to share in making and building a country that we ask them to love, a country that they want to love, and this is where the colossal failure of the present system reveals itself in its most hideous proportions—in the ever-increasing army of the workless, in the growing numbers of those who bear the curse of the wandering foot, and go from place to place vainly seeking and begging and pleading for the right to stand upon the earth, and the right to participate and share in the glory of the work that is going on about them. But all this is to be changed: the air is filled with signs of promise. The manifest destiny of these United States is to save the great peoples from the impending doom that the narrowness of a few would bring down upon them. Our future is to be heroic, spiritual. We are to be a great people,—great in quality, not in mere bigness. We are to manifest our greatness by our love for each other, and in a recognition of the rights of our fellow-men in providing opportunities for every man,—for even the weakest child to live the best possible life that is in him. We are to realize the ideals that the founders of the government forecast in the Declaration of Independence, where they set forth that "all men are created free and equal, and entitled to certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There is but one place where real happiness can be found, and that is in being useful to some fellow human being.

Ruskin has said that "the wealth of a nation may be estimated by the number of happy people that are kept employed in making useful things." Some day we shall take account of stock in that way. We shall not go to Lombard street or Wall street; but, pointing to the happy people who are constantly employed in making useful and beautiful things, we shall say, like the mother of the Gracchi, "These are my jewels."

Q. You have recently come out in favor of the rights of men to work. Will you give us your reasons for the position you have taken?

A. For the past four or five years it has been gradually dawning upon me that every man has a natural right to work. Here are a few reasons why I believe there is such a right: First, work is a necessity for the well-being of man, and the more useful the work that contributes to the building up of the physical nature the more human the man will be. I do not think there is room to doubt this. We know we may make mere bone, muscle, and sinew by providing artificial work, such as is found in every well-equipped gymnasium; but I do not believe that that sort of work brings in return the satisfaction of having contributed to the material world about one, as does the knowledge of having participated in making useful things, in adding to the beautiful and the helpful, and to the sum total of the comfort of our fellow-men. My sympathy, in my earlier studies along this line, went out entirely to the poor, the workless, the wanderers who are begging for work; but, as I have taken a broader view of the situation, I confess that to-day it is equally divided between these unfortunates and the unfortunates at the other end of the line, the sons and daughters of our well-to-do people, who are living artificial lives of practically enforced idleness. "An

idle brain is the devil's workshop," is an old saw and a true one, and to my mind it is equally true whether the idler is rich or poor. God never made a place for drones in human society. God never provided a plan whereby a human being could be happy and be idle. Work is the normal condition of a healthy man or woman, as play is that of the healthy child, and a social system that enforces idleness and non-productive life, on either rich or poor, is as unscientific in theory as it is vicious and wrong in practice; and I hail with delight the signs that I see of the dawning of the day of industrial freedom, when every man and woman shall be as free to exercise the right to work as they are to-day to exercise the right to vote or worship.

Let me not be misunderstood. In the juster order of society that is coming, the right to work will not involve slavish drudgery for eight or ten hours a day, but the right to participate in creating the world about us and the right to such a conception of art as that of which William Morris gave us a definition when he said that "art is the expression of man's joy in labor." That is the kind of work that all have a right to share in; that is the kind of liberty that we are yet to know through the larger recognition of social obligation that is coming to us, and coming with whirlwind speed in these closing years of the nineteenth century.

III.—PRACTICAL PROGRAMME OF THE BOSTON EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Dr. Lorimer is a self-made man. His life should be an inspiration to thousands of young men who aspire to be noble as well as successful in the narrow sense of the term, for it affords one of those splendid illustrations of what industry, application, and a settled determination to succeed may accomplish when guided by high moral ideals and an unswerving loyalty to the dictates of conscience.

He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland,

on the 4th of January, 1838. His father died when he was yet a babe, and his step-father, who was the stage manager at the Royal Theater, desired the boy to follow the dramatic profession; but, unlike most young people, he found no charm or attraction about the life of the actor. The paint and powder, the tinsel, the assumption of characters which did not represent the real life of the player, all impressed the youth as being so pitifully artificial that he felt he could not carry into the life that whole-heartedness and enthusiasm which are essential to any real suc-

cess. Turning from the hollow artificiality of the stage, the boy found in the contemplation of nature a great and indefinable delight, and particularly was this the case when he came to view the ocean.

To the vivid imagination of youth, as well as to the poet's soul, the sea possesses an irresistible charm. Its immensity, solemnity, and mystery fascinate the mind. Its ever-varying and almost kaleidoscopic appearances, from soft, warm, and almost iridescent tints to deep blue, somber gray, and forbidding, angry black; its soft crooning, almost a lullaby; its profound sobbing, suggesting infinite sorrow; its loud notes, which seem to speak of longings never to be satisfied, of measureless unrest; its resolute voice, at once a threat and a command; and then its wild, uncontrollable roar, comparable to nothing else in nature, and suggesting infinite power wrapped in passion's fury,—these and kindred phenomena appeal to the imagination and hold the soul in thrall. And these things spoke in compelling tones to the boy who, since he was very young, had loved to think on the problems of life and the phenomena of nature.

The imagination of youth is very susceptible. We are all liable to become so absorbed in one phase of a phenomenon that we entirely lose sight of other facts; and so the boy who shrank from the stage soon felt an intense longing to go to sea. Strong in courage and resolution, he set to work to realize his desire, and ere long the way was opened and he found himself face to face with the stern and in many respects unpoetic realities of sea-faring life. Here were associations which were no more inspiring or uplifting than those from which he shrank in the theater. The sailor's life failed to satisfy his nature, and right glad was he when the cliffs of Scotland once more came in view.

On reaching home he took up his studies with old-time zest. From early youth he had been a passionate lover of books. He read widely, for he possessed a judicial mind, which always leads its possessor to seek a well-rounded view of a subject before forming a conclusion. Moreover, no one line of thought satisfied him. He was not a specialist, and could never have been content, as are so many

German thinkers, to rivet the mind on one group of facts for a life-time. The great seething world about him presented manifold problems,—on every path a Sphinx, on every side an interrogation point; and the questions propounded, the issues raised, were such as concerned the happiness and well-being of life and the broader views of being. They could not be ignored. Thus, while pursuing the regular curriculum in the Edinburgh schools, he found much time for outside reading, and soon became well informed on the uppermost topics of the hour.

Among the subjects which engaged his interest and attention at this time was the great republic which had risen across the ocean,—the New England which offered to youth boundless possibilities. With ever-increasing eagerness he listened to the tales of this wonderland, and read with absorbing interest every description of the rich plains and fertile prairies of the new world. Here was a land, of wonderful natural wealth, where freedom ruled; and here the youth with iron nerve, high hopes, and resolute determination could carve out success. It is not strange that he soon came to feel that this was the land for the young man, and the more he compared the broad plains of America with the little garden spots in Scotland, hedged in by mountains, moorland, and the sea, the more resolved he became to make the republic his home. In 1855 a relative arranged to go to the United States. Here was an opportunity which he delightedly embraced. Fortune, chance, or fate led him to Louisville, Kentucky, and while here he became so deeply interested in the religious problems as presented at the Walnut Street Baptist Church of that city, that he not only united with the church, but immediately began preparation for the ministry by entering the theological school at Georgetown. He threw his whole soul into the work, for at last he had found that which satisfied the longings of his nature. All his life long he had been in search of a work which should bring peace and satisfaction to his soul. This at last had come to him, and he experienced a happiness not known before. As in Edinburgh, he now found much time, after mastering his prescribed studies, to follow an extensive course of read-

ing; hence his progress in that broader education which schools so seldom supply was very marked. At last he began to preach, and one day a call came for him to go to Frankfort to supply a pulpit temporarily vacant. His preaching produced a profound effect on the audience. He was persuaded to remain and hold a revival meeting. The people of the South are noted for their love of oratory, and Dr. Lorimer is a natural orator, absolutely free from that striving after effect which is only the counterfeit of natural eloquence. He possessed, even at this early date, an excellent grasp of his subject, and this, together with sincerity, enthusiasm, and a wonderful command of words, gained for him instant recognition in a community noted for its intelligence and religious fervor. A great revival followed the preaching of the young man in the capital of Kentucky. For weeks he was compelled to preach every day to vast throngs who came under the influence of his eloquence. As a result of this trip to Frankfort the young minister was thrown into public life at an early age.

On leaving school he secured the services of special tutors to enable him to master certain subjects in the least possible time, while he marked out for himself a systematic course of reading more elaborate and comprehensive than a pretentious college curriculum, and with untiring zeal he followed these intellectual pursuits. He read law and medicine while studying the great problems of theology. History and the leading sociological questions of the day also engaged his attention, and these he has ever since made the subject of special study; so that he has long been regarded as an authority in these fields of research.

Dr. Lorimer's first charge was in Harrisburg, Kentucky, and here he married Miss Arabella Burford, a lady of broad culture, whose love of literature was only surpassed by her deep spiritual insight. As might be expected, this marriage has proved one of those beautiful unions in which the life of the one complements and enriches the life of the other. Dr. Lorimer often refers to the great assistance his wife has ever been to him in his work. Her wide reading and rare perception of "the soul of things" has been a

constant help to his labors in a life in which every minute is taken up with work.

Into this ideal home of love, harmony, and refinement four children came, three daughters and a son. The latter, George Horace Lorimer, is a writer of growing reputation. He is at the present time the literary editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Lorimer's principal charges have been in Louisville, Chicago, and Boston. He was located in the first named city during the Civil War, an exceedingly trying position for a clergyman, as the passions of the people were lashed by war to the highest degree of fury. His sympathies were with the Union, and he took occasion at this time to take out his naturalization papers, in order, as he often said, "to show my colors." Still, though he did not hesitate to express his sympathies, he was loved and respected by both warring factions, and spent much time with the sick in each camp. His presence was always hailed with delight by the wounded and the ill, for he possesses a buoyant, joyous nature, and carries sunshine and hope wherever he goes. He soon came to be regarded as "the sick soldier's friend."

During his stay in Louisville the church increased greatly, and a new church, known as the Broadway Church, was planned, while the initiatory steps were taken toward establishing the Louisville Baptist Orphanage. Meanwhile his fame as a successful minister and a brilliant pulpit orator spread throughout the Union, and in 1870 he received a call to take charge of the Shawmut Avenue Baptist Church of Boston. Here his success was great, the church being crowded each Sunday, and as the months passed the interest steadily grew. When Dr. Fulton left Tremont Temple he was immediately called to that church, and here he labored for seven years. It was a time when Boston's pulpits were particularly strong in great orators. Phillips Brooks was at old Trinity, W. H. H. Murray was filling Music Hall, and several other congregations were presided over by ministers of exceptional power and brilliancy. Dr. Lorimer, however, ranked among the first pulpit orators, and each Sunday the great auditorium of Tremont Temple was crowded to overflowing. The church

rapidly increased in membership, became strong in resources, and quick to meet the many duties and obligations which confront all congregations, but which are too frequently ignored.

In 1879 Dr. Lorimer accepted a call to go to Chicago. The salary he was to receive was less than he was receiving at the Temple; but the new field offered great opportunities for doing good, though it necessarily demanded much harder work than he was required to do in Boston. He became as popular in the metropolis of the Middle West as he was in the East. The congregation rapidly grew; the debts were paid, and the great Immanuel Church was built. But in the midst of his successful labors he was overtaken by a sickness so severe that he was compelled to seek rest. Accordingly he went to Europe, and after a long sojourn across the water returned to America entirely restored. The Chicago congregation insisted on his returning to their midst, but Tremont Temple again urged him to take his old charge. He finally accepted the Boston call, and in 1891 was a second time established in the church which he had been so instrumental in building up in the seventies. Here he has labored with even greater success than heretofore. The present congregation is one of the most interesting bodies to be found among modern churches. It is very democratic. The rich and the poor meet together, and all are equally welcome. It is a strictly evangelical body, but unlike so many churches, and especially strong city churches, the great living social problems are not tabooed. Indeed, the platform of Tremont Temple to-day is famed as being a forum where the oppressed and the poor have their cause advocated. Dr. Lorimer, though by no means a socialist, is an ardent advocate of co-operation, and is deeply interested in various measures now advanced for the inauguration of juster social conditions. Among all the ministers of Boston I know of none who have pointed out the evils, the menace, and the injustice of corporate greed with greater clearness and fearlessness than the minister at Tremont Temple. He is a pronounced Prohibitionist, and though on many questions, both religious and social, I do not agree with him, I greatly admire him as a man who

is absolutely sincere and who has the courage of his convictions.

Tremont Temple does a great work for the poor and friendless in Boston. It is largely through this church that the seaside home at Beachmont is efficiently maintained, and here the denizens of the slums are brought for two weeks every summer. It is a little oasis in the darkened lives of hundreds of our people. But this is only one of a number of works being carried forward by Tremont Temple. Dr. Lorimer is a fine administrator, and his interest in the people, together with his executive ability, enables him to accomplish a vast amount of work. He is deeply loved by his congregation. This is largely due to his personal interest and individual concern in behalf of all his people. As a pulpit orator he has few equals, possessing as he does eloquence in a marked degree, a magnificent command of words, and, more important still, that enthusiasm which is born of sincerity and strong conviction. At times he is so carried away with his subject that he appears to be swept on from height to height, almost without his own volition, until his audience, which has breathlessly followed him, involuntarily breaks forth in applause. This carrying an audience by the force of reason-lighted eloquence is the sign manual of an orator of the first rank.

His reputation, however, by no means rests on his oratorical power, or even his ministerial work, as he is the author of many notable books, among which may be mentioned "The Galilean," "The Great Conflict," "The Argument for Christianity," "Messages of To-day for Men of To-morrow," and "Christianity and the Social State." He is also the editor of a monumental work entitled "The People's Bible History." He has received many degrees from leading institutions of learning, among which are M. A., D. D., and LL. D., but presumably he is averse to using any of these titles, as his works bear his name with the simple title, "Minister at Tremont Temple." In England his abilities have long been recognized. He has been made a member of the Victoria Institution, the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, and other prominent bodies of thinkers. He has also received urgent

calls to London, and usually preaches in the British metropolis during his summer vacation.

Socially Dr. Lorimer is one of the most genial of men. He is very magnetic, and possesses the easy manner of a thorough gentleman. Those who come in personal contact with him are made to feel perfectly at home, while his honesty of purpose, his sincerity, and his warm heart are so evident that he wins the respect and cordial liking even of those whose views are widely divergent from his own.

THE PRACTICAL PROGRAMME OF THE BOSTON EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

CONVERSATION WITH REV. GEORGE C.
LORIMER, D.D.

Q. When was the Evangelical Alliance of Boston organized?

A. The Evangelical Alliance of Boston was organized just twenty-five years ago this month. I had the pleasure of presenting the original resolution that called it into being, and the ministers have conferred on me the honor of the presidency which I am holding for the present term.

Q. What are the principal objects sought to be accomplished?

A. The Alliance originally was designed to promote Christian union,—not an organic union, nor such a union as would tend to practical uniformity; but one which would result in a sympathetic alliance between Christian forces for the advancement of evangelical religion. It never contemplated any real, aggressive, practical sociological work, but was purely designed to further spiritual interests, and to avert, if possible, some of the evils growing out of excessive denominationalism.

Q. What is the difference between the Evangelical Alliance and the present theories of church union that are being advocated by Dr. Huntington and others?

A. For everything Dr. Huntington says we have a profound respect as coming from one of our foremost men, representing a broad, tolerant, and enlightened Christianity; and certainly no one would differ from him unless absolutely compelled to do so. In my judgment all theories of Christian union that have at

their base either a doctrinal or an ecclesiastical principle are destined to failure. With all respect I term them methods of the historic episcopate, which are methods that will never command the recognition of the great evangelical bodies. Moreover, the episcopate has not proved itself, however comprehensive, able to harmonize difficulties and produce agreement even among its own communicants. Doctrinally it may approximate agreement, as in the catechism which has recently been published; but at the same time it is the glory of our churches that every man should do his own thinking. Once you admit that premise, and you are forced by your logic to rule out of your plan an actual agreement on denominational teaching. The only other method by which you can co-ordinate Christian forces is the method of work. We all have common aims; there are common ends to be accomplished; and the more we toil together for the advancement of truth and righteousness, as we may see these things, and for the amelioration of suffering and the advancement of mankind, the more fully will we come together necessarily, and be able to work as one body in the name of the Great Master.

Q. What does the Evangelical Alliance adopt as its programme of work?

A. Originally, as I have intimated, the Evangelical Alliance represented sympathetic union. Lately in England a new departure has taken place, not, however, under the auspices of the old Alliance. It is there termed the Federation of Churches. This federation has undoubtedly been called into being by a desire to protest against the Establishment and the kindred desire to check the inroads that ritualism has been making of late in some branches of English Christianity. As soon as the new plan was adopted it was found to work admirably in another respect,—that is, it opened up the way for practical work along humanitarian as well as spiritual lines. Possibly the primary object has become a secondary one now, and the Federation is simply seeking the promotion of Christianity in the very deepest and broadest sense of that term.

In New York the work has been taken up very heartily, but there it has, if one may judge from the reports, been almost

exclusively devoted to humanitarian projects. In Boston we have felt it wise not to organize a new society called the Federation of Churches, but rather to ingraft that idea on the old stock, and use our Evangelical Alliance as the fittest organism for the carrying out of philanthropic as well as distinctively religious work in the city and vicinity.

Q. What departments of work are you thinking of inaugurating in Boston?

A. My impression is that the executive committee will appoint a special committee on federative work, and that that committee will proceed in the first case to a thorough visitation of the city to ascertain who are church-goers and who are not; and encourage those who are not in Sunday-school or attending any religious place of meeting to go where they have been trained to attend,—not in any way seeking to proselyte or to carry denominationalism into a work which is designed to abate some of the evils of denominationalism. Moreover, there will be efforts made to ascertain the exact condition of the people living in those quarters in Boston that are reputed to be in an unsanitary condition, to inquire into the physical condition of children, and, if possible, bring them under some religious influences.

Of course, an effort will be made to organize all Christian forces against the saloon. What course the plan will take it is too early to forecast; only it may be said that the clergymen of Brockton have set a notable example to the clergy all over the commonwealth of how to organize, and how to carry forward a great campaign in a dignified manner and to a glorious success. Moreover, I am personally anxious to encourage the promotion of coffee-houses that shall serve as a substitute for saloons, and which shall furnish working people with some of the advantages supplied by clubs. Personally I am not a great admirer of those exclusive associations, either of men or women, which are tending to divide the sexes at an age when they ought to be coming closer and closer together in all things that make for social advancement and national development. Indeed, I think it somewhat extraordinary that in commonwealths where the suffrage cause has received more than

usual encouragement there should be a tendency to create women's clubs and men's clubs, and so to perpetuate the miserable discriminations of former days. I wish we could in this city establish clubs where coffee and tea and light refreshments of that character could be supplied, with the magazines and newspapers, and likewise where selected libraries could be on hand, with even harmless games for those who patronize them, and where the men could bring their wives and daughters, so as to roll away the reproach which Max O'Rell has brought against the English and us Americans, that we differ from the French and Germans in that the men must have their entertainments by themselves and the women by themselves, whereas in France and Germany the men take their wives with them.

Q. But, as you believe in helping the people whose environments are not in any sense wholesome, you must surely sympathize with Mayor Quincy's plans for municipal free concerts and free lectures?

A. Within reasonable limits, yes. Baths, clean streets, and open garden spaces are all desirable; but I must insist that it is more important to provide work for the unemployed than to supply music for a limited number of our poorer citizens. Entertainments paid for out of the public purse are not calculated to do as much good as some people imagine. They have been tried over and over again in Europe. There the rulers realized that the people had to be amused, and they have been amusing them; but it cannot be proved that these measures have rendered them more intelligent, more contented, and more prosperous. They have added little, if anything, to the public weal. Admittedly they have amused; but it will be a sad day for America when our government feels obliged to divert our voters and to lull to sleep their spirit of inquiry and of unrest with music. Open avenues for honest toil, and Americans will easily enough provide for their own entertainment. One of the weaknesses of this phase of municipal paternalism is manifest in its failure really to reach the classes for which it is designed. The object presumably is to reach the thousands who live in squalor and poverty, and who need the cheering and elevating influences of good

music; but observe the audience that has listened to a municipal concert at Music Hall, and few of these unfortunates will be found there. As a rule, these audiences are composed of worthy people who, though not rich, are far from pauperism, and who are fairly well educated. If a plan can be devised by which good music can be given to the people of the North End, while the principle involved is not, in my opinion, wise, the mayor might attempt some experiments in such neighborhoods. But we must all of us look at things as they are. In these lowest quarters we find multitudes who were reared in a country where music has attained its greatest victories, where it is the heritage of the masses, and where singers are born for the rest of the world as birds of song are born in the gardens of Asia for the fields of Europe, and yet there we do not find those conditions that make for cleanliness and social order. In my judgment there would be less objection to these municipal experiments if they were more directly connected with our educational system. A popular course of instruction on the basis of the Chautauquan idea or on that of university extension, consisting of lectures and music, planned and carried out, not by common councilmen, but by the school committee, might be of practical value. Such an arrangement would eliminate the entertainment idea, which, if it is allowed to prevail, will naturally suggest a municipal theater (the suggestion has already been made), and will open up very serious issues. With this idea eliminated, and with the instruction connected with the work of our school authorities, some good and perhaps much good would be accomplished.

Q. Probably you object to the so-called municipal concerts because they have been given on Sunday?

A. I certainly do not think any more of them on that account. Personally I am not an old-school Sabbatarian, but I am absolutely certain that the loss of religious associations with that day must in the long run prove calamitous to the best interests of society. On this point there is hardly any room for discussion. History has abundantly indicated the claims of the Sabbath, and the advisability of encouraging entertainments on that day has

been questioned by eminent publicists. Certainly the example of France and Germany is not in their favor. But why should the government provide theaters and concerts, and not furnish churches and Sunday-schools? And why, when citizens out of their own resources provide for the churches, should the government even seem to antagonize their work? They are certainly rendering a splendid service to the commonwealth, and are at least entitled to consideration and sympathy; but it ought to be remembered that Sunday entertainments despoil musicians and others of their day of rest, and open the way for those abuses which have influenced actors and actresses in the West to take steps in their own interest against any further Sunday performances. Why is it that some persons never open their eyes to these indications of failure? Why will they never act on the conviction which they themselves must recognize, that a religious, restful, and domestic observance of the Sabbath is worth more to a city and a commonwealth than all the diversions and concerts that may be given?

Q. You do not then regard the mayor's programme as necessarily in the line of progress?

A. Not taken in its entirety. I entertain the very highest regard for his motives, and am sure he is anxious to benefit the people; but differences of opinion on such subjects are inevitable. There are those who sometimes appear in print, and with them I do not include his honor, who seem always to regard that as progressive which discredits the foundations on which the best form of society rests. Were they consistent they would reject the alphabet and the multiplication table. They are not consistent, and so they hail as an advance movement whatever makes for the overthrow of the Sabbath. Surely there are some old things worth preserving. Several of the mayor's recommendations are in the best spirit of statesmanship, and as a citizen I am grateful for them; but this Sunday amusement question does not belong to this class.

Q. Do you think the Alliance agrees with you in this position?

A. I answer unhesitatingly, yes. There may be a few dissidents; but the rank and

file, I am sure, would uphold my hands in this contention. Very little has been said on the subject by the pulpit, because, as I suppose, its significance has not had time and opportunity to develop. But let the authorities go much farther in disregarding statutes and ordinances regulating the Sabbath, and they will provoke a storm of indignation which will have some very interesting effects on the politics of our municipality. It must be remembered that our Protestant denominations are no longer disassociated and unorganized. We are federated. While we have no desire or intention to interfere directly in politics, we certainly would be worthy of scorn if we did not unite for the preservation of those Christian institutions which have gone far toward the creation of our republic. Protestantism is a kind of dynamite factory that may be dealt with in perfect safety. It is conservative, even sluggish, good-natured, and patient; but, after all, it is delicate ground. A false step, a too violent disregard for sacred things, and especially a contemptuous hurling to the ground of what Christ taught and the fathers suffered for, —and a very pretty explosion would assuredly follow.

Q. Now will you tell us something

about the work done by the clergy in Brockton?

A. All I know is what has been related to me by one or two of the gentlemen who shared in its anxieties and cares, and likewise in its victories. I understand that the ministers, in conjunction with quite a number of very prominent laymen, decided that the saloon must go, and that they planned with that end in view very carefully. They agitated the whole question in a series of public meetings, and then on the day of the election they saw that every man who was a temperance man was brought to the polls and put down there to vote; and it is rumored that some week or two in advance they went to the livery stable and hired all the available carriages in town, so that the weak and the lame and the halt might be brought from their homes well preserved and in a condition to deposit their ballots.

Q. What do you think are the net results of the work of the Alliance up to date?

A. Of course, it has tended to abate prejudices. It has given a clearer view of the agreements by which these bodies are bound; and it has now also, I think, generated a spirit of aggressiveness, a desire to do something, and to accomplish more than has ever been done.

Imitations are never counterfeited.

The man who has done no wrong fears no wrong.

Evil dies a natural death if not used to the hurt of others.

The man has lived too long who has forgotten his youth.

Nobility fears no competition. It invites and welcomes it.

When you judge a sinner, think of that writing in the sand.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

THE KING'S TOUCH

BY HENRY WOOD

The history of this remarkable ceremony, which prevailed in England for seven hundred years, and in France much longer, seems much like a romance. But besides its unique romanticism, which might render it of interest as a curious study in folk-lore, it includes phases of occult law of importance to every student of philosophy and psychology, if not indeed to humanity at large. It is always instructive to review historic customs, beliefs, and phenomena in the light of present knowledge. The working of the human mind in its multiform expressions, whether in the present era or in ages unlike it, is a real drama where "all the world's a stage."

The great modern discovery of the universal "reign of law" furnishes a powerful searchlight, by means of which we may look into and often illumine the dark corners of the past. The time was when events were supposed to happen, not especially in accord with law, but capriciously, or as the result of a special interposing "Providence," as the peculiar occasion required. The inviolability of the natural order both in the material and psychical realm, now so generally admitted, involves many logical reconstructions of opinion respecting the true interpretation of numberless undoubted facts. The historic verity of much which before has been unquestioned must now be denied, unless laws can be discovered, or rather recognized, under which actions and events took place. The science of today, therefore, has an important work to accomplish in finding the key to many unusual phenomena. Philosophy and psychology not only have concern with the underlying principles involved in manifestations of the present time, but also with the basic causes of the appearance, persistence, and disappearance of

myths, delusions, and any other erratic transactions which have ruffled the surface of human experience. Their "why and wherefore" must be sought by every searcher after truth. The modern doctrine of the dominance of law has become so persistent that no unusual perturbation in human thought can remain exempt. Even a philosophical study of wholesale fanaticism may not be without profit. Begin research at whatever point we may, logical relations will branch out in all directions. Everything—good, bad, or even false—is what it is, and comes when it does, in response to the behest of law. Modern psychology shows that lines of sequence in the domain of mental activity are no less exact, even though more difficult to cognize, than those of the physical counterpart. Even if pure superstition give rise to significant result, it is worthy of attention.

The extent of former positive belief in the therapeutic efficacy of "the king's touch" can hardly be imagined, and is only revealed by a careful study of the records. For century after century it received the full assent of the most intelligent races and nations, and was sanctioned by the highest ecclesiastical authority. In the ritual of the Church of England "The Office for Touching" occupied a prominent place, and continued in the "Book of Common Prayer" until the year 1719. Kingly power and control, which included priestly prerogatives, were very near and real to the human mind down to a comparatively recent date. The king was king by virtue of divine right. Whatever the character of the man, kingly potency inhered in the office. As soon as firmly seated, the monarch was conceded to be heaven-appointed and divinely hedged about. Besides, in England at least, being officially the head of

the church, he was a representative of deific authority.

Truly to interpret an age, it is necessary to put ourselves in its shoes, and direct our gaze from its stand-point, which is exceedingly difficult. To our rational, scientific, and democratic vision the superstition of three hundred years ago seems childish and inane, but to the undeveloped citizen of that period its transactions were logical, vital, and religious. Shakespeare, in "Macbeth," in the conversation of Malcolm and Macduff with the doctor of physic, incidentally reflects the thought of his time:

Malcolm. Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor.

Macduff. What's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

In a book published in 1684 by John Browne, "chirurgion (surgeon) of his majesty's hospital, London," sixty cures are minutely and circumstantially described, as also, "many scrofulous tumors and sores which disappeared immediately." Browne was a practitioner of established reputation, for his book was stamped with the approval of the College of Physicians and most eminent surgeons of the day.

The reliable historian, Evelyn, in his "Diary," volume second, page 152, under date of July 6, 1660, says: "His Majestie began first to touch for ye evil according to custom, thus: his Majestie sitting under his state in the Banqueting-House,

the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where they, kneeling, ye king strokes their faces or cheekes with both his hands at once, at which instant, a chaplaine in his formalities, says, He put his hands upon them and healed them."

Richard Wiseman, serjeant-surgeon to King Charles I., in one of his chirurgical treatises, says: "I myself have been a frequent eye-witness of many hundreds of cures performed by his majesty's touch alone without any assistance from chirurgery."

We may now cull a few representative statements from the multitude of histories and annals which are regarded as authentic and creditable.

The first record of the exercise of the king's touch in England is that of Edward the Confessor (1042-1066) given by the historian Brompton. Stow, in his annals, also gives detailed accounts of them, beginning even with the first "cure." "The number was very large and increased every year."

Edward I. (1272) first introduced the practice of giving a gold or silver medal, called a "touch-piece." (Records of the Tower of London.)

Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603) touched extensively, great crowds often pressing about her as she journeyed from place to place.

Charles I. in 1650, by pompous proclamation, invited all who stood in need of a cure to repair to him "for the heavenly gift."

Charles II. between 1667 and 1682 has a record of touching 92,107 persons.

On March 30, 1714, Anne touched two hundred persons, among whom was Samuel Johnson, the future lexicographer, then thirteen months old. Touching was continued by the "Pretenders," and did not entirely cease in England earlier than 1745.*

The French kings claimed the gift of touching back as far as Clovis (481-511), and it continued as a royal prerogative down to Charles X., who "touched for the

*For some of these and the following details credit is due to Brewer's "Dictionary of Miracles."

evil." See the proces verbal, in the *Ami de la Religion*, vol. xiv, where every particular of the "cures effected" is set down in detail, and attested by Desgenettes of Notre-dame des Victoires."

A few intermediate specimens may be added from the large number duly recorded and attested.

Philippe VI. le Valois (1328-1350) "cured fourteen thousand persons of the king's evil."

Henri IV. (1589-1610) "touched and healed above fifteen thousand persons a year." (Andre Larent, the king's physician and councillor, in his book on the royal prerogative, published in 1609.)

Louis XIV. (1643-1715) in one year touched sixteen hundred sufferers.

Similar statements might be multiplied to any extent from reliable records and attestations.

In a brief, impartial attempt to interpret these long continued public events, there seems to be good ground for believing:

First, that the people, from king down to the humblest subject, were substantially unanimous and sincere in the belief of "the divine gift" as pertaining to the kingly office.

Second, that probably no one will now believe that the king had any special healing power, *per se*, or even that he was a passive divine channel in any greater degree than any of his subjects, other things being equal. The kingly prerogative was therefore an unmitigated superstition.

Third, that there were unnumbered cures. There is a mountain of testimony to that effect, and no general or specific contemporaneous denial. The main disease (scrofula) upon which the supposed gift was exercised was of such a determined and visible character that any universal mistake regarding the facts is manifestly impossible. Unlike any obscure or invisible nervous derangement, the disorder in question was tangible and thoroughly in evidence. While it is unnecessary to believe that every case was immediately and fully healed, the general rule and tendency must have been very marked to gain both popular and professional attestation.

The premises of the problem now presented seem to be as follows: (1) Universal sincerity; (2) No unusual power resided in the office, *per se*; and (3) Undoubted evidence for centuries of important results.

It therefore seems clear that all the wonderful therapeutic potency must have been psychically resident in the living faith and confident expectancy of the disordered sufferers. There was a peculiar and very positive mental activity, even though awakened by, and having for its basis, pure superstition. If such faith and expectancy through any law of mind are so efficient for good, the questions naturally come to the modern investigator: Can they be awakened in any more rational and orderly way than through superstition? Do greater light and knowledge put us to a disadvantage in comparison with an age of comparative ignorance and superstition? While this force of the past cannot be reinvoked, may it not have a possible lesson for us? Faith has been conventionally regarded as little else than a changeable religious emotion, but now the question naturally arises, can it not be cultivated in an orderly, systematic, and scientific way? Is it not possible that a more lengthened mental concentration upon a sought ideal, voluntarily undertaken, may have something of the same potency that resided in the temporary use of superstition? An investigation in this line ought to be inviting to every inquiring mind.

Let us imagine a case in concrete form. An ignorant peasant, with mind sluggish and despondent, vital energies at a low ebb, and offensive physical disfigurement, comes for the king's touch. Perhaps brought for a long distance with much difficulty, the long expected day, the most important of his whole life, arrives. Filled with awe and wonder, he knows that his salvation is at hand, and he entertains no doubt or unbelief. He has thought, and for a long time will think, of nothing else. Amid dramatic, kingly, and ecclesiastical pomp the great transaction is complete. Dormant and unconscious emotional forces are stirred into intense action, and ideals of that great boon, health, displace all else. Amid the thrill of a new enthusiasm which penetrates to

the depth of his being, the consciousness of disorder is crowded out, and the body lawfully responds to the inherent force of mind over matter.

Can the individual of to-day, without the impelling force of superstition, and in the absence of imposing pomp, through an intelligent psychological cultivation approximate the same result? Even if such a disorder as scrofula would not always quickly respond, may not the potency of mental forces be systematically employed with profit? What about the subtle types of nervous derangement, which are so rapidly increasing, especially in America? It would appear that orderly truth in the nineteenth century ought to include as much potency for good as the dramatic superstition of three centuries ago.

Institutional science, with its modern wealth of laboratory equipment, gives much attention to speculative and phenomenal experiment in psychology. Why may it not also make a little investigation into a more practical realm, which would include therapeutic possibilities? Whether or not entirely conventional, the world, struggling under a great burden of woes, sorely needs every helpful influence that can be brought to bear for their amelioration. No one will claim that all possible laws and principles have yet been utilized. Whatever is true, even if seemingly somewhat occult in character, must have some fitting place and use in the evolutionary economy, and possess some significance in its relation to human welfare.

DO PHYSICIANS AND PHARMACISTS LIVE ON THE MISFORTUNES OF HUMANITY?*

BY PROF. JOHN URI LLOYD

This question is one that probably suggests itself to all reflective persons, more particularly those engaged in medicine, whether as physicians or pharmacists. It is not pleasant to feel that we live on the infirmities of the people; that the necessities of life, the luxuries and pleasures of life, are purchased by us with money derived from the sufferings of men, women, and children; that each coin in our pocket carries with it a moan; that the bread we eat is made possible by physical pain, misery, perhaps penury and want.

I repeat, this is not a pleasant idea if we think only this far into the problem and then rest. But the reflective mind is not warranted in beginning at the point herein suggested, although most questioners do start there. Neither is it proper to end the meditation where it has been closed, although few go beyond that point. There is a beginning which antedates the period of sickness; there is an end in which the physician is concerned, beyond the point that marks the return

that comes from a sufferer to him engaged in making and practicing medicine. Let us look more deeply into this problem of life and death, of sorrow and misery, that seemingly clings to the money with which our bread is purchased. First in order comes the question: Are physicians and pharmacists desirable to the comfort of man? Are they useful citizens?

There can be but one answer, judging from the acts of persons in need of assistance, and for this answer a question may be used. What are more necessary to humanity, what more of a boon in times of need, than professional medical attendance and reliable medicine? I grant it that, if you will leave the answer to the people who ask our services, the reply will be that next to the man who produces our bread stands he who gives us professional medical advice and medicine.

Go a step further, and ask: Who is more welcome to our homes than the physicians? Ask yourself, and, if because of prejudice or delicacy you shrink from answering, ask whomever else you will, and the prediction may safely be made that the answer will point to no other visitor. But, even if this is so, the reply does not con-

*Written in reply to a question asked by Prof. C. N. Miller, M.D., editor California Medical Journal.

trovert the argument that uprises concerning the living we seem to get out of humanity's misery and misfortune. Do we sacrifice anything? Do we give to mankind of that which we possess,—that which, did we devote our faculties to as do business men, would make us independent of fees? Let us see.

What does it require to make possible a qualified physician or a pharmacist? I will assert, in reply, that it is possible to become either only by means of long, expensive, and exacting courses of work, and by self-application that begins in youth and ends only in the infirmities of age. The professional career of a physician or a pharmacist is a life of sacrifice to which no civilized community would consent for a portion of their people to make, in poverty and want, in behalf of the nation at large. A mental work and a life of exposure is this life of the doctor and the druggist, among substances and conditions more distasteful than are known to any other profession. It may be safely accepted that no fair-minded person would presume to ask such sacrifices without a just return to him whose education and whose energies have been devoted to so laudable an object as the protection of the health of his fellow-men. Compared with other lives, his is one of sacrifice; and men know it.

But what return do men make for this life study? Naturally, in that which other men accumulate while the physician and pharmacist are devoting their time to their service and spending their money in their behalf. The lawyer, the merchant, the artisan, the husbandman ply their vocations and profit thereby in money, which is the common medium of exchange, or in property that can be changed into money. While they do this, the physician and the pharmacist unite in caring for their health,—each serving a necessary part in the scheme of protection. Never is the weather too cold or too hot for the physician to face the elements, never is the confinement of the shops too close for the pharmacist to stand his watch. The one is ever on duty; the other is seldom off duty; together they offer their services in behalf of men and women who in other walks are serving their useful parts in the evolution of mankind.

But I have not as yet antedated the superficial thought concerning the nature of the living that physicians and pharmacists alike make in this orderly scheme of evolution, in which man depends on man, and in which the part we take seems, from a superficial view, to be that of preying upon the misfortunes and infirmities of mankind.

Does the final act in any constructive process in nature dominate those that preceded? Are the ripened fruit and grain dependent alone on the end reaction that produces perfect starch granules in the one, and finally changes acid and astringent bodies in the other into sugar and glucose? Is not the process of germination or of metamorphosis of tissue as the plant grows, and the slow accumulation of fiber, pulp, shell, seed, and eventually the production of the insipid immature fruit, as important in the constructive scheme of nature as is the end reaction that at last gives birth to flavor and produces the delicate ethers that tickle the palate? Indeed, when we step into this phase of thought, can we not perceive that the sunshine and showers that fell in the days and nights that have passed were not less important to the perfected fruit than is the final touch of the sun ray that at last in a single day ripened the plum or peach, or the white frost that turned the acid of the wild grape into sugar, and ended the constructive scheme that gave birth to the perfect nut?

But can we truthfully compare the work performed by the physician and pharmacist, in the constructive and re-structive scheme of life, to that of nature in the construction of her life-supporting products? Should we place their influences with the final sun touch or the frost that ushers in the winter? Accept that view, if you will, and our part in life becomes none the less a necessity. But such a connection cannot, in my opinion, be consistently drawn, for the medicine man is called in the beginning as well as in the end of the play of life. Not only is this true, but the art of the pharmacist and the skill of the physician are drawn upon whenever through neglect or self-abuse of the afflicted person abnormal conditions arise. We are asked to help restore the person to a normal condition,

or give ease and comfort to him who suffers. We are usually sought in time of trouble, it is true, and necessarily we often witness the helplessness or sufferings of men in the presence of decrepit age or broken health rules. Our advice and selection of proper remedial agents are constantly solicited to carry the sufferer safely over the danger line and into periods of subsequent strength and healthfulness.

But as these are periods of distress the question still stands: Do we not live on the misery and misfortune of the people? Let us see. The sufferer calls on us when he wishes advice concerning a present physical trouble, and when he desires us to give him suggestions as to how he may avoid future trouble. We make a bill of charges, and the bill is paid with money that was made in health,—health maintained, perhaps, by reason of professional service and remedial agents previously given him. The physician's care, the pharmacist's remedial substances constitute the bridge on which the sufferer passes again over and into a period of health and prosperity; and perhaps, had it not been for this professional aid, there would have been neither future health nor prosperity. The afflicted person does not give his money because of his sufferings, but because humanity's friend, the physician, relieves his pain and guides him aright. An eye afflicted by an accident and then saved by an oculist stands as testimony to the fact that the physician did not live on the misery of that man, but saved him from further suffering. The child who recovers from diphtheria by reason of the physician's care, and who becomes healthy thereafter, silently voices the fact that the professional bill paid in mature life to another physician is taken from money that was made possible through previous professional care. The misery that is saved humanity by the associated art of pharmacy and the profession of medicine is great in comparison with the actual suffering that would have been had not men devoted their lives to the study of remedial effects, sanitary conditions, and disease diagnosis. The money that is paid for professional fees and for medicine is small in comparison with the amounts laid up by men whose incomes have been made possible by the

service of those who sacrifice their opportunities in commercial channels in behalf of these business men.

It is thus to be seen that, while it must be conceded that the aid of these professions is solicited in times of distress, the object is not to ask the physician to partake of the fruits of present or of past misfortune, but to relieve the sufferer's pain and make possible a subsequent period of health and prosperity, in which the physician rejoices. While the fee is seemingly paid for visits made in time of sickness, the money so paid is not derived from gains dependent on his affliction, nor is it dependent on the sufferer's pain, but comes from wealth laid up in periods of health, that, as has been stated, are in many cases made possible by the previous care and advice of that same physician. No, physicians and pharmacists do not live on the ills of humanity; but of necessity, and for this they are to be pitied, they witness much suffering that humanity heirs or invites. Their part is not to create but to alleviate suffering. The physician takes money, it is true, from the men he serves, for money he must have both in order to live as men must live if they serve their part in life, and to recompense him for the money he has spent in his search for knowledge that can teach him how to do this good. But he gives back many-fold the amount he receives, and if accounts were balanced it would be seen that men return but a trifle of the money they make by reason of the health and strength in which they rejoice through his services.

It will be perceived that I accept that medicine and professional services are of use in disease and contribute to the happiness and health of men. While it is unquestionably true that a few persons recover in spite of vicious or of wrong medication, and that others occasionally suffer injury from improper dosage or surgical operations based on erroneous diagnosis, yet, I grant it that in the aggregate humanity reaps great benefit from the devoted attention of physicians and pharmacists. Were this not the case, money could not induce a multitude of conscientious men whom I know to remain a single day as members of the profession of medicine or as votaries of the art of pharmacy.

HUMANE EDUCATION FOR THE YOUNG.

BY RALPH WALDO TRINE

There is much one-sided education in our country to-day. There is much training of the intellect, and but little education of the heart. Much is the time spent in our public and private schools, in our colleges and universities, in disciplining the mind, and little is the time spent in disciplining the imagination, the emotions, the higher sympathies,—the training of which along with the intellect constitutes the truly educated man or woman the neglect of which may make, an many times has made, a man worse off than he was before there was any training of his intellect at all, and indeed a menace to himself, to his fellow-men, to his country, and to the world at large.

How do we know this? We know it from the fact that every year numbers of our most brilliantly educated men become criminals, oppressors of the poor, or vampires upon our municipal, state, and federal governments. We know it from the large amount of rowdiness that is continually going on in many of our best-known colleges and universities. We know it because, notwithstanding the fact that a larger number of people in the United States in proportion to its population take a college course than in any other country in the world, nevertheless there is perpetrated in it each year a greater amount of crime than in any other civilized country in the world, Spain and Italy excepted. Not only is this true, but it is also true that in the United States from decade to decade crime shows a great increase over the relative increase of its population.

It is said that in Japan, if one picks up a stone to throw at a dog, the dog will not run, as you will find he will in nearly every case here in America, because there the dog has never had a stone thrown at him, and consequently he does not know what it means. This spirit of gentleness, kindness, and care for the animal world is a characteristic of the Japanese people. It in turn manifests itself in all their relations with their fellow-men, and one

of the results is that the amount of crime committed there each year is, in proportion to its population, but a very small fraction of that committed in the United States.

It is an established fact that training of the intellect alone is not sufficient. Nothing in this world can be truer than that the education of a man's head without the education of his heart simply increases his power for crime, while the education of his heart along with the head, increases his power for good,—and this indeed is the true education.

Clearly, we must begin with the child. The lessons learned in childhood are the last to be forgotten. The first principles of conduct instilled into his mind, planted within his heart, take root and grow, and as he grows from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, these principles become fixed. They exert their influence. Scarcely any power in existence can change them. They cling to him through life; they decide his destiny. How important then that these first principles implanted within the child's heart be lessons of gentleness, kindness, mercy, love, and humanity, and not lessons of cruelty, hatred, and selfishness. How important that it be taught to be kind, gentle, loving, and humane, and in all the range of human thought there is not a better, wiser, or more expedient way of accomplishing this than by teaching it kindness toward God's lower creatures. If children are thus taught, they will have instilled into their hearts those principles of action which will make them kind and merciful not only to the lower animals, but also toward their fellow-men as they attain to manhood. Let them be taught that principle recognized by all noble-hearted men, that it is only a depraved, debased, and cowardly nature that will injure a defenseless creature, simply because it is in its power to do so, and that there is no better, no grander test of a true nobility of character than one's treatment of the lower animals.

It is impossible to overestimate the benefits resulting from judicious humane instruction. The child who has been taught nothing of mercy, nothing of humanity, who has never been brought to realize the claims that dumb animals have upon him for protection and kindness, will grow up to be thoughtless and cruel toward them, and if he is cruel to them, that same heart untouched by kindness and mercy will prompt him to be cruel to his family, to his fellow-men. On the other hand, the child who has been taught to realize the claims that God's lower creatures have upon him, whose heart has been touched by lessons of kindness and mercy, under their sweet influence will grow to be a large-hearted, tender-hearted, manly man.

So great do I believe are the influences of the inculcation of humane sentiments early in the life of every individual, that I shall endeavor to make as concrete as possible the suggestions which are to follow; for criminal training or humane training can be and is continually given in numbers of ways.

As a parent, in the first place, I would teach the child the thoughtlessness, the selfishness, the heartlessness, the cruelty of hunting for sport. I would put into his hands no air-guns or instruments or weapons by which he could inflict torture upon or take the life of birds or other animals. Instead of encouraging him in torturing or killing the birds, I would point out to him the great service they are continually doing for us in the destruction of various worms, insects, and small rodents which, if left to themselves, would so multiply as to destroy practically all fruit and plant life. I would have him remember how many lives are enriched and beautified by their song. I would point out to him their habits of industry, their marvelous powers of adaptability, their insight and perseverance. Therefore, I would teach him to love, to study, to care for and feed them.

Hunting for sport indicates one of two things—a nature of such thoughtlessness as to be almost inexcusable, or a selfishness so deplorable as to be unworthy a normal or even sane human being. No truly manly man or truly womanly woman will engage in it; and when we read of this

or that woman, be she well known in society, or the wife of this or that well-known man, so following her selfish, savage, cruel instincts, or her desire for notoriety or newspaper comments, as to take part in a deer hunt, or a fox-chase, or in a hunt of any type, we have at once an index to her real character that should be sufficient.

And so, instead of putting into the hands of the child a gun or any other weapon that may be instrumental in crippling, torturing, or taking the life of even a single animal, I would give him the field-glass and the camera, and send him out to be a friend to the animals, to observe and study their characteristics, their habits, to learn from them those wonderful lessons that can be learned, and thus have his whole nature expand in admiration and love and care for them, and have him become thereby the truly manly and princely type of man, rather than the careless, callous, brutal type.

Another practice let us consider, that is clearly hardening in its influences,—a practice that children and older students are here and there called upon to witness. I refer to the practice commonly known as vivisection—the cutting, freezing, burning, tearing, torturing of live animals for purposes of scientific investigation. After making a careful study into this matter and its claims, getting the opinions of many of the ablest physicians and surgeons in the world, I have been forced to come to the same conclusion that most of them have come to, that practically nothing of any real value has come to us through this channel that could not and would not have come in other ways without this great torture and sacrifice of life. To say nothing of the hardening and cruel effects upon those who resort to these methods. Personally I should allow no child of mine to attend or remain at any school where it is carried on, and moreover, I should raise my voice and exert my influence against it at every opportunity. I should teach the child the great fact that we are so rapidly learning to-day, namely, that the mind is the natural protector of the body, and that there are being continually externalized in the body effects and conditions most akin to our prevailing mental states and emotions. I

should teach him that it is unwise as well as cowardly to bring diseased conditions to the body through the poisoning, corroding effects of anger, hatred, jealousy, malice, rage, fear, worry, lust, intemperance, and then seek to find an aid to the remedy through the torturing of even a single dumb fellow-creature.

In the next place, I should teach the child what is indicated at the sight of a dock-tailed horse. It indicates one of two things,—weakness of individuality and hence slavery to custom, or that the man, conscious of the fact that there is not enough in himself to attract attention, in common with a number of other weaklings adopts the brutal method of having his horse's tail sawed off, that its unnatural, odd appearance may attract from people the attention that he of himself is unable to secure.

I would point out to the child the torture that is inflicted upon the animal during the process of the sawing and burning of the tail, and also that this acute pain and torture is but little compared with the after torture that is to follow during the balance of the animal's life. The skin of the horse is exceedingly sensitive to the bites and the stings of the flies and other pestiferous insects that harass him during the heated term of the year, and which, without this natural arm of defense, make his life almost unendurable. I would point out to the child how cruelly the animal is maimed for life, and how fool-hardily its beauty is forever destroyed.

This habit has already by statute been made a crime in a number of States, but still the idiotic, cruel, and deplorable practice goes on to a greater or less extent; and not until public sentiment is thoroughly aroused against it will it entirely cease. If the one who has it done were compelled to stand for but half a day in the hot summer weather with his back bare to the bites and the stings of the flies and sweat-bees and other insects that would drive him almost frantic if his hands were so fastened that he could not drive them away, then he might be brought partially at least to his senses.

And the man who had the tail of his fine sensitive horse sawed off in this way, so that it was one day driven almost to

madness by the stings and bites it was almost powerless to protect itself from, especially as it was further maddened by that fiendish device of torture, the high check-rein, so that it finally became unmanageable and dashed down the road a runaway, hurling its owner to death and his wife to the bed of an invalid and a cripple,—it may seem unkind to say it,—but it certainly served them right. They reaped only what they themselves had sown, as every one must in some form or another, for such is the law of the universe.

And, again, as an object-lesson, I would point out to the child the men who each year engage in cattle-starving on the ranches of our western plains; for on the various ranches thousands of head of cattle many winters starve and freeze to death because left to themselves when they can no longer find sufficient food for themselves, this plan being adopted by many cattle-raisers because it is cheaper for them to lose a certain portion of the herd each winter than it is to furnish them sufficient food and shelter. Thousands of cattle have so perished during the past winter. I would show that such a man is a criminal and deserves punishment as such, the same as a man who would cause a part of his stock to starve to death in a stable or on a farm here in our eastern States.

I would teach the child the same in regard to those responsible for the careless, cruel, mercenary methods of transporting cattle and sheep from the West to the East, or to England and other countries in the cattle ships, when sometimes as many as a quarter or even a third of the cattle are found dead on their arrival, and numbers of others so mangled and crippled that they have to be killed as soon as they are taken from the vessel.

There is another excellent opportunity for humane teaching, and one that comes especially near to every woman. It lies in the thoughtless, cruel, and inexcusable practice of wearing the skins and plumage of birds for millinery and other decorative purposes. The enormous proportions of this traffic are simply appalling. In the course of a single day last year in London, and from a single auction store, the skins of six hundred thousand birds

were sold. This number represented the sales of but one store of one city on a single day,—more sold in one day than there are men, women, and children in a city the size of Boston.

Millions of birds are destroyed annually to supply the demands that fashion venders, who become wealthy thereby, have created in the minds of women for this purpose. Whole species of birds have already become practically extinct by this wholesale slaughter, while others are rapidly becoming so. For example, that beautiful bird, the white heron, commonly known as the egret,—in Florida but one can now be seen here and there by the tourist where thousands could be seen but a few years ago. This bird is killed and its plumage taken only at that season of the year when its dress becomes a little more brilliant than usual, for it is its nesting-time, and nature seems to be recognizing this, the marriage season, by preparing for it its wedding garments.

The birds at this season are apparently very innocent of harm and very tame, and are found near together taking care of their young. At times hundreds of birds are to be found near together in one roost among the tall trees of the swamp lands, so that the bird-catcher finds it an easy task to conceal himself and pick them off as they are returning to their nests with food for their young,—sometimes to the extent of several hundred in a single day; and every bird killed at this season means the starving to death on the average of four or five of its young. It behooves every woman, then, who wears even a single egret plume, to remember that she has been the cause of the sacrifice of at least five birds. "But," says the gentle lady, "I had nothing to do with the killing of the birds." True, had you to do with it personally, you would not wear what you now wear. But were it not for multitudes of ladies like yourself, Bill Jones, bird-catcher, would turn his cruel mind and brutal energies to other avenues, for he would no longer have a demand and hence a market each year to supply.

I know of one bird-catcher who with his assistants in a single season slaughtered and took the skins of over one hundred and thirty thousand birds. Think what this means when we take into con-

sideration the few days of the very short season devoted to this.

And what does this indicate in woman? I would not be unfair, and so I will say that to me it indicates chiefly thoughtlessness and lack of imagination on her part. If the one who now decorates herself with the plumage of her slaughtered fellow-creatures, could be on the spot with Bill Jones and see the crimson life blood that the bleeding heart is pulsing out, staining even the feathers that she herself is wearing, if she could see the agonies of the death struggle, and then see the gaping mouths of the starving young ones in the nest, waiting in vain for the return of the parent bird with food, then I am sure she would no longer be a victim to this foolish, thoughtless, heartless habit. And it is surprising what beautiful hats and bonnets can be devised by a woman of a little ingenuity, without the aid of birds' plumage or feathers of any kind. And when skillful minds and hands are once turned in this direction, we shall wonder that this relic-of-barbarism mode of adornment, even though it is a somewhat refined form of it, has lasted so long.

As a mother, I would keep or lead my daughter out of this heartless and needless practice by first abandoning it myself. Children are so quick to see inconsistencies. Said a little fellow to his mates the other day: "I know why teacher don't want us to rob the birds' nests and kill the little birds, she wants 'em to grow up so she can wear 'em on her bonnet."

For the people's sakes as well as or even more than the birds', I would urge attention to and action along this line. The tender and humane passion in the human heart is too precious a quality to allow it to be hardened or effaced by practices such as we so often indulge in. Even from an economic stand-point, the service that birds render us every year, so far as vegetation is concerned, is literally beyond computation. Were they all killed off, the world would soon become practically uninhabitable for man, because vegetation would each year be blighted or consumed by the hordes of insects that would infest it. It is but necessary to realize how rapidly even during the past several years insect life has been increasing in some quarters, so as to tax to the

utmost the skill of the farmer, the gardener, and the fruit-grower. Instead, then, of schooling the child to be the destroyer of bird life, let it be guided along the lines of being its lover and its protector.

We have been considering concrete cases of carelessness, abuse, and torture to the animal world. But have we not already found that whenever and every time we sin against or do violence to these our fellow-creatures, we ourselves in some form or another reap of the kind that we sow. This is inevitably and invariably true, and there is no escape from it. And so, instead of being the arch-enemy of these their fellow-creatures, let the children be taught to become friends to them, to care for and to protect them. Let them be taught to give them always kind words, and kind thoughts as well. Some animals are most sensitively organized. They sense and are influenced by our thoughts and our emotions far more generally than we realize, and in some cases even more than many people. And why should we not recognize and speak to the horse, for example, as we pass him, the same as we do to a fellow human being? While he may not get our exact words, he nevertheless gets and is influenced by the nature of the thought that is behind and that is the spirit of the words.

Let the children be taught even though young to raise the hand against all misuse, abuse, and cruelty. Let them be taught that the horse, for example, when tired or when its load is heavy, needs encouragement the same as a man or a woman needs it, and that the whip is not necessary except, indeed, where it has not been taught to respond to words, but only to the whip. The whip is now used ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where it is not only unnecessary but entirely uncalled for.

An American traveler, when riding one day with Tolstoi, noticed that he never made use of a whip when driving, and remarked to him to that effect: "No," he replied, with a slight spirit of disdain, "I talk to my horses, I do not beat them." Let us be taught by, and let us carry to the children, the example of this Christ-like man.

Were I an educator, then I would endeavor to make my influence along the

lines of humane, heart training my chief service to my pupils. The rules and principles and even facts that are taught them will, nine-tenths of them at least, by-and-by be forgotten; but by bringing into their lives this higher influence, at once the root and the flower of all that is worthy of the name education, I would give them something that would put them at once in the ranks of the noblest of the race. I would give not only special attention and time to this humane education, but I would introduce it into and cause it to permeate all of my work. A teacher with a little insight will be able to find opportunities on every hand.

Then, were I a mother, I would infuse this same humane influence into all phases of the child's life and growth. Quietly and indirectly I would make all things speak to him in this language. I would put into his hands books such as "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," and others of a kindred nature. I would form in my own village or part of the city, were there not one there already, a Band of Mercy into which my own and neighbors' children would be called; and thus I would open up another little fountain of kindness and love for the healing of our troubled times.

We have recently been at war with another nation. There is to-day much unrest and uncertainty in connection with our foreign relations. These matters, however, are of but small import compared with the questions and the conflict in connection with the social situation within our own borders that we will be compelled squarely to face within the coming few years. The state of affairs referred to, as also its rapidly increasing proportions, is sufficiently well known to all to make it unnecessary for more to be said in regard to it. Many who will have a hand in the solution and adjustment of these matters are now in our schools and on our streets, and we are educating them. We can educate them to patience, kindness, equity, and reason, or to hot-headedness, rashness, cruelty, and anarchy. And if these questions are not adjusted peaceably and through the influence of those of the former qualities, then they will be precipitated through conflict and with a terrific destruction of life and property, at the hands of those

of the latter qualities. We have now such agencies as will in the hands of a small body of hot-headed, heartless men, burn half of a city in a single night. Though one is a wealthy parent, his son may be the poor man and the anarchist. Though another parent is poor, his son may be the millionaire, and one of such

a type as to be hated by the great toiling classes. Time has a strange method of changing conditions. Both need to be humanely educated, the one equally with the other; and upon how thoroughly they are so educated will depend the orderly adjustment and peaceable solution of this rapidly coming time.

TRUE LIFE, AS TAUGHT BY JESUS*

BY PROF. JEAN DU BUY, PH. D.

Both in Europe and America the cry has been raised in recent years, "Back to Jesus!" The conviction has become prevalent among thinking people that what is called Christianity is based much more on the teaching of Paul than on the teaching of Jesus. Therefore, if any one wishes to be a follower of Jesus, he ought first of all to distinguish clearly between what Jesus taught and what Paul and others have since taught. He ought also to distinguish clearly between what Jesus himself says in the Four Gospels and what the gospel writers say about him; in other words, he ought to distinguish between the teaching of Jesus and the story of the life of Jesus.

Concerning the story of the life of Jesus, I have nothing to say here. I shall strictly confine myself to a presentation of the teaching of Jesus. Before approaching this task, however, I will make one more preliminary remark,—that I assume Jesus did not contradict himself in his teaching. For, if I thought Jesus contradicted himself, then I should certainly not waste my time in an attempt to present his teaching in a systematic way.

The very term, "the teaching of Jesus," implies, of course, that Jesus was a teacher. It is almost absurd to make this remark. But that Jesus was a teacher is certainly not the leading idea that mankind has of him to-day. What the leading conceptions concerning Jesus which prevail to-day are, I will not discuss here. But I will emphasize the fact that Jesus was a teacher:

*This paper, followed by four others, was first read in a course of lectures on the teaching of Jesus before the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion, at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine, in August, 1898.

This being granted, the next question is: Of what was he a teacher? And the answer to this question is: Jesus was a teacher of life. The word "life" occurs frequently in his teaching. He speaks of the way that leads unto life. He asks people to enter into life. He says his words are spirit and are life; that the one who follows him shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life; that his followers have passed out of death into life; that he has come that people may have life, and may have it abundantly. He said to certain people: "Ye will not come to me that ye may have life." And when Jesus said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," or "I am the resurrection and the life," or, "I am the bread of life," we should be aware that he uses a figure of speech, and means that his teaching is the way, and the truth, and the life, that his teaching is the resurrection and the life, and that his teaching is the bread of life; in other words, that his teaching will give life to those who will follow it.

I said that according to Jesus his teaching will give life to those who will follow it. You will naturally wish to ask me here what Jesus meant when he said his teaching would give life to his followers. What did he mean by the word, "life?" Most Christians will be inclined to answer: By life Jesus meant life after death: he meant to say that to follow his teaching would procure life after death to man. To interpret Jesus' word that he came that people may have life in this way, however, is the greatest mistake that any one could make in the interpretation of the teaching of Jesus. When Jesus spoke of life he did not mean life after

death, but he meant the true life, the ideal life, which we may live now and here on earth. He meant by life what many people to-day call spiritual life, but he did not mean by it life after death. "The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit, and are life," he said. That is, his teaching has to do with spiritual things, and with life, or, in a word, with spiritual life.

If you ask me how I can prove that Jesus when he spoke of life meant spiritual life and did not mean life after death, I need in reply only to quote such a word of Jesus as this that his followers "have passed out of death into life." He did not say his followers would after death pass into life; but he said they had already passed out of death into life. Now, since Jesus says of living men that they had passed out of death into life, it is clear that he used here the word death in a figurative sense, and did not mean life after death when he spoke of life. We shall understand this word of Jesus, and the spirit of his teaching in general, when we realize that Jesus, when speaking of life, meant spiritual life, and, when speaking of death, meant spiritual death, that is, the condition of the unspiritual.

Jesus, then, was a teacher of spiritual life, of true life, of the ideal life. He wanted to point out to men the way of true life. When he said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," he meant that his teaching showed men the way toward true life. In his figurative language, he compared the vast majority of people to men groping in the darkness, and he wanted to give them light on their way through life. They seemed to him like sheep without a shepherd, and he wanted to be their shepherd, and wanted his disciples to become guides of their fellow-men. In another figure of speech, he compared the majority of mankind to sick people, and himself to their physician. And finally, as I have said already, he compared them to dead people, and wanted to give them life. Of the prodigal son in the parable Jesus says that he was dead, and now is alive. And to a new convert who wanted to bury his father

before following Jesus, he answered, "Follow me; and leave the dead to bury their own dead."

We understand now that Jesus when he spoke of life meant spiritual life, and when he spoke of death meant spiritual death. Let me add here that Jesus when he spoke of resurrection again used figurative language, and meant not resurrection of the body, but spiritual resurrection. So, when he said, "I am the resurrection and the life," he meant that his teaching would serve to raise people from spiritual death, and to give them spiritual life.

Some of you may here wish to interrupt me, and to ask such questions as these: "Do you mean to say that Jesus spoke about spiritual life all the time, and had nothing to say about the important question of life after death? Do you mean to say that Jesus did not believe in life after death?" I am ready to answer these questions. Let me say, then, in the first place that every one who will make a study of the teaching of Jesus in an unprejudiced way will be surprised how very little Jesus said about life after death. In the second place, I wish to say that Jesus was not a speculative philosopher who sat in a study and brooded over abstract questions, but that he was a very practical man, deeply interested in the present life and desirous to serve his fellow-men by teaching them how to live. But, on the other hand, his almost complete silence concerning a life after death does not mean that he did not believe in life after death. On the contrary, he had the utmost confidence in the endless continuation of life after physical death, for himself and for his followers. "Who-soever lives and believes on me shall never die," is a word of Jesus which states his conviction that the life of his followers will never end.

If we inquire for the reason why Jesus was so strongly convinced that the life of his followers as well as his own would never end, the only tenable answer which suggests itself to my mind is that Jesus considered the life which he taught and lived as being of such a sublime nature that he could not imagine it could ever end.

But, in spite of this utmost confidence in the endless continuation of life for himself and his followers, Jesus apparently hardly ever spoke about it. To him the present life was very real. He desired that people would, like himself, endeavor to live an ideal life now, trusting, like him, that this spiritual life, on account of its sublime nature, could never end. Impelled by this desire, he went from place to place and taught people the way of true living.

In his teaching Jesus addressed himself to those who feel a longing after an ideal life, to those "that hunger and thirst after righteousness," as he called it. He did not speculate whether everybody or only some felt this desire after an ideal life, but rather offered his teaching to everybody, trusting that some at least of those who heard his teaching knew this hunger and thirst after righteousness, this longing to live an ideal life, to be good, to be perfect as far as it is possible for man to be perfect. "If thou wouldst be perfect," is the way in which Jesus addressed one man, thus appealing to that longing after perfection, to that desire to live an ideal life which he knew burns in many a man. And he promised that his teaching would satisfy that hunger and thirst after righteousness, that desire for perfection in all who would follow his teaching.

But, you will ask, in what way will the teaching of Jesus satisfy that hunger and thirst after righteousness, that longing after perfection? Can we be perfect? Jesus answered that question in the negative, and common sense tells us that it is impossible for man to be perfect. The occasion for Jesus' declaration that nobody could be absolutely good, or perfect, was the unthinking manner in which a certain man had addressed him with "Good Master." While the word "good" meant very little to the man who used it in addressing Jesus, it meant a great deal to Jesus. It was a sacred word to him. For to him it meant absolutely good, or perfect. And in his true humility he objected to being called good, and rebuked the man by saying: "Why callest thou me good? None is good save one, even God." He held the word "good"

was so exalted a word that it could not be applied to any man, but that we should use it only when speaking of God, to whom we attribute the most ideal character.

We thus see that Jesus held it was impossible for man to be perfect. And yet he claimed that his teaching would satisfy our hunger and thirst after righteousness, our desire for perfection, when he said, "He that comes to me shall not hunger, and he that believes on me shall never thirst." How can we reconcile this apparent contradiction that, on the one hand, we cannot be perfect, and that, on the other hand, the teaching of Jesus will satisfy our longing after perfection if we follow it? My answer is that, although we know that we cannot be literally perfect, yet we can know what constitutes the ideal life, and can, through constant endeavor, come nearer to a complete realization of it from day to day. And it is this knowledge of the ideal life, and this constant approaching to the realization of it in our own life, which will satisfy our hunger and thirst after righteousness, our desire for perfection, although we cannot be absolutely perfect.

That hunger and thirst after righteousness, that longing after an ideal life, burns in many a man under ashes, as it were. And it is this smouldering fire of moral enthusiasm and idealism in man which Jesus wanted to stir up to a mighty conflagration. The intensity of Jesus' desire to accomplish this is expressed in his words: "I came to cast fire upon the earth. And how I would that it were already kindled!"

The true life can be described in one word as a life of self-denial. Thus Jesus summed up all his ethical teaching in the word, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself." But self-denial to Jesus did not mean an ascetic self-torture or a stoic resignation; denying of self to Jesus meant overcoming of self, a constant effort to overcome every form of selfishness in us. The kind of self-denial that Jesus teaches has a purpose; its aim is victory over self and over every form of selfishness in us. For the only thing that keeps us from living the true life is our self and the different forms of

selfishness. Self and the different forms of selfishness are the one stumbling-block that lies in our way toward the true life. If it is true, then, in order to live the true life, we shall have to overcome self and every form of selfishness in us, we shall have to part with everything that stands between us and our living the true life. This parting may be very hard for us,—it may seem to us like giving up our very life. Yet, we shall have to part with it, if we really wish to live the true life.

But if we actually try to overcome self and every form of selfishness in us, then shall we make an unexpected discovery. While we thought a life of constant self-denial would be like the giving up of our very life, now, living a life of self-denial, we realize for the first time what true life is. And looking back on our former life of self and selfishness, we now see that that life was no life in the true sense of the word. This is the meaning of Jesus' words, "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall find it." We had thought we should be giving up our very self if we conformed to Jesus' teaching, and now, living a life of self-denial, we realize our true self for the first time. It may sound contradictory, but it is true that, when living a life of self and selfishness, we could never discover our real self.

But, by living a life of self-denial, do we not only realize for ourselves what true life is,—we prepare ourselves also to become a powerful influence for good over the lives of others. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abides by itself alone; but if it die, it bears much fruit," reads a word of Jesus that is full of the deepest spiritual meaning. It teaches that, as in the vegetable world, so in human life the way to a fruitful life leads through death, and not through self-preservation. As a grain of wheat bears fruit only if it first decays and dies, so the life of a man will bear fruit only, will be a powerful influence for good over the lives of others only, if the man has first died to self.

We have thus seen that the true life consists in self-denial, in a constant effort to overcome self and every form of

selfishness in us. If we now ask the question, "What is the final object of this life of self-denial?" the answer is to become free men, to become morally free beings by overcoming self and every form of selfishness. The natural man may think he is a free man. Yet we are slaves as long as we do not succeed in overcoming self and every form of selfishness, in so far as it is possible for man to overcome self. What different forms the slavery of self and selfishness over our lives takes I shall not treat of in this paper. Here I will only emphasize the fact that the natural man is not the master of his inner life, but a slave to self and the different forms of selfishness. Therefore, if we wish to live the true life, then we shall have to become the masters of our inner life, conquerors over self and every form of selfishness. Naturally we are moral slaves; but we have to become morally free men if we want to live the ideal life. To be morally free, to be the masters of our inner life, and conquerors of self and every form of selfishness, is certainly the highest moral ideal that we can entertain.

"Every one that commits sin is the bond servant of sin," said Jesus. That we, as long as we commit a sin, as long as we yield to temptation, are slaves to that temptation, is an absolute fact which we should recognize as such.

Jesus then worked as a teacher of life in order that men might become free men. According to the gospel record, Jesus applied to himself the figurative language of Isaiah: "He (that is, God) has sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised." And Jesus claimed for his teaching that it, if embodied in the life of man, would make that man a morally free man, when he said, "If ye abide in my word, then are ye truly my disciples; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Of course, following the teaching of Jesus, living the ideal life that Jesus taught, means devoting our attention first of all to our inner life. It means to turn our attention away from the many outer things which constantly attract it,

and to turn our attention toward that one thing which is of greater importance than everything else,—our inner life. This contrast between the life of a person absorbed by the multitude of outward things and the life of a person primarily concerned in the inner life is depicted in these words of Jesus: "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful: for Mary has chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from her," namely, to listen to Jesus, the great teacher of true life.

Again, in the parable of the unrighteous steward, Jesus wants to call our attention to the importance of our inner life, and to ask us to manifest as much wisdom in the care for our inner life as the people of the world use in the selfish prosecution of their worldly interests. For it is the part of wisdom to follow the teaching of Jesus, and to live the ideal life. That the man who follows the teaching of Jesus, who tries to live the ideal life, is the really wise man will show itself at the time of tribulation, when he will be able to maintain his inner peace and cheerfulness, while others will lose their composure or will despair. Jesus compares the man that follows his teaching to a wise man who builds his house upon a rock, and the one that does not follow his teaching to a foolish man who builds his house upon the sand. The wisdom of the former, and the foolishness of the latter, will show itself at the time of a storm. Thus it is the results of living the ideal life which prove the wisdom of living it.

As to the results of living the true life, I have just spoken of one of them—of inner peace and joy. A perfect peace within and a joyousness of spirit are the most immediate result of living the true life. Every one who is trying to live the ideal life knows this to be so from his own experience. I will quote a number of words of Jesus in which he promises inner peace and joyousness to those who will follow his teaching and endeavor to live the true life.

The best known of these words of Jesus is his great call: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will

give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." In this word Jesus promises rest or peace to those to whom life is a burden, if they will but follow his teaching and the example of his own life. To his disciples Jesus said, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world gives give I unto you;" and again, "These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye may have peace. In the world ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

In this last word Jesus refers also to the cheerfulness which his followers will naturally have. But he does so more distinctly in the word: "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be fulfilled." Here Jesus speaks expressly of the joyousness that was in him, and declares his desire to impart his own joyousness to his disciples. This joyousness in Jesus was the natural result of the ideal life which he lived. Every one who is trying to live the true life experiences this same cheerfulness within himself. And the inner peace and cheerfulness which come to us, as the direct result of our endeavor to live the true life, form certainly the highest good that the individual can possess.

A second result of living a true life is power, spiritual power, a powerful influence for good over the lives of others—the kind of power that Jesus has been exercising over the lives of countless human beings. The amount of spiritual power that one who lives the true life can thus exercise is simply marvelous. Jesus, using a figure of speech, said that such a man can move mountains. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place! and it shall remove. And nothing shall be impossible unto you.'" Again Jesus said: "All things are possible to him that believes." Of course, Jesus did not mean by this and similar words that an otherwise unspiritual man could obtain anything he wanted by a strenuous prayer. Nor did he mean

that even a spiritual man could achieve absolutely everything by force of the strength of his trust; there are limits to the power which a spiritual man may exercise; there is such a thing as tempting God, from which we should refrain, as Jesus did. But inside of these limits, which are very wide, the power of a truly spiritual man is enormous. This power is the result of a whole life of trust and of true life. It is not the result of a sudden effort at prayer.

That a man may thus exercise a great spiritual power may seem marvelous. But we shall see in the paper on the mystical teaching of Jesus that, according to him, it is not the individual man who exercises the great spiritual power, but it is the spirit of the Father that works through him, and uses him as its instrument. In other words, according to Jesus, the man who lives the true life possesses an almost boundless spiritual power, because the power of the Universe is back of him ready to help him.

We have thus seen that an inner peace and cheerfulness, on the one hand, and power, on the other hand, are two natural results of our living the true life. But there is still a third result which follows from a man's living the true life. And that is persecution by the world.

It may seem strange that a man who is trying to live the ideal life should, as a result, be persecuted by the world. But such is the case. History proves it. And it is only natural that it is so. For the spirit of a man who is trying to live the ideal life is as different from the spirit of the people of the world as anything can be. The people of the world and the spiritual man, therefore, cannot live in peace with one another. It is true, the spiritual man loves everybody, and should like to live in peace with everybody; but, being desirous that men should live the ideal life, he criticises the spirit of the world, and thus incurs the hatred of the world. "The world cannot hate you, but me it hates because I testify of it that its works are evil," said Jesus to his own brothers. And again he expressed the contrast between himself and the people of the world when he said, "Ye are from beneath; I am from above. Ye are of

this world; I am not of this world." But this contrast exists not only between Jesus and the people of the world, but between all who are trying to live the ideal life and those who are following the ways of the world. "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, . . . therefore the world hates you," said Jesus to his disciples.

This hatred on the part of the world will express itself in actual persecution, as history shows. "If they persecuted me they will also persecute you," said Jesus to his immediate disciples. The people of the world will slander and finally persecute those who are living the true life. It is thus that the man who is trying to live the ideal life becomes a martyr, a blood witness. But he will gladly and cheerfully suffer persecution by the world rather than live contrary to his highest ideal.

On the other hand, it speaks ill for one who poses as a teacher of life if the people of the world give him unstinted praise; for that praise means that his spirit is not much different from the spirit of the world, and that he is not a true teacher of life. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you! for in the same manner did their fathers to the false prophets," is Jesus' warning to those false teachers.

Jesus compared the position in the world of those who were trying to live the true life to the position in which sheep are when surrounded by wolves. "I sent you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves," he said to his immediate disciples. Therefore, this being the disadvantageous position of those who are trying to live the ideal life, these, if they wish to be a power in the world, must be at peace with one another, and show a united front toward the people of the world. "Be at peace one with another," is Jesus' serious advice to them. Wisdom dictates this course. Yet not only wisdom, but most of all the very ideal of life itself. How could men honestly say they were trying to live the ideal life, and yet at the same time fight against others who are likewise trying to live the ideal life?

The most urgent necessity, therefore, for all those who are trying to live the true life is to love one another, and to show that love practically by co-operating with one another. "A new commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." It is well to notice that these words of Jesus are not a vague proclamation of the principle of universal

love, but are specifically addressed to his followers, to men who are trying to live the ideal life.

I believe I cannot close this paper in any more fitting way than by appealing to all those who are trying to live the ideal life to be at peace with and to work together with all others who are, like themselves, trying to live the true life, of whatever Christian denomination they may be, nay, more than that, whether they are in name followers of Jesus or not.

THE REDEMPTIVE POWER OF LOVE *

BY B. O. FLOWER

"God is love."—1 John, iv: 8.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."—Paul, Rom. xiii: 10.

"Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger, And in its ashes plant the tree of peace."—Whittier.

I.

Far back, in ages more savage, barbarous, and unreasoning than the present, we find great prophet souls who caught luminous glimpses of the redemptive power of love—lofty natures who, in exalted moments, discerned that love and hate were at the zenith and nadir of human development. These were sneered at in their day. Even the great Galilean, who struck the keynote of enduring progress when he enunciated the Golden Rule, was scorned, slandered, and crucified.

By the easy-going, self-loving conservatives, who with pharisaical pretensions made long prayers and posed as the upholders of law and order while they devoured widows' houses, Jesus was either dismissed with such terms of contempt as "wine-bibber," "friend of publicans and sinners," or openly assailed as seeking to overthrow law, order, and religion. The primitive Christians who taught the new commandment of loving one's enemies suffered as malefactors, and no methods of torture were too brutal to be meted out to them.

*The substance of this paper was delivered before the Faith and Hope Association, of Boston, Mass.

Socrates, with brain teeming with ennobling ideals and elevating thoughts, found the hemlock pressed to his lips by those who claimed to be the defenders of law and religion. Epictetus, poor and maimed in body, was banished by Domitian, so great a menace was such a love-radiating, gentle, and spiritually-minded person to an emperor who dwelt in an atmosphere of hate, suspicion, and sensualism. It was Epictetus who observed that "nothing is nobler than high-mindedness, gentleness and philanthropy, and doing good."

The rise of man is marked by the supremacy of love over hate, of the spiritual over the animal. Domitian, who was the incarnation of hate and animalism, could not tolerate the radiance of a soul so charged with lofty love as Epictetus. He was like the ancient Cretan who, after dwelling for thirty years in a dark cave, was one day dragged into the radiant, health-giving sunlight, when he screamed aloud that the sun's rays poisoned him.

I remember when at college a friend of mine related a little instance which occurred in his own life. He was sitting one dark day at the bedside of his dying child. Suddenly the little sufferer exclaimed, "Oh, father, we are down in the cellar; how dark and cold it is? Let us go up into the beautiful sunlight." And in a moment, without heeding the tender words which gushed from a breaking heart, it stretched out its little arms, exclaiming, "Now we are going into the light, and, oh, father, how bright and

beautiful everything is!" So the human race, which for uncounted ages groped in the cellar of animal passion, under the dominion of hate, selfishness, and brute force, is slowly beginning to perceive a new light, is gradually going up out of the cellar into the sunlight of love. The path is long, and humanity moves slowly.

Social development, ethical progress, and spiritual supremacy are marked by centuries and ages rather than days and months. Yet, when we compare the development of humanity to-day with the high-water mark of olden times, when the doctrines of "an eye for an eye" and "might makes right" were all but universally accepted, and when the acme of ethics was considered reached by those who loved their friends and hated their enemies, we shall agree with Whittier when he sings:

There sometimes glimpses on my sight
Through present wrong the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man.

Notwithstanding the ebbs in the rising tide of human life, the general trend of humanity is unmistakably toward the realization of that spirituality which alone can give unto the immortal soul peace, joy, and the reserve strength which only comes to those who are enabled to draw upon the eternal reservoir of redemptive love. When a soul is so permeated with love that it goes out to every struggling life, it has reached a degree of true culture of far more moment to humanity and itself than the most elaborate intellectual training that the proudest universities can give. The arrogant multimillionaire who assumes superiority by virtue of dollars, and who, dwelling on the animal plane, lives for selfish gratification, is far lower in the scale of true nobility than the unselfish and devoted mother, in the little log cabin on the western frontier, who patiently and lovingly strives to make her home a center of love, peace, and happiness, and whose dearest aim is to bring up in the paths of truth, integrity, and high-mindedness the lives intrusted to her keeping.

II.

An atmosphere of love promotes harmony, and favors health in body and

mind. It fills the soul with peace; it encourages every ennobling emotion; it carries with it the dignity, gentleness, and refinement of true culture. There is a beautiful oriental tradition in which is described a rose that is said to bloom eternally at the gate of Paradise, and that at some moment there comes into every life a breath of its wonderful fragrance, raising by its mystic power the thoughts, ambitions, and aspirations to nobler ends, and filling the whole being with a peace and happiness never known before. Such is the influence of love, which keeps the Golden Rule as a guide and beacon through life, ever striving to elevate manhood, to sweeten some bitter life, to strengthen some faltering soul.

Emerson thus speaks of the growth of love in a single breast, narrow in nature at first, but reaching out into the world in the grand consummation of its development: "For it is to be considered that this passion of which we speak, though it begins with youth, yet it forsakes not the old, or rather suffers no one who is really its servant to grow old, but makes the aged participator of it not less than the tender maiden, though in a different and nobler way. For it is a fire that kindles its embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from the wandering spark out of another heart, glows and enlarges until it beams upon multitudes of men and women—upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nations with its glorious flame."

Love is the motor of life upon the higher plain. Many men and women who are struggling from the lower to the higher fail to appreciate this fact in its full significance; hence there is friction, the warring of the selfish desires and the old-time ideals and ambitions with the higher and broader impulses from which is born unselfishness, that sweet but unostentatious flower of the spirit, so like the violet, mignonette, and lily-of-the-valley, which, obscured by their more showy companions, are content to live, blossom, and breathe forth their wonderfully refined fragrance for the delight of all who come within the range of their influence. When the spirit of love rules in the brain, it be-

comes luminous, the harshness disappears, and breadth of thought is no less marked than the positive inspiration which emanates from the love-lit natures. Well might the ancient apostle rank love above even sturdy faith and steadfast hope.

A very beautiful illustration of the redemptive power of love over a person considered low in the scale of culture was related to me many years ago, and, as it is so typical in its character, I give it as nearly as I can recollect it. The incident occurred in France during the gloomy days of the terrible religious persecution in that then ill-starred land. A philanthropist named Jerome Harel, who saw and felt the sufferings of the masses in their fierce struggle for life, went frequently into the streets where the poor were crowded together in misery and wretchedness, and freely dispensed money to the distressed. One day he came face to face with a young man on whose haggard countenance despair had stamped its frightful impress. Irresistibly drawn to this youth by that strange magnetic power of which the wisest know so little, yet feel so oft, he accosted him kindly, and inquired into the trouble that so visibly manifested itself in his face. Frankly the youth replied that he was suspected of being tainted with heresy, and his employer had discharged him some days since. His parents were dead; a sister, to whom he was devoted, was his only near relative; she was now dying with fever,—he had no money for medicine or food. He had tried everywhere for work, but all gates were closed to him. M. Harel heard his story; gave him means; visited the sick sister, who died a few days later. Subsequently the youth was arrested and sent to the galleys, his only crime being that he was "suspected of heresy." At the galleys, Listolier—for such was the youth's name,—coming constantly in contact with criminal natures, breathing an atmosphere of brutality and crime, became himself hardened, as have tens of thousands of other innocent victims, who have been sent to prison comparatively good men, but to emerge from confinement ruined wretches destined to curse the race. In the course of time Listolier was set at liberty; he made his way to Paris. Here

the Argus eyes of the police watched him from time to time. He felt conscious of the stamp of shame he carried with him. He sought work, only to meet repeated refusals. He begged bread; he almost starved. And then came the fearful struggle in a man's nature when starvation joins with forces of evil for the conquest of spiritual promptings; the conflict in his soul was frightful, and at last he fell. Two months later he was making his livelihood by robbery. One night he broke into the mansion of a rich bachelor. He entered the bedroom where peacefully slept the master of the house; the moonbeams fell through the window across the bed, lighting the face of the sleeper. Listolier approached, knife in hand, murder in heart. Suddenly he seemed riveted to the floor; his face grew strangely white; from his hand the glittering blade fell with a crash; on his knees by the bed sank the robber, while from his lips escaped a groan such as mortals only utter when the soul writhes with remorse. M. Harel—for the sleeper was none other—awoke, and, seizing a weapon, prepared to defend himself. He soon found, however, he had no cause for fear. Listolier, in the agony of remorse, narrated the details of his career after his arrest, closing by saying, "Now, sir, kill me or call the police. I came here prepared to murder. I never saw before how hopeless a wretch a man may become." "You came here to murder," said M. Harel, slowly; "you shall remain here a saved man. I know," said the aged philanthropist, "the causes that led to your ruin, for you were not sinful when the cruel edict of intolerance sent you to the galleys. Society is as much responsible for your downfall as you yourself;" and to himself he added—"far more so." Then he continued, "Now I, a part of society, will help redeem you. Stay with me, my trusted servant. To-morrow I go to the south of France for some months; you may accompany me. When you return your associates will have lost sight of and forgotten you, and you yourself will be so changed that you will not fall into temptation. The gates of the future open before you and offer you the opportunity to be a true man."

Listolier was saved. He became invaluable to M. Harel—brave, noble, frank, and trustworthy, with a great heart ever throbbing in sympathy for the poor and oppressed. Before his death M. Harel gave him a large sum, saying in so doing, "The poor will be blessed when I am gone;" and they were, for, long after M. Harel's face was seen no more, the poor blessed M. Morrel, the good, who was none other than Listolier, the convict. This story is a sublime illustration of the power of love, whose sweet influence uplifts every soul that encourages its development, and sheds on other lives the glory of the higher life, the richest blessing from above, the splendor of a divine influence.

The scholastic education, so highly prized and so valuable in this day of fierce competition for success in life, does not supply that culture most essential to the building of happy homes on earth, and the unfolding of a broad, spiritual life, or that preparation absolutely necessary for the soul, if it is to be fitted on earth to enter the University of Eternity. In truth, too frequently the college education and the influence to which the young life is subjected in getting it tend to destroy this most vital element of true education.

All influences that promote selfishness, intolerance, and a love of vice or immorality, or that take from life its deeper and richer significance and encourage a butterfly existence, are essentially demoralizing, and destructive to the proper growth of one's higher nature. When we measure a life by the work it accomplishes in ameliorating the sufferings, stimulating the higher impulses, and brightening the existence of the toiling and struggling brotherhood of man—in creating an ideal home, where the soul is cultured, where the fruits of the spirit ripen into the richest maturity, where the flowers of truth, charity, and gentleness fling forth their fragrance on every hand, where day by day man advances nearer and nearer the great, throbbing soul of Infinity, while his heart expands and becomes more God-like at every step that is taken,—we say, measured by this standard (and only by

this can we regard life worth living), many whose names are great, and whose fame hangs on the lips of tens of thousands, are only skeletons, soulless and lifeless, while thousands whose names the mad world little notes are entitled to a lofty position,

III.

The development of the supremacy of love is a growth, rather than something to be attained at a single bound. For there is so much inborn selfishness in the heart of man that must be uprooted, so much love of one's own enjoyments and disregard for the fate of others that must be placed in subordination, that he who wishes to give his soul here that culture that will make life on earth a blessing to the race, and life beyond a triumphal march of endless progression,—he who appreciates the boundless possibilities of the spirit, and who would, so far as opportunities permit, benefit every life that comes into contact with his own, will find before him a lesson that requires all the days allotted to him to master. He cannot hope to attain a disinterested or unselfish heart in an hour, a day, or a year; it is a growth,—the changing of the cruel rock into the breathing statue. One might as well expect to master Greek or Latin in a day, as suddenly to change his nature, in which there is so much that is selfish, into a life of self-sacrifice.

We cannot wait for great opportunities to present themselves; it is the little acts of life that give wealth or poverty to our higher nature, according as they are improved or disregarded. When the needs of the world come to us for a helping hand we are liable to revolve in our minds as to whether or not we are to be benefited. Self—self—always self, instead of inquiring whether the action needed or steps contemplated will help the world onward, or make the hearts and homes of the people purer and happier.

Nowhere is the cultivation of unselfishness more important than at the fireside. If the husband and wife will mutually determine to cultivate the spirit of self-sacrifice in their daily life, their homes will be gardens of joy, peace, and fragrance, and the children that come into

such charmed circles will follow the precepts given and the examples seen in the lives of their parents, and grow up strong in the cardinal virtues.

IV.

Our educational systems are largely responsible for the lack of emphasis given to the Golden Rule and all it implies in society to-day. Hugo has well said, "The tendency of man to-day is to fall into his stomach." We may go a step farther, and add that another pernicious tendency of scholastic education is to exalt the intellect above the spiritual nature. It is not enough that man be fed; the mind must be instructed. It is not enough that the intellect be schooled; the higher intuitions must be quickened, the moral nature aroused, the coronal region of the brain must be stimulated, that divine illumination, that spiritual supremacy may ensue. This is true in regard to society no less than it is applicable to individuals.

The powerful parasites who prey upon the hard earnings of millions, acquiring vast fortunes by means of indirection, no less than the swindler, the forger, and the polished libertine, are striking illustrations of intellectual training when it is not accompanied by a moral uplift. The fatal flaw in our educational systems of the past is to be found in a narrow training, or an equally limited and often more dangerous inculcation of religious dogmas and creeds, in lieu of that broad spirit of love which, by developing the superior region of the brain, causes the Golden Rule to supplant the spirit of selfish greed, creedal dogmatism, or unilluminated intellectuality.

Slowly we are learning more and more of the redemptive power of love. The breadth, peace, strength, and nobility it gives to life when this supreme lesson is learned is even now beginning to flush the eastern sky of thought with a prophecy of the splendor of a new day.

THE NEW AGE

BY IMOGENE C. FALES

Mrs. Reifsnider, in her "Dreams and Visions," in the January issue of *THE COMING AGE*, has presented a valuable contribution to the psychological and spiritual literature of the day. In giving to the public her own remarkable psychical experiences, she is unsealing the lips of others, and helping to unbar a door that hitherto has been closed to the general investigator.

That the time has come for a full and frank discussion of the developing powers of the soul, and their bearing upon the future of civilization, there can be no question.

The mere fact of the publication of Du Maurier's romance of "Peter Ibbetson," that matchless interpretation of the soul's dual life in its exterior and interior manifestations, and of Rudyard Kipling's sketch of the "Brushwood Boy," along with hosts of minor publications, all bearing upon occult matters, proves conclu-

sively that the explorer or analyst has fairly entered the realm of unseen forces, and has partially grasped supersensual things. This knowledge, and its rapidly growing expression in literature and art, mark a new epoch in human experience.

That a new age is dawning is perceived by many, but the extent of the far-reaching changes on which the world is entering is known only to those whose eyes have been spiritually anointed, and who are conscious participants in the work of transformation.

That work is twofold, involving the recreation of the individual and of the social system. In the former instance, there is growth from within; for, under the touch of the spirit of God upon the human spirit, we are being gradually led into a knowledge of the more spiritual laws of nature; powers and faculties of the soul, that since the "fall" have lain dormant are being revived and are ex-

erting a transforming power on mind and body. The spiritual vision is being opened, and sights and sounds and thoughts from the spiritual world are being reflected in human consciousness. It is "the resurrection from the dead" that is taking place,—the restoration of faculties that have been buried with a fallen race, and are now resuming their sway and re-creating humanity in the image and likeness of God.

And this organic change—for such it is—carries with it the full redemption of man from the power of sin, disease, and death. In every manner, shape, and form death is to be swallowed up in life. The partition wall between the visible and invisible, between spirit and matter, is to be broken down, and the two worlds, to all intents and purposes, made one. Then shall be understood the saying, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Jacob's ladder, with the angels ascending and descending, is the type and prophecy of the new age on which the world is entering.

The ultimate results of this "marriage of the Lord with his church," of this commingling of the divine and the human, will be the decay and death of merely animal impulses, and the growth of a redeemed, perfected humanity.

It is a change, stupendous, immeasurable, incalculable, that is taking place, individually and socially,—the removal of the race from one plane of life—the natural—to another and higher one—the spiritual.

It is the extermination of evil, the extinction of the hells of darkness, ignorance, and suffering within the soul, that God in the new age is working to accomplish. Those from whom the shackles of life are falling, and who while in the flesh are entering within the veil, are the evangels of this great movement.

Into the nether world of darkness, misery, and wretchedness, where every faculty of the soul is perverted, and men are as demons,—into this hell of horror unspeakable, this grave of the spirit, the work of restoration is to enter, and the light of a better day is to dawn.

It is impossible any longer to ignore or disavow this spiritual development that is irradiating and transforming life. Innumerable witnesses stand ready to testify, not only of the wondrous phenomena that the growing convergence of worlds occasions, but also of the disclosure of spiritual forces within themselves that are enlarging and reshaping their lives.

The new birth of the spirit is here; it is part of the soul's travail and of the soul's growth.

But the regeneration of the individual is only one part of the great world movement now fairly under way for the redemption of the race.

As individuals emerge from the carnal, selfish, Adamic plane of life, on to the Christ plane of a perfect manhood, with everything that impedes the growth of the spirit swept away, so civilization is adjusting itself for a new departure on similar lines.

The old warring competitive order, expressive of the race on the animal plane of sin and selfishness, has reached its maximum of power, and is now on the downward course. Monopoly, that impoverishes millions for the enrichment of a few, that sets in operation forces inimical to progress, is the sign, seal, and token of the breaking up of the present social system. The end is inevitable. The choice is between the life or death of civilization, and life will gain the victory.

Already the social forces are beginning to mobilize for the final conflict. Democracy is being arrayed against aristocracy; imperialism against republicanism, competition against co-operation. Rightly understood, it is one plane of life fighting another, the old warring with the new. The conflict will assume world-wide proportions, for the hour has struck and the time has come for the old competitive order to pass away.

The thought that is to sway the future, and reshape every part of life, is that of a divine humanity united in one great brotherhood. It is the same thought that Jesus nineteen centuries ago gave the world, and which the world crucified. But

it rose again in the life of the risen Christ, who broke the bonds of death in the souls of men, and allowed the Christ in them to arise and lead captivity captive. Henceforth that thought can never be crucified. It is in the world with all the power of God, and it will transform the world.

We are in the spring-time of a new era; a new life is emerging from the old; new powers are coming into play; new

schools of thought are developing. And this new life, expressed in a new social order, in which men will brothers be, will remodel the whole structure of civilization, purify and refashion politics, recreate religion, redeem mankind, and make the earth the garden of the Lord. It is a change from the natural to the divine plane of life. It is the renaissance of humanity.

CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES. I.—EQUALITY COLONY

BY HELEN J. WESCOTT

A familiar poem tells us that,
Girt 'round by rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies.

If we wished to take an unpoetic license with the rhythm, we might substitute Bellingham Bay for "Lake Constance," and continue in language even more glowing than that the poet uses; and it is on a hill two miles inland from this beautiful bay, but commanding a magnificent view of its blue waters, that the town site of Equality Colony has been chosen.

In order that the colony and its aims may be sufficiently well understood, it will be necessary to go back of Equality itself to the movement that is responsible for its existence.

Perhaps at no time in the history of civilization has the idea of human brotherhood found so many and such varied expressions in organized form as at present, and probably there have never been so many efforts to give this idea a practical embodiment in industrial life. Organizations of this kind have sprung up everywhere within the last decade, and range from those modest efforts that only seek to secure co-operation among the workers of a single group, large or small, to the most ambitious, that would include the whole nation, or even the whole world, in one vast industrial fraternity.

Somewhere between these two extremes may be placed the movement known as the B. C. C., the parent whose first colonial child was Equality Colony.

The Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth, with headquarters at Thomaston, Maine, was organized in August, 1896, for the purpose of assisting and encouraging co-operative effort where already inaugurated, of carrying forward educational work in every possible way, and of establishing co-operative undertakings of its own wherever opportunity offered.

Its two chief lines of effort were the department of education and the department of colonization, and of these two the latter naturally attracted the most wide-spread attention, and it was more through interest in this than in any other aspect of the movement that it spread so rapidly as it did, until soon there were branches of the B. C. C. in every State in the Union.

The plan for colonization was somewhat different from any that had been put forward before, so far as its promoters were aware, and was as follows: Some State was first to be selected which should combine, as far as possible, the following advantages: A sparse population, liberal and progressive State laws, richness of natural resources, and opportunity for transportation facilities without dependence upon the railroads.

Having selected their State and secured their land, the purpose was to send colonists into the State as fast as employment could be furnished for them, and to establish one colony after another until by

this process the whole State should be transformed into a co-operative commonwealth, the sparseness of the original population enabling them to accomplish this result more quickly than if a more thickly settled State should be chosen.

Having accomplished this, the plan looked still farther, and contemplated planting colonies in neighboring States, and wherever opportunity offered, until, won by peaceful, practical demonstration of the advantages of such a system, the whole Union of States should voluntarily fall into line as co-operative commonwealths instead of competitive States as now. The educational branch of the organization was to be all the time working to spread the co-operative idea among the unconverted, thus doing its part to hasten the final result.

This was, briefly, the plan and purpose of the movement which has given birth to Equality Colony.

The officers of the colonization department made a very careful survey of the field, visiting many States, and finally decided upon the State of Washington as that which offered the very combination which they sought,—situated on the coast, and therefore offering the best of transportation facilities for the future; of sparse population, being one of the youngest States in the Union; of almost unlimited natural resources; a mild yet healthful climate, and a soil in which the vegetation reaches the maximum size known to its species.

All these advantages, not to mention the magnificent natural scenery that is a constant inspiration, decided the choice, and in October, 1897, the first colonists reached the colony site.

It was nine months later, in the middle of July, that I stopped at the little station called Belfast, the nearest one to Equality Colony. There were only two of us to get off at this station, and as we stepped from the train we made some exclamation of surprise to find that Belfast consisted of but two buildings, one the station itself and the other a small two-story house about a hundred feet from the track. The young news-agent on the train, wishing to be witty, remarked, "Oh, yes, this is God's own country where you've come

to now." He meant to be very sarcastic, but it was not long before we had decided that he spoke more truly than he knew.

It being Sunday, there was no stage running up to the village of Edison, six or seven miles away, which was our immediate destination, and there was no way but to walk. So we started out, after an admiring look across the track at the tall, straight ranks of trees, forming long, pillared avenues, like cathedral aisles.

Very soon we began to climb, and the road wound around the side of the hill, going higher and higher, among the ever-green giants, until we could look far down on the roofs of the two little buildings that constitute Belfast, just before we turned around the hill and lost sight of them.

It was shortly after this that we began to realize the beautiful truth in the flip-pant words of the little newsboy. If there are any words in the English tongue that can describe the marvelous beauties of that walk through the forest from Belfast, I am not familiar with them. I can only try to give a faint idea, and leave the rest to the reader's imagination. The road winds among primeval giants such as would dwarf the mightiest in the woods of Maine or the Adirondacks. If the forest were swept away there would remain a "heaven-kissing hill," yet with the forest there, high as the hill is, the sun's rays never meet the earth in many places. There is a perpetual, soft, green twilight, inexpressibly restful and fascinating; it does not seem gloomy,—far from it; it is only a wonderful light, different from anything an ordinary forest knows; for these twilight chambers are high-vaulted; the trees grow often to the height of the tallest trees in eastern forests before a branch is sent out, and then tower for twice that height again after the branches come.

Looking off into the depths, the tropical vegetation suggests the idea that one must be in Florida. Such ferns and brakes, growing in great clusters, with arms two yards or more long, bending out in a perfect circle from the center,—acres of these growing from the beautiful moss which covers the ground. Occasionally a glint of sunlight can be seen off to one

side or the other of the road, where the foliage is thinner high above, and perhaps it falls on a monster log that has lain so long on the ground that it has become a fairy-garden of moss and star-like white flowers; for this is the beautiful fate of all the fallen trees in this forest. The ground is very springy, and the plentiful dampness clothes everything with this soft and beautiful garment; occasionally there is a whole tree which has exchanged its garment of leaves or needles, while still standing, for one of moss, and is clothed from base to spire-like top, high in the air, with soft green moss,—not an inch of its bark anywhere visible; the festoons of moss sometimes hang down from the ends of the branches, doing their best to make good the loss of the swaying foliage they have displaced.

Sometimes for quite a distance, the bushes and lower shrubs press close upon the narrow road, so that nothing of the surrounding forest can be seen. But this produces a novel and most beautiful effect; it is as though the winding road were cut through high cliffs of living green,—the cliffs themselves crowned by lofty trees, whose branches are intermingled high overhead.

At several places along the way some monarch has fallen prone across the road, and it being impossible to move his prostrate body, so huge was it, they have cut out a section the width of the road, leaving one-half of the remaining trunk on one side and one-half on the other.

This is the road that all must travel who come by rail to Equality Colony, and this is the road over which the first pioneers journeyed, now about two years ago, to prepare the colony site for those who were to come after.

This site consisted at first of two hundred and sixty acres of meadow, marsh, and woodland, about two miles from tide-water on Bellingham Bay, and three miles by prospected road from Belfast Station. The town site set apart for residences is on a hill which was covered with an almost impassable growth of trees, bushes, and vines, mingled with fallen logs and monster stumps; but the first colonist to struggle through these obstructions to the top must have felt that his reward

was greater than his effort. In journeying from coast to coast of the country, and visiting many of the points most famous for their beauty that lie between, I can recall but one view that seemed to me equal in beauty to that from the top of the Equality town site, and that is the view from the top of Rogers Rock, on Lake George, which is very similar.

The forest-clad hill slopes down to the bottom lands, where glimpses of meadow are seen here and there through the giant trees. Over the tops of the firs and cedars, the blue waters of the bay ripple and shine; less animated and brilliant, perhaps, than our restless Atlantic, but softer, more mellow in hue.

A little to the left is Samish Island, forest-clad and rugged, like the beautiful islands off the coast of Maine. Far up the bay lies Eliza Island, and towering beyond her is Lummi, a mountain rising from the midst of the waters.

Off to the right stretches the sparkling bay, rounding into the harbors of Fairhaven and New Whatcom, themselves hidden from view by the beautiful, rugged Chuckanut Hills, while far away to the east, south, and west rise the snow-capped mountains, now appearing as distant as the clouds, and now seeming near enough to be reached in half a day's journey. Such is the spot that Equality colonists have chosen for the building of their homes.

Since the arrival of the first pioneers various additions have been made to their land, some by purchase and others coming as membership fees, until they now hold, free from incumbrances, six hundred and five acres of land so rich that it produces, without fertilization, crops of vegetables and grain that would cause a New England farmer to open his eyes with astonishment. Common pea-vines grow nine feet high, and their carrots grew so large that the colonists were threatening to invite them from the ground by means of a stump-puller.

The deeds for this land are held in trust by the national officers, and the provision is made that no incumbrance shall ever be placed upon it.

All the implements and machinery—in other words, the means of production—

are the property of the community, as are also the buildings; but furniture and personal property, exclusive of the tools used in production, may be privately owned to any extent.

At present there are over a dozen buildings on the grounds, including two large apartment buildings, a dining-hall seating one hundred and twenty-five at one time, a school-house, a bakery with a capacity of three hundred loaves of bread a day, an immense barn which was in process of construction during the summer, a saw-mill forty by one hundred and twenty feet, two stories, printery and laundry twenty by eighty-four feet, two stories, blacksmith and tin-shop, etc.

Their new saw-mill has lately been put in operation, and is turning out material for the separate cottages for the colonists and their families which are soon to appear on the hill. The apportionment of the lots, and the order in which the cottages should be built, was to be determined by the order of arrival, those who had borne the first and hardest stress of pioneer conditions, in preparation for the others, to have first choice of a location and to be first provided with a separate home.

Their first building plans are not ambitious, only contemplating from two to four room cottages for each family, but so built that they may be added to at any time with ease. However, this provision is not so meager as it would at first seem to be, as all the cooking, sewing, laundry work, etc., are done by the community in separate buildings, and no rooms for the performance of these domestic offices are needed. Therefore two to four rooms are equivalent respectively to six and eight where these things are done at home,—no servant's room, kitchen, dining-room, laundry, or sewing-room being needed, but only chambers and parlor or sitting-room.

Their industrial activities are divided into various departments, as the manufacturing department, which includes shoe-making, tailoring, dress-making, coopering, blacksmithing, furniture making, etc.; the department of public works, under which head come the house building, road and bridge construction, etc.;

the department of health and sanitation; the transportation department; the agricultural department; the department of public safety, etc.

The general assembly meets every two weeks in the school-house, and here any question affecting the colony is brought up and discussed. The foremen in the various departments are elected in this way. In all the questions women have an equal voice with men.

Members select their own work as far as possible, the only restriction being the necessary one that, if there is as yet no demand in the colony for the product of the particular trade or occupation for which any member is specially fitted, it is necessary for him or her to enter the department where the best service can be rendered until the colony develops sufficiently to demand the preferred service.

Many on the outside consider the fact that the houses are owned by the community an objectionable one, but a little reflection on the companion fact that no member can be turned out of his house so long as he chooses to live in it will show any one that their homes are even more their own than those that are owned in the ordinary sense. No incumbrance can be placed on them, and the only restriction is that no man can sell his house and get money for it. There may be as many exchanges by mutual agreement as desired, but no one can force another to leave his home. It is a somewhat amusing fact that those who are most positive in their objection to the community ownership of houses are often paying rent for the houses they live in themselves. If reminded of this fact, they are apt to reply: "But I can stay as long as I pay my rent; and besides, if I am ever able to afford it, I can buy a house that will be my own and no one can turn me out." Neither one of these oft-repeated assertions is correct, for the man who pays his rent promptly is not always secure from being asked to move, nor is the man who buys his house sure that he will never lose it. From either point of view, the man who lives in a house owned by the community of which he is a voting member is incomparably more secure.

It is needless to say that there is no "problem of the unemployed" at Equality Colony. All find work in some one of the various departments, all seem cheerful and hopeful, and each ready to do his full share. I heard no complaint of shirkers while I was there.

Men work nine hours a day, and women work five. This arrangement affords an opportunity for the women to take care of their rooms—about the only thing to be done individually, as all the sewing and laundry work, as well as the cooking, is done, as stated, in separate buildings. The men, of course, do the rough work, clearing the land, planting, putting up buildings, etc., and also assist the women in the heavier part of the cooking and laundry work. The women, in return, take care of the bachelor quarters, or "The Rookery," as it is called, that being considered, of course, a service to the community, and being counted in with their five hours a day. The young ladies wait on tables, and the boys and girls pick berries and do duty at the dish-pan out of school hours.

They have discovered a rich bed of brick-clay on their premises, and have already begun to make use of this product, for the new bakery, finished while I was there, has a truly scientific oven constructed of this material. It was built under the direction of an experienced baker who is a member of the colony. They had no ovens as yet in which to dry the bricks, and so long rows of them were spread out in the sunny brick-yard, making use of the rays of old Sol, and it was only of such sun-dried bricks that the above-mentioned oven was built for the bakery.

They believe in plenty of entertainment after hard work, and the social side of life is cultivated as much as possible. There is a "hop" every Saturday night, to which the whole community turns out. As there was no satisfactory hall to be used for this purpose, the older boys who were not yet above the school age were engaged in hollowing out a basement hall under the school-house, where they intended to construct a ball-room after the most approved fashion. This has since been finished. They have also a Sunday evening

lyceum, where all sides of all questions are discussed. They publish a weekly paper, *Industrial Freedom*, sending out at present over four thousand copies each week.

Another source of enjoyment and relaxation during the summer was in camping trips to the various islands out in the bay, starting on Saturday night in their sloop, "Progress," and returning Monday morning. The islands are very beautiful on a near view as well as in the distance, and the temptation to gather the beautiful shells in numbers too great to make any possible use of was one hard for a stranger to resist.

If campers on these islands do not wish to burden themselves with sauce-dishes or cups and saucers, they will find an abundance of snow-white clam shells strewn along the beach, many of them as large as the largest coffee saucer, which may be made to serve these purposes, and, in an emergency, might furnish the whole table of the picnickers with dishes. Immense piles of drift-wood lie all along the beaches, and a royal bonfire can be made anywhere and piled high enough to keep all night. The nights there are always cool, such a thing as a sultry night being absolutely unknown, and all through July and August two comforts or their equivalents were needed for each bed. Two heavy comforts spread on the tall beach grass or on the sand, with ample covering, and a blazing bonfire between you and the water, and nothing but the stars overhead, and you have the conditions for as refreshing and healthful a night's sleep as need be asked for.

Suppose we return with one of these parties after a camping-out trip, and take a view of the colony just as we find it.

Turning off from the main road, our way lies along pastures picturesque with their huge stumps, the latter often bearing a thick clump of ferns two or three feet high on top, like a beautiful natural vase filled with this most graceful of plants, while at their feet grow clumps of fire-wood and white immortelles, and wild vines drape themselves around the trunk. No well cared for garden can exceed in beauty, and to my eye, can equal in attractiveness this wild natural garden, springing uninvited from the lavish soil.

Now we enter the thick woods, so dense that the sun's rays have never been able to reach the ground, summer or winter, for these trees bear their foliage in all seasons alike. Here, again, the continual shade and dampness have been nature's agents to display some of her loveliest work. The fine, delicate ferns and the wonderful mosses are beautiful beyond description; for, strangely enough, in this country where everything whose nature it is to be large grows to such a phenomenal size, those things whose nature it is to be small appear in their most dainty and delicate perfection. The climate seems to combine the advantages of all climes, producing the fine, close, delicate vegetation and the evergreens of the northern regions, and at the same time the immense size and profusion of growth of the southern.

But continuing on our way, we pass the Equality nursery, which it is hoped will form one of their most lucrative industries in the near future, and soon we enter the road built by the colonists themselves, leading across the meadow lands (as yet uncleared and piled with a wild profusion of fallen trees, stumps, and logs destined for the flames) to the colony site.

Just at the foot of the hill is the brickyard on the left, and on the right the big vegetable garden, the stables, and the laundry. A little creek, with crystal-clear water, provides all of that element that the laundry needs, bringing it right to the door.

Going on up the gradual slope we come first to the dining-hall on the left, and some habitations with board walls and tent-roofs on the right. Near these, and opposite the door of the dining-hall, perhaps we shall find a group of women sitting on some logs and shelling peas for supper, and such peas! From their size we should expect to find them overripe and somewhat tough, but we shall have an opportunity to test that a little later when we go to dinner.

Next come the two apartment houses, one on each side of the road. The school-house and the bakery follow, and perhaps just as we turn our eyes toward the latter, we shall see two men emerge from the door carrying between them, by means of

long handles, a big open box holding about two or three bushels; this is filled with delicious-looking loaves of bread, for the manager of the bakery is a master in his art. These are borne down to the dining-room, where plenty of helpers wait to cut them into slices and pile them on plates for the tables.

While we wait for the supper gong, we may take a trip up to the residence town site, if we are very good climbers and not afraid of brambles and rotten logs. We may find a big stump with steps cut in the sides, by which we may climb to the top and take one more survey of the lovely bay we have left.

There lies the little village of Edison, only two and a half miles away, if we go by the old "skid road," jumping over logs and climbing fences, but five miles around by the wagon road. On the other side Blanchard, a little settlement, too small to be called even a village, nestles at the foot of the Chuckanutt Hills.

These are all the signs of civilization that we can see. Everywhere else the shimmering waters of the bay or the grand old hills, clad in their primeval forest garments, meet our eyes. And how far we can look! Can you realize that that fairy-like line of snow-capped peaks, so beautiful and airy that we might take them for clouds if the outlines were not so still,—can you realize that they are in Canada? It is hard to believe, but it is true. That is the Selkirk range of south-eastern Canada, and we are looking beyond the territory covered by the stars and stripes.

To be sure, we are farther north than this mild climate permits us to realize, and they are only about ninety miles away; but ninety miles is no small space for the naked eye to travel over. One is not likely to have a "shut-in" feeling on any part of Equality town site.

Before we can get back over brush and logs, to the clearing lower down on the hill, we hear the first call for supper. This is a unique feature of Equality, and is very musical. Suspended from a huge stump which stands just outside the dining-room door, and nearly as high as the roof of the building, is a large circular saw. When meal-time arrives this is

beaten after the manner of beating a drum, and the sound reaches far enough to bring in all who are not too far away to come at all.

We shall have to wait now for the second call, which will come in half an hour, as there is not seating capacity in the hall to accommodate more than one hundred and twenty-five at one time; but this will give us leisure to look in at the shoe-shop, and to study the inscriptions that are framed and hung outside the dining-room door. Here are the pledges and precepts: "To-day I will be a co-operator. I pledge my word to do my full share and as much more as possible to make this a pleasant day to us all. I will not do or say anything that would cause any one pain, and I will strive with all my power to exemplify the true brotherhood spirit. So help me, God, and all good things." And another: "To him that causelessly injures me I will return the protection of my ungrudging love."

As we read these, we cannot but reflect that if Equality succeeds in building with these principles for a foundation, the structure, whether it moves slowly or rapidly to completion, will be both beautiful and strong.

Now those who have answered the first call begin to push back their benches—for the dignity of dining-chairs has not yet been attained by Equality dining-room,—and we shall find room at one of the tables they have left. We shall not find sumptuous fare spread before us, but we shall find what there is to be well prepared and abundant.

There is no butter on the tables, for the herd of cows is not yet large enough to supply all the butter needed. A large addition to the herd is expected to be turned in on a membership fee before long, but in the mean time all are cheerful over the absence of the luxury of butter.

Here are our peas again, and we are obliged to pronounce them far richer in flavor and more tender than any that can be found in the eastern markets, and perfectly prepared and served. For those who do not wish to be vegetarians there is an ample supply of the finest quality of fresh salmon, of the famous Columbia

River variety. These are brought in by the fishing squad, what time the "Progress" is put to a less romantic use than that of bearing a party of merry campers over the bay. There are heaps of mealy potatoes, and fried mush, blackberries and sugar, and the bread, with which we are glad to form a nearer acquaintance, make up the remainder of the meal. Tea and coffee, of course, are served to those who wish for them. Pie and cake are strangers to the Equality tables, but no one seems to mourn their loss, and probably good Dr. Beyersdorf, the colony physician, is kept less busy on account of their absence.

It is like having a church social three times a day, to take one's meals at the Equality dining-room. The young ladies who wait on the tables seem to enjoy their task as much as do those who perform this service in the other case, and there is not the slightest feeling such as one has at a restaurant. Young ladies who would be horrified at the idea of waiting on tables in a public eating-house eagerly offer their services when refreshments are to be served at their church, and it is with a similar feeling that the most refined young ladies in the colony—and they are as refined and good to look at as any one need to see—perform this service day after day. Some bright bit of ribbon or a flower pinned in the hair bears witness to their appreciation of their value from an artistic as well as from a utilitarian stand-point, and their bright, cheerful faces, as they glide about among the tables, would be enough to make the place attractive if all other attractions were lacking. As we leave the table, it is with the feeling that we have had one of the most satisfactory meals we have ever eaten, perfectly cooked and attractively served.

After supper we shall find groups of men and women, sitting out on the piazzas of the apartment houses, discussing plans and principles, from the smallest details of colony business to the broadest application of the principle of brotherhood. This is the leisure hour of the day.

The sun lingers late here, and it is not yet dark when the eight-o'clock bell sounds. This is the signal for all the

children to come in from their play, though there is, of course, no public regulation as to their bed hour. An hour later another bell sounds. This means that all those who choose to remain out, whether young or old, are expected to remember the comfort of those who are ill or tired and who wish to keep early hours, so that loud talking and laughing and other disturbing noises may cease. Of course, these bells are only intended to serve as reminders, there being no town clock as yet, to give its hourly warning.

If there is no lecture or entertainment to keep it up late in the evening, the colony retires, as it rises, at an early hour, and not very long after the sound of the second bell all will be quiet as the moon or the stars look down on the mingled stumps and houses of this little community.

The question has been repeatedly asked of me: "What sort of people are there in Equality?" You might almost as well say: What sort of people are there in Boston, or New York, or Chicago? Unlike most small settlements, the families here are gathered from all parts of the country, and many nationalities are represented. In this respect it differs widely from the usual small community, and bears more resemblance to a large city in miniature, though there are somewhat less than three hundred people here. That may make their problem harder, but it will give far more meaning to the solution of it. If the spirit of co-operation and brotherhood can live and grow among these people, so widely separated in nationality, tastes, and former habits, it is a far more hopeful sign than the same degree of success would be among a more homogeneous group.

Certainly it is not to be expected that the waters should always be perfectly smooth and unruffled; that no more or less serious differences of opinion will arise, or that they will never be settled in a way that will leave the minority feeling sore and unsatisfied. But from such observations as I was able to make during my visit, I believe there is enough of the heaven of true brotherhood among them to work its good way through all of these.

Perhaps there is no other objection to

socialism so often urged as this—that if men and women were sure of receiving a certain amount whether they performed one sort of work or another, there would be no one found to do the necessary work of an exceptionally disagreeable character. I do not know that Equality ever looked upon that as a problem to be solved, but whether it did or not the solution seems to have been found there. They offer no extra rewards or inducements of any sort, but apply the same principle so often used among soldiers and seamen when there is a particularly dangerous duty to be performed—call for volunteers. That is all. Whenever a particularly disagreeable piece of work is to be done—and among the rough conditions there such occasions are not rare—a statement of the need is made, and volunteers are called for; nothing is offered in the way of persuasion or reward; simply this work needs to be done, who wants to do it? To the credit of poor human nature, so often slandered, let it be recorded that there have never yet failed to be more volunteers than were needed for the work. What can such objectors say to that?

There was a second colony organized while I was there, called "Harmony Colony No. 2, B. C. C." It is about one hundred miles inland, in a very rich and fertile section of the State. Provision was made here for complete autonomy from the first, the national organization simply owning the land, and the colony being subject in no way to its control. Every member of any colony, however, must also be a member of the national organization.

It may be of some interest, while on the subject of colonies, to give a very brief sketch of an anarchist colony which flourishes not far from Equality. I know that there are a great many people in whose minds the idea of an anarchist and a dynamite bomb are absolutely inseparable. Whenever I have spoken of this anarchist colony, some reference to dynamite bombs has been the invariable response, until it has become a little amusing to expect it and see what form the reference will take.

For the benefit of those who believe there is a necessary connection between the two, it may do no harm to explain

that the foundation principle of anarchy is, "Internal rather than external law." It is that neither individuals nor society can be made good or happy by coercion. You will at once see that the bomb-throwing anarchists are simply in the position that many members of other fraternities occupy—utterly inconsistent with the principles they profess. It is quite natural that the bomb-throwing variety, being the only ones that make any great disturbance, should attract all the attention and be considered representative. Therefore, we can neither wonder at nor blame those who have got the idea that this is anarchy, and all there is of it.

I am perhaps as far as any one from the opinion that the removal of all outside restraint, and the making of every man absolutely a law unto himself, would result in benefit to society. The practical socialist is as far removed from the practical anarchist as two people could well be from each other. Nevertheless, I wish their principles to be rightly understood, as I should wish my own to be; that is the only purpose of this preface.

It is hardly necessary to state that this colony of anarchists is not of the bomb-throwing order. They believe that no man should be coerced, but that each should be free to do just as his own conscience dictates. Therefore, they do not have even voluntary co-operation in an organized form. As many as wish to co-operate in any given enterprise do so, and the rest are free either to co-operate in some other way or to work or act separately, as they choose.

No measure is considered passed at their meetings unless it is unanimous. If there is one dissenting voice, "it is not a vote." Those who do wish the thing done are free to go in together and do it, but the unwilling one is not bound to contribute in any way. There is no "will of the majority" here. Each man may cultivate his plot of land himself, conduct his own affairs as he chooses, and live altogether in such way as he thinks right. Two or more—as many as wish—may farm co-operatively, or enter into any other enterprise; the ideal is to leave each one entirely unhampered.

One unique feature of their periodical

gatherings is the "Volunteer for Criticism." There is an invitation for any one who wishes to volunteer to be criticised by his neighbors. When one volunteers in this way, all the other members are free to state frankly their opinion of his conduct in all respects, commendatory or otherwise, until he may be supposed to know exactly how he appears to others, and to get an entirely new view of himself in this fierce blaze of criticism. He then has two weeks in which to think it over; to ask himself if the criticism is just, and to prepare his explanations and defenses if he feels that he has been misunderstood or misjudged. At the end of these two weeks he makes his statement if he wishes.

It is said that this has worked so well that there is now not a single member of the colony who has not been a volunteer for criticism. The visitors from Equality were so much pleased with the results of this unusual exercise, that they strongly recommended that it be tried in Equality and offered to volunteer if it were.

I did not visit this colony during my stay in Washington, but those who did report the colonists to be a very intelligent, industrious, and pleasant group of people, despite the unpleasant associations suggested by their name.

This has been, in the nature of the case, almost wholly a descriptive sketch, with little attempt at comment or criticism. My idea has been to give a bird's-eye view of Equality Colony, and allow each to draw his own conclusions. I cannot refrain from stating here, however, that from intimate personal intercourse with the resident national officers through the summer, and close observation of their policy in all matters relating to the organization, I came to the conclusion that it would be hard to find in the whole country a more thoroughly devoted and disinterested group of people. Of the funds in their own hands, they might have voted to themselves any proportion they had chosen for their maintenance, but they regularly voted themselves one dollar and a half per week only, that there might be more left for the work of the organization. Of this sum seventy-five cents per person was set aside to supply the table at head-quarters, and it may be imagined

how sumptuously they fared for this sum. At one time their fare consisted for several weeks of beans, potatoes, bread without butter, and sauce made from some prunes that were donated for their use. The other seventy-five cents per week per person had to cover all other expenses except rent, which was paid by the organization. And yet complaints were not altogether lacking, from those on the outside who sat down every meal-time to ample fare, that the officers at head-quarters were eating up the funds.

But neither they who work for approbation nor they who work for money can ever be of great value to any such movement, and the devotion of these people to the cause was not in the least affected by such unjust criticisms. They only caused

a momentary smile, and the reflection that ignorance was a poor critic.

However, the success of such a movement can be determined only to a small extent by the devotion of those who are engaged in working for it. The great factor that must determine this is the condition of the public mind. If any State, or the country as a whole, is prepared for the triumph of these principles they will triumph. Otherwise they cannot; and in that case all the effort and devotion, though very far from being lost, can only serve to help leaven the great lump, and so bring a little nearer, in industrial as in political affairs, the ideal of Tennyson:

The parliament of man,
The federation of the world.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

THIRD PAPER.

I.—"THE AMULET."

Your picture smiles as first it smiled;
The ring you gave is still the same;
Your letter tells, O changing child!
No tidings since it came.

Give me an amulet
That keeps intelligence with you,—
Red when you love, and rosier red,
And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas! that neither bonds nor vows
Can certify possession;
Torments me still the fear that love
Died in its last expression.

This little poem, "The Amulet," is easily overlooked, because it does not announce at a casual reading its meaning and value. It is of such a character that it addresses but a small audience. It deals with an experience almost too fine for human nature's daily food, and deals with a phase of love which does not come many times into the story of any lover. It contemplates a mood over-anxious about the consciousness of one beloved, and fearful of change during the unreported period between the present mo-

ment and the last meeting, or letter, or other means of assuring. It is troubled at the possibility of some adverse whim, some new attraction obtruding itself into the dreams of the object beloved, and has too many precedents for such unhappy fortune. There is no relief but another assurance.

Have I a lover who is noble and free?
I would he were nobler than to love me.

This is the half-delightful, half-painful doubt of the maiden. She ascribes to the lover every virtue. He is a hero; he is a prince; and he is free. Why does he not go to his peers? He may not be all she thinks him, but that she will not allow. On the other hand, she thinks of herself as full of imperfections. She is only in aspiration, in her ideal, a fit bride for him. He will find her out, she says, and will leave her. He will meet some queen, some peerless lady, and I shall be nothing to him. The sentiment of the above verse is not commonplace, certainly, and yet it is not too far up in the clouds, as

it may at first appear. Just before this the poet has said:

The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best.

Why is not the lover true to this law? the maiden might ask; for it is the great dynamic endowment by which man "lifts himself above himself," and he sinks and loses when he forgets it. He will not be contented with what is low when he has come to a vision of something better.

The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again
Whose soul sees the perfect
Which his eyes seek in vain;

and the poor troubled maiden in her humility says, "I am not the Best. He ought not, he cannot love me, and be true to himself."

I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

And yet the maiden is true to "love of the Best." She would fain say for herself:

Nor Jove nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame that blends,
transcends them all.

This she would ask if she were "what she aspires to be and is not." What so natural then as the prayer:

Give me an amulet
That keeps intelligence with you,—
Red when you love, and rosier red,
And when you love not, pale and blue.

No heaven for a very long time is free from clouds.

Not of adamant or gold built he heaven;
No, but a nest of bending reeds
Or scented grass or flowering weeds.

Our sweetest moods are transient like sunsets and rainbows. Shakspeare says:

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

Beauty is more beautiful if we fear to lose it,—if we see it gliding away from us. What is the unrest indicated in the "Amulet" but Shakspeare's "suspect?" A trifle will sometimes blot out the sun,—a word, a look wither the roses of summer. The fear that you have been overprized, or that another has broken into

your Hesperides you hardly dared to hold, and "heaven's sweetest air" is no longer sweet. If it were not heaven's sweetest air, we should not care for the crow.

Browning has another name for the crow. He calls it "two brown hawks." How many metaphors we find for the same thing! It is very delightful and instructive to trace the identity and detect one thought under many names. In the poem, "By the Fireside," Browning, under a thin disguise, has given the story of his own successful wooing of Elizabeth Barrett:

Come back with me to the first of all,
Let us lean and love it over again,
Let us now forget and now recall,
Break the rosary in a pearly rain,
And gather what we let fall.

What did I say?—that a small bird sings
All day long, save when a brown pair
Of hawks from the wood float with wide
wings

Strained to a bell: 'gainst the noon-day
glare
You count the streaks and rings.

"A small bird sings all day long." What was that but "heaven's sweetest air?" And what were the pair of brown hawks that scared the singing bird into silence but Shakspeare's "crow" "suspect," or the lover's anxious cry, "a changing child," in the "Amulet?"

Where and when came the tender episodes implied in this poem? For we can write only what we are and what we have lived. It takes but little tuition in this lore of the heart to make the poet wise. Even the brief lesson of boys and girls at school may be sufficient.

"The ancients called beauty the flowering of virtue," says Emerson, in his essay on "Love." Who can analyze the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam points; nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love known and described in society, but, as it seems to me, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, which roses and violets hint and foreshadow. We cannot approach beauty. Its nature is like opaline dove's-neck lusters, hovering and evanescent. Herein it

resembles the most excellent things which all have, this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify when he said, "Away! away! Thou speakest to me of things which, in all endless life, I have not found and shall not find?" No; because they exist in the mind, and nowhere in the objective world. They are the patterns on the mount, and music and beauty awaken the imagination to a perception of them.

This forever retreating mirage, this too good to be true predicate, this "would he were nobler than to love me," are of the "opaline dove's-neck lusters" out of which "heaven's sweetest air" is made. This is too fine and sensitive, and it takes but a small crow to blot out the stars.

Do you smile now as when the picture was taken a week ago? asks the happy girl, yet quivering with fear of loss. The ring you gave is still the same, but what may have happened since the letter was written twelve hours ago? Beauty may have come in the form of some peerless queen, and I am already forgotten.

The letter tells, O changing child!
No tidings since it came,

or since it was written; and so the prayer for an amulet, a photometer of events which shall register the secret I am dying to know.

Give me an amulet
That keeps intelligence with you,—
Red when you love, and rosier red,
And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas! that neither bonds nor vows
Can certify possession.

It is well, perhaps, that we do not have the amulet, that there is no cipher or medium for knowledge but the mind as it is and the world as it is. "The Sphinx must solve her own riddles." Let us strive to remain worthy of the love, and more and more worthy day by day, whatever happens. That is the best way to keep it. If we wish to be loved, we should try to make ourselves lovely. We should not ask something for nothing; and as to beauty, that in its best estate comes from the soul. Good thoughts, pure emotions, and love especially,—these events in the life are cosmetics and always

cause the face to shine. No woman wishing the conservation of her beauty can afford to be vicious. It is wonderful, the perfect understanding betwixt the good and the beautiful. The vices are busy sculptors, on the contrary, always cutting their terrible alphabet in the face.

It remains to be said that as we would be careful of "heaven's sweetest air" for ourselves, so also for others. It is a safe rule never to say of another what you would not be willing for them to overhear. Such tenderness of another's heaven as that would redeem conversation of half its dangers and possible evils. "Heaven's sweetest air" should go with that finest of all fine arts, namely, a fine life.

The young Mozart would ask ten times a day, "But are you sure you love me?" Such trembling passion for looking into the heart of another, as indicated by the poem, it is well that we get over in a degree as we grow older, "else life would be too wild an ode." It is the sad tragedy that "bonds and vows" do not "certify possession." Emerson, in his poem, "Celestial Love," describes a love bearing the great attribute of universality, and which transcends everything exclusive and personal, though it does not ignore them. "Who is my mother and who are my brethren?" That is the divine question. Every woman is my mother, my sister. Every man is my brother. That is the star toward which the altruism of the day is slowly advancing. No bonds, no vows are needed in that heaven.

Pray for a beam
Out of that sphere
Thee to guide and to redeem.

Let us by all means cultivate repose. Let us make health and happiness a duty. Care and sorrow work devastation on beauty as if they were vices; perhaps they are. Be happy and you will be good, is a needed change of the old proverb. There are too many crows allowed in our skies. Pessimism is a crime. It is better to expect good for ourselves and for the nation, even if we are mistaken. We shall find that failure is the exception.

God is in his heaven;
All is well with the world.

II.—"RUBIES."

They brought me rubies from the mine,
And held them to the sun;
I said, they are drops of frozen wine
From Eden's vats that run.

I looked again,—I thought them hearts
Of friends to friends unknown;
Tides that should warm each neighboring
life
Are locked in sparkling stone.

But fire to thaw that ruddy snow,
To break enchanted ice,
And give love's scarlet tides to flow,—
When shall that sun arise?"

Every fact, says Emerson, has two sides. One side turns toward sensation and the other toward morals. In the little poem, "Rubies," he makes the dangerous experiment of working a double metaphor. Rubies is the literal fact begun with; then by one metamorphosis he moves on to drops of frozen wine, and by another ascension, starting again with the first form, he reaches the metonymy of hearts. These two images, with the initial object, give us three conceptions. Out of these three conceptions,—namely, rubies, drops of frozen wine, and hearts, human hearts we may say,—he chooses predicates by which he carries his metaphors into a moral significance and value. Each metaphor breaks its shell quite easily, and becomes a co-ordinate metaphor or some function of a co-ordinate, as a new analogy requires. The poet finds induration in rubies, glaciation in drops of frozen wine, circulation in hearts. He prays for fire that the two first shall be melted into service in the interest of circulation, and thus render up these potential forces to a common result. "From Eden's vats" is, so far as I know, an invention of the poet. He would express by it the superior excellence of the wine.

I looked again,—I thought them hearts
Of friends to friends unknown.

Such hearts may be of priceless value as rubies, but rubies are the most worthless things in nature as far as interaction of things one with another is concerned. Crystallization has suspended all active participation in the great processes going on in the vegetable world. A ton of

rubies in your garden would not raise a strawberry, a blade of grass, an ear of corn, or the tiniest flower. Their only help in the world would be a slight contribution to the cheap service of gravity, and they would be in that worth no more than so much sand or granite. Men seek them for their beauty, but nature as such does not care for beauty; and what are the rubies of society good for if they are in induration and out of all active relations to their fellows? And then this thought of friends to friends unknown,—men and women who might be rubies to each other, made for each other it would seem, and yet they remain unknown. No accident, no happy propinquity ever brings them near enough together for mutual knowledge and conversation. Thus their virtues are locked in sparkling stone by one of the above metaphors, and in enchanted ice by another, and how beautiful the parallelism in both.

But fire to thaw that ruddy snow,
To break enchanted ice,
And give love's scarlet tides to flow,—
When shall that sun arise?

The great desideratum lying between stone, ice, and love's scarlet tides is fire,—the same with fire in its relations to "inspiration."

"We must prize our own youth. Later, we want heat to execute our plans: the good will, the knowledge, the whole armory of means, are all present; but a certain heat that used not to fail refuses its office, and all is vain until this capricious fuel is supplied. Pit-coal!—where to find it. 'Tis of no use that your engine is made like a watch, that you are a good workman and know how to drive it, if there is no coal." What power, what incident, what accident, what calamity, indeed, shall melt hardened, frozen hearts and give love's tides to flow? Love will do it, and sorrow sometimes, and religion sometimes. The Calvinistic or Methodist conversion often gives the spectacle of this wonderful change. Ice is melted, and rubies flow and "warm neighboring lives."

What are some of the rubies? Beauty is a ruby, and like the ruby in the garden it is worthless unless its great power is of

some use to the world. It is a gift to the subject, and like all gifts should give something back to the giver in the form of benefaction to others than its possessor. Culture is a ruby, and is due, as a good influence, to those less favored. No man or woman has a right to isolate it. The guiltiest people on earth are those who have education, refinement, arts, and graces, and keep them locked up in enchanted ice, in sparkling stone. What have you, O precious gem that chooses only to shine? Who made you to differ? What have you that was not given you? And if you do not use it in good degree for those whose role is hard in the great drama, then it isn't yours. Fate has made a mistake, and given it to the wrong person.

Piety is a ruby, and is good for nothing to God unless it is good for something to your fellows. What is your piety to God? You are a poor angel at the best, and need a great deal done for you before you will be fit for "good society" in the kingdom of heaven; and what in your love you do for others will go on the books as done for yourself. Piety is worthless to God. It must have a mediator in your brother, your sister, your neighbor, before it can go up to God.

Trying to save your own soul, are you? You are on the wrong track. Try to save somebody else, and you will get ahead a great deal faster. Piety is worth to God just what it is worth to the lost ones around you. Don't deceive yourself by prizing it any higher. Said an eastern sage, "I would scorn a salvation for myself alone, a salvation which I could not share with all my fellows,"—and he was a heathen.

Prayer is a ruby. It is worth what you are doing to answer it. That gets it into the circle of cause and effect, which, as Emerson says, are God's chancellors; so our prayers are heard only in this chancery and only by the laws of cause and effect. What you do is acknowledged throughout the universe; what you say goes but a little way. Cause and effect are God's chancellors. If we sin, we must settle with them. There is no forgiveness in nature when you transgress a law. The only forgiveness is to suffer the effect, and then rise above it. Rubies, drops of frozen rain, hearts of friends to friends unknown, sparkling stones, ruddy snow, enchanted ice must all go into the fire together and melt into love's tides. When shall the fire come for that, "when shall that sun arise?"

THE DUTY YOUNG MEN OWE TO THE STATE

BY MAYNARD LEE DAGGY

Year after year the question of purity in politics has been brought before the public mind with ever-increasing force. The establishment of a republic upon the western continent, opening new channels for the thought and genius of mankind, resulted in unparalleled progress. So dazzled were our people by the brilliancy of their achievements, that they easily became the victims of that dangerous malady known as "political optimism." For years they have lived and labored under the convenient delusion that "God takes care of children, women, and Uncle Sam." But we are a peculiar people; our capacity to withstand the assaults of domestic foes, such as rings, bosses, combinations, and machines, is considerably greater

than that of a densely populated, fully developed nation. The pressure of population against subsistence is not yet sufficient to make the additional pressure of these new agencies felt as keenly as would be the case with an older nation. It is not to be wondered at that there have grown up in our midst certain political and economic forces that look upon their usurpations as vested rights.

But even the patience of the American people has a limit. After a surfeit of the old order, we are finally entering the "getting better" period. This is manifest in the awakened interest in all affairs pertaining to civic life, in the large demand for social reform, and in the new conception of the value and meaning of human

life. Men are learning that every right has its complement in a duty,—that there is no true liberty where duty is ignored. In the past duty to self, duty to family, and even duty to society has been recognized in a very narrow and limited sense; but the higher conception of the duties of the individual as a cell in the social organism is of more recent growth, and has its origin in the necessities of the hour.

The narrow view has been especially manifest in the field of politics, using the word in its technical sense. Politics has been regarded as a sort of game of chess, where the sole purpose is success, without any special regard as to the means employed. It is therefore not surprising that the conventional motives in the political arena have been such as are supposed to prevail among the devotees of faro and roulette. It is true that it has been customary to talk much in a vague way about the duties of citizenship; but this talk has been for the most part of a perfunctory character, and has not been supposed to have any place in "practical politics." In the insane rush for office, the idea of politics as the science of government has been lost sight of, and the men who in other activities of life are honest and upright have left politics to those who have made it a means of bread and butter, and have themselves become ignorant of the great economic problems of the age. These men have neglected the caucus and the convention, and have frequently been too busy to cast a ballot. Men have given their best energies in the church, in educational and charitable matters, without desire or thought of remuneration, direct or indirect; but the contribution of such thought and energy in the wider field of government has been so universally discouraged, that the men whose superior ideals have led them to devote themselves to politics for altruistic purposes have had their motives misconstrued, while hundreds of others have been deterred from exercising the wholesome influence in politics toward which their best impulses directed them. The political reformer is regarded with good-natured indulgence by the masses, and

with supercilious contempt by the "practical politician." If an elector attends the primary, if he goes to the caucus, if his voice is heard on the stump in behalf of his party, the presumption prevails that he is animated either by a desire to while away the time amid the excitement of party politics, or to secure office, or so to exercise his influence that, when his party comes into power, he will be in a position successfully to demand legislation in behalf of certain commercial interests with which he is connected.

In a word, we have followed a policy of political commercialism. Men go to the city council because they or their business associates hold stock in one or more of the several public utilities of the city, and it is quite necessary that these interests be protected against any legislation which contemplates the good of the public. The same commercial spirit dominates political life in the highest branches of legislation.

Faced by such stupendous facts, the young man of ability and character has generally turned his energy into other lines of activity. He has been taught that politics is a mire, and that he must keep out. The mother will give her son to serve his country on the field of battle, but the higher service on the field of politics he must not enter. The need for men when a foreign enemy appears is great, but the need for soldiers to fight domestic foes is infinitely greater. Theodore Roosevelt, leading the gallant Rough-riders in their victorious charge at El Caney, exhibited the highest courage and patriotism; but Theodore Roosevelt, in his office as Police Commissioner of New York, gave to the world a far greater example of courage and patriotism. All men possess the patriotism of war; fewer men have the patriotism of peace. Amid the roar of battle, urged on by the acclaim of zealous comrades, men can face the enemy without a tremor; but when in civic life they encounter an enemy that has intrenched itself behind the forms of law, there is little to urge them on besides a sense of duty, and the knowledge that duty well performed may mean the sacrifice of friend and fortune.

The need is for fewer "sunshine and summer soldiers," and more of the patriots of peace. Politics needs young men of energy, ability, and character. Upon them depends the solution of the perplexing problems of the day. If young men follow the conventional type of politician, becoming at once the tools and victims of political commercialism, we may expect to go from bad to worse, enlarging the area of the "mire" until its deadly miasma so thoroughly permeates the body politic that the disease will be incurable.

The problem is a practical and pertinent one. The young man must have an intelligent conception of the duties of a citizen. He must learn the needs of the times by observation and thought. As some one has suggested, "the head was given to think and not to wear a hat." If he does not use the faculties given him, he can have no definite idea of duty. Nor can he serve the state if he puts himself upon a pinnacle, and tells how things ought to be conducted. His place is down in the mire with the other fellows. If there is a ward meeting, it is his place to be there. If there is a caucus, let him show his hand. The reformer who is afraid to touch elbows with the worst of his fellow-creatures is out of place in a democracy. The man who sits back on his dignity, because there are many things not to his liking, will accomplish nothing. The true reformer takes things as he finds them, and does the best that he can with the material at hand. The man who remains beside the comfortable fireside, while there is a primary held around the corner, simply because the primary is held in a saloon, has less excuse for his absence than the man who stays at home because the primary is held in a church. The young man who wants to expend his efforts for humanity in the field of politics will realize the truth of the adage that "politics makes strange bed-fellows," but he will also appreciate the fact that herein lies his best opportunity for social service. It is this fact

that is at once the greatest weakness and the greatest strength of our political system. It is our weakness when the so-called better classes neglect the duties incident to citizenship; it is our strength when the several classes meet on a common ground in the councils of their respective political organizations.

With intelligence in citizenship, there must exist a positive moral force and purpose. Without this, permanent progress is impossible. There are many people who rail at the politician simply because he has outwitted them in a race for the spoils. There are many persons who are loud in their denunciations of trusts, who are merely jealous of those who are on the inside of the trust. Such a spirit can never bring reform. Men must do right because it is right. Men must hate the machine and the trust because they are the incarnation of injustice and unrighteousness. The young man who would challenge wrong, and banish giants, must be animated by a love for the right. He must learn the lesson that the path of the reformer is one of sacrifice. All growth of whatever kind, as well as all life, is the product of sacrifice. What is needed is less dogma, more life; less Churchianity, more Christianity; less of the rule of gold, more of the Golden Rule. The greater the number of men who participate in politics from a desire to advance the public good, the easier it will be for each individual to enter politics with clean hands, and come out in the same manner.

There is no line of activity, if properly understood, more calculated to stir the young man's moral enthusiasm. True, altruism in politics means that the reformer will be misunderstood; but, after all, it is only the man who escapes the average who is misunderstood. One thing is certain, there must be a renaissance of practical morality before there can be a reformation of practical politics. The reformation will come,—if not today, to-morrow; and the young men would just as well enlist for the war.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PROGRESS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*

BY B. O. FLOWER

Few periods known to history present anything like so imposing an array of great men and women as does the nineteenth century. Almost every highway of endeavor has been made luminous by the light of achievements or thoughts which have helped man to new heights, while immensely broadening the intellectual vision of civilization.

In physical science Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, Haeckel, Lyell, Tyndall, Huxley, and Agassiz are but a few of many men who have revolutionized and broadened the thought of the world.

In invention Morse and Edison are two names in a galaxy such as has been known to no other period.

In literature Hugo, Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Tolstoi, and Ibsen are only a few luminaries in a firmament literally studded with stars.

In music, Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Rubenstein, and Wagner; and so, turn where we may, we see on every hand numbers of names that through excellence of work have earned a permanent place among the world's immortals, while in many cases there appear geniuses of a high order.

One thing very noticeable about our century has been the presence of the utilitarian spirit, which at times has almost seemed to dominate society and has threatened to suffocate that idealism which springs from the higher and finer side of life. And yet in the midst of the dazzling, miracle-working discoveries and inventions which have literally transformed civilization and ushered humanity

into a new world, the spirit of ultra-utilitarianism has been challenged at every step, and some of the greatest minds of the age have stepped aside from their special line of work to raise a voice for justice. Ruskin, the art critic, became a philanthropist, humanitarian, and reformer. Victor Hugo, not content with devoting his best efforts to preaching the most tremendous sermon ever uttered by novelist, in "*Les Misérables*," makes his master-piece of criticism also the vehicle for a passionate plea for the poor and the oppressed. William Morris ceases to be "the idle singer of an empty day," and becomes the apostle of social justice as he conceives it; and Alfred Russel Wallace, who stands second only to Charles Darwin among the great working physical scientists of our age, has made the past twenty years of his life glorious with his brave and masterly stand for a nobler manhood, and for that development of the individual and society which is only possible under juster and freer conditions than now prevail.

Dr. Wallace's new book, "*The Wonderful Century*," is without question one of the most important works of our decade. It deals with the successes and failures of our century. The last half of the volume, in which our author describes the failures, also contains suggested remedies, which Dr. Wallace believes would exalt, dignify, and ennoble life. But in one paper it is impossible to review intelligently the vast fund of important matter found in this volume. I shall at present confine myself, therefore, to a study of that part of the book which deals with the successes of the century. At some future time I hope to be able to examine Dr. Wallace's discussion touching the failures of our times and his proposed remedies, as this part of the work is full of timely thoughts for earnest men and women.

*"*The Wonderful Century, Its Successes and Its Failures*," by Alfred Russel Wallace. Cloth. Pp. 400. Price, \$2.50. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE AGE OF INVENTION AND SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Standing almost upon the threshold of the twentieth century, we are able to measure approximately the progress of the past hundred years and compare it with the centuries that have gone before. This has been pre-eminently the age of invention and scientific discovery. In order that we may better appreciate the importance of the achievements of the nineteenth century relating to "man's increased power over nature, and the application of that power to the needs of his life," let us compare it with the whole period of time since the Stone Age; and, in this broad survey, which extends so far beyond the historic age, we shall find but "one step in material progress that seems to be really comparable in importance with several of the steps we have just made;" that was the utilization of fire by our ancestors. "Without fire there would have been neither a bronze nor an iron age, and without these there could have been no effective tools or weapons, with all the long succession of mechanical discoveries and refinements that depended upon them." Without the friendly aid of fire a large portion of the earth would have been uninhabitable, and many leading articles of food would have been useless. Still further, without it "the rudiments of chemistry and all that has arisen out of it" would have been impossible of attainment. The utilization of fire as the servant and friend of man, far back in the childhood of the race, is the most important fact in the story of man's material advance; but since that remote event we find nothing in the annals of the race, touching the material side of human progress, that can compare with the wonderful inventions and rapid strides made in "science and the arts which are the glory of our century." The dazzling achievements of the present are, moreover, largely independent discoveries, rather than the perfection of that which has gone before. "Many of these advances have already led to developments of the most startling kind, giving us such extensions of our normal senses as would have been incredible, and

almost unthinkable even to our greatest men of science, one hundred years ago." Take for example the

PROGRESS MADE IN FACILITIES FOR LOCOMOTION.

Until the nineteenth century "the only modes of traveling or conveying goods for long distances were by employing either men or animals as carriers." Throughout part of Asia, as well as in Egypt and in southern Europe, chariots or wheeled vehicles were used, especially in warfare in very ancient times; but during the Middle Ages the pack-horse seems to a great extent to have superseded the carriage. In England the reappearance of wheeled vehicles was of comparatively recent date, the first carriage being made for Queen Elizabeth in 1568; and it was not until 1625 that any vehicles were run for hire. The first stage-coach in England dates from 1659, or only two hundred and forty years ago.

When we remember that the Britons in Caesar's time had chariots, and that they were in use in Persia, Syria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome during a much earlier period, we are impressed with the fact that scarcely any improvement had been made in man's mode of travel or in the carrying of burdens, while there had been no change in the method of locomotion during all the ages until we reach our century.

In England the first railroad was opened in 1825. It ran from Stockton to Darlington, and in 1830 the Liverpool and Manchester Road was completed. The early steam cars were rather unpromising affairs, with their cumbersome and loud-voiced engines, and the lack of reasonable provisions for the comfort of the general traveling public. Dr. Wallace thus describes a journey to London made in 1837:

I traveled third-class, in what is now an ordinary goods truck, with neither roof nor seats, nor any other accommodation than is now given to coal, iron, and miscellaneous goods. If it rained, or the wind was cold, the passengers sat on the floor and protected themselves as they could. Second-class carriages were then what the very worst of the third-class are or were a few years ago—

closed in, but low and nearly dark, with plain wooden seats; while the first-class were exactly like the bodies of three stage-coaches joined together. The open passenger trucks were the cause of much misery, and a few deaths from exposure, before they were somewhat improved; but even then there was evidently a dread of making them too comfortable, so a roof was put on them, also seats, and the sides a little raised but open at the top, about equal in comfort to our present cattle trucks. At last, after a good many years, the despised third-class passengers were actually provided with carriages of the early second-class type; and it is only in comparatively recent times that the greater railway companies realized the fact that third-class passengers were so numerous as to be more profitable than the other two combined, and that it was worth while to give them the same comfort, if not the same luxury, as those who could afford to travel more expensively.

At the opening of our century man's facilities for locomotion for long distances did not exceed ten or twelve miles an hour; "but the railroad and steam locomotive, in less than fifty years, not only raised the speed to fifty or sixty miles an hour, but rendered it possible to carry many hundreds of passengers at once with punctuality and safety for enormous distances, and with hardly any exposure or fatigue. For the civilized world traveling and the conveyance of goods have been revolutionized, and by means which were probably neither anticipated nor even imagined fifty years before."

Turning from the land, we find that a revolution almost as marked has characterized travel on the sea, due also to a complete departure from all previously known methods of locomotion. The ancient Phoenicians and Carthaginians boldly braved the perils of the deep, the latter sailing almost to the equator along the coast of Africa, and in the eleventh century the hardy Northmen reached the coast of New England; but it was not until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that ocean navigation reached colossal proportions. Then we find Vasco da Gama and his successors reaching the East Indies by sailing around Africa. Columbus lands on the islands of the new world, and the ships of Magellan circumnavigate the globe. From this time forth great improvements were continually be-

ing made in sailing vessels until they seemed to reach the acme of perfection in the magnificent clipper ships which plied the waters between England and Australia and China as late as the middle of the present century; but all this time, though there had been a gradual improvement of the sailing vessel, "there was no change whatever in the principle, and the grandest three-decker or full-rigged clipper ship was but a direct growth, by means of an infinity of small modifications and improvements, from the rudest sailing boat of the primeval savage." At the commencement of our century steam propulsion was introduced, and after many failures at last triumphed. In 1838 the "Great Western" crossed the ocean from Bristol to New York in fourteen days, "and thus inaugurated the system of ocean steam navigation, which has since developed to such an enormous extent. The average speed then attained, about ten miles an hour, has now been more than doubled and is still increasing."

Other vehicles of locomotion which facilitate travel, and contribute in a great degree to man's comfort, are the electric cars for local travel; which, however, bid fair to find a formidable rival in cars propelled by compressed air and the horseless carriage, or automobile, as the French term the group of vehicles which are rapidly being introduced throughout France and other civilized nations, and which are propelled by means of electricity, petroleum, or naphtha. Their average speed on good roads is already greater than that of the horse; while the cost of running these vehicles is nominal. The bicycle and tricycle also have come into such general use as to demand passing notice. It is highly probable that the day is at hand when the bicycle operated by compressed air or electricity may come into general use, and on good roads it will be able to make a speed that will compare favorably with that attained by the average rail car. The employment of steam, electricity, and compressed air for carriages, hacks, vans, trucks, and other vehicles, will unquestionably lead to the building of good roads throughout the length and breadth

of the leading civilized nations, and this will be an unmixed blessing and an aid to the furtherance of civilization.

In surveying our century we see among the major innovations in travel that "three distinct modes of locomotion have been originated and brought to a high degree of perfection. Two of them, the locomotive and the steamship, are altogether different in principle from what had gone before. Up to the very times of men now living, all our locomotion was on the same old lines utilized for thousands of years. It had been improved in details, but without any alteration of principle and without any great increase of efficiency. The principles on which our present methods rest are new; they already far surpass anything that could be effected by the older methods; with wonderful rapidity they have spread over the whole world, and they have in many ways modified the habits and even the modes of speech of all civilized people."

CONVEYANCE OF THOUGHT.

We next come to notice discoveries of such momentous and civilization-influencing character, and of so wonderful a nature, that the imagination staggers when contemplating the work of those miracles of our century,—the telegraph, telephone, and phonograph. But perhaps it will be best first to notice another means of transmission of thought which has been systematized, organized, and so simplified that in its operation the change has been almost like a new departure. The postal service, as we enjoy it, is of comparatively recent date. "A post-office for the public service was first established by some continental merchants of the fourteenth century, but it was not until the time of Charles I. that anything of the kind was to be found in England." This postal service, though holding the germ of the magnificent system which is the glory of the Anglo-Saxon world to-day, was for many years very limited in its extent, running as it did between London and Edinburgh and taking within its circuit the intervening towns. "Letters were carried on horse-back till 1783, when mail coaches

were introduced." As the years passed the system was improved, but it was not until 1848 that the most important innovation was brought about through the intelligent and untiring labor of Rowland Hill, when a uniform charge, irrespective of distance, was placed on letters. This new departure and other beneficent changes soon made the postal department one of the most useful and important factors in modern life.

The postal service, however, though it has been so immeasurably improved during our time, was not in itself a new departure; but, as we advance to the next step and survey the electric telegraph, we find ourselves in the presence of one of the greatest wonders of any age, and one of the most valuable servants of mankind. Indeed, it "serves as a new sense, enabling us to communicate with friends at the other side of the globe almost as rapidly and easily as if they were in different parts of the same town." Though men had long dreamed of the possibility of establishing communication between distant points by means of electricity, it was not till 1837 that the problem was solved and the electric telegraph became a fact. Its utility was so great that it came into use very rapidly, but men were slow to believe that it would ever be possible to carry it under the ocean, and it was not until 1851 that an attempt was made to connect England with France by laying a cable across the Straits of Dover. The success of this experiment led to the daring project of binding the two worlds together by a transatlantic cable. In 1858 the first cable was laid, but after a short time the current became weak and it was abandoned, though not until it had proved the practicability of the daring dream; and, after eight years more of tireless experiment and improved inventions, another cable was laid in 1866, which proved successful. "To-day there are no less than fourteen lines across the Atlantic," and the globe has long since been girdled, so that "we are now able to receive accounts of events almost while they are happening on the other side of the globe."

Wonderful as was the electric telegraph it was less marvelous in character than the

next invention, which was destined to become an important factor in the conveyance of thought. The telephone, though it does not actually transmit the human voice, gives "a true reproduction by means of two vibrating discs, the one set in motion by the speaker, while the electric current causes identical vibrations in the similar disc at the end of the line, and these vibrations reproduce the exact tones of the voice so as to be perfectly intelligible." This wonderful invention, which at first was considered useful for short distances only, has been so perfected that the familiar tones which characterize a friend's voice can now be heard over one thousand miles.

Those who have read Mr. Bellamy's wonderful story, "Looking Backward," will remember the concerts continually going on day and night, with telephonic connections to every house so that every one could listen to the very best obtainable music at will. But few persons are aware that a somewhat similar use of the telephone is actually in operation at Buda Pesth in the form of a telephonic newspaper. At certain fixed hours throughout the day a good reader is employed to send definite classes of news along the wires which are laid to subscribers' houses and offices, so that each person is able to hear the particular items he desires, without the delay of its being printed and circulated in successive editions of a newspaper. It is stated that the news is supplied to subscribers in this way at little more than the cost of a daily newspaper, and that it is a complete success.

While noticing inventions for the conveyance of thought, it will not be inappropriate to speak of the phonograph, although it is not primarily so much an instrument for carrying thought as for preserving and reproducing the utterances of the human voice. Perhaps nothing in the whole range of modern mechanical discovery impresses the uneducated person as partaking of the nature of the miraculous as does this delicate but rather simple invention, and yet "the operation is entirely mechanical."

A diaphragm is set vibrating by the voice as in the telephone, but, instead of being reproduced at a distance by means of an electric current, it registers itself permanently on a cylinder of very hard wax, as an indented spiral line. This is effected by means of a fine steel point, like a graving tool, con-

nected by a delicate lever with the center of the diaphragm. The wax cylinder turns and travels onward at a perfectly uniform rate, which can be delicately adjusted, so that the steel point, if stationary, will cut in it a very fine spiral groove, uniform in depth from end to end, the turns of the groove being very close to each other. But when the diaphragm is set vibrating by the voice of the speaker, the steel point moves rapidly up and down and the resulting groove continually varies in depth, forming a complex series of undulations. If, now, the cylinder is shifted back so that the steel point is exactly where it was at starting, and the cylinder is then made to revolve and move onward at exactly the same rate as before, the up and down motions of the style, due to the irregular depth of the groove, set up the very same series of vibrations in the diaphragm as those which cut the groove; and these vibrations reproduce the voice with marvelous fidelity, so that the most rapid or complex speech, or the most exquisite singing, can be heard quite intelligibly, and with all their modulations and expressiveness, though not exactly in the same tone of voice.

The phonographs are of practical use in our busy modern life.

They serve for the rapid dictation of correspondence, which can be reproduced and copied by a clerk later on; to take down discussions verbatim, with a perfection that no short-hand writer can rival; the singing or the elocution of celebrated performers is repeated for the gratification of friends or to amuse private parties; actors, musicians, and clergymen use the instrument as a means of improving their style; and even the languages, songs, and folk-lore of declining tribes are being preserved on these wonderful cylinders.

By means of this instrument it will be possible to preserve the sound of the voice as well as the thought of our great orators, while the songs of singers which enthrall the world may be enjoyed long after the singers have passed from sight.

LABOR-SAVING INVENTIONS.

Next we come to notice labor-saving machines, and here we find in every department of activity, from the home to the factory, from the counting-house to the farm, new departures of the most astounding character which, while "greatly diminishing labor, perform by mechanical contrivances operations which had been supposed to be beyond the power

of machinery to execute." It will be possible to mention only typical illustrations, but these will suggest to the reader scores of other devices which are in daily use on every hand. In 1846 Elias Howe invented the lock-stitch sewing-machine, and thereby inaugurated a revolution in the making of garments. Since then invention after invention has come to complement the sewing-machine, perhaps the most unique being the button-hole machine, invented by John Reece, of Boston, a few years since. By the use of this wonderful invention one person is able to make five thousand button-holes in a single day. Our modern manufactories are monuments of inventive genius. If we go into the shoe factories, for example, we see foot-wear being turned out by the thousands of pairs almost entirely by the use of machines. A visit to the large glass works where preserve jars are being made will afford us an opportunity of seeing these blown by machinery; and if from thence we should go to the preserving houses, we might see cans being filled by machinery and labels pasted on by an ingenious device. The great daily papers are set as well as printed by machinery. In many of the large office buildings a new scrubbing machine is taking the place of an army of scrub-women. In the counting-house and business office stenography and type-writing have rendered possible the prompt transaction of great volumes of business through correspondence which would have been impossible without a multiplication of laborers at any previous period of time. The type-writers are complemented by the mimeograph, the copying-book, and scores of other devices of which our fathers did not dream. Perhaps there is no place, however, outside the factory where the triumph of labor-saving machinery is so conspicuous as on the farm. Take, for example, the great harvesting machines which have been in successful operation for several years on the large fields of our western country, and which not only reap the grain, but thresh, winnow, and sack it. With this machine two men can harvest fifteen acres of grain a day. It is an evolution of the reaper,

which had long before been so perfected as to cut and bind the grain in sheaves. Sheep are now being sheared by electricity on our western ranches. A visit to any store handling farm machinery will amaze one unacquainted with the rapid strides which have been made in labor-saving machinery. At every turn modern life is assisted by labor-saving inventions and devices. The mechanical evolution of our century has in many instances caused great hardship by turning tens of thousands of men out of employment; and yet who can fail to see in it a potential blessing of measureless proportions, as soon as society realizes the right of all men and the duties and responsibilities of the state no less than of the units to promote justice and the well-being of all the people?

LIGHT AND HEAT.

Next in importance to facilities for locomotion and those for conveyance of thought, which have made our century unique in the annals of time, are the discoveries and inventions which relate to light and heat; and first let us mention the friction match, which was invented in 1827, improved in 1834, and made so cheap as to render its general introduction possible in 1840. Prior to this most useful and important discovery, the question of obtaining fire was a serious problem. Even after the introduction of a flint and tinder it was no uncommon thing for the tinder to become damp, when it would become necessary for some one to journey to a neighbor's house for light. With the general introduction of the lucifer match all this changed; fire could be obtained at all times. We who are daily using the match little dream of the troubles of our fathers before this little invention was made. The earlier method of lighting was doubtless by means of the torch made from limbs of resinous trees; later the gum from such trees was smeared over sticks and lighted; and still later came the clay lamp whose wick was fed by animal fat. Next the rush light was introduced, while vegetable oil gradually came into use in lamps, and wax candles were invented at a still later period. In all these inventions, however, we find no new prin-

ciple employed; but at the close of the last century came the Argand burner. "This introduced a current of air into the center of the flame as well as outside of it, and by means of a glass chimney a regular supply of air was kept up and a steady light produced." This invention "was not sufficiently improved and cheapened to come into general use until 1830." Great as was the advance made when the Argand burner came into use, it is insignificant in importance compared with the introduction of gas lighting. "A few houses and factories were lighted with gas at the very end of the last century," but it did not come into general use until the second decade of the present one. "The first application for out-door or general purposes was in 1813, when Westminster Bridge was illuminated by it, and so successfully that its use rapidly spread to every town in the kingdom, for lighting private houses as well as streets and public buildings."

The next forward step was taken when electric lighting was introduced. The wide range of its influence will be readily appreciated when we remember that it is extensively used for lighting streets, parks, thoroughfares, and public buildings, for household illumination, and for the most delicate examinations of the internal organism of man. Physicians, by means of the electric lamp, are now able to examine the human stomach as well as the larynx; and in the treatment of polypus and in dentistry they are also greatly assisted by these electric lights, which reveal conditions that could not otherwise be ascertained with certainty. In summing up the progress along this line of research, we find:

That, whereas down to the end of the last century our modes of producing and utilizing light were almost exactly the same as had been in use for the preceding two or three thousand years, in the present century we have made no less than three new departures, all of which are far superior to the methods of our forefathers. These are: (1) the improvement in lamps by the use of the principle of the Argand burner and chimney; (2) lighting by coal gas; and (3) the various modes of electric lighting. The amount of advance in this one department of domestic and public illumination during the present century is enormous, while the

electric light has opened up new fields of scientific exploration.

THE NATURE OF LIGHT.

Turning from the consideration of the progress made in the production of light for general use to a contemplation of "the discoveries which have been made as to the nature of light itself, its effect on various kinds of matter leading to the art of photography, and the complex nature of the solar spectrum leading to spectrum analysis," we again become lost in wonder at the dazzling revelations which our century has unfolded before the mind of man.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

I think that few of us realize what photography has done for all of us. Catching and holding the image of the loved one is much,—more, perhaps, than any of us realize; but this precious gift which photography has given us is personal in character, and it is in the wider fields of life that the great value of this art, which complements printing, is best realized.

It has come to the aid of the arts and sciences in ways which would have been perfectly inconceivable to our most learned men of a century ago. It furnishes the meteorologist, the physicist, and the biologist with self-registering instruments of extreme delicacy, and enables them to preserve accurate records of the most fleeting natural phenomena. By means of successive photographs at short intervals of time, we are able to study the motions of the wings of birds, and thus learn something of the mechanism of flight; while even the instantaneous lightning-flash can be depicted, and we thus learn, for the first time, the exact nature of its path.

Perhaps the most marvelous of all its achievements is in the field of astronomy. . . . By the aid of photography stars are shown which no telescope that has been, or that probably ever will be constructed, can render visible to the human eye. . . . A photographic survey of the heavens is now in progress on one uniform system, which, when completed, will form a standard for future astronomers, and thus give to our successors some definite knowledge of the structure and, perhaps, the extent of the stellar universe.

It has proved one of the greatest educators of the century, and in connec-

tion with the mechanical process known as photogravure, reproductions of photographs of all parts of the globe and all races and peoples, of the various phenomena of nature in every zone, of the ruins of ancient civilization, and the landmarks of history, have been brought before millions on millions of people in such a vivid manner that they have learned what no amount of teaching could have imparted, even had they had the inclination or the opportunity to gain this fund of knowledge; and how greatly has this stimulated the imagination and enriched life!

It has enabled millions of people to beautify their homes with pictures which, if not great works of art, are faithful reproductions of great works or of the glories of nature or the monuments of man's creative power. Thus it has nourished in a wholesome way the hunger of the soul for the beautiful. In this respect it is probable that the future may greatly improve upon the best of the present by giving us faithful reproductions of color as well as light and shade; for early in the nineties Prof. Lippmann, of Paris, succeeded in accomplishing what had long been the dream of photographers, namely, "obtaining pictures which shall reproduce all the colors of nature without the intervention of the artist's manipulation." In a lecture before the Royal Society in April, 1896, Prof. Lippmann fully described his method and exhibited some interesting specimens of color photography.

The effects are said to be most beautiful, the only fault being that the colors are more brilliant than in nature, just as they are when viewed in the camera itself. The comparatively small amount of attention that has been given to this beautiful and scientifically perfect process is no doubt due to the fact that it is rather expensive, and that the pictures cannot, at present, be multiplied rapidly.

To the wonderful achievements already mentioned must be added the X ray, which has proved to be of the greatest value in surgery and other lines of scientific research. The above facts will enable us to appreciate in a measure what photog-

raphy has already done for civilization, and, as Dr. Wallace well observes:

This beautiful and wonderful art, which already plays an important part in the daily life and enjoyment of all civilized people, and which has extended the bounds of human knowledge into the remotest depths of the starry universe, is not an improvement of or development from anything that went before it, but is a totally new departure.

Space forbids notice of the brilliant exposition of scientific discoveries which Dr. Wallace marshals in quick succession, including as they do the spectrum analysis; the theory of the conservation of energy; the molecular theory of gases; the great problems of chemistry, astronomy, and the cosmic theories; the glacial epoch and the antiquity of man; evolution and natural selection; and popular discoveries in physiology. In his masterly discussion of this last subject, Dr. Wallace reviews in a brilliant manner the positive steps of advance which have marked the past hundred years. One of the most interesting paragraphs relates to the white blood corpuscles and the supposed function of the spleen, which I think will be of special interest to readers.

One other physiological discovery is worth noting here, both on account of its remarkable nature and because it leads to some important conclusions in relation to the zymotic diseases. Quite recently it has been proved that the white corpuscles of the blood, whose function was previously unknown, are really independent living organisms. They are produced in large numbers by the spleen, an organ which has long been a puzzle to physiologists, but whose function and importance to the organism seem now to be made clear. They are much smaller and less numerous than the red blood globules; they move about quite independently; and they behave in a manner which shows that they are closely allied to, if not identical with, the amoebae found abundantly in stagnant water, and which form such interesting microscopic objects. These minute animal organisms, which inhabit not only our blood-vessels but all the tissues of the body, have an important function to perform on which our very lives depend. This function is, to devour and destroy the bacteria or germs of disease which may gain entrance to our blood or tissues, and which, when their increase is unchecked, produce various disorders and even death. Under the higher powers of the microscope the leucocytes, as they are termed, can be observed

continually moving about, and on coming in contact with any of these bacteria or their germs, or other hurtful substances, they send out pseudopodia from their protoplasm which envelops the germ and soon causes it to disappear; but they also appear sometimes to produce a secretion which is injurious to the bacteria, and so destroys them, and these may perhaps be distinct organisms.

THE VALUE OF DUST.

One of the most luminous chapters, paradoxical as it may seem, is devoted to dust. In it Dr. Wallace shows how dust is a source of beauty and essential to life. The revelations of science during the past century have often read like wonderful fairy tales, and perhaps nothing among them appears more marvelous than the recent discoveries of the part which dust plays in the economy of nature.

The earlier physicists were not concerned about the cause of the color of the sky and sea, but our later scientists long searched in vain for the solution of the strange phenomena witnessed daily.

The explanation was found through experiments on the visibility or non-visibility of air, which were made by the late Professor Tyndall about the year 1868. Every one has seen the floating dust in a sunbeam when sunshine enters a partially darkened room; but it is not generally known that if there was absolutely no dust in the air the path of the sunbeam would be totally black and invisible, while if only a very little dust was present in very minute particles the air would be as blue as a summer sky.

This was proved by passing a ray of electric light lengthways through a long glass cylinder filled with air of varying degrees of purity as regards dust. In the air of an ordinary room, however clean and well ventilated, the interior of the cylinder appears brilliantly illuminated. But if the cylinder is exhausted and then filled with air which has passed slowly through a fine gauze of intensely heated platinum wire, so as to burn up all the floating dust particles, which are mainly organic, the light will pass through the cylinder without illuminating the interior, which, viewed laterally, will appear as if filled with a dense black cloud. If, now, more air is passed into the cylinder through the heated gauze, but so rapidly that the dust particles are not wholly consumed, a slight blue haze will begin to appear, which will gradually become a pure blue, equal to that of a summer sky. If more and more dust particles are allowed to enter, the blue becomes paler, and gradually changes to the colorless illumination of the ordinary air.

The phenomena exhibited in the cylinder explain the various appearances presented by sky and sea. "All the evidence goes to show, therefore, that the exquisite blue tints of sky and ocean, as well as all the sunset hues of sky and cloud, of mountain peak and Alpine snows, are due to the finer particles of that very dust which, in its coarser forms, we find so annoying and even dangerous." But this is not all. Recent discoveries have shown that "to the presence of dust in the higher atmosphere we owe the formation of mists, clouds, and the gentle and beneficent rain, instead of the water spout and destructive torrent." Briefly stated, the reason for this is found in the fact, as experiments have clearly demonstrated, that "the mere cooling of vapor in air will not condense it into mist, cloud, or rain, unless particles of solid matter are present." The explanation of this and the recital of the direful results which would follow were it not for the dust in the atmosphere, that makes condensation possible, are given with great clearness by our author, who closes the discussion with these words:

Let us now briefly summarize what we owe to the universality of dust, and especially to that most finely divided portion of it which is constantly present in the atmosphere up to the height of many miles. First of all, it gives us the pure blue of the sky, one of the most exquisitely beautiful colors in nature. It gives us also the glories of the sunset and the sunrise, and all those brilliant hues seen in high mountain regions. Half the beauty of the world would vanish with the absence of dust. But, what is far more important than the color of sky and beauty of sunset, dust gives us also diffused daylight, or skylight, that most equable and soothing and useful of all illuminating agencies. Without dust the sky would appear absolutely black, and the stars would be visible even at noonday. The sky itself would therefore give us no light. We should have bright glaring sunlight or intensely dark shadows, with hardly any half-tones.

In our houses we should have little light except when the sun shone directly into them, and even then every spot out of its direct rays would be completely dark, except for light reflected from the walls.

OUR CENTURY COMPARED WITH ALL PRECEDING AGES.

In the concluding chapter of the first division of his work Dr. Wallace sums up

the great discoveries and striking generalizations of science made during our century, and which have powerfully influenced and in some cases changed the outward form of civilization. He next compares these distinctly great achievements with those of like character which have lit up the ages since man began to make history. Thus we find that during all ages prior to the dawn of our century the following achievements in the domain of invention and scientific discovery are entitled to rank with the great new departures of our time:

1. The Mariner's Compass.
2. The Steam Engine.
3. The Telescope.
4. The Barometer and Thermometer.
5. Printing.
6. Arabic Numerals.
7. Alphabetic Writing.
8. Modern Chemistry Founded.
9. Electric Science Founded.
10. Gravitation Established.
11. Kepler's Laws.
12. The Differential Calculus.
13. The Circulation of the Blood.
14. Light Proved to have Finite Velocity.
15. The Development of Geometry.

Our century has the following record to offer:

1. Railways.
2. Steamships.
3. Electric Telegraphs.
4. The Telephone.
5. Lucifer Matches.
6. Gas Illumination.
7. Electric Lighting.
8. Photography.
9. The Phonograph.
10. Roentgen Rays.
11. Spectrum Analysis.
12. Anaesthetics.
13. Antiseptic Surgery.
14. Conservation of Energy.

15. Molecular Theory of Gases.
16. Velocity of Light Directly Measured, and Earth's Rotation Experimentally Shown.
17. The Uses of Dust.
18. Chemistry, Definite Proportion.
19. Meteors and the Meteoritic Theory.
20. The Glacial Epoch.
21. The Antiquity of Man.
22. Organic Evolution Established.
23. Cell Theory and Embryology.
24. Germ Theory of Disease, and the Function of the Leucocytes.

Clearly, it is necessary that we place all preceding centuries over against our age when comparing the relative advance in invention and practical discovery with that of the nineteenth century.

And if we take into consideration the change effected in science, in the arts, in all the possibilities of human intercourse, and in the extension of our knowledge, both of our earth and of the whole visible universe, the difference shown by the mere numbers of these advances will have to be considerably increased, on account of the marvelous character and vast possibilities of further development of many of our recent discoveries.

I believe that the twentieth century will reveal the fact that the genius and untiring labor of philosophers, scientific thinkers, and patient inventors, have laid broad and deep the foundation for a happier civilization than the world has heretofore known. All that is now needed is the moral uplift, the ethical awakening, that quickening of the conscience throughout society which shall lead to a proper recognition of the duties and responsibilities of enlightened manhood; when this comes the age-long dream of happiness through freedom, justice, and fraternity will have dawned.

DREAMS AND VISIONS

A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

That man has not communicated his experiences of the subjective world as he has his experiences of objective creation may be attributed to a lack of courage even among persons of superior culture and intelligence, and to this want of true courage on the part of the human family may be attributed much of the obscurity in which such subjects have been involved. Each has feared that, because he had an experience which no other man could share, because it occurred in a dream, or subjectively, and therefore he could produce no witness by whose mouth to establish it, he would find no credence. But before the searchlight of scientific investigation the mists are disappearing. Men see more clearly, and therefore feel more bold to walk in the path of revealed truth. He charged them "that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen from the dead." It is not difficult for the Christian who believes in the resurrection of our Lord to believe in the spiritual world and its manifestations in the natural world. May not this be the reason why our Saviour charged his disciples to tell no man until within that man they recognized this faith in his resurrection?

We do know that there is a glorious awakening everywhere, for science with her natural light goes before,—the John the Baptist of the world,—preparing the way of the Lord and making his paths straight.

Religionists may not at first be willing to accept the advance of the scientists, but, when they pause to think, they must see that the religionists who believe are those who have come to do so by scientific

investigation, which gives them a stronger footing than they otherwise could have. Those who have believed or accepted through faith alone are called "superstitious" or "spiritualists;" and charlatanism has cast an odium upon the terms.

When such men as Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, Prof. Newbold, Rev. Dr. Minot Savage speak out fearlessly the weak ones find courage in the hope of such leaders. We look to such careful philosophers and scientific investigators as Dr. Richard Hodgson and Mr. Myers to remove the odium from the name, or give us some other name for our faith in these manifestations, and united with such religionists as those above named, help us "to give a reason for the faith that is in us."

We give below a dream vision sent us by a Presbyterian minister wherein it was given him, as is given others when properly prepared, to see glimpses of the future life, which not unusually first appears to men according to the ideas they entertain concerning heaven.

Dr. Todd's paper last month on the ouija board serves to make the experiences of Dr. Sarah Dudley in this issue of great interest.

The soldier's dream is intensely interesting, and is a remarkable instance of prevision easy of explication. All causation is spiritual. All things in and on this earth are the effects of spiritual causes. All occurrences here are but the outward manifestation of corresponding occurrences that have been previously enacted in the spiritual world, which is near to us and very real. This is true of every phenomenon from the greatest to the least. It is true of every battle and of

the mobilization and drill of armies for battle, of every election, of every convention, of every gathering of every kind, of every casualty or accident, of every act, whether of one man acting by himself or of men en masse, of parties and of governments, of the triumphal march of victorious armies, and of the removal or transfer of bodies of helpless prisoners such as that of which this soldier "dreamer" was one. It is from this great fact that predictions of future occurrences are possible. What this soldier foresaw in his vision was a scene or incident in the causative movement of himself and his fellow prisoners, as, and most

likely when, it was enacted in the unseen world of causes. His future experience and verification were only the effect or outward manifestation of the real removal which occurred as he saw it in his dream or vision. The same is true of his experiences with the noises of the whirring, whizzing bullets. Whether his first hearing of them had reference to or came from some warfare then being enacted somewhere on the face of the earth, or whether they were the premonitions of the war in which his material experiences followed, does not matter in this connection.

WAS IT "A DREAM" OR A VISION OF THE FUTURE?

In the spring of 1894 I was officiating as pastor of a Presbyterian Church in one of the cities of Michigan. I had nearly recovered from a severe attack of the grip. I had had a good night's rest; awoke feeling somewhat languid. I turned over and at once again fell asleep. I was in heaven. I had no memory of having died, but my earth life seemed to have been in a time so far in the past that that Blessed Land, that Holy City of Joy, seemed to have been always my home. I remembered that I had lived on the earth, but it was so very long, long ago, and yet the memory of friends and of religious notions and faiths in that life was as clear and unclouded as they are now. What in this life may be termed "ages" passed, and I was always in the midst of peace, glad, eternally glad, in the associations and employments of that life. I have no words, it is impossible for me to describe that city. The description of the New Jerusalem given by St. John in the Apocalypse, as he saw it descending from heaven to earth, has not in it one word extravagant enough to convey any just idea of its glory and beauty and joy and peace. Its walls were in very truth built on precious stones. Its gates were pure shining transparent pearl. Its streets were paved, not with the dull gold of earth, but with a

metal literally clear as crystal. Its homes and one temple for worship I cannot describe, but they were the glory and ornament of such a city. Over all was a light, above that of a sun, and yet soft, translucent, and kind as the smile of the All-Father, whose presence filled all the city, and of whom, every happy spirit was evermore conscious, and of his love. As I now write, so vivid is my recollection of that city and its people that I can see their faces and almost speak their names. Ages passed, with never one moment of weariness, in glad and holy employ and associations of sweetest love. It seemed as if the history of humanity on this planet had long been completed. The judgment had taken place, and every son and daughter of our race without the loss of one had been saved to that life and that city. 'Twas eternity, and yet there was what we there called "Time."

One bright morning, as it seemed, word went forth that the King was about to give to his children an exhibition of grace and love far above anything they had yet witnessed. For it they gathered on either side of a throne of dazzling beauty which appeared before us, and on it sat one like unto the Son of man. I saw and knew it was Jesus, the Christ. There was silence in heaven for a space, and then I

heard a strange rushing, fluttering, murmurous sound,—and through those gates came all the dark inhabitants of the pit, the fallen angels, and they were ranged in deep dark ranks before the throne. There was silence again. Then the King spoke to the rebellious ones. I can remember now the very words he uttered. "My children from the prison-house, I have sent for you all to appear before me,—I have never been forgetful of you; I have seen your long misery, and have known your pain. The hour has come in which before all my children and to you I may prove how deeply and truly I have ever loved you, though you have so deeply sinned. Hear my word: If you will in this day accept my love and receive my grace, I will this day forgive you all, I will cleanse you from your sin and restore to you all your former brightness and glory, and henceforth you shall be as though you had never known the guilt of sin. Cast away your rebellion and return to loyalty and obedience, and my peace, my joy, my glory, and my love shall henceforth be yours forever."

And there was silence again. Then from the dark hearts broke forth laughter, mockery, and scorn, and they said, "We have triumphed. Even He has had to yield to our endurance." The offer was spurned with contempt. I saw the King weep, as he looked at the incorrigible ones. Then, as if by one divine impulse, the King rose, and ascended with all the myriads of those who followed.

We abandoned that heaven. Higher and higher we rose. The distance seemed immeasurable. Then another heaven appeared in glory and beauty and charm incalculably superior to the one we had left. We entered in, having given the heaven we had left to the lost angels. Ages and ages passed away until that first heaven seemed as distant in the past as the earth life I had lived.

Then word came to me to go back to that city, and see and return and report. I dropped from the gates of that upper city down, down. It seemed so far. I came to that city and passed over its walls. It stood in stillness, and with all its former beauty, but not one spirit walked its streets. And then it came to me: "Sin had been the death unto itself. Mutual strife for position and power had brought such awful pain, such a weight of suffering, that they would not endure it. They had discovered the secret of soul suicide, and one by one they had sought its sad relief, until all had passed away but their prince; and he with that secret in his possession could not face alone the solitariness of such a scene, and had plunged away into the mysteries of space. I returned and reported, and, and—awakened from my dream. I had slept not to exceed fifteen minutes. Let no one charge that this dream has been composed. I have told as well as I can an actual dream. Who can account for it? Is there no time to the soul?"

D.

SOME OCCULT EXPERIENCE

BY SARAH DUDLEY, M. D.

I presume every one in the course of this life has had some incident befall him that was inexplicable and unaccountable by any method of ordinary reasoning, those happenings that we call "mysterious, supernatural." In reviewing my acquaintance with such phenomena, so many of these strange occurrences have fallen to my lot, that it would be difficult for me to select the most singular. A peculiar feature in regard to them is the

indelible impression they have left upon my memory; even those that took place in early years are as fresh and vivid as possible.

I.

About seven years ago I had two seances with the "ouija board," which no doubt most people are familiar with, being on the same plan generally speaking as the "planchette." At the time of which I speak I had charge of an insti-

tution in a city in Indiana where unfortunate women were taken care of until, after the birth of their children, they would be able to go out in the world again. I was very much interested in this work, and we had one inmate at this period, Ruth N., whose baby was three weeks old.

I had accepted the invitation of a special friend, living some squares away from the "Home," to spend an evening with her to test the ouija board. I with my little son left the house at half-past seven, leaving my patient very comfortably seated by a good fire putting her baby to sleep. She had for company a colored girl, in my service, and I left home feeling perfectly sure that domestic affairs were all right.

Arriving at my friend's, the ouija board was soon brought forth. I had never seen one before, and had very little interest in it. We put our hands on the heart-shaped carrier, and it soon danced upon its peg-like appendages and by aid of the alphabet spelled out this message for me:

"When you go home to-night Ruth and her baby will be gone."

At this prophecy I laughed, but it insisted that such would be the case, and went on to say that the house would be empty, that the ladies forming the executive board of the home would blame me. I would resign my position as resident physician, and also give up, they thought forever, the work, because the ladies would say so many unjust, unkind things, and would so behave that I would get a distaste for all sorts of so-called church work. It would thoroughly disgust me with sham Christianity.

Suffice it to say, that every particle of this prediction was verified down to the smallest detail. I found the house empty, Ruth and the baby gone, colored girl vanished, although she returned about midnight, and explained that Ruth had told her she "wasn't lonely, she was going to bed," and the girl, having plenty of schemes for amusement on hand, had gone off to a church fair.

The ladies did behave as the ouija board had said, and were very unkind and

unjust. I did resign, and I have never engaged in any reformatory work since.

There was no mind reading explanatory of this episode. I had not the faintest conception that Ruth had any idea of going away, and my friend had given no thought at all to the patient.

When I left my friend's house that evening, I did feel disturbed by the ouija message, although I could not believe it. When I opened the gate and went up the long avenue leading to the front door, seeing no light, I felt astonished. When I rang the bell, and no one came in reply to my ring, I grew alarmed. Knowing I could get in at the back door, I went round the house; seeing no light in Ruth's room, I found her door unlocked and entered. When I got the gas lit, and found her and the child gone, I felt awed. I thought with a chilly apprehension of the river so near, but when I discovered that all her clothes were gone I felt relieved. People, if they commit suicide, don't take their wardrobes along.

What animated that senseless ouija board? What power gave utterance to the prediction? I have never comprehended.

II.

The second experience with the ouija board was quite as strange as the foregoing, although far more pleasant in its result. The same friend of whom I have spoken and myself had determined to remove together to a city in northern Indiana. One evening we consulted the ouija board as to where in our new locality we might hope to find a desirable house. "On Sinclair avenue," was the reply. On arriving at the city, we asked a great many persons where the street was. Nobody had ever heard of it; but after a long search we found it, out in one of the suburbs, the street not even cut through, and a few stakes driven into the common showing where it would run some day, but our house was found on it, and just such a one as we needed.

III.

Another incident that happened while we were living in this house was very impressive.

I was sitting alone one day when I felt a warning feeling creeping over me, which included a command that we must not take our two children to a great circus parade the next day. Then followed a pictured scene. I did not perceive it with my bodily eyes, but how even now I cannot tell in words. I seemed to see the main street of the town, in front of the courthouse, the sidewalk full of men, women, and children. A horse and buggy were standing close by, and the animal was fastened by a leather hitching-strap to an iron ring in the pavement. Soon I heard the sound of music, the horse seemed restive, then an elephant's loud trumpeting rose above every other sound; with a violent plunge the horse tore away the strap around his neck, leaped to the sidewalk, and horse and buggy plowed a way straight through the crowd. I heard the shrieks of women, frightened crying of children, shouts, curses of men, and then I came to a full consciousness that this was a solemn warning. Of course, we did not go, but every detail of that occurrence was verified. Never in the history of the city had such a lamentable accident happened as this caused by the runaway horse. The papers came out next day with a long list of the injured, dying, and dead. Many children were the victims.

IV.

Not long since I was writing to a friend, when all the time I was so engaged I had an impression of a person being

near me whose name was Isabel, and who in life was humpbacked. I related the incident in my letter, and asked my friend to whom I was writing if she knew any such woman, living or dead. She replied that she had a cousin named Isabel, a humpback, who had been dead for twenty years.

Such are a few of the many incidents that have been interwoven in my life. It has seemed to be my destiny, unsought, to be made cognizant of these manifestations. Twice have I lived for some time in so-called haunted houses, about which I could relate some very singular things.

I have investigated impartially all the "isms," not as fully as I could wish, on account of obstacles, pecuniary and otherwise, but the summing up in my mind is that there is a certain actual intelligence in these occult phases outside of any laws governing this mundane sphere. There is no evasion possible in a truth. I cannot understand the attitude of the world at large toward those desiring to comprehend why these things occur. Why should there be such repugnance to investigating? Why are people ashamed to think or to talk of them? The world is always trying to discover what they call scientific truth, even hoping to hold conversations with denizens of other planets. Are the inhabitants of Mars any more an unknown factor than our own departed? Surely they are not half so interesting and absorbing a study.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

BY ROBERT M'ELROY

It was in the year 1864 while I was a prisoner of war. We were confined in the stockade of Andersonville, Georgia, some time in the month of June. One afternoon of a hot day I lay down, and think must have fallen asleep. I thought I was in one of the business streets of a city, and as I looked about me I saw a long line of my fellow prisoners, and among them was one I did not know. He wore an old army overcoat and had no hat or shoes,

his hair was reddish gray, and his whiskers were gray. On the opposite side of the street there was a colored boy holding a white horse, and two ladies were getting into the buggy that the horse was hitched to. I saw our guards stationed on each side of our line of prisoners. The buildings and sidewalk were all made of brick. When I awoke I found myself in Andersonville. But the dream was so real I could not forget it, and I can remember

it all very distinctly to-day. In about six weeks from that time (about the time our troops captured Atlanta) the Rebels began to move the prisoners from Andersonville. There were about forty thousand of us there then, and as I was one of the first prisoners sent to Andersonville I would be among the first to go. There were about twelve hundred sent to Savannah, and I was one of the number. When we got off the train at Savannah we were marched up through the city, and halted on one of the business streets. For some cause I had not been paying much attention to my surroundings until we stopped. But when I looked around everything seemed familiar. Then all at once my dream came to my mind, and I began to compare the scene with the dream. And the first thing I saw was the man without hat or shoes, as I saw him in my dream; then there was the white horse with the colored boy holding him and the two ladies getting into the buggy as I saw them in the dream; and the guards each side of us, and the brick buildings and sidewalk. All was there just as I saw it in my dream.

Now, I had never before been to Savannah, and had never talked with any one who had been there; and at the time of the dream there was none of us who had any idea of being sent away anywhere. I was a member of Company B, 108th N. Y. Volunteers; was captured at Bristow Station, Virginia, October 14, 1863, and was exchanged April 6, 1865. I was a prisoner nearly eighteen months.

There is another strange experience in my life that I would like some one to explain if he can. When I was a very small child, almost as far back as I can remember, I would frequently be awakened by a horrible whistling, screeching noise, and would cry and tremble for half an hour. After I grew older I did not have that experience. Well, at the battle of Antietam I heard the whistling of shell for the first time, and strange to say it was the same noise that had awakened me in my babyhood, and had the same effect; the tears ran down my cheeks, and I trembled just as when a child; and though I passed through many battles unharmed I never could hear a shell whistle without the same feeling.

Beware of the friend who always has a secret to reveal. Truth has no secrets.

There are men who are hearers of many things, and learners of nothing.

Remember that conditions of danger have developed the greatest men in business as well as war.

Purity crystallizes with lapse of time, and becomes more pure; as pure carbon becomes pure diamond.

ORIGINAL FICTION

OLD TOUGH-HEART

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

The big engine came into the station with a great thumping thud, dragging a long train of cars behind it, as slowly and as laboriously as though it might have carried the whole round world coupled on to its tender, and the contract had proved a trifle too much for the black-throated monster.

The engineer sat in his cab, solemn and somber-looking as the engine itself, his face turned from the window, and his hand upon the bell-rope. The bell sent out even, sonorous peals that were more like tollings for the dead than the warning of a big freight,—the very biggest indeed in all the Southland; a brass-bound king of the rails getting into the home station on New Year's eve, and loaded with the fattest of the fattest land God's good sun ever shone upon, the Southland.

There were six cars of Texas cotton, bound for the mills of the East; four of Florida oranges; two of golden bananas; seven of marble from the hills of Tennessee, marble that was fit for a king's palace; eleven of coal, king of the same hill country, that would make glad many a heart that cruel, crisping weather; and one—ah, one was missing. The big engine had started out with thirty-one, less the caboose which does not count as part of a freight's load, at Chattanooga, where her train was made up. When she rolled into Nashville one was missing, and the engineer kept his face turned away from the lights of the station, as though there was something in it he did not like to have people see.

Oh, yes; he knew what had become of the missing vegetable car. So might the

big engine have known if it had possessed the sense it looked to have as it sat the track like a thing of life, taking the iron rails as though it comprehended every inch of rail and foot of cross-tie, had calculated every pound of merchandise behind it, knew every ditch and hole, and deadly overhanging bluff that might mean a fatal land-slide any hour of the day or night; and as, too, though it might have had, under its brass and iron, a heart that pulsated with sympathy for the brave handful that mounted the brake, the cab, or the caboose whenever the big monster started out upon its trips.

But the missing vegetable car! The engineer had seen the winter cabbages go rolling down the embankment while the long train was rocking like a ship in a gale, and the coupling broke just in time to save the balance of the cargo. But back in the caboose was lying something grim and stiff and solemn, that was not put down in any of the bills of lading. And because of it the brakeman had been summoned into the engine to fire the remainder of the trip.

He and the engineer had not spoken once, though the brakeman's face was as white as death, and his hands shook like aspen leaves in a storm whenever he laid them upon the dead fireman's shovel. He was a young man, new to the work and its dangers. He would have given half his life just for a word from some one at that moment when that which he had seen the engineer do back there under the tall embankment had set every nerve in his healthy young body tingling, and the blood in his veins running like fire.

Why didn't the man speak to him? He could have kneeled down in the dust and kissed his feet, and yet he dared not say a word to him, the grim, silent, big fellow standing there in the engine cab with his face turned away from the station lights and his hand monotonously sounding the bell.

And all the time the terrible thump-thud of the broken driver was sounding in his brain like a hammer, while the long freight, minus a man and a car, dragged slowly into Nashville.

Then, when the train stopped, and he turned to look for the engineer, he was gone outside,—on his hands and knees, under the engine, cleaning off with soft cloths something that stuck with horrible persistence to the glistening iron bars.

The fireman glanced at him, advanced a step, and stopped; he wanted so much to speak to him,—to tell him he had a friend, for he knew there would be trouble for this day's work. But he dared not,—nobody ever took liberties with old Toughert. His gray hair under his cap shone like silver in the glare of the electric lights, but his face was still turned away, and every movement, every attitude said, "Keep away." •

And then the train master came up with orders.

"What's the matter with her, Joe?" said he. "She was thumping like all possessed when you pulled in. What's the matter with her?"

"Heart's broke, if she's got one," said the engineer, without looking up. Then, suddenly rising to his feet, he pointed to the something at which he had been scouring.

"Look at that," said he.

The train master turned away quickly, and stepped back into the cool night air, leaning against a post, sick and faint; he had seen what it was the engineer was wiping off the glistening iron rods. He had seen the big brown hand, steady and cool, wiping away the traces of the accident from the cow-catcher.

There were mud and sticks and stones where the big bolts had plowed deep into the earth; and, crushed in with the sticks and stones, gleaming red in the bright sta-

tion lights the train master had seen something else. And that cool steady hand removing it before she should pull into the shops for repairs.

"I declare," said a trainman, who had come in from another road and had heard and seen, "the boys call him right when they twist his name into Tough-heart. Old Toughert's heart's as hard as his engine. That would make any other man sick. I wonder who he has run over this time."

The engineer, his task completed, rose to his feet at last and climbed back to the cab; he had orders to "pull her into the yard." As he climbed back to his seat the light flashed for a moment across his face; and then it was evident, to those who saw it, why the old engineer had kept it turned away from the light. Down the black cheeks, straight and white and clean, to the very end of the broad, square jaw, something had washed two tell-tale lines.

Yes, the man with "a heart as hard as his engine" had been crying like a child, as he washed the blood stains from the cow-catcher in order to save the others a start when the engine should go into the shops. The brakeman swung himself down from the cab, and joined a group of trainmen who were discussing the accident down in the yard,—trainmen, all of them. Engineers waiting for orders, flagmen, and even old Sigurt lately discharged, and the burly night-watchman, off duty for an hour yet, had congregated to hear the story the brakeman had to tell of the accident.

"You can't always judge a man by his make-up," the flagman was saying; "nor by how he looks and walks and talks. Now, there's old Toughert. I wish you could have seen him make this here run to-night."

"Come, sonny," said an old grizzly engineer, "no spreading of it on now. We know old Tough-heart; but we don't know that he's got a heart inside him. Most of us thinks not. Think he's just made up like his engine,—all steel and brass and cast-iron, with a hollow for holding steam inside of him. Don't elaborate on old Joe; just give us the facts."

"Well then," said the watchman, "if you know him so well, you're bound to know he can carry an engine over this road, from the Tennessee on the east side to the Tennessee on the west side, in a style that no man on the road can come a nigh for handsome; and that's old Joe,—Old Tough-heart. Go on with your story, Jim."

"Well," said the brakeman, "we left on schedule time, with the old lady dragging as big a load as the best; sometimes she fairly snorted when she tackled the big grades. But there wasn't any backdown about old Number Nine, I can tell you. May be she knew who was in the cab. She just took each step in a solid clump till she got ready for the next one. She's a dandy, is old Nine."

"Not a minute behind when we took the bend around the mountain. I recollect that I took off my hat and waved to little Burt Dodson on the cab as we doubled around the bend. You all know what a head Burt had,—hair all curled up around it like a baby's, and every hair a string of yellow gold."

"Well, there he stood, top o' the coal in the tender, the big river at his feet and the big mountain behind him, and that little babyish head gleaming like a yellow ball against the gray cliffs."

"And then the engine kind o' dropped one side, like a buzzard on the wing, and swept around the curve and I lost sight of the boy; for when I could see the engine again the tender was empty of everything but coal, and old Nine was sweeping on, still on time, with old Joe at the throttle and Burt at the shovel. You all know what a little fellow Burt was,—not more'n five feet, and slender as a girl. I saw him again when we stopped at Nico-jack for water. It had begun to snow a bit; and I saw the boy perched up on the coal with the snow wrapping him round like a veil, while he tiptoed up to reach the tank spout. And I said to myself, He's got no business at that job; he's nothing but a baby. But you all know Burt was older'n he looked; and, as for grit, he could match the biggest."

"We met a little delay here, and I run up to the station to light my pipe, and as

I passed the engine I glanced in and there was Burt chirping away at old Joe sassy as a cricket. He had his arm round Joe's neck, and their faces were turned the other way, but the two heads, gold and gray, was all mixed up together somehow, mighty intimate and loving."

"We started on again after a while, and soon struck the long grade to Sherwood; old Nine was fairly thundering down it, like the demon she seems to be sometimes. All at once, the whole earth seemed to rise up, quiver, and shake, and then with a slip and a slide came rushing down to hurl itself full tilt against the black body of the engine."

"Not a sound came from its black throat. It couldn't have been two seconds,—it might have been two hours; said I to myself, Joe's got his dose, else he'd call for brakes."

"The train was rocking like a cradle, and the engine bounded twice, long flying leaps, before it left the track, rooting up rails and cross-ties as it went, and sticking its nose fast in the mud. It brought up the train with a jerk that smashed a vegetable car into jelly and made us on the lookout get ready for the last resort—the deadly leap. Then, as suddenly as she had struck, the long train of cars righted themselves and stood stock still. A coupling had broke."

"The conductor passed me on the run to the engine, and every boy on board began scrambling down to get to the front."

"When I got there old Joe, 'Tough-heart' if you will, was sitting 'longside the engine holding something in his arms and crying. Something bright lay against his breast, and in the last gleam of daylight something red and ghastly showed along the brightness, and on the cow-catcher, where little Burt's head had struck in falling. We got the old Nine back on the track in a little while; the section hands were right there, so that we didn't have to wait. When we started there was a silent passenger on the bunk in the caboose, and I was ordered up to fire for Toughert."

"They said he dug the boy out of the ground almost with his own hands;

and when the conductor found them he was crying like a baby.

"They said too somehow he was to blame; he had tried to catch the fireman when he jumped, after calling to him not to jump,—that it was all safe. He didn't open his lips all the way in, not once. And he didn't taste a bite, nor touch water; and sometimes I could hear him breathing like his breast was bursting. But he kept his eye on the track, the straight steel track down which little Burt Dodson had traveled to his death. There was blood on his bosom where the dead boy's head had been, and on the engine. I was scared to death myself, expecting every minute to go as the fireman had gone; and at times I felt that if the engineer didn't speak to me I should go mad and pitch him from his cab. But he didn't,—not once; I reckon he couldn't. He just looked straight ahead, and kept his ear bent to the sounding thump of the broken driver.

"When we pulled in he jumped down almost before she stopped, and began cleaning away the blood and bunches of yellow hair on the cow-catcher, brisk as though he was booked for a Christmas frolic. You see they had telegraphed Burt's father, and Toughert had remembered what was on the engine. I caught a glimpse of the old man's face as he straightened up from his job, and the tears had washed two gullies straight down his cheeks through the soot and cinder and dirt. So, says I, call him what you will, you can't always judge a man by his make up."

The brakeman took out his handkerchief, and at the same time that he gave his nose a twist he gave his eyes a rub; the big watchman had a sudden call elsewhere: the firemen stood with their backs turned and whistled,—their eyes fixed upon the track down which they too might, any day, follow upon that same sudden journey of which the brakeman had been telling them. Only the grimy engineer, who had lost his job a week before, sat still on the iron trucks and never said a word, or moved, for full five minutes. He had spoken up against the man who had piloted the disabled engine

into port, old Number Nine, and everybody in the employ of the road knew he was hoping for Toughert's place.

Suddenly, however, he got up, took the brakeman by the arm and led him down the yard to the edge of the platform, in full glare of the electric lights; and, pointing to a door behind which a flight of steps led to the officials' offices above, he said:

"You go up there, boy, and tell that tale to the superintendent, just as you've told it here; and don't you be long getting there either. I know what I am talking about."

As he went up the brakeman met Toughert coming down. He didn't notice the brakeman, but the boy saw him stop a moment under an electric drop and slowly unfold a slip of yellow paper that he carried in his hand, and begin to read. The heart of the watcher sank like lead in his bosom. He knew as well as though he had seen it just what was written on that yellow slip; he knew perfectly that at that moment old Joe Toughert was reading his dismissal in these words:

You will be relieved from duty to-morrow by Sigurt.

MORRIS, Sup.

The engineer crumpled the yellow sheet in his big brown hand, and stuffed it carefully away in his breast pocket. He shouldn't like the little woman at home, his girl housekeeper, to see that curt, short dismissal. Dismissed; and of all times on New Year's eve. The brakeman had something of the same thought when he tapped at the private door of the superintendent's private office.

To the half-petulant "Come in," Jim's courage awakened. He knew that Toughert hadn't spoken up for himself, as he might have done, and that he had only succeeded in putting the official in a bad temper. In the main he was an even-tempered man, and kind, and just. He sat at his desk, flipping at a heap of telegrams that lay before him. Only a moment before he had been trying to get some satisfaction out of his suspended engineer, and he had written his dismissal while the old soft heart, nicknamed

Tough-heart, was too full for words; which the superintendent had mistaken for sullenness. The conversation hadn't been a long one. The official had merely said,

"And so, Mr. Toughert, you have had another accident?"

The engineer nodded.

"Another smash up," said the official,—
"another delay, another lawsuit it may be, and another death laid to your door."

The engineer winced, but the superintendent didn't notice.

"Do you know what this last trip of yours will cost the company, sir?"

The engineer said nothing. In fact, he hadn't thought of that; he had only thought of the little bright-haired fireman who had gone to his death under the big engine.

"A car demolished," the superintendent went on, "engine gone to the shops with a broken driver, cattle injured more or less, road rooted up for twenty feet; is that all?"

And right there old Toughert made the plunge which worked his ruin, so to speak. "Yes, sir," said he; "that's all,—unless you count the boy something."

That settled the business. The superintendent began to scribble on a yellow telegraph blank while he talked.

"You know very well, sir, what the boy will cost. You may take this along with you, Mr. Toughert. Good-night, sir."

So the interview had ended, a moment before the brakeman tapped at the door.

The sight of old gray-haired Joe carrying his dismissal home to a lot of motherless little children on New Year's eve served somehow to loosen the brakeman's tongue. "He let it drive," he told one of the hands, in speaking of it afterward, "like the old engine wouldn't 'a done,—not for nothing. Loosened at both ends," said he.

Old Toughert had run on that road for twenty years. Few of those gallant dead, sleeping along the track, where it swept along-side the cemeteries at Murfreesboro and at Chattanooga, had braver scars than he. True, he had had a good many accidents lately, and had, as the superintendent said, been warned if there should be

another. But how could he be blamed for this? He never would or could, the brakeman told himself, if the official once got the straight of it. But the official had been nettled. The question was, Would he be willing now to get the straight of it?

Jim couldn't tell if he was listening or not, as he went over the details of the accident; but once, just once, he fancied something shone for an instant in his eye, and right then Jim had the good sense to stop.

The superintendent turned upon him suddenly, and said:

"Who sent you to me?"

The brakeman hesitated an instant; then said:

"Sigurt: Engineer Sigurt, sir."

"Sigurt? Why, Sigurt would give his ears to get Number Nine; asked for the place as soon as the telegram came announcing the accident this afternoon."

"I know," said the brakeman; "but he hadn't heard all then, and—"

"Well?"

"He isn't a dog, sir."

The superintendent threw up his head, and pointed to the door.

"Good-night, sir," said he.

The brakeman never quite knew how he got out of the office, but he felt that his coarseness had not helped old Joe's cause any. He had hoped to save his place for him, for he understood how heavily the loss of it would fall upon the man. For there wasn't any wife to mother the little band at Toughert's place,—only his "big girl," Joe, who did her best to take the mother's place to the other four who were younger than herself. It is a grand "best," however weak it may appear to others, that these little mother-girls make.—girls like old Toughert's Joe. It is as though they make one swift, pathetic stride from child to woman,—a stride that sweeps them over the beautiful realm of girlhood in a breath; and nothing, no after joy, no future effort on man's part to do, or to undo, can quite make up to them that beautiful loss. Ah, sad,—never to know the bright season of girlhood.

But Toughert's girl did not mind; such

girls seldom do mind. They step into the empty shoes with the sublime thought of being "like mother." And soon, before we know it, we have an old woman who should have been a young girl at twenty.

Old Joe was thinking of this as he plodded home through the snow. He had learned to depend on his girl almost as much as the little ones themselves.

He had told himself many times that it wasn't right, that she was growing up into womanhood, and she could not even read. She had had no chance, no chance at all, had Joe. The others were at school, all but Joe; she had to keep the house, and cook and mend, and keep the others going. He had hoped for a raise this year, and to be able to hire some one to relieve his girl in part; but this last accident had settled all those hopes now. And as old Toughert remembered that yellow slip in his breast pocket he sighed. "My girl must miss her chance," he told himself. "And such a good, brave, uncomplaining girl, too."

That she never complained made it only the harder. He understood something of the depth of heart belonging to these uncomplaining, overburdened ones of earth.

The cottage where the engineer lived stood back in a quiet, obscure street on a bluff that overlooked the track where the trains passed constantly. From his cab window he had many times seen Joe's bright head at the kitchen window. The passing of a switch engine drowned the noise of the opening gate, so that when the engineer stepped upon the little front porch nobody had heard his footsteps in the snow outside.

The window stood with both shutters wide open to the floor; a fire burned brightly in the grate; the room was sweet and clean, with a table drawn up in the center, and his little group gathered about it. All but one; the youngest boy lay upon the rug playing with a small tortoise-shell cat that made futile efforts to pin, with its soft paw, one of the boy's bright curls to the crimson rug.

Supper time had gone an hour and more since. But on the hearth three carefully covered dishes waited, he knew,

his coming. He knew just how long those dishes had waited, and just how long they would have waited, refilled and set back day after day, meal after meal, even if Number Nine should be a month behind. "God bless the little mother." The old engineer, the master of the biggest engine on the road, the man without a heart, stood still a moment silently to love the little group. Then he began to wonder what they were doing. They had their books out; and Joe had a book too,—Joe, who couldn't read. Charley, the oldest boy, was sitting at her side, an intent, earnest look in his face, and Tom, the next one, was leaning on her shoulder looking down at the book in her hand, and all were listening, eagerly intent upon that which was going on.

Suddenly the big engineer, the master of a two-hundred-thousand-pounder, and the man without a heart, felt something rise in his throat and choke him. The little fellows were teaching their sister to read. The engineer uttered one word before he lifted his hand and tapped upon the window pane. The word was, "God." And without doubt it went straight up to Him for whom it was intended. And it was just at the moment when the unlucky brakeman had said of Sigurt, "He isn't a dog." At the engineer's tap there was a great rush,—not to the window,—nobody so much as looked at the window; but all made a wild dash for the door, and amid cries of "Father," "Father's come," the big fellow found himself literally dragged into the room, stripped of his overcoat, and stuffed into a chair which the whole five of them could scarcely have filled.

"What was the matter, father?" "Was Number Nine injured?" "Who was to blame?" "Was anybody hurt?"

Out of the multitude of questions he made his answers. There was never any peace in that house until the little engine lovers had heard all the story of his trips.

"There was an accident,—yes," he told them; "a landslide that knocked Number Nine into the mud, and broke her driver. And it caught my little fireman: I brought him home to his father to-night—in the caboose."

They knew what that meant,—so many had come home, off and on, “in the caboose;” so many of those brave, grand men who hourly take their lives in their own hands for the sake of those they love, and who come home at last “in the caboose.”

Joe was the first to speak.

“Father,” said she, “I do wish you would get some other business. I am always afraid of your coming home—like that.”

There was a sob in her throat, and she got up quickly and began clearing away the table to give him his supper. The engineer thought of the yellow slip in his pocket, and said:

“May be I will, honey; may be I’ll look about for something else—to-morrow.”

She shot him one quick glance of inquiry,—and then Joe understood that he had received his dismissal.

She turned a trifle white about the lips,—not from fear of loss, but fear that they had blamed him with the accident. She said nothing, however, not then. But the youngest boy, who had played with the cat, went and stood by his father’s side, leaning against his knee while his brothers plied him with questions.

“Was the fireman’s mother to meet him, father? And did she take on much, like the flagman’s wife did that time, you know?”

“He hadn’t any mother, Charley,” said the engineer; “but his father was at the station. He has but one arm, and the boy was all he had in the world. He was such a good boy, too. But he would jump. I tried to hold him; but he pulled away from me, and jumped just as the engine left the track. He jumped backward instead of forward, and the tender struck him down; flung him full five feet ahead of the cow-catcher, and that struck him too—on the head. But he never knew what it was killed him; it was all over before the cow-catcher touched him.” Joe had lifted the dishes, and removed their covers.

“Come, father,” said she, “before it is all cold.”

While he made a pretense of eating, the four boys clustered about the table, still interested in the dead fireman.

“The company will give the crippled father something, won’t it, father?”

“Yes, son; the company always looks out for the helpless among its employees who come home that way.”

“It’s a good company, isn’t it, father?” said Charley.

The ex-engineer thought of the yellow slip in his pocket, and its short crisp message: “You will be relieved to-morrow by Sigurt.”

The cool, killing brevity of it still struck him with a sort of horror that was more than half admiration.

“Say, father; it is a good company, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Charley; it is a good company,—a great road, and a grand engine, that.”

“But she broke her driver,” chimed in the shrill voice of the baby boy, again happy in the company of the cat. “You know she broke her driver, father.”

The observation started a new train of thought in the brain of Charley.

“Will the driver be mended to-night, father?”

The engineer divided a potato, and sprinkled the even halves with pepper.

“Will Number Nine be mended to-night, father?”

There was no silencing these boys without answers. The engineer stole a glance at the little mother, but she had turned her face away.

“I say, father, will she run to-morrow?”

“No. Number Nine will not run to-morrow.”

Three pairs of hands and a yellow cat shot upward.

“Good for that. It’s New Year, and we’ve got a rabbit. Us boys killed it, and Joe’s going to cook it for a surprise.”

They went off to bed quite happy after that, in spite of a broken driver and a dead fireman; and when they were gone Joe drew her chair up to old Joe’s, and, laying her hand on his knee, said softly:

“Whose fault was it, father? Who was to blame this time?”

The engineer’s face twitched.

“Little woman,” said he, “when cows are caught in a gap, when horses stumble down into a long and dangerous cut, or calves go for an evening stroll on a tall trestle and stay there over schedule

time, or even when a man gets drunk and goes to sleep on a railroad track and never wakes up again,—when these things happen, I say, and a train is wrecked and lives and property destroyed, I always know somebody is to blame. It is due to somebody's carelessness.

"The company pays for the carelessness, and then gets what satisfaction it can out of dismissing the engineer. That isn't much to the company, but it kind o' eases the public pulse a little, and sounds a warning to other 'careless engineers.' But it doesn't keep cattle in 'their own pastures, nor adventurous calves and horses in their own stables. It doesn't save life, or prevent drunkenness, or bring back the dead. It only cripples a railroad at last, and ruins an engineer. Still, it might have been prevented, because some one was to blame,—somebody; it may be the engineer, or the drunkard, or the man who lets his stock go straying. Somebody is to blame.

"But when the solid earth leaves its natural foothold, and rises up to fling itself at a passing train and hurl it from its own proper track into a ditch, I can't see that anybody is responsible, except it may be God Almighty. My engine was flung into the ditch to-day by a landslide. I reckon He ditched it."

"Then He'll pull it out," she said, weeping, with her head on his knee. "If God ditched it God will pull it out, and we'll fret no more about it. Go to bed now, father: I shan't call you early. You're all fagged out, and if you break down that's your fault, and then who's to pull us out of the ditch, I'd like to know."

She pointed to the inner room where the boys were sleeping, and drawing his face down left a kiss upon his nose. When she blew out her light at last, a familiar grating sound told her the engineer was sleeping, snoring as contentedly as though big old Number Nine had not broken her great driving-wheel.

She let the boys out early the next morning, so that they might not awaken him; he needed his rest after so many long years of railroading, and after the anxiety and distress of the day before, and the

pain of an angry dismissal. So she did not call him until breakfast was ready for the table. While he was dressing she heard the boys at the street gate talking to some one. Then she heard them go around to his door and call to him. She heard something about "orders" and, looking out the kitchen window that opened on that side, she saw a messenger boy from the station skipping across the snowy street as fast as his legs could carry him. At that moment the engineer, half dressed, came thundering out of his room, flourishing a bit of yellow paper, the boys at his heels, and his big voice filling the little kitchen like a peal of thunder:

"Jodie, my girl, a bite there as quick as you can. I've overslept. Read that, little woman, and hurry on the victuals."

Joe set the dish of potatoes down, and seizing the yellow slip handed it to Charley; the engineer had forgotten she could not read.

Number Nine ready as usual, ten o'clock. Report for orders.

MORRIS, Sup.

She looked up, the glad tears trembling on her lashes, and old Toughert opened his arms. Old Toughert, the master of a two-hundred-thousand-pounder, the man without a heart, held the five of them all together, miraculously close to something that was pounding like a hammer in his bosom, and was crying as the youngest baby of them wouldn't have cried, not for the world.

The little mother heard the whistle when the engine passed the kitchen window, and waved a good-bye with her dish-rag, her happy little face all beaming at the brown face hanging out the cab of Number Nine. And what she said was, as she went back to her dishes, "I know God pulled us out that ditch, this time."

But old Sigurt said, as he passed the cab and nodded good-bye, "Old Tough-heart's happy as a king got his crown back," and his own old life-piece thumped a trifle lighter as he realized that he too had had a finger in "Old Joe's New-year's pie."

The boys said: "Psher, that there rabbit just as well not been ketched after all."

But, up in the superintendent's office, a grave, silent man, with a wise head, and a clean conscience, and a just heart, sat idle among a heap of telegrams and business papers, and what he said was: "I

couldn't be a bigger dog than old Sigurt. Sigurt wanted that engine like he wanted life, and the brakeman said 'he wasn't a dog.'"

And the light-hearted brakeman away off on the road, firing for old Toughert on Number Nine, didn't for one moment dream that it was he who did it.

A SONG OF PEACE

BY J. A. EDGERTON

Come, sing me a song of peace.

I am tired of war.

Come, sing of the time afar,
When war shall cease.

Come, sing of love in her birth,

And prophesy

Of an era when hate shall die
From off the earth.

The shedding of human blood

Is a sickening game,

'Though done in the sacred name
Of human good.

Somehow we cannot forget,

And we stand appalled,

That murder, whatever called,
Is murder yet.

And we hear the echo still,

Down the aisles of time,

Of the ancient words sublime:
"Thou shalt not kill."

I am tired of the songs of strife.

They tell of the dead.

Come, sing to me instead
The songs of life.

Come, sing of an epoch bright

In the younger day,

As the earth swings on her way
Through the Infinite.

Come, sing of an era when,

By the dying Old,

The New shall an age unfold
Of happier men.

And the wrongs of to-day shall seem,

As they fade away,

Like a tale of yesterday
And a troubled dream.

At the dawn of the century,

A spirit calls,

And a vision on me falls.
Like a prophecy.

A hundred years unroll

Before my gaze.

I see the coming days,
As an open scroll.

I see the whole wide world

Joined hand in hand.

I see, over every land,
One flag unfurled.

'Tis the milk-white flag of peace;

And from afar

There rises a golden star
O'er the eastern seas.

And I see the wrath of War,

As it disappears

Down the path of the vanished years
Forevermore.

WHO HATH SINNED?*

THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

CHAPTER XIII.

The next summer Adiel's health improved, but it was necessary that his mother should have great care, as she was failing rapidly. We secured a competent nurse, and rented a cottage in a quiet town on Lake Michigan. Here Dr. and Mrs. Heine took up their summer quarters, and thus relieved her of all responsibility. I visited them once a week, generally going on Saturday and staying over Sunday.

When Adiel found time to spend with his mother, without any other apparent cause for improvement she seemed much better in the enjoyment of his visits. He was her all. But, as his health gave way, he was sometimes impatient with her, and, her nerves being shattered, she was easily excited. But he would kiss her, beg her pardon, and make it all right.

When they returned to the city in November Adiel came more frequently. But home was usually only a stopping-place. He remained out late at night, and slept late in the morning. He would not bear questioning. He was nervous and irritable. I was still medical adviser for both, and saw how these two people were becoming sources of irritation to each other.

The mother lay awake until her son came in, many times all night long. She remonstrated with him, telling him it was affecting her health. Then he would go to a hotel, and not come home at all. So she compromised, he always gaining the ascendancy over her on any occasion of controversy.

One evening he came in with his friend Thompson to dress to go to the theater. I was with his mother, who asked me to remain to dinner. As she passed his room she paused to speak to him and his

friend. The door stood open, and he was bending over an open drawer of his dresser. When his mother entered the room he raised his head, and then bent to kiss her upturned face. I had seen her start when he raised himself, and I then saw her turn pale when he kissed her.

"Oh, Adiel, Adiel, my son! Have you taken anything?" she asked, softly.

"No, mamma," he replied in a much injured tone.

"Forgive me, my son, if my fears have caused me to do you wrong. For a moment you were transformed before me, and I saw another person in your place; and may be I imagined the odor of liquor."

"You certainly did," he said.

I had glanced at Thompson, who was sitting on a couch drinking in the conversation. I knew to what Ruth alluded when she said he was transformed, because I saw the strange, striking likeness of his father in his face, and it was written all over him as he seemed revealed by a flash of supernatural light. I knew it had caused the involuntary shudder. I had never seen anything like it. If Davis had risen from out that drawer and stood before us, he could not have appeared more like the man who had so cruelly wronged Ruth than this young man did as he drew himself up from that stooping posture. We had taken him unawares. He did not know the door was open. We had seen him off his guard. Henceforth I was positive there could be no rest for the troubled heart of the long-suffering mother.

She did not allude to the matter for many days. The second day of January, 18—, I was called suddenly to her house. I found her in Adiel's room, and he was in bed—drunk. I can never forget her

face as I saw it that morning. There was a wild, hunted look in her eyes, as though she stood face to face with that which had been secretly driving her on to death. I spoke cheerily to Adiel, whom she had got into bed.

"Doctor," he said, in a boyish way, "the game is up. I tried a long time to keep mamma ignorant, to hold her faith in me blind to the last. I thought may be I would die, and that she would never know how I had deceived her; but I do not believe I have deceived you, doctor."

"Hush, my son," she said, gently, "hush, I cannot bear it."

But he would not hush, and he would tell me all about it.

"I came to town yesterday to see Violet. I had to see her. I have heard she is going with another fellow, and that he wants to marry her. Now, if she wants to marry him it is all right, doctor; but he has got to marry her, or else stop going with her."

"What nonsense, my son. You have no claim upon the girl."

"She wears my ring."

"That is all right. You can give her the ring, if she does not know enough to return it, and give her up to any one she may prefer."

"So I can, mamma, but he has got to marry her. Doctor, you understand."

Alas, I did; but I saw that his poor mother did not.

"Yes, I came to town. I sought her. They told me at her home that she had gone to the theater with B——. I followed them. I saw them come out when it was over. She passed close to me. I followed them into a restaurant, and seated myself at the same table. He had ordered refreshments, and I noticed she was nervous and ill at ease, although she talked pleasantly with me. B—— seemed annoyed at my familiarity. When the lunch came there was wine and beer. I ordered beer, and there we sat and drank, she with him. It is all over. I want my ring, if she will return it, but I tell you he has got to marry her before I leave this town, or one of us will be killed."

His mother thought all this the ravings of her poor intoxicated boy. She

asked me to give him something to quiet him, explaining that he had come in very late at night, and made his way to her room in an intoxicated condition, and in the same state of nervous excitement in which I now saw him. She had never seen anything like it. She had not wept or fainted, as she had always thought she would to see him thus—or died, as she had once believed,—but that same magnetism that always had sustained her in grief came, deadening her sensibilities and swallowing up all in a kind of benumbed horror.

"His father would always sleep after drinking heavily. Adiel could not sleep," she said.

"It is all owing to the different temperaments. Let a refined woman take intoxicants, and she would be affected the same way as Adiel. The animal man would drink much more, and find relief in a dead slumber."

"Mamma, mamma, I have been at it seven long, weary years. No business man can succeed without steeping his soul in whiskey and tobacco. It was a drink with this one, and a drink with that one, and very soon it mastered me. At first one glass of beer strengthened me when I was worn out by travel and contact with men, and I could talk better. So I took it as a duty I owed to the firm; but after a while it took two glasses to do the work, then three, then whiskey would hold me up better than beer. I got acquainted with the wrong kind of women; they drank wine and champagne, and laughed at me because so little affected me. Ah, mamma, you are a very old-fashioned little woman—the last of your kind on earth, I believe."

Thus he talked ceaselessly, and his pulse beat like one in raging fever. It was a nervous fever, the most dangerous of fevers for some temperaments. I remained with him all day, but found every remedy unavailing to produce sleep. I knew it must come from exhaustion, but I determined not to leave him. I persuaded Ruth to lie down in a quiet room where she could not hear the ceaseless talk—now gay and merry as a child, now full of remorse and self-reproach, never

one word of blame for any one. Business weighed heavily upon him. He should now be miles distant, he said. His employer did not, and must not, know he was in the city.

I told him if he would be quiet and sleep, he should go in a few days; so he feigned to sleep a couple of hours in the afternoon. But the busy brain and overwrought heart kept driving on, and sleep was out of the question. He would then talk of Violet. He was willing, more than willing, to give her up, provided the other man would marry her at once.

His mother asked him,

"My son, do you love the girl? Did you ever love her? Are you jealous of the man you speak of?"

"Jealous? No. Only he must marry her if she goes out with him. He must."

"You seem to be very unreasonable. You do not want to marry her, but want some one else to marry her."

"Mamma," he said, "for that woman I gave Lucia up. You know I loved Lucia when I was innocent of harm in women. She was pure and good, and this woman came between us. Lucia loved me, and almost died, you know, after our estrangement, and her father sent her to Europe to enable her to forget me the sooner. Now, when I had given up Lucia and almost broken her heart for Violet, as soon as I am stationed in —, and can only be here occasionally, she goes out with other men, goes to restaurants, drinks wine and beer. Well, do not think I want to marry her now—no—but he must."

At last I told him he must simply confess the truth to his mother, so as to enable her to understand the matter in order to arrive at a rational decision when advising him. I knew that if he sobered up he would never tell her. I say sobered, because the nervous excitement which succeeded the intoxication was another species of intoxication. If he became calm, he would have slept, and after sleep he would shrink from speaking to his mother of things he now discussed continually. I saw plainly he was not a hardened sinner. He suffered the tortures of the damned, and I knew now what had broken his health and plunged

him headlong into the dissipation he had so long concealed from his devoted mother. He saw no way out of the dilemma, and he had drunk to drown it, or else to give it a different aspect to his troubled brain. There was no peace for him, waking or sleeping, he said, so excitement that engulfed everything had become a necessity of his being, and he had driven on until the sensitive and finely constructed machinery was almost at the height of frenzy. It seemed marvelous that he had borne this strain so long—over three years now; for he had never drunk to harm him until he met the woman he called Violet, which I knew was not her name.

I cannot describe Ruth's condition when she understood all. It was quite natural that she should, at first, be incredulous; then, as the truth dawned upon her, indignant with the woman who was older than her boy by several years. But this he would not listen to.

"No, mamma," he said, "if you knew all. Her mother is not like you, she has not been reared carefully. She was reared to believe to dress, entertain, and be amused was the true way to enjoy life, and she had no idea of better things. She has never been loved and petted at home. It was natural she should fall a prey to the first words of love and tenderness she had ever known. I am most to blame. I was taught better— Oh, the wages of sin!"

He would break off and fall into a moody fit, or into a spasm of remorseful self-reproach. He told me that in these moods he had tried to drink himself into a state of stupor; but that instead he had almost driven himself into delirium. He promised his mother that he would give Violet up quietly, leave the city as soon as he was able without seeing her, and that he would remain away, his mother promising to visit him.

After several days reaction came, and with it sleep. Then I understood how weakened he really was, and had to give him stimulants to prevent collapse. But his wonderful constitution, his great energy made him anxious to get to work; and I went myself and bought his railway

ticket, and his mother and I went with him to the train and saw him start away, relieved in this that he was no longer deceiving her.

As we drove back to her home, Ruth shrank back into the corner of the carriage silent and calm exteriorly, but I saw the traces of a deeper sorrow than had ever been written in her face before, and I feared for her. Dr. and Mrs. Heine supposed Adiel was ill from over-work, and were much concerned.

It had been the most peculiar week of all my experience. The house took on the air of death, servants moved slowly and solemnly, and spoke in whispers, the clocks ticked with that solemn sound so noticeable in the sick-room, that marks the passage of time that brings a crisis. And when we returned, it was as though we had just come from a funeral of some loved one who had died a sudden, awful death, while no one had recovered from the shock or knew what the cause of the calamity was.

I promised Ruth to return daily, and gave her a simple remedy to quiet her overstrained nerves. On Sunday she sent for me, and when I entered the room where she received me, I saw she had reached a determination from which there was no wavering.

"I sent for you to say that I am going to Adiel to-night," she began. "I have talked to his employer, and told him what I feared for his health,—that I knew he was working upon false strength, and that his life must be endangered if the strain continued. I told him nothing else, but I found out that he knew of his dissipation. How strange it seems that those who are nearest and dearest find out the danger of those they love, and the sins of those they love, only after all the world knows it." Then, after a pause, she continued, "I have seen her. I see you start. Yes, I thought over all that Adiel told me. I have always been very bitter upon such women since I knew there were such people in the world. I once could not believe such things. I have sat here alone with God, and I knelt down and prayed to him for guidance, and then I went to see her. I told her why I came, that my

son was ill and had gone away. I told her I wanted her confidence more freely and frankly than she could under the circumstances give it to her mother. I wanted to know if she could conscientiously marry the man she was receiving attentions from. She started out with a high hand, turned pale with rage, I think, but I laid my hand upon her arm gently, and said, 'For God's sake, pause. I came here to be your friend, to do for you what I never thought I could do for any woman.'

"In a moment she was conquered. She got up, closed the door, and, wringing her hands, confessed all,—told me how she had sinned, how she had suffered.

"'Oh,' she said, 'you cannot know what it is to suffer as I have, sad as your life must have been. I never hear the door-bell ring but what I start up and listen to hear my mother scream, and fear that she has heard my awful sin proclaimed. In my dreams I see myself innocent and free, only to wake up with the awful knowledge of a sin that has made me a slave,—a slave to your son, madam, who has been a tyrant to me, I do assure you; else I had sinned but once, and gone back to a life stained only by the memory of one crime; but, no,—retreat has been vain. He has threatened exposure, threatened never to redeem his promise to marry me.'

"As I listened to her my heart for the first time beat with indignation toward my boy, and I denounced him as a villain in my secret thoughts. I comforted her as best I could, and told her I was going to him. She promised everything, and somehow I felt sorry, very sorry for her. I have made up my mind to act as though she were my daughter, and deal with her as I would have a man's mother deal with my own daughter under similar circumstances."

I honored her in my soul for these words of womanly tenderness and justice, and the true Christian spirit which prompted them. But still I feared. I could not think of Violet as a true woman, and yet I could not give a reason why.

"So I shall leave to-night, and go to him. If he confesses to me that he is sure she was a virtuous woman, and that he led

her astray, then he must marry her, and he will return with me for that purpose."

"Do you believe he will do that?"

"Yes; you remember his remorse? He fears that she may go entirely wrong if he gives her up, and she falls into the company of other men. He told me she had threatened him to do so. That is the strain upon him. I feel it is the only reparation he can make, and while I know he can never be happy married to her,—for he should have a wife of whom he can be proud,—still he can never be happy any way, and I believe his own heart tells him this is right; and as he has hesitated only upon my account, it is for me to go to him, and not only give my consent, but encouragement to do as his heart and highest sense of right dictate."

I saw she had left no side of the question unconsidered.

"But Adiel's health," I urged, "is very much impaired. Suppose he should become unable to work and support this woman as his wife?"

"Then I shall support them both," she said, without hesitation.

"God bless you," I said, "for a noble, true woman."

She returned with him in less than a week; the two were quietly married, and she took them home.

I hoped the very best results would come of this heroic sacrifice. The bride seemed happy, and full of gratitude and love to her new mother; but I saw that her influence over Adiel was of the very worst. Indeed, I soon feared that poor Ruth and Adiel, too, were sacrificed to a designing magdalen.

Although Adiel's health was so wrecked, his wife insisted upon going out every

evening when the day's work left him so fatigued that he should have sought rest; and so I told her, as his physician.

She told me he was a spoiled baby, instead of being a man,—that he was tied to his mother's apron string.

"A happy thing for you, madam," I said, "that his mother had such great influence over him."

She understood my meaning, and hated me ever after. But her soul was bent on breaking Ruth's influence. Alas, poor Ruth! I must not fail to say that one of the conditions upon which Ruth gave her consent to the marriage was that, if Adiel could not conquer the habit, he would go to Dr. Blanke for treatment; and Adiel confessed to his mother that he could not overcome it. So it was that she took him there herself, and his wife went with them; but, as was afterward discovered, she was opposed to it.

I cannot go into the details of that year of trial and suffering for the poor mother, in which her health was wrecked almost entirely. Suffice it to say, she took this woman into her home, treated her as her own daughter, only to receive the bitterest hatred and basest ingratitude. Poor Ruth had relied so much upon the cure, having seen so many men saved by it. But we could see plainly that the continual nervous strain he was under in working when he was unable, and the nervous excitement of the evening and half the night spent at the theater, or other place of amusement, when he should have rested, kept his mother in constant dread. He must have been a strong man, indeed, to have kept up under it, and I looked on in apprehensive dread.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

HEALTH

BY M. A. MATTHEWS, M. D.

The basis of all perfect development of the human race, physical, mental, and moral, depends on the health of the individuals that compose it. A very small percentage of people start on the journey of life with extra vital force, many with not enough to survive the first five years. Those who possess the treasure part with it sooner or later by reason of environment and lack of knowledge. Men and women who have never known an ache or pain fancy that the foundations on which they stand are impregnable and will always resist direct violation of physical laws. We all know of persons that have lived, or existed, man's allotted time with no thought of the forces that govern life; but this does not prove that ignorance is safety, for man's disobedience to natural law is paid for with extra interest by his descendants, even if he himself escape entirely. Evidence of this exists on every hand. By direct inheritance we have scrofula and kindred diseases, also the tendency to other maladies; but even thus handicapped, we need not have such bad blood that the micro-organisms find a fertile culture field. On the other hand, our weak points, of which all possess more or less, may not come from inheritance. It is very natural and quite convenient for us to have an Eve upon whom to shoulder our shortcomings. One writer says it takes several generations to produce a perfect beauty, and in that case it will take many more before man returns to the

original standard of perfect health, for the two are closely related.

The fall of all civilized nations has been preceded by physical decay. For a starting point we need only to return to our early New England ancestors, from whose primitive modes of existence we have evolved into an existence the artificial atmosphere of which renders life a burden to many. The excessive hardships endured by our ancestors may not have been the best thing for them or for us. We should not care to return to such conditions. If we have not the power of endurance that they possessed, civilization has made it possible for us to conserve our forces by the general diffusion of knowledge. With all our advantages only a few realize that prevention is better than cure. Those who do make the best of the capital they have consequently live longer and better. There is a pleasure in living when not conscious of the body.

The first essential of a good education is a knowledge of anatomy and physiology. We should know ourselves as well as possible. All life is wonderfully pervaded by a creative force which we cannot comprehend. The highest form of life has its abode in these bodies of ours, which are composed of countless cells whose structures are ever changing. The five sentinels that purify and help to keep our houses in order are the lungs, liver, kidneys, bowels, and skin. When each one does its own work perfectly, we have

health, which is harmony of the physiological functions. When an organ has too much to do, like an individual who does more than he can well perform, it struggles on with the extra burden the best it can. In time the other organs are forced to do work not their own; then come unbalanced conditions, which are manifested by diseases with no end of names.

The causes of ill-health are numerous: the struggle for existence and the desire for wealth regardless of that which enables one to enjoy it, the influences that govern our daily lives, plunging us into an endless whirl, and many others. One must have an extra capital of vitality to survive these conditions very long. That this is becoming a vital question no one of intelligence will deny. To regain lost health there are panaceas innumerable which are slowly usurping the centuries of empirical medication, physical culture classes, cooking schools, osteopathic treatment, Father Kneipp adherents, followers of Dr. Dewey, Salisbury method, cure by suggestion, etc. They may be called fads. Any deviation from an established rule is heresy. There is some good in all, and investigation of anything leads us to think, to reason for ourselves. The majority of people are inclined to condemn things they do not know about with a nonchalance quite indicative of conservatism, which is not progressive. A few have the courage to adhere to a principle because it has proved better than old ways. Because the greater part of mankind are content to accept without question one view of a subject, for the reason that it is a custom, does not prove that it is entirely right. "For the old order changeth, yielding place to the new."

The day of investigation pertaining to the welfare of each individual is at hand. It will not only be fashionable to be healthy, but an imperative duty. We shall have no right then to become burdens to our friends when it can be prevented. Aside from accidents, we may all learn to live so that sickness will be the exception rather than the rule. When people realize what it means to keep in good order they will not care to involve

those who surround them by being ill, for the patient himself is not the only sufferer.

We are nearing the end of a century which has been one of rapid progression; nevertheless, we are in a transitional stage regarding various issues. Preservation of health is one of them.

When we know and understand that disease is not a thing, but the result of bad conditions which exist within ourselves, they being generated by disregard of vital law, then we shall not accept everything in relation to ourselves as inevitable.

In order to have and retain health, we must maintain the right relations to air, food, water, exercise, rest, cleanliness, sunlight, surroundings, and associates. We shall mention briefly one or more factors. As long as the masses remain unenlightened, there are conditions which the intelligent minority must submit to at times. First, the air we breathe in cars, crowded assemblies, and other places. Air should supply oxygen to the blood as it enters the lungs, continuing on its round of circulation, where it gathers much of the waste material which leaves the system through the lungs in the form of carbon dioxide, watery vapor, and organic matter. The last gives to the air that musty odor, and is closely associated with the watery portion which is found condensed on the windows in winter in the form of frost. Place some of this in a jar, and let it stand for a short time; it will give out a sickening odor. The thickness of frost on windows where there is no steam indicates that the air is heavily laden with the poison. A single breath exhaled contains one cubic inch of carbon dioxide, which pollutes three cubic feet of air. We respire about twenty times a minute. Calculate, then, how soon air is vitiated in a room of ordinary size. Any civilized person would object to water that had been used by another; but the injury to the system would not be as great as from impure air. We are warned when the air is foul, as it produces drowsiness, nervousness, headaches, and burning sensation of the face and ears. An infant's first impulse when it enters

the world is to breathe; then comes the desire for food, which renders growth and development possible and self-preservation assured for a time, at least. The best food from the beginning until life's close is that which most nearly supplies the elements found in the system and keeps it pure. These elements are found in a grain of wheat, but not in white flour. Therefore, the first requirement must be good bread, made of first-class graham flour. It should not be sweetened or shortened. This bread should be found on every table. Grains, fruit, and vegetables rank first as food. The various preparations, previously cooked and predigested, that are found in market are sometimes good substitutes when people have not the conveniences for preparing food; but when they have, nothing takes the place of articles well cooked when

needed. Fruit and nuts are best when fresh. Fruits can be nicely prepared for keeping, but nuts become stale and rancid. It is not always what we like that is best for us, and appetite is often so perverted that it is not a reliable guide. Quantity should be considered, time for eating, surroundings, etc.

This is an endless and interesting subject, embodying in its various forms the foundation of health, temperance, and happiness.

Health is not retained or secured when lost by simply testing indifferently any mode of treatment. It means continued and persistent effort, a knowledge of ourselves and all the life-giving elements. It lies within ourselves whether we shall live as our wise Creator intended, or shall continue merely to exist and suffer, losing sight of causes which lead to fatal effects.

MASSAGE

In nothing is the maxim that knowledge is power more clearly demonstrated than in the case of the operator in massage.

A knowledge of therapeutic sarcognomy is absolutely necessary to success. If the operator is ignorant, she should work only under the directions of a physician. If the masseuse is strong and healthy, possessed of a good share of animal magnetism, she can greatly aid the patient by stimulating each organ, and the energies of the patient are thus aroused to aid the treatment; but the operator should know exactly what faculties and organs to arouse, and should arouse them actively instead of passively.

There are some born healers, but all their healing powers are lost if they cannot intelligently apply them. With knowledge they can regulate all the vital forces, rousing lungs, liver, stomach, bowels, kidneys, and the muscular system. On the other hand, the most depressing result may follow a treatment, if the operator is tired, poorly nourished, or hungry at the time of treating. See to it that your masseuse has nourishing food, is clean in person and clothing. If you can afford

it, keep her in the house, that she may confine her treatment to you alone. Some nurses are magnetic, and if not tired or overworked can give the treatment at least once a day.

I have known several cases where ladies were invalids for years, and got well and strong by intelligent magnetic treatment. I use the word "massage" because that is the popular name; but it is a much abused term, I fear, as so many ignorant people practice it.

The operator should know exactly where to place her hand to obtain a desired result. For instance, in a patient suffering from melancholy and hysteric conditions, cheerfulness and tranquillity are restored by placing the hands immediately under the arms.*

The expert operator knows what parts of the body and head represent somnolence, and can exert a calm, tranquillizing influence which produces healthful slumber.

Anthropology discovers that all forces and faculties belonging to man have their special seats in the brain, and correspond-

*Dr. Jos. Rodes Buchanan's "Therapeutic Sarcognomy."

ing positions in the body. Every elementary power or tendency is centralized in a certain locality. Health is reinforced from its basic locality in the brain, on each side of self-respect or dignity, and has a corresponding localization in the body in the middle of the shoulder-blade. The development of these two localities insures a healthy constitution.

The influence of the region of health, either in the brain or in the body, whenever excited, is to produce an immediate improvement of the physical and mental condition.

This will explain why an intelligent operator will stimulate by rubbing, or by the application of the hand to the shoulders, and why the electrician stimulates those parts.

The shoulders symbolize power. For this reason Atlas is represented as carrying the world upon his shoulders.

Exercise promotes health. It is when the patient is too weak to take proper exercise that the aid of the masseuse is required to promote circulation and arrest waste.

This is only a suggestion to enable you to judge whether your masseuse is an intelligent person plying her trade honestly, or an ignorant one. Perhaps you have felt the depressing influence of one treatment, and the exhilarating effects of another. From this explanation you may see why one calms and the other excites you.

The nervauric healer who understands his business gives more attention to the spinal region than to any other portion of the body; and a mother may vitalize her weak child by applying her hand to its spine and gently rubbing it. But, above all things, let her hold herself in an attitude of cheerfulness and hope if she would make this act effective for good.

There are many excellent masseuses or magnetic nervauric healers to be obtained; the Swedes are usually the best trained if they have learned their art in their own country. That there is a physical emanation from diseased persons is not for a moment denied, in the face of contagious disease; but, as few people

are aware of the contagion of health, they never consider that there is a physical nervaura which is a real and not an imaginary thing, and which is radiated and conducted in every direction.

Dr. Buchanan says: "The nervaura of the healthy magnetic operator's hand, applied to the passive patient all over the person by gentle passes or by gentle percussion, is a soothing restorative influence, tending to resist the waste of tissue and vital forces, to diminish fever and excitement, and to promote nutrition and sleep. In addition to these effects, it imparts the vital qualities of the operator's constitution, and, if he be well supplied with health, benevolence, and vital force, gives an increment of these to the patient."

Thus we see health may become contagious as well as disease. For if it is demonstrated that we can receive it from one person, it is reasonable to believe that we can receive it from all healthy persons. This suggestion will, I hope, enable you to judge whether the person who presents herself in the position of a masseuse (as all these rubbers now do) is competent, and whether she will irritate you or soothe you, heal or hurt you.

HEALTHFUL, NUTRITIOUS, THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

The claim that fine flour does not make such healthful or nutritious bread as some other kinds is not new. That graham flour is preferable for some people is no doubt true; but with others it proves irritating to the stomach. It is held that the Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, is better than either, because it is more nutritious than fine white flour, and is not irritating to weak stomachs, like graham. The Franklin Mills Flour is produced from the entire wheat kernel, except the woody, innutritious, indigestible outer skin or husk, which is not food. It is unlike white flour, because that is robbed of the gluten of the wheat, in order to make a white bread. There is no principle of physiology which bases qualities of food upon its

whiteness. Flour deprived of the gluten of the wheat, which contains phosphates and nutritive salts, has lost the greater part of its blood-making materials. Bread made from the Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, is a beautiful

light golden brown. It takes its color from the elements of the wheat from which it is made. This flour is manufactured by the Franklin Mills Company, Lockport, N. Y., and sold by grocers in barrels or fractions of a barrel.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. D.—Your nervousness is evidently functional, not structural; thus more easily cured, as there is no morbid change or lesion in the nerve structure.

This trouble is sometimes brought about by being active mentally or physically immediately after eating. The stomach requires blood to digest food, and if a man begins to study or read immediately after meals the blood goes to the head, leaving the stomach without means to digest the food; disease is the result. Cure may be effected by removing the cause. Rest for one hour after meals from any brain work, and take only very gentle exercise, if any, for that length of time, as the stomach does its best work in the first hour after eating.

Remember that digestion begins in the mouth by mastication and insalivation. You do not lose time by eating deliberately, and resting after a meal, but, rather, save it, as you are then in good shape to begin work. The man who saves time by reading the morning paper at the breakfast table, or immediately after eating, destroys his day's work; for no reading is more hurtful. Better get up earlier and read before breakfast time.

Read thoroughly our article on "Baths" in February number. Would advise sponging your arms and shoulders with water same temperature of your bed-room, and thorough massage of shoulders, arms, and hands. This, together with careful diet, deep breathing through the nostrils, will overcome the nervousness you suffer from. Remember always this fact, that the mind and the body reciprocally act upon each other and promote each other's health. The elements of mental discipline which, if steadily pursued, fail not to conduce, not only to health of mind and body, but also to enduring comfort and happiness, are "the subjugation of gross appetites, the subordination of all turbulent or violent moral and mental emotions, the cultivation of the gentle and contemplative feelings, best cultivated in domestic life and in refined social intercourse; and the regular but moderate application of the intellectual powers to some definite object or set of objects worthy of

pursuit." It is a fact that many weak, sickly persons have been cured and made strong and well by heroic work which called out love, faith, and hope. Aimless, hopeless work is drudgery and kills, or work prompted only by ambition to excel others. Use your highest faculties in any work you do, physical or mental.

C. F. G.—We give below the table asked for, which is selected from "Food to Health and Premature Death," by Geo. H. Townsend, L.L. B.

Heat or force producing food—Quantity required for one day:

	Light work.	Moderate work.	Hard labor.
Wheat flour.....	28 ounces.	36 ounces.	45 ounces.
White bread.....	38 ounces.	48 ounces.	60 ounces.
Cornmeal.....	28 ounces.	36 ounces.	45 ounces.
Oatmeal.....	24 ounces.	30 ounces.	38 ounces.
Lard.....	10 ounces.	13 ounces.	17 ounces.
Rice.....	28 ounces.	36 ounces.	45 ounces.
Rye.....	28 ounces.	36 ounces.	45 ounces.
Sugar.....	28 ounces.	36 ounces.	45 ounces.
Barley.....	28 ounces.	36 ounces.	45 ounces.
Buckwheat.....	30 ounces.	38 ounces.	48 ounces.
Peas.....	28 ounces.	36 ounces.	45 ounces.
Butter.....	12 ounces.	16 ounces.	17 ounces.
Eggs.....	56 ounces.	76 ounces.	96 ounces.
Beef.....	64 ounces.	88 ounces.	7 pounds.
Potatoes.....	7 pounds.	9 pounds.	12 pounds.
Sweet potatoes.....	4.5 pounds.	6 pounds.	8 pounds.
Cabbage.....	15 pounds.	20 pounds.	27 pounds.
Cauliflower.....	14 pounds.	19 pounds.	26 pounds.
Beets.....	12 pounds.	16 pounds.	21 pounds.
Carrots.....	15 pounds.	16 pounds.	21 pounds.
Turnips.....	18 pounds.	24 pounds.	32 pounds.
Tomatoes.....	25 pounds.	34 pounds.	45 pounds.
Celery.....	30 pounds.	40 pounds.	52 pounds.
Onions.....	12 pounds.	16 pounds.	21 pounds.
Radishes.....	23 pounds.	32 pounds.	42 pounds.
Cucumbers.....	40 pounds.	55 pounds.	75 pounds.
Asparagus.....	23 pounds.	32 pounds.	42 pounds.
Milk.....	8 pounds.	11 pounds.	14 pounds.
Skim milk.....	12 pounds.	16 pounds.	21 pounds.
Apples.....	7 pounds.	10 pounds.	13 pounds.

As all the nutriment shown by chemical analysis can never be extracted, this table does not accurately indicate the amount of food required.

Eggs and milk contain the least indigestible matter, while in such foods as cucumbers or pickles it is doubtful if more than half or three-fourths of the nutriment as shown by chemical analysis is really available for the system. The preceding table is intended to point out the deficiencies of food as heat or force producers, and in our next issue we shall give one showing the defects of foods as tissue builders.

MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. MARY DODD, HYGIENIST

SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Damson plums. Rolls. Corn mush.
 Riced eggs, with toast and cream gravy.

SUNDAY—DINNER.

Roast chicken. Mashed potatoes. Squash. Celery.
 Cauliflower, with tomato dressing.
 Dessert—Sliced oranges and bananas.

SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Toast. Canned egg-plums. Rice.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Rolls. Rolled oats.
 Stewed apples. Cream biscuit.

MONDAY—DINNER.

Pea soup. Toast. Baked potatoes.
 Stewed tomatoes. Lettuce, with nut dressing.
 Dessert—Corn meal pudding.

MONDAY—SUPPER.

Corn mush. Blackberries. Rolls.

TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Wheatlet.
 Rolls. Stewed prunes.

TUESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Rolls. Corn fritters.
 Steamed corn bread. Canned raspberries.
 Dessert—Apple cobbler.

TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Baked apples. Rolls.
 Grape juice. Scone.

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Corn mush.
 Stewed cranberries. Rolls.
 Poached eggs on toast.

WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Rolls.
 Baked parsnips. Stewed tomatoes.
 Dessert—Rice, with lemon sauce.

WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Wheatlet. Rolls. Blueberries.

THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Stewed apricots.
 Bread and butter. Rolls.
 Rolled avena.

THURSDAY—DINNER.

Stewed lamb. Mashed potatoes.
 Stewed tomatoes. Spinach.

THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Mush. Strawberries. Toast.

FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Rolled oats.
 Peas. Canned peaches. Rolls.
 Shredded wheat biscuit, toasted, served with cream.

FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn. Corn bread.
 Canned plums. Samp. Rolls.
 Dessert—Cherry pie.

FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed apples. Rolls. Scone.
 Currant and raspberry juice.

SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

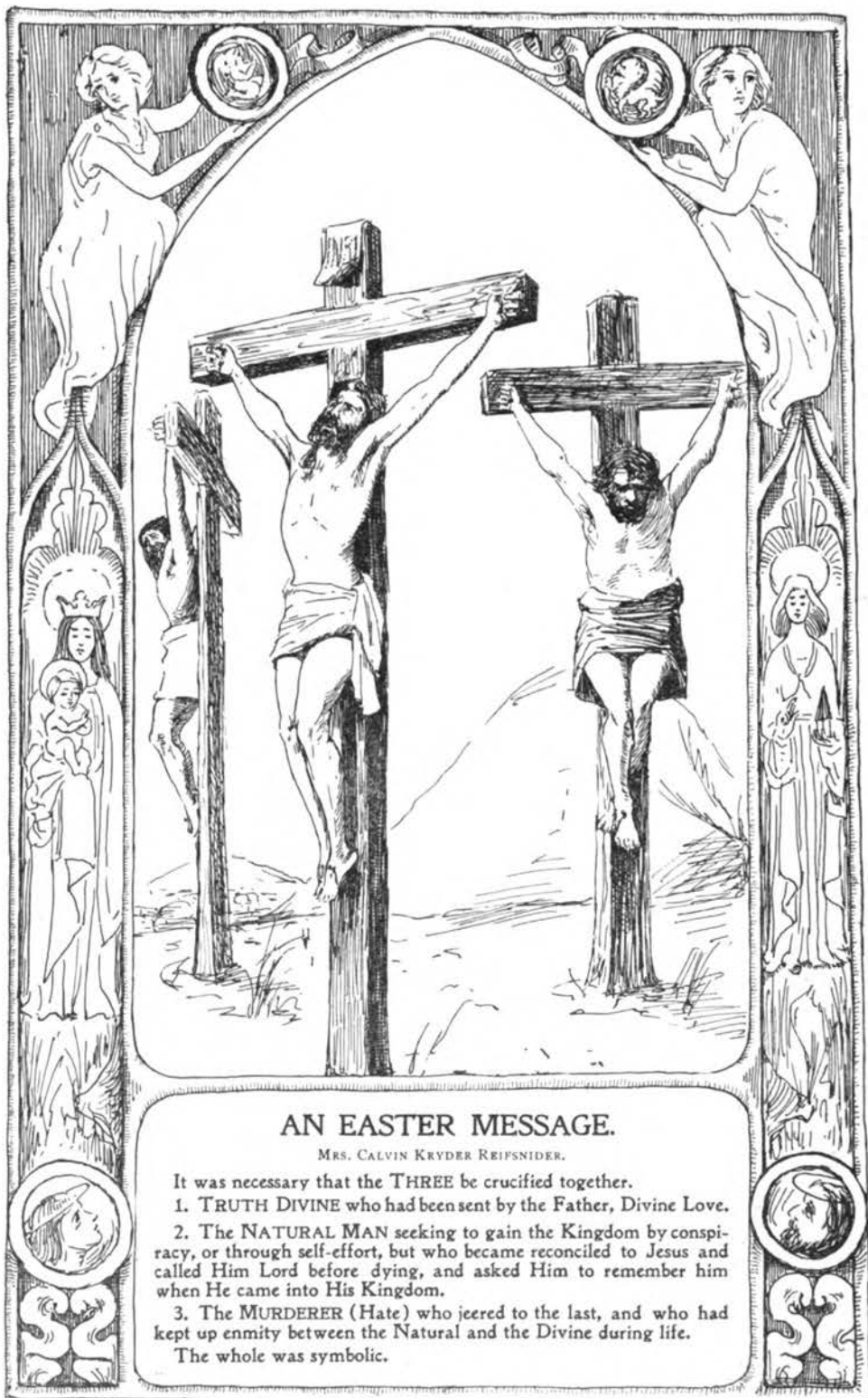
Stewed pears. Corn griddle-cakes.
 Apples. Corn mush.

SATURDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Lima beans. Lettuce.
 Tomatoes, with toast. Corn.
 Dessert—Nuts.

SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Cherries. Muffins.
 Wheatlet. Honey.



AN EASTER MESSAGE.

MRS. CALVIN KRYDER REIFSNIDER.

It was necessary that the THREE be crucified together.

1. TRUTH DIVINE who had been sent by the Father, Divine Love.
 2. The NATURAL MAN seeking to gain the Kingdom by conspiracy, or through self-effort, but who became reconciled to Jesus and called Him Lord before dying, and asked Him to remember him when He came into His Kingdom.
 3. The MURDERER (Hate) who jeered to the last, and who had kept up enmity between the Natural and the Divine during life.
- The whole was symbolic.

EDITORIALS

EASTER TIDE

The formal institution of Easter was effected about the year A. D. 68, though the day must have been held peculiarly sacred and devoutly observed by the disciples and apostles from the time of the resurrection of our Lord.

In the second century a dispute as to the time of the observance arose between the Christians of Asia Minor and those of the West.

The Asiatics, who said that they followed the example of John and Philip, held their paschal feast on the same day as the Jews, namely, the 14th day, or full moon, of the month Nisan or Abib, corresponding to the latter part of March and the first part of April. The third day thereafter they celebrated the resurrection festival. The Christians of the West, with most others, alleging that they followed Peter and Paul, kept the paschal feast on Saturday and Easter the Sunday following. Those who adhered to the eastern practice were excommunicated for it by Victor, Bishop of Rome, and finally the Council of Nice, in A. D. 325, established uniformity by making the western method the rule for all Christendom. The old British, that is, Celtic, Church went with the East in this controversy, as if the first missionaries had come from that quarter, and did not accept the western view until about A. D. 664. The Jewish months being lunar, and the months of our own calendar neither lunar nor in any way astronomic, Easter is a movable festival. "It is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st day of March, and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday Easter-day is the Sunday after." This direction for calculating Easter was

copied into the Prayer-book from the act of Parliament providing for the change from old to new style. It is faulty in two respects. It substitutes the full moon for the 14th day of the Jewish month Abib, and the moon of the heaven for the calendar moon. Easter may be as early as March 22d or as late as April 25th. Easter regulates all the other movable feasts of the ecclesiastical year.

There is no distinctively Christian name for the resurrection festival. The Anglo-Saxon *Eastre*, or Old High German *Ostara*, was a goddess worshiped by the Teutonic family of mankind, and was the patroness of light and spring. The Latin nations called the Easter festival by terms derived from Latin and Greek words, and remotely from the Hebrew *Pesachh*, meaning the passover.

Many customs have prevailed at Easter-tide; probably the most pleasant is the Easter-gift to friends. The Easter dues-offerings to the clergy at Easter-tide were formerly exacted from the parishioners. These dues were a commutation of the tithe for personal labor. Now they cannot be legally enforced, but have become voluntary and are called Easter offerings.

Another old-time feature that endures is the Easter-egg, boiled hard, colored, and gilded, to symbolize the Saviour's resurrection. In some parts of England these eggs are called "paste" eggs (evidently meant for pasque, or passover). In France, and to a less extent in England, Easter-eggs (or, rather, egg-shaped structures of card or sugar) are used as a means of sending presents to friends. In Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other Catholic countries, as also wherever the Greek Church exists, the same custom survives.

The practice seems to be of pre-Christian origin, and to have been originally connected with the New Year when that was reckoned from the vernal equinox. Easter gambols were practiced at that joyous time.

How there the Easter gambols pass
And of Dan Joseph's lengthened mass.

Perhaps the Easter custom most entirely abolished is the Easter laughter. Strange to relate, in the sixteenth century Easter sermons were replete with ludicrous stories and jests designed to provoke Easter laughter, but the centuries that have rolled progressively on, stamping the world with higher, purer thoughts and feelings, have hailed Easter with appropriate service in commemoration of the most eventful day that ever dawned upon the earth.

Having given a brief history of Easter-tide, we turn a moment to consider it from a religious point of view. We open the Bible and turn to the teachings of the Lord, in whose memory this day is kept with so much rejoicing.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." Searching the Scriptures is a vain thing, indeed, if one fails to find therein the essence of them. Taking the Scriptures as a plenary inspiration, we may think we have in them eternal life, but how are we to be sure of it? The answer is, "And they are they which testify of me." The hope of the Jew was Immanuel, a king that was to come to save Israel, to establish them forever; but, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But unto as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them which believe on his name: Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

It is not the natural mind or heart of man that receives the Christ to-day any more than it was two thousand years ago. When Peter uttered the great truth upon which the Christ said he founded his church, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Jesus said unto him:

"Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." There is no process of reasoning by which one can receive the Christ. It is a revelation from God to the man of faith. It is the new birth concerning which Nicodemus inquired of Jesus by night. He came by night because night signifies darkness of the soul, or spiritual mind. If we read the whole chapter carefully we see how earnestly Jesus endeavored to enlighten him. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Thus, it is that all who reverently believe in the Christ are set apart. "He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." And again, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth in him."

But of what avail is it to believe in the Christ, the dead Christ, the crucified Christ, the shedding of his blood, for the remission of our sins, if we take our belief no further? His death was only one event in his career on earth, an incident symbolic of the temptations he came to bear. Surely its shame or its pain was nothing to him.

But the central thought, the star upon which the eye of faith gazes, is the resurrected Christ.

Every Sabbath in the year church-goers may hear sermons on the passion and death of Christ; but on this glorious Easter-morn no one thinks of the cross or the sepulcher. "Christ is risen from the dead," is the joyous sound that floats upon air; it enters every Christian heart. The bells catch the glad vibration, and ring it out as upon no other day; for every heart and ear is open to hear it.

This is the central thought of the Christian Bible. All else leads to it; every other lesson culminates in the resurrection morn.

Who could worship a dead Christ? Who could worship a crucified Lord? Who could cry out gladly and with hope, "Rabboni," to a dead Master?

"Go unto my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and to my God and your God."

Blessed Easter-morn, glorious day when men realize that their Lord hath broken the bands of death, come forth from the tomb to show himself to them a living presence, Victor over death and the grave, and breathing upon them the Holy Spirit.

Observe the faces of those who throng the streets and enter the churches. There is an expression of joy seen at no other time. Enter the churches. They wear a different appearance. Listen to the organ; it has caught the inspiration from the unseen choir of angels. Christ is risen, Christ is risen, is both song and refrain. No other day in all the year is of so great importance to mankind. Christmas, when the star guiding the wise men led them to the place where lay their new-born King, when heavenly choirs sang, "Glory in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men," is a day of greatest promise.

Good-Friday commemorates that awful day when he hung upon the cross, pierced for their sins, when the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened. Many may come in their thoughts on this day, as did Nicodemus, and bring their myrrh and aloes, and rejoicing as they sing, "Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe." But the glorious "Te Deum laudamus"

that the hosts of heaven send down to us on Easter-morn, that is caught by every Christian heart and sung to the risen Lord, who consciously appears to them, breathing upon them, speaking peace unto them, and even to the doubting ones showing his hands, saying, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." Blessed is he that can do this, and cry, "My Lord, and my God." Aye, and blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed; for they are born of the Spirit and are spirit. Yes, Easter is the climax of all the Christian observances; it is the promise fulfilled down to the least jot and tittle. All has been fulfilled that was spoken of him in the law, the prophets, and in the psalms, even to the least jot and tittle.

More clearly dawns the great significance of the resurrection, and the ever-living presence of the Divine Master. He meets us at the tomb, where we go to see the graves of loved ones, as he met Mary. He walks with us as we journey on, as he did with James and Peter. He comes through the closed doors while we sit together with friends, as he did with the disciples, always willing to convince even the doubting ones like Thomas. Thus each day may be an Easter-day in our hearts,—a great festival at which our Lord is the honored guest at the banquet of the soul. 'Tis not a dream, 'tis not a speculation; the dawn is already here,—the rays of the sun are gilding the east, and it will ascend until the perfect day, shining on forevermore.

MRS. C. K. R.

WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?

Ruskin, in his lecture on "The Relation of Art to Use," employs the following striking language: "You must have the skill; you must have the beauty, which is the highest moral element; and then, lastly, you must have the verity or utility which is not the moral but the vital element; and this desire for verity and use is the one aim of the three that

always leads in great schools, and in the minds of great masters, without any exception. They will permit themselves in awkwardness, they will permit themselves in ugliness;—but they will never permit themselves in uselessness or in unverity."

Let this truth be burned into the brain of this generation. Let artists and ora-

tors, authors and dramatists, teachers and journalists urge, impress, and emphasize it. The present demands utility from the hands of all her children. No dalliance in a garden of roses; no surrender at the shrine of mere beauty; let all labor be inspired by a noble purpose; let service to humanity be the watchword of every laborer; let no one be satisfied with a work that is skillful and nothing more; beautiful, but beyond that expressionless. The question, What good will it do? Of what benefit is it to the world? What is its value weighed in the scales of utility?—this is the question for each worker to-day. Not that I would disparage skill, not that I do not appreciate the beautiful; but the present calls for both and more. It demands utility. Let the inspiration of all work run along the lines of the broadest and noblest humanitarianism. Let the index finger ever point upward. In an hour or an age of stagnation the necessity of utility is not so apparent as in a day like the present,

when the old ideals are dissolving in the light of scientific facts and widespread investigation; when there is a condition of universal unrest; when men and women are thinking as they never thought before; when the horizon in every direction is broadening. It is of paramount importance that the highest and broadest ideals be held constantly before the people; for the element of unrest, while on the whole wholesome and absolutely essential to growth, nevertheless exerts, at least for a time, an unwholesome effect on those who are not accustomed to think broadly. They lose their bearings, and are liable to be swept into whirlpools of license and excess. Therefore, to-day, in this splendid hour, when we see on every hand the onward movement of agencies that will revolutionize and ennoble humanity, it is doubly necessary to bend every effort to uplift and dignify manhood and womanhood in all life's varied walks.

B. O. F.

SOWING WILD OATS

Nothing reveals the low ebb of conventional morality in a more startling manner than the complacency with which society views the debasement of young men. "Oh, they are sowing their wild oats; they will soon settle down and become excellent husbands,"—how often does one hear this or a similar remark, equally unworthy of any man or woman who values life or comprehends the grandeur of true manhood. A man who has "sowed his wild oats" is unworthy to stand at the head of a home or to be joined for life to a pure-souled woman. He cannot bring the most priceless treasure of life to the marriage altar, since the holy flame of purity is gone forever, while on the other hand he carries with him a soul and a nature rendered more or less coarse through contact with vice. From a man so marked by sin,

what can we expect? Children who are robbed of their proper birthright ere they see the light of earth, and who, by inheriting evil propensities and abnormal appetites, are a curse to themselves and a scourge to humanity. A boy who has sowed his wild oats has sacrificed his noblest self, and is unworthy the love of any high-minded, pure, and noble-souled girl. Our moral standards must be elevated. High-minded men and women must unite in the work of social-regeneration. They must be earnest, brave, and persistent. They must emphasize the beauty of holiness. They must show the young that the loss of the jewel of purity is an irreparable calamity to the soul;—that only the pure can see God, only the pure can drink from the fountain of pure pleasure whence comes no bitter after-taste.

B. O. F.

THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE DOUKHOBORS

The Doukhobors, Sprit-Wrestlers, or Christians of the Universal Brotherhood, who are receiving so warm a welcome in Canada, are a body of believers in the gospel of Christ who are ready to sacrifice all for the faith they hold to be the truth. Their history is very interesting, though in the main a story of heartless persecution. It dates back more than one hundred and fifty years. An old manuscript, written in the first decade of our century and published in "Russian Antiquity" a few years since, gives a vivid and sympathetic description of these devout people as they appeared a hundred years ago.

Their origin is obscure. They had no Luther or Calvin around whose utterances their faith crystallized. A wide-spread heart hunger seems to have existed among the peasants for a long time before it found expression in the formation of societies or congregations. These poor people did not find in the Greek Church, so largely given over to elaborate forms, rites, and ceremonials, that heart religion which their natures craved, and the hunger for a more spiritual faith finally led to the coming together of little groups of people to study the Bible and seek to practice, as far as possible, the teachings of the primitive church. Their numbers grew, and finally the groups of believers drifted into communal associations. As they represented a strong reaction from the lifeless ceremonialism, pomp, and show of the Eastern Church, we find them going somewhat to the other extreme, and discarding all rites and forms. They even go so far as to have no ministers,

while no set marriage ceremony is observed. The solemn pledging of a couple to live together in purity and love in the bond of marriage constitutes marriage with them. They hold with the Apostle James that faith without works is dead, and with John that Jesus was himself the true gospel, the Word of life which must be engraved in the hearts of those who would be his disciples. Right conduct, they hold, brings salvation, and they believe that it is only necessary that man know the way to God, and follow it, to be held in the path of rectitude and finally saved. They enjoin purity, love, obedience, mercy, self-mastery, and strict loyalty to truth. "What I do not wish for myself I must not wish for any one else," is one of their rules of daily guidance. They hold all life to be sacred, and are therefore vegetarians. One of their dearest tenets is non-resistance. Hence, like the early Christians, they refuse to kill their fellow-men, and this, of course, has led them to refuse to bear arms. Like members of the early church in Jerusalem, they live a communal life. They renounce liquor, tobacco, and every kind of excess. A Russian officer in his report to the government was compelled to admit that "they are of exemplary good conduct, avoiding drunkenness and idleness, and are constantly occupied with the welfare of their homes, leading moral lives." They have always promptly paid their taxes, and fulfilled all the demands of the government save when these demands conflicted, as in bearing of arms, with their religious beliefs. The following is a condensation of the essential facts

contained in ten articles of belief set forth a few years since by a number of the body as points which they should hold essential:

1. The members of the community revere and love God as the source of all being.

2. They respect the dignity of man, both in themselves and in their fellow-men.

3. The members of the community regard everything that exists with love and admiration, and they try to bring up their children in the same tendency.

4. By the word "God" they understand the power of love, the power of life which is the source of all that exists.

5. Life is progress, and everything tends toward perfection, in order that the seed received should be returned to the source of life in the form of ripe fruit.

6. In everything that exists in our world we see consecutive stages toward perfection: thus, beginning with a stone and passing over to plants, we come to animals, the fullest development of which is man, regarding him from the point of view of life and a conscious being.

7. The members of the community hold that to destroy or hurt any living thing is blame-worthy. In every separate being there is life, and hence God, especially in a human being. To deprive a man of life is in no way permissible.

8. The members accord full freedom to the life of man, and therefore all organization founded on violence they regard as unlawful.

9. The basis of man's existence is the power of thought—reason.

10. It is recognized that the communal life of man is based on the moral law, which has for its rule, "What I do not wish for myself, that I must not wish for any one else."

A body holding such unconventional views could not long escape the persecution of the priesthood, representing ideals and views so widely at variance with the simple faith of those who insisted on going back to the primitive church for their rule of life. Even the fact of their exemplary lives did not keep them from the savage persecution of church and state. It availed nothing that they were the most honest, industrious, moral, just, and loving among the subjects of the czar. All these things, indeed, made the contrast between them and the ceremonial-shrouded priesthood most conspicuous and unfortunate for the latter. Hence persecutions began.

It is a curious and astounding fact that the Governor of Ekaterinoslaf, so far back as 1792, after admitting that "the mode of life of the Spirit-Wrestlers is founded on the most honest observances, their greatest care is the general welfare, and they find salvation in good works," proceeds to declare that "all those infected with this movement merit no mercy." His reason for this extraordinary conclusion seems to have been the fact of their non-conformity and the rapid spread of the heresy.

Until the time of Alexander I. this sect was subject to great persecution. Alexander, however, was the friend of humanity, and he refused to continue the injustice toward them; but after his death the old-time cruelty was again meted out without compassion. One method of persecution was to seize upon their beautiful, fertile, and highly cultivated lands, and banish them to barren wastes. When, however, they made those spots blossom like a garden of roses, they were again despoiled of their possessions in the same cruel manner; and at such times men, women, and children suffered all kinds of atrocities from the brutality and lust of the barbarous Cossacks. The story of their persecution is a long and tragic recital, but, as with the early church, it strengthened rather than weakened them. Many who saw how they lived,—how under the most trying persecutions they maintained their lofty faith and turned neither to the right nor to the left, but lived lives so exemplary as to put the ordinary professing Christian to shame,—were drawn to them.

At length a voice spoke for them,—a voice which is heard and respected throughout all civilized lands. The rugged apostle of a simple Christian life, Count Tolstoi, made their cause his own. He labored tirelessly for them, and his writings and appeals touched the heart chord of humanity in many lands. Permission was obtained from the young czar for them to leave Russia. Funds were raised to defray their expenses to more hospitable lands, and the new world invited them hither. Canada, eager for

industrious, sturdy, law-abiding men and women, offered liberal inducements; consequently, they have selected this promised land as a refuge and a haven, and we

believe they have acted wisely, and that they will prove an element of great strength in the coming years to our sister nation on the north.

UNION AMONG LEADING EVANGELICAL PROTESTANT DENOMINATIONS

Perhaps no event of the last thirty years so clearly illustrates the revolution in religious thought and ideals among leading evangelical Protestant denominations, as the new catechism recently issued by the committee appointed by the national council of the Free Evangelical Churches of England. For a long time the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians of Great Britain have been moving toward a common ground upon which all could meet and together work for the advancement of what they consider to be the essentials of Christianity. Two years ago a committee was appointed by the council of the Free Evangelical Churches, composed of five representatives of the Congregationalists, five of the Wesleyan Methodists, three of the Baptists, two of the Primitive Methodists, two of the Presbyterians, one of the Methodist New Connection, one of the Methodist Free Church, and one of the Bible Christians. The great purpose in view was tersely defined by the Rev. Hugh P. Hughes, in the *Contemporary Review*, as "an effort to express, not the peculiarities of any denomination, but those fundamental and essential truths which are common to all the great evangelical churches,—truths which both unite and transcend all our varieties of opinion."

The original draft of the catechism was made by the eminent Bible scholar, J. O. Dykes, D. D., principal of the Presbyterian College of Cambridge. This draft was three times carefully considered and revised, after which it was unanimously accepted by the committee appointed by the council. It is a statement of faith which embraces fifty questions and answers, and though many of the views are diametrically opposed to the tenets held by Unitarians and other liberal faiths,

it is a notable fact that the old emphasis on rite, form, and dogma is replaced by a higher conception of religion. A lofty spirituality dominates the catechism, and is fairly illustrated in these two definitions, one of God and the other of the Christian Church:

God is the one Eternal Spirit, Creator and Sustainer of all things; he is Love, boundless in wisdom and power, perfect in holiness and justice; in mercy and truth.

The church is described as follows:

It is that Holy Society of believers in Jesus Christ which he founded, of which he is the only Head, and in which he dwells by his Spirit; so that, though made up of many communions, organized in various modes, and scattered throughout the world, it is yet one in him.

As before observed, this creed is strictly evangelical; and yet I imagine there are few liberals who will not hail with pleasure the increasing co-operation of great groups of earnest men and women who have hitherto paralyzed their influence for good by warring against one another. To appreciate how great has been the religious revolution that has made such a statement of faith from such sources possible, it is only necessary to go back half a century and read of the various doctrinal fights which often convulsed whole neighborhoods and towns, arraying faction against faction, and creating anything but the spirit of brotherly love, while they necessarily wasted the power and influence of the church, which should have been spent in emphasizing the true life or developing a high, fine, and noble character.

The committee, in making its report, points out the fact that the various theo-

logians who have prepared the catechism "represent, directly and indirectly, the beliefs of not less than, and probably more than, sixty millions of avowed Christians in all parts of the world." This unanimous report of the accredited representatives of the Methodist, Baptist, Congrega-

tional, and Presbyterian fellowships of England is one of the most significant signs of the times in the religious world, and, as one of the leading Congregationalist papers observes, "It is a step toward greater church union and more complete Christian fellowship."

THE ADVENT OF THE MOTOR CARRIAGE

The progress of the past year in the field of invention has been very marked; especially has this been true of the progress made in electrical science, but as I hope at an early date to make a summary of important electrical inventions of recent years, I shall not touch upon them at present.

Perhaps the general introduction of the horseless carriage in France and other parts of continental Europe might be set down as one of the most important facts which have marked the march of invention in the domain of travel and transportation during the past twelve months. Of course these motor vehicles are not new, but it has been only during the past few years that they have been improved and perfected to such a degree as to make them of practical utility; and during the year 1898 they have come into such general use in France that one critical observer confidently predicts that in less than ten years the horse will have practically disappeared from communities possessing good roads. Some idea of the great popularity which the new vehicle has attained during the past four years is indicated from the statistics given at the Automobile Exhibition recently held in Paris, showing that to-day over \$150,000,000 are engaged in this new industry; and it is said that no less than two hundred thousand men are thus employed. A writer in one of the New York journals states that there are now more than three hundred firms throughout the world, all engaged solely in the manufacture of these vehicles, of which less than half a dozen are found in the United States; by which it will be seen that though we are usually the first to introduce inventions of practical utility, in this

instance we are laggards, while France leads the world. This writer claims:

An automobile will go in the most crowded thoroughfares three times as fast as the best horse, and more easily. A motor wagon may be driven on stretches of three hundred miles a day, without a single stop. If necessary, on the fuel it carries, and that at a speed which will average, on country roads, where there is not too much traffic to interfere, thirty and forty miles an hour. During the races from Paris to Amsterdam, the capital of Holland, many of the competing machines were driven, on favorable stretches of road, at the rate of fifty miles for several hours in succession. The Empire State Express of the New York Central goes but little faster.

One of the most valuable of the many valuable articles which have appeared in late issues of American and English periodicals, dealing with this interesting innovation, is found in the September *Cosmopolitan*; in which the writer, C. L. Barnard, after describing many of the new vehicles now to be seen in France,—from the motor tricycle to the large vans capable of carrying fifty passengers,—describes the popular front axle motor, "which," to use this author's words, "by an ingenious mechanism, can in less than forty minutes be adapted to any ordinary carriage."

Electricity is used to a certain extent in the cities, but for general use petroleum gas engines have proved more satisfactory. Some idea of the possibilities for travel afforded by these new carriages is gained from the fact that recently the Duchess d'Uzes drove her phaeton to different parts of France a distance of five hundred and fifty miles in one week, making three stops during the trip.

New York is following Paris. The coach line that runs on Fifth Avenue is

soon to be operated by motor carriages, and quite a number of horseless conveyances are now seen in the American metropolis. It is more than probable that in a few years the cost of the vehicles will be brought within the reach of hundreds of thousands of our people, and the fact that the expense attending their use is very small, while the speed is far greater than that of the fastest horse, will render their general introduction inevitable wherever there are good roads, while the growing demand for them will make good roads inevitable. Here, then, will be incidentally wrought a great blessing to the

people at large, but to the agricultural population in particular; for it would be difficult to overestimate the benefit and happiness sure to accrue to the farmers through the possession of uniformly good roads, leading from home to home, and to the centers of life and trade. The terrible isolation of farm life to-day, and the disadvantage at which the agricultural population is placed, owing to roads poor and in certain seasons almost impassable, are the great drawbacks to farm life. Good roads will help every one, but to the farmer they mean an invaluable boon.

HOW CONCILIATION MIGHT HAVE SAVED BLOODSHED IN THE PHILIPPINES

The claim is persistently put forth by the friends of the administration, that the conflict between the two peoples who so lately fought together against the Spanish tyranny was chiefly due to the attitude of statesmen like Senator Hoar, who boldly championed the cause of the Filipinos. This statement will hardly be accredited by the historians of the future. It will, in our judgment, be held that the administration was grievously at fault in not striving in every reasonable manner to draw the Filipinos into cordial relations, and arrange with the leaders for a government which should be under the protectorate of the United States for a term of years, while this republic should have charge of the custom receipts until reimbursed for the amount paid Spain; and also that the United States should be accorded such privileges, including coaling and supply stations, as were just, fair, and right in view of the aid and influence exerted by our republic in making possible the freedom of the islands. A clear-cut, straightforward programme, based on right and justice, and recognizing the great underlying fact of our own Declaration of Independence, should have been presented to the leading Filipinos to be submitted to their provisional government, or at least such a programme should

have been tentatively advanced. It seems to me that far-seeing statesmanship, actuated by the noble impulses which we have ever claimed to hold dear, could have done nothing less than this, and that in failing to do this the government of the United States was not true to her high trust as a leader of republican institutions and a defender of the rights of man.

Instead of pursuing such a course, the attitude of the administration was unyielding and uncompromising, if not arrogant. The importance of winning the affection and confidence of the people who had so manfully fought for their freedom seems to have been entirely overlooked by Mr. McKinley and his advisers; and through this error, not to say crime, a bloody war has been precipitated, which it is fair to suppose might have been averted had a Lincoln filled the presidential chair. It is true that the yellow patriots may have taken heart from the utterances of Senator Hoar and other statesmen who insisted on standing by the Golden Rule and the principles for which our fathers fought; but the fact will remain that in all probability there need never have been any strained relations between the republic and the Filipinos, had the lofty ideals of Washington and Jeffer-

son, and a noble sense of our position and responsibility as a leader of free government, controlled the administration.

Whatever the results of the present conflict may be, many years must pass ere the hatred and abhorrence which these half-

civilized people now feel for the stars and stripes disappear; and the remembrance that we did not at least strive, in a manly and honorable manner, to avert the clash of arms, will be a humiliating blot on the history of the closing years of our century.

GOVERNMENTAL OWNERSHIP OF THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE

Those of us who believe that the great public or quasi-public utilities should be owned and operated by the municipality, the state, or the national government, cannot fail to feel greatly encouraged at the growth of public sentiment in favor of governmental operation of the telegraph and the telephone as an extension of the excellent service of the post-office department. It has long been clear that permitting them to be operated by irresponsible companies and monopolies for private profit inevitably means that the public is compelled to pay exorbitant rates to meet interest and dividends on watered stock which is frequently made the plaything of unscrupulous gamblers. There has been a steady revolution in public sentiment in favor of governmental ownership of these monopolies since Mr. Wanamaker, while postmaster-general, made his determined stand in favor of this greatly needed reform.

I am rejoiced to note that the leading journals are one by one coming out more or less boldly in favor of this change. The New York Independent, which is undoubtedly one of the most influential weeklies in America, has recently spoken in no uncertain words for the principles of governmental ownership. In the issue of February 9th, in its editorial department, we find such utterances as the following:

The United States needs a telegraph cable from San Francisco to the Philippines by way of Honolulu. The need is greater now

than it was two weeks ago. . . . Possibly the navy department foresees that the government itself will put down this cable. It should be laid without delay, and the United States should own it.

And again:

What will our government do with the Porto Rico telegraph system after a territorial government shall have been set up in the island? It owns the wires now, and carries on the service through the agency of the signal corps. Will it sell the whole plant to the highest bidder, or will it decide to hold on and make this the first step toward national ownership of the telegraph? This is a most inviting opportunity to begin the work of adding the telegraph to the postal service, and the government should take advantage of it.

The valid reasons why the legitimate profits of the telegraph and telephone should be enjoyed by all the people far outweigh all the reasonable objections that are offered against a system which has proved so satisfactory in England and wherever the telegraph is owned and operated by the state. The importance of putting a check on that injurious form of brigandage which makes every person employing these public utilities pay a tariff on a fictitious valuation is becoming more and more obvious to thinking people; and an added reason for the change is found in the growing conviction among intelligent men and women that the craze for stock gambling is demoralizing legitimate business and weakening the moral fiber of the people.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

"HAND AND BRAIN."*

It would be difficult to find a volume of essays by a group of able thinkers in which the style and method of treatment of subjects are so unlike as in this valuable work. All the authors are friends of socialism, and indeed they embrace some of the ablest socialists of England; but the point of view of each is entirely different. The late poet, artist, and essayist, William Morris, discusses the socialist ideal in art. Mr. Morris held that the inequality of conditions as found in society today was incompatible with the existence of healthy art. He believed that under mutualism art would blossom along every highway of endeavor; that the makers of wares and furniture, no less than the builders of homes and temples, would carry their enthusiasm into their work, with the result that art—true art—would become one of the passions of industrial life. At the present time, Mr. Morris argues, "art is crippled and helpless amid a sea of utilitarian brutality;" but he believed that under the new order, to the advancement of which he gave the best hours of the closing years of his life, all this would be changed. William Morris was a born poet; he had the true artist soul; whatever he wrote was well written, but his language when he assailed the present order was often couched in vigorous Saxon, and the strongest expressions found in this volume are from the pen of the gifted author of "The Earthly Paradise."

The second essay is from the veteran scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, whose contributions to the theory of evolution are only second in value to those of Charles Darwin. Mr. Wallace is probably the greatest living naturalist; but, unlike most men who are pre-eminent in some special field of work, he has thought

broadly along many lines, and his new work, "The Wonderful Century," is one of the most noteworthy volumes issued in 1898. In his essay in the volume we are considering, Mr. Wallace advocates the colonization of land under the direction of State or county. He shows in theory what the co-operators of England are illustrating in fact,—how vast would be the advantage by association, and how such work would elevate manhood and bring about a healthier order of life.

Dr. Wallace is followed by Henry S. Salt, who, in a very readable paper, discusses the literature of socialism. In the opening paragraph he thus pays his respects to the melancholy prophets who imagine that socialism would ring the death-knell of literature:

The supposed incompatibility of socialism and literature is one of those gloomy prognostications which sometimes afflict the spirits of literary men. And it must be frankly admitted that, if there should prove to be any natural antagonism between the two, their collision would indeed be "very awkward" (to repeat George Stephenson's historic saying) for literature, since socialism is a moral and economic force which, once started, is not in the least likely to be deflected from its career. There is, however, good reason to believe that these anxieties are superfluous; the spread of socialistic principles does not imply the corresponding triumph of vandalism over culture, but rather the reverse; and an estimate of the probable effects of socialism on literature may tend to reassure those who see in the coming nationalization of letters a still more disquieting phenomenon than the nationalization of machinery and land.

Mr. Salt holds that modern life is unfavorable to a strong, virile, and wholesome literature. He argues this somewhat at length and with much skill. Mr. Morris, as we have seen, held that the present order was the enemy of healthy art. This position regarding literature Mr. Salt makes with equal persistence. He next proceeds to show how, in his judgment, under the socialistic regime a better condition would prevail.

*"Hand and Brain," a symposium of essays on socialism, by William Morris, Alfred Russel Wallace, Henry S. Salt, Grant Allen, Bernard Shaw, and Edward Carpenter. Printed on hand made paper; broad sides; rough kid back. Pp. 142. Price, \$2. Printed at the Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.

The fourth essay is from the pen of Grant Allen, a vigorous writer, who is rarely ever dull. He prefaces his paper with the observation that:

All men are by nature born free and unequal. Socialism is an endeavor to preserve and make the best of this natural inequality. I began with these obvious though neglected truths, because it is common to hear people who know nothing about the aims or methods of socialism assert that "socialists want to drag us all down to one dull dead level." No more grotesque misrepresentation of the socialist ideal could possibly be made; yet it has been made so often that most uninquiring minds have come to look upon it as an acknowledged fact. You have only to tell a lie often and loud enough for the world to accept it as a familiar truth.

Mr. Allen makes a strong plea for socialism, but his idea of socialism is very far from that of some socialists; and I imagine that, were he to attempt to elucidate his ideas before a gathering of the faithful, he would be bombarded with questions and frequently interrupted with observations.

The brightest and wittiest chapter, as one would naturally expect, is by Bernard Shaw, who has much to say in his inimitable manner on the illusions of socialism. The reader, however, must not imagine that the author is an enemy of the socialistic theory. Far from it. But he sees how powerfully illusions influence us throughout life, and how in socialism the illusions have a compelling influence over many minds, even among its most ardent apostles. I intend to make an extended quotation from Mr. Shaw's closing paragraph, as illustrating his peculiar style as well as because it presents his conclusions:

The double rampart of illusion is now complete. Socialism wins its disciples by presenting civilization to them as a popular melodrama, or as a Pilgrim's Progress through suffering, trial, and combat against the powers of evil to the bar of poetic justice with paradise beyond; by holding up its leaders as heroes, prophets, and seers; and by satisfying the intellectual curiosity and criticism which the picture arouses with a few links of logic held up and jingled as scientific formulæ. It is in such ways that the will of the world accomplishes itself. Out of the illusion of "the abolition of the wage system" we shall get steady wages for everybody, and finally discredit all other sources of income as disreputable. By the illusion of the downfall of capitalism we shall turn whole nations into joint stock companies; and our determination to annihilate the "bourgeoisie" will end in making every workman a

"bourgeois gentilhomme." By the illusion of democracy, or government by everybody, we shall establish the most powerful bureaucracy ever known on the face of the earth, and finally get rid of popular election, trial by jury, and all the other makeshifts of a system in which no man can be trusted with power. By the illusion of scientific materialism we shall make life more and more the expression of our thought and feeling, and less and less of our craving for more butter on our bread. But in the mean time we shall continue to make fools of ourselves; to make our journals by-words for slander and vituperation in the name of the fraternity; to celebrate the advent of universal peace by the most intemperate quarreling, to pose as uneducated men of the people while advancing claims to scientific infallibility which would make Lord Kelvin ridiculous; to denounce the middle class, to which we ourselves mostly belong; in short, to wallow in all the follies and absurdities of public life with the fullest conviction that we have attained a Pisgah region far above such Amalekitish superstitions. No matter; it has to be done in that way, or not at all. Only, please remember, still in the true Jevonian spirit, that the question is not whether illusions are useful or not, but exactly how useful they are. Up to a certain point, illusion—or, as it is commonly called by socialists, "enthusiasm"—is, more or less, precious and indispensable; but beyond that point it gives more trouble than it is worth; in Jevonese language, its utility becomes disutility. There are some socialists who, to put it plainly, are such fools that they do more harm than good, even in the roughest sort of preliminary propaganda. Others, more sensible, do excellent work as preachers and revivalists, but are nuisances when the formal political organization begins. Others, who can get as far as organizing an election without being disqualified by the vehemence of their partisanship, would, if elected themselves, be worse than useless as legislators and administrators. Others are good parliamentary orators and debaters, but bad committee men. As the work requires more and more ability and temper, it requires more and more freedom from the cruder illusions, especially those which dramatize one's opponents as villains and fiends, and more and more of that quality which is the primal republican material—that sense of the sacredness of life which makes a man respect his fellow without regard to his social rank or intellectual class. To such a man alone can equality have any sense or validity in a society where men differ from one another through an enormous compass of personal ability, from the peasant to the poet and philosopher. Perhaps to such a one alone it will be plain that a socialist may, without offense or arrogance, or the least taint of intentional cynicism, discourse as freely as I have done on the illusions of his own creed.

Edward Carpenter closes the symposium with a paper on the transition to freedom. In

the following paragraphs he outlines what he believes will be the first step:

We have supposed a whole people started on its journey by the lifting off of the burden of fear and anxiety; but in the long, slow ascent of evolution no sudden miraculous change can be expected; and for this reason alone it is obvious that we can look for no sudden transformation to the communist form. Peoples that have learned the lesson of "trade" and competition so thoroughly as the modern nations have—each man fighting for his own hand—must take some time to unlearn it. The sentiment of the common life, so long nipped and blighted, must have leisure to grow and expand again; and we must acknowledge that—in order to foster new ideas and new habits—an intermediate stage of collectivism will be quite necessary.

If I might venture, taking only the agencies which we see already around us at work, to sketch out how possibly the transitions to the free communistic state will be effected, it would be somewhat as follows:

In the first place, the immense growth of the unemployed—which is so marked a feature of the day, and which is due to the monopoly of land and machinery in the hands of the few—is going before long to force the hand of the government to the development of big industrial schemes, and to the socialization, in some degree, of land and machinery. While at the same time the rolling up of companies into huge and huger trusts is going to make all such transfers of industry to public control daily more obviously necessary and more easy to effect.

On the other hand, the trades-unions and co-operative societies, by rapid development of productive as well as distributive industries, by the interchange of goods with each other on an ever-growing scale, and possibly by the adoption of a currency of their own, will be bringing about a similar result. They will create a society in which enormous wealth will be produced and handled, not for the profit of the few, but for the use of the many; a voluntary collectivism working within and parallel with the official collectivism of the state. As this double collectivism grows and spreads, profit-grinding will more and more cease to be a lucrative profession. The spread of employment and the growing security of a good wage, combined with the extraordinary cheapening of production, owing to machinery, etc., which is already taking place, will bring about a kind of general affluence, or at least absence of poverty. The unworthy fear which haunts the hearts of nine-tenths of the population, the anxiety for the beggarly elements of subsistence, will pass away or fade in the background, and with it the mad nightmarish competition and the bitter struggle of men with each other. Even the sense of property itself will be alleviated. To-day the institution of property is

like a cast-iron railing against which a human being may be crushed, but which still is retained because it saves us from falling into the gulf. But to-morrow, when the gulf of poverty is practically gone, the indicating line between one person and another need run no harsher than an elastic band.

It is this general rise in well-being due to the next few years of collectivist development which will, I believe, play the part of the good fairy in the transformation-scene of modern society. With the dying-out of fear and grinding anxiety, and the undoing of the frightful tension which to-day characterizes all our lives, society will spring back nearer to its normal form of mutual help. People will wake up with surprise, and rub their eyes, to find that they are under no necessity of being other than human.

This volume is one of the most readable popular compilations on the various aspects of socialism which have appeared. It is well calculated to interest those who know little of socialistic progress, though it is in no sense a treatise on the theory of socialism. It is printed in the high style of book-making art which has already made Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Shop famous on two continents.

"A MOONSHINER'S SON."*

This story deals with the fortunes of a boy whose father is a moonshiner in the mountains of Tennessee. One night the outlaws were run down by the government officials. The father is killed and the child is thrust upon the world. His lot for a time is very hard. He is suspected of theft, but is exonerated; and the man who had him arrested becomes his friend and protector, taking him into his employ, where his faithfulness leads to promotion, and ultimately to his ownership of the mill in which he has worked for years. There are many strong scenes, many temptations and hardships encountered before the lad becomes a man and owner of a large property. Of the many lives which enter into that of the boy, and are in turn influenced by him, we have not time or space to speak. The volume is at once of absorbing interest and thoroughly wholesome. It is not as great a work as "The Valley Path," but has more elements of popularity for general story readers, especially those who are young, than has the strong, sad story which contributed so much to Miss Dromgoole's reputation.

*"A Moonshiner's Son," by Will Allen Dromgoole; illustrated by F. A. Carter. Cloth; pp. 338. Philadelphia, the Penn Publishing Co.

LILIAN WHITING'S LATEST WORLD
BEAUTIFUL BOOK.*

I know of no volumes of sermons published in recent years which are so well fitted to uplift the reader, and inspire all that is finest and best in his nature, as are the series of essays entitled "The World Beautiful," by Lillian Whiting. The author, while carrying home to the consciousness of her readers the most exalted ethics, also infuses them with that spiritual enthusiasm which is frequently lacking in moral philosophy when unaccompanied by dogmatic theology. She stimulates faith, and what is more, reinforces it with those evidences of the verity of life after death which recent researches are more and more clearly establishing, and which the critical and skeptical attitude of our age demands. She is at once intuitional and rational. A deeply spiritual quality makes her writings appeal to the heart, while, by avoiding the common mistakes of religious teachers who ignore the evidences which modern psychical research offers, she places herself among the twentieth-century teachers of the higher life. This gives to her book a value that it would be difficult to overestimate. I can conceive of few things that could be more permanently beneficial to the young than the careful perusal of these "World Beautiful" books.

The third book of the series has recently appeared, and I think it exceeds in value and interest, if that be possible, the two preceding volumes. It is divided into five principal divisions, as follows: "The World Beautiful," "The Rose of Dawn," "The Encircling Spirit World," "The Ring of Amethyst," "Paradise Gloria." Under these general divisions we have a number of subjects relating to the larger life of our time,—to this world and the other life, the realization of our highest ideals and the fruition of life,—set forth in a manner which cannot fail to appeal to every serious and spiritually-minded nature. This happy treatment of life's most solemn questions, by one who is at once highly intuitional and yet thoroughly rational, can best be illustrated by a quotation from the first chapter of the

work, in which some of the most precious and luminous utterances of the New Testament are followed by a critical discussion of the problem of immortality in the light of modern science. It is only possible to make some fragmentary quotations, but I trust they will serve to illustrate the author's method of treatment.

Now, if there is about us, like an atmosphere, another realm interpenetrating our own and in the closest relation of magnetic interchange with our world,—one with which we are in a perpetual condition of action and reaction, one whose inhabitants are our friends who have just left us, in that mysterious way whose nature has, for ages, arrested the attention of man, and which the Christ came that he might make known to us,—if this theory is a true one, is it not a fact of tremendous importance, of fairly overwhelming magnitude? Does it not, indeed, rearrange and readjust all our preconceived conceptions of life?

The accepted Christian faith has largely been the belief in the immortality of the soul through faith in Jesus,—the conviction that there was, in some mysterious and unrevealed way, a principle in man that survived the death of the body, and that, when parted from it, was taken into nearer relations with God; but how, or where, was unrevealed and vague. The only possible consolation to the bereaved was the belief that when this mysterious change also came to them they would probably, somewhere in God's vast universe, rejoin their beloved. But all was mysterious and incomprehensible. Saint Paul keenly felt the mystery. "With what body do they come?" he asked. "How are the dead raised up?" And then with his illumined intelligence he answered: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. . . . It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. . . . As we have borne the image of the earthy we shall bear the image of the heavenly."

The tender, beautiful assurances of Jesus have been the stay and comfort of all humanity.

"Let not your heart be troubled; . . . I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go I will come again and receive you unto myself. . . . I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. . . . If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love. . . . I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world and go to the Father."

And how Jesus gave to us the assurance of joy; the positive promise that all will be well; that the heart need not be troubled! "These things have I spoken unto you," he said, "that your joy might be full," and

*"The World Beautiful," third series, by Lillian Whiting. Cloth. Pp. 246. Price, \$1.00. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

again he counsels to "ask and receive that your joy may be full." Well, indeed, may Whittier say:

I know not of his hate; I know
His wisdom and his love.

Such is the incalculable power of the mystic assurances of Jesus that it is impossible for any conceivable form of sorrow or suffering not to be signally comforted and strengthened, and caught away to experiences of faith, in any reading the remarkable chapters from which these words are taken. Indeed, so all-sufficing is the simple faith in Christ, unattended by theory, or explanation, or larger comprehension, that it is always possible to say of it alone that it is sufficient for our pilgrimage here. It is truly so.

Yet even as a child to whom the one realization of the mother's love amply sufficeth, but who, as he grows older, enters into a more intelligent comprehension of the nature of that love, so may not humanity after the gathered experience of centuries enter on a larger comprehension of the spiritual laws which Jesus perfectly understood, but which he could not then unfold? "I have many things to say," he asserted; "but ye cannot bear them now." Could the child in the kindergarten bear the knowledge unfolded in the college class-room? Science attests to us the ascent of the race. Individuals in advance of their time, as was Saint Paul, there have always been; but so interlinked is humanity that the great general advance is only made, as we see by history, from age to age, by the race as a whole. Is it not, then, conceivable that, on this eve of the twentieth century, humanity, as the heir of all the ages, has achieved the degree of spiritual quality which makes possible for it to receive a larger knowledge and to grasp a wider explanation of the divine law governing the relation between the seen and the unseen? Science and psychic study seem to support this hypothesis.

Professor Tyndall asserted in a learned address shortly before his death that science would have entirely to recast its conceptions of matter. Modern science is leading us into a region where the miracle of the preceding century becomes the ordinary occurrence of the next; when the mere projection of fancy fifty years ago is the utilized effort of the immediate present. Forty years ago Prof. Moses G. Farmer—that noble man whose character and whose achievements have left an impression on the age—lighted his house in Elliot, Maine, with electricity; and the neighbors looked on and remarked how interesting it was as an experiment, although, of course, they added, it had no practical use. To-day electricity is our light and motor, and—most marvelous of all—there are more than hints upon the air that this mysterious energy may be used in the

transmission of thought without the present mechanism that now serves that end; that wonderful dream of wireless telegraphy is now fast assuming the proportions of an accomplished fact.

In the year of the Queen's accession to the throne Mrs. Somerville wrote of the dark lines seen in the spectroscopic, "We are still ignorant of the cause of these rayless bands." In the year of the Queen's Jubilee—sixty years later—man comes to analyze, weigh, and measure the stars. He has discovered that the same elements that compose the earth—iron, hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, et cetera—enter into the composition of the celestial bodies. The scientific imagination and persistence of research led the way; the scientific discoveries followed.

The higher duty, the solemn responsibility, indeed, of man is to read the riddle of the universe. He is placed in the midst of marvels, but he has implanted within him powers and faculties whose design is to lead him into larger knowledge.

The same methods that render scientific progress possible render psychic progress also possible. What could have seemed more absolutely out of the reach of man than the discovery of the chemical composition of the heavenly bodies? Yet they are found to be composed of the same elements as our earth. Likewise—reasoning from analogy—the spiritual world is the abode of beings like ourselves, only that they are in a higher state of evolution. Our psychic faculties are the same as theirs: therefore, it is given to us to bridge over the difference in degree, and apprehend their nature, their methods of life, the conditions that form their environment. Shall man measure and weigh a distant star, and then assert that it is from the very nature of the case impossible that he should learn to know the constitution of the entire sidereal universe? Is not the larger truth, rather, that man, made in the image of the Divine, potentially the Divine being, is formed to extend his discoveries still further and further into the very nature of the universe which must include such vast realms of the unseen?

The high ethical spirit that pervades the volume is illustrated in the following brief closing paragraph of the book, which from cover to cover is filled with fine and uplifting thought,—thought which cannot fail to make the reader better:

The immortal self of man "implores something beautiful" on which to live, cries out unceasingly for its spiritual food of thought and purpose and love and high endeavor. The secret of all hope and happiness, the key to all achievement that is of value,

the claim to the inheritance of immortality even, lies in the degree to which this spiritual self may be developed and made the dominant power fully realized in the outer and temporal personality in that it takes complete control and assumes supreme ascendancy, even here, in the life on earth,—as it shall hold hereafter in its progress toward the Divine, in its union with God, in its life eternal in the Paradisa Gloria.

This is a twentieth-century little volume, and deserves the widest possible circulation. I am much mistaken if these "World Beautiful" works do not grow in popularity among thoughtful and deeply religious people as the months pass, for they seem to me to be luminous with the vital religious thought that will prevail in the oncoming years.

SONGS FROM THE WINGS.*

A few years ago I had occasion to review Miss Minnie Gilmore's novel, "The Woman Who Stood Between," a work of fiction characterized by extraordinary strength, and in which, through the employment of individuals, the author thinly veiled a vivid characterization of the most tragic conditions in modern social life.

Recently Miss Gilmore has published a volume of verse, entitled "Songs from the Wings." The first poem is a tender and touching tribute to the memory of her father, the great band leader, Patrick S. Gilmore, whose untimely death has cast a deep and lasting shadow over the daughter's life.

The volume contains over fifty unpretentious poems, which, however, when taken as a whole form a remarkable work, depicting with realistic fidelity almost every phase of life and almost every ruling emotion known to the heart and head of the actor. Now this all-pervading intelligence, feeling, or penetration which enables an author to lay bare the inner life,—the hopes, dreams, aspirations, the strength and weakness, the fears and joys,—while portraying the lights and shadows, the bloom and blight of life, as witnessed among the denizens of the mimic world no less than the larger world around us, suggests the universality of concept which characterizes genius, and which found its most perfect

exemplification in the writings of Shakespeare, where we find every emotion known to the human heart in all ages and all stages,—from childhood to age, from king and cardinal to grave-digger and jester, from Desdemona to Lady Macbeth, from Hamlet, Lear, Shylock, and Othello to the simple shepherd lads, the artless maidens, and the slow-witted slaves,—reflected as faithfully as if the dramatist himself was for the moment the person he represents.

Another notable characteristic of this volume is the author's unconcern for the conventional in depicting, or for the moment representing, life. She perfectly reflects the thought of the one described, and yet while doing this she is unconsciously at heart a preacher, which makes her work unique, being true to life and yet sternly moral; but of this I shall have more to say presently. In the part of the work entitled "Prologue," we have some charming lines. Take, for example, the following two stanzas from the poem entitled "The Play of Life:"

"All the world's a stage!"
Its play is Life.
Men and women wage
Its human strife.
Some win valiantly,
While others lose;
Loss or victory
Is ours to choose.
None for hero-parts,
Are cast by Fate,—
None for rival arts
Of love and hate.
Man, his fate controls;
No Kismet-rod
Rules the free-will'd souls
Of sons of God!

Whence has come the plot,—
And who designed
Parts as polyglot
As human kind?
Heaven's own, must be
The play that shrines
Immortality
Within its lines!—
Infinite its roles
For finite cast;
One for all our souls,
From first to last.
Child and woman; aye,
And youth, and man,—
Each has a part to play
In God's vast plan!

The restlessness and feeling of incompleteness that sometimes sweep over the heart of the actor who longs for the sweets

*"Songs from the Wings," by Minnie Gilmore. Cloth. Pp. 218. Price, \$1.25. New York, F. Tennyson Neely.

of quiet home life, is well shadowed forth in a little creation entitled "When all is done," from which the following is an extract:

Oh, envy us not our mimic thrones
In our kingdom between the wings!
You men with your wives and little ones
Are the real and only kings!
The service of art is shared with none,
When we strive for her highest stakes,—
Yet "What is it all when all is done,"
If the heart of the man still aches?

With great power Miss Gilmore strikes time and again at the blighting influence flowing from the money of conscienceless men, which leads too frequently to the tragedy of all tragedies, and which degrades art while it destroys virtue. Here are some lines which illustrate one phase of this crying evil:

I knew it! He and his millions hold
The manager in their snares of gold.

And I defied him; while she was wise,—
My "sub,"—the girl with a baby's eyes!

And this is honor! And this is art!—
To make the drama a human mart,—

And shut the door in the artist's face,
While reckless beauty usurps her place.

Enough! My exit I make in truth;—
The curtain falls on the dreams of youth,—

Whose art was holy, whose men were pure,—
Ideals all, that do not endure!

A nobler stage, by God's grace, awaits
The actress spurned from art's laureled gates.

A stage where woman may star in part
That glows with roses for hand and heart:—

The highest part for a woman's life;—
In Love's sweet drama,—the role of Wife!

And in another poem in which the answer of a young woman is given to the advances of one of the moral lepers of society, we have these words:

A talisman I have, Monsieur,
Resisting all your arts;
Insuring me a life-success
In Virtue's stellar parts;
Invincible, when men like you
With tempting love and lucre woo.
You doubt me? Look, then! 'Tis no other
Than just this picture of my Mother.

O'er fair young womanhood, Monsieur,
A thousand swords suspend.
A lover ev'ry man would be;

The stranger, with the friend.—
I face, unfearful, love's vast snare,
By virtue of the pure white hair,
The tender smile that dims all other,—
The soft "God bless you," of my Mother!

I would not fall her faith, Monsieur:
Nor summon, e'en by stealth,
One blush to burn her cheek and heart,
For fame, or love, or wealth.
The blight of sin, the soil of shame,
Shall never mock her honest name.
No laurels, no kisses smother
The love that keeps me true to Mother.

The largest part of the volume is entitled "With Bohemia's Many," and depicts the brighter side of Bohemian life; while a small division, occupying less than thirty pages, is entitled "With Bohemia's Few," and here the author portrays the life of abandon where virtue is thrown to the wind. Here are songs of passion and pseudo-pleasure, through whose lines, however, is heard the hollow, mocking laugh of despair. These poems are extremely tragic. Some, it is true, reflect the artificial laugh of simulated joy as one might hear it on the threshold of the descent; but even here, over the clink of the glass and the mad swirl of the dance, the author succeeds in conveying the impression of the transient character of all that suggests pleasure, and the essentially somber character of the whole tragedy whose opening scenes are played as a farce. And in juxtaposition to the mad song of revel comes the frightful aftermath, as portrayed in such powerful poems as "A Fallen Angel" and "A Stage Magdalen." A tragedy which is sternly moral, and carries home lessons of great importance, is entitled "A Living Picture." It contains these suggestive lines:

Such is the love of woman; single, yet vast
In groove!
Knowing beyond it, nothing;—nothing below,
above:—
Heaven and Earth and Hades all in her
human love!

See that your soul takes warning; see that
your heart takes heed;—
You who are man and master, idol of some
girl's creed,—
What you are dealing to her, tested by her
soul's need!

God is the woman's Maker. When she is
marr'd by men,
Think not they stand forth scathless, cheat-
ing the Father's ken!
God deals the man the measure man deals
the Magdalen.

This part of the book has been savagely criticised as immoral, while as a matter of fact it is, in my judgment, the most severely moral division of the volume. It is quite obvious that Miss Gilmore, in order to be true to her purpose, could not ignore the sadder side of stage life. Had she done so, she would have given us but a partial appearance; and more than that, she would have handed us the roses without warning us of the thorns. In "With Bohemia's Few" she properly reflects the different emotions that are experienced by the ill-starred lives as they descend into the cavern along a pathway over which virtue casts no ray of light; and while doing this she impressively emphasizes the inevitable end, the frightful tragedy that confronts those who turn from the path of virtue, while with still greater power she unmasks the essential infamy of those who lure the weak to ruin. Thus, whether she is conscious of the fact or not, she in reality becomes a stern teacher of austere morality, while giving to all her sisters on the stage the double warning which shows where lurks the greatest peril, and the starless night that awaits those who listen to passion's feverish words. The volume closes with a beautiful little waltz entitled "An Epitaph," from which I take these verses:

Of him in life, who now is dead,
"Fanatic! Bigot! Fool!" we said.
Because he sought the far ideal,
While we were following the real.

By creeds divine, that wise men mock,
His simple soul stood like a rock;
And duty's stress, and virtue's strife,
With art's pure service shared his life.

The ways of sin, that base men love,
He passed unsullied as a dove;
Revering, in his child-like heart,
His manhood holy as his art.

He trampled self's seductive flame,
And man's and artist's name and fame
Devoted to the common good
Of struggling human brotherhood.

Miss Gilmore possesses the true poet's soul. This is seen in her prose writings

quite as markedly as in her verse. Indeed, I think she reaches greater heights in the flights of her imagination when unfettered by the demands of rhyme; but each of her works reveals imagination and dramatic power of a high order. I believe she will make a permanent place in literature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Wonderful Century, Its Successes and Failures," by Alfred Russel Wallace. Cloth. Pp. 400. Price, \$2.50. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The Poems of Richard Realf," edited by Col. Richard J. Hinton. 12mo. Cloth; deckle edges. Price, \$2.50. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"Hawaii, Our New Possessions," by John R. Musick. Illustrated; 56 full-page plates and map of Hawaiian Islands. Pp. 536. Price, \$2.50. Cloth, stamped in gold and colors. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"The Best of Browning," by Rev. James Mudge, D. D. Cloth. Pp. 252. Price, \$1.00. New York, Eaton & Mains.

"The Imperial Republic," by James C. Fernald, with five maps. Cloth. Pp. 192. Price, 75 cents. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"Merrie England," by Robert Blatchford. Papers. Pp. 190. Price, 10 cents. Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co.

"How to Hypnotize," by Sydney Flower. Paper. Pp. 29. Price, 10 cents. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"The Outlook for the Artisan and his Art," by J. Pickering Putnam, architect. Paper. Pp. 64. Price, 10 cents. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"The Last War; or, The Triumph of the English Tongue," by S. W. Odell. Paper. Pp. 162. Price, 25 cents. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand," by C. W. Wooldridge, M. D. Paper. Pp. 74. Price, 10 cents. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"Education during Sleep," by Sydney Flower, LL. D. Paper. Pp. 30. Price, 10 cents. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"The Secret of the Rothschilds," by Mary C. Hobart. Paper. Pp. 89. Price, 10 cents. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"Uncle Ike's Ideas," by George McA. Miller. Paper. Pp. 64. Price, 10 cents. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

"Sermons from Shakespeare," by William Day Simonds. Cloth. Pp. 110. Chicago, Alfred C. Clark.

"Imperialism and the Tracks of Our Forefathers," by Charles Francis Adams. Paper. Pp. 338. Boston, Dana Estes & Co.

"The Road to Sketching from Nature," by C. P. Zaner. Over fifty sketches. Cloth. Price, \$1.25. Published by the Zanerian Art College, Columbus, Ohio.

OUR MONTHLY CHAT

OUR EASTER NUMBER.

In this issue we seek to emphasize the spirit of Easter. Special attention is called to Mrs. Reifsnider's thoughtful paper relating to this season. In Professor du Buy's excellent discussion dealing with the teachings of Jesus as they relate to the true life, we have a luminous exposition of the truth which should be brought home to the innermost consciousness of every Christian. This paper is the first of a series of five dealing with the teachings of the great Nazarene, which are to appear in *The Coming Age*. No earnest seeker after the higher truth can afford to miss one of these profoundly thoughtful and highly spiritual discussions. "Humane Education for the Young," by Ralph Waldo Trine, is another helpful paper which appears most appropriately at the Easter-tide; and in our discussion of "The Redemptive Power of Love" we have further sought to carry home to the hearts of our readers the lesson of lessons which society as well as individuals must learn before the gift of true wisdom can be ours.

OUR CONVERSATIONS.

This month we JOAQUIN MILLER present three more conversations by eminent men who are specialists in the fields of thought with which they deal. Joaquin Miller, the world-famed poet, essayist, and traveler, discusses several subjects which are pertinent at the present time. His description of the frozen north and the tropical islands of Hawaii is graphic and instructive.

THE MAYOR OF Mayor Samuel M. TOLEDO. Jones, of Toledo, furnishes the second of our series of discussions with progressive mayors of American municipalities, which was opened by Mayor Quincy's admirable conversation in our Jan-

uary issue. Mayor Jones will be followed by the Mayor of Haverhill.

DR. LORIMER. Our third conversation is by Dr. Lorimer, and treats of a subject of special interest to evangelical Christians. The federated church work in Boston has come to mean much, and will doubtless become more and more effective along social lines, as there is a growing disposition among progressive ministers to deal in a practical way with the questions which relate to the comfort and happiness of the weak, the poor, and the unfortunate.

MR. MALLOY'S PAPER ON EMERSON.

Great interest is being manifested in Mr. Malloy's delightful series of essays on "The Poetry of Emerson." His keen intellectual penetration, and the profound sympathy which he entertained for the great poet and philosopher, enable Mr. Malloy to handle his subject in such a manner as to make it of real value to all lovers of Emerson.

PROFESSOR LLOYD'S PAPER.

Few chemists or working scientists in America enjoy so wide or well merited a reputation as Professor John Uri Lloyd. His contributions to the literature of his profession have been recognized by scientists and learned men in Europe as well as America. Like Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Professor Lloyd has gained a brilliant reputation as a novelist. His "Etidorpha" is probably the most fascinating, as it certainly is the most original, psychical romance of our generation. In this issue of *The Coming Age* Professor Lloyd contributes a very interesting paper entitled, "Do Physicians and Pharmacists Live on the Misfortunes of Humanity?" His article was suggested by a query propounded in a western medical journal. Our readers will be pleased to know that Professor Lloyd will contribute to *The Coming Age* from time to time.

THE KING'S TOUCH.

Few essayists of our day possess the happy faculty of investing any subject with a charm such as that which characterizes the writings of Henry Wood. In his hand the most recondite subjects become luminous and intelligible to the busy reader, but I have seldom known Mr. Wood to be so thoroughly at home as in his engaging and suggestive paper which appears this month, entitled "The King's Touch." It will be enjoyed by all who read it.

MR. TODD'S PAPER.

Our second installment of the suggestive matter written by Mr. W. G. Todd, and entitled "A Contribution to the Study of Psychological Phenomena," is unavoidably crowded out this month, but will appear in our May number.

CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENTS IN AMERICA.

We have for some time had in mind the preparation of a series of papers dealing with various co-operative experiments in the old world and the new. This series was introduced by my discussion of Mr. Lloyd's work on "Copartnership in England," and this month we publish the first of a series of papers dealing with co-operative experiments in America. Miss Helen J. Wescott, who personally visited the new co-operative colony of Equality, in the State of Washington, is well qualified to write this paper, as she is deeply interested in social problems, and, being a member of the Boston bar, has that intellectual training which enables her to view the scope and ideals of the workers in a broad and intelligent manner, while entertainingly writing of the scenes which she visited.

HUMANE EDUCATION FOR THE YOUNG.

In this issue we publish the fourth contribution to our series of discussions on the new ideals in educational development. Mr. Butterworth's excellent paper on "The Democracy of Childhood," Professor Dutton's clear presentation of facts concerning the new education, and Mr. Herzberg's plea for ethical development are now supplemented by a most helpful contribution by the well-

known author of "In Tune with the Infinite" and other suggestive volumes. The Coming Age desires to place the highest, best, and most inspiring as well as practical ideals before its readers. The home and the school are closely in touch, and no right-thinking person can fail to be deeply interested in that which so intimately concerns his child's future and the destiny of society and the state. That broader education being carried on outside of the schools is a most significant sign of our times. In our next issue will be given a conversation by Professor Dutton on "The Work of the Brookline Educational Society," which will be of real value to public-spirited men and women in every community.

THE POEMS OF MR. EDGERTON.

I wish to make special mention of the admirable work of Mr. Edgerton, the young western poet whose fine thought in excellent verse has appeared from month to month in *The Coming Age*. Mr. Edgerton breathes the spirit of the twentieth century. He is full of faith in the future and deeply interested in the welfare of all his fellow-men. He has done valiant service in the battle for justice. I can only compare his work to that of the universally loved poet, James G. Clark. In the work of both we see the strong reform spirit, coupled with a lofty faith and a quickened spiritual perception, which always enables a writer to view life in its larger aspects and thus pervade his thought with a noble optimism, even while battling against giant wrongs.

PROFESSOR BUCHANAN ON THE NEW EDUCATION.

It is with great pleasure that I announce as a feature of our next issue a paper from the venerable savant, Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, on "The New Education." Many years ago it was my good fortune to meet this profound thinker and noble soldier of progress, and no words and thoughts have been found so helpful as those of Dr. Buchanan. His "Moral Education," afterward enlarged and published as "The New Education," had just been issued. For the first time education appeared in its true relation to life, that is, the new education which the world so needed, but which it had never enjoyed. From a careful perusal of

that work I turned to other writings by this savant, from all of which, as well as from his lectures, and his ever wise counsel, benefits were derived which have proved of inestimable value. Our readers will be deeply interested in the thoughtful utterances of this aged sage, whose life has been given to the advancement of science and the uplifting and the happiness of his fellow-men.

SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PROGRESS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Our book study this month deals with one group of facts presented by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in his remarkably brilliant work on "The Wonderful Century." It is our purpose to make these book studies interesting and instructive to our readers, but it is manifestly impossible to discuss in the compass of a single paper, even a major division of a volume like the one under consideration this month. We shall therefore confine ourselves to the important advances made, especially in inventive skill, and to touch, as far as possible, on the scientific work of the present century.

Next month's paper will deal with Hawaii. Our new possessions are naturally interesting our people at present, but many have not the time to devote to the rather elaborate works concerning them. Our study will be based on the excellent and extended description of the Hawaiian group by Mr. John R. Musick, and some idea of the character of the paper may be gleaned from the following sub-heads: The 18th of July, 1898; Facts About Hawaii; Fruits, Nuts, and Berries; Principal Industries; Facilities for Transportation and Conveyance of Thought; Education; The Shadow on the Face of the Sun; Population and Facts About the Natives; Scenery; The Political Revolution and the Aftermath.

OLD TOUGH-HEART.

Miss Dromgoole is seen at her best in the very strong and interesting story which we publish this month. There is probably no writer of the present time who labors more unceasingly than this little woman, who throws her whole life into her work. We understand that she has a new book now in press. Her work is in great demand be-

cause it is true to life, and at the same time so full of human interest that it appeals to the popular heart. Her next story will deal with negro life, a subject which she is particularly competent to treat.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THE COMING AGE.

The reception of *The Coming Age* in all parts of the country is most gratifying. Below are a few of innumerable good words:

B. O. Flower has a great idea in his new magazine, *The Coming Age*. The discussions are not only able but entertaining, and the literary feast is dished up in an appetizing fashion, zest being added by the sauce of a modern and bright style. It will be read by all intelligent thinkers, especially those of radical tendencies.—Cambridge (Mass.) Press.

The progressive reading portion of our population will certainly hail with delight the advent of a new magazine flying B. O. Flower at the masthead. Its name is "*The Coming Age*," and no name could be more significant, for those who travel with Mr. Flower are certainly in the coming age. He is a leader of advance thought and fearless in his advocacy of what he considers wise and right.—Rocky Mountain Druggist.

The constructive character of *The Coming Age* is very noticeable in the March issue. In the symposium on "Peace and Progress" Mary A. Livermore, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, and Ernest H. Crosby urge universal disarmament on the grounds of wisdom, humanity, morality, and economic progress. Another strong feature which makes for brotherhood is Dr. Lorimer's brilliant historical paper entitled "The World's Indebtedness to the Jew." "Music in Relation to the Spiritual," by Professor Daniel Batchelor, of Philadelphia, is an inspiration in itself, and Mr. James A. Herne's thoughtful and optimistic paper on "The Present Outlook for the American Drama," Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider's interesting contribution on "The Railway Department of the Y. M. C. A.," and Mr. Flower's stirring editorial on "The Supreme Duty which Confronts Us," are papers which cannot fail to broaden the vision and refresh the souls of our readers.—Spy, Worcester, Mass.

OUR HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

A professor in one of the colleges writes: "I am especially interested in the Health Department, so ably conducted by Mrs. Reifsnider. It is full of the very kind of information which the people need. I regard it as one of the most valuable features of

the magazine." This voices the sentiment of our readers, as is shown by our correspondence. There are few subjects so vitally important to everybody as knowledge concerning right living. If we have healthy bodies we are in a condition to accomplish much. In our Health Department the facts given are based on practical results obtained after long years of scientific experiment. This department alone is worth more, to persons who appreciate the importance of keeping well, than the subscription price of The Coming Age.

SOME FORTHCOMING CONVERSATIONS.

Among those whose conversations are promised for early issues of The Coming Age are Edward Everett Hale; Rev. Edward A. Horton, President of the Benevolent Fraternity of Unitarian Churches; Miss Will Allen Dromgoole; Professor Samuel T. Dutton; and Mayor Chase, of Haverhill.

A FEW FEATURES OF OUR MAY AND JUNE NUMBERS.

"A Study of Social Evolution," by Rev. Burt Howard Estes. This is a paper of great brilliancy, which will appeal to all thinking people. "The Social Ethics of Jesus," and "The Individual Ethics of Jesus," two papers by Prof. Jean du Buy; the third and fourth papers on "The Poems of Emerson," by Charles Malloy; "The New Education," by the venerable Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D., author of "The New Education," "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," etc. "A Contribution to the Study of Psychical Phenomena," by W. G. Todd; "The Church and Social Problems," by Rev. Robert E. Bisbee; "The Present Aspect of Experimental Psychology," by Professor E. M. Weyer, Ph. D. (Leipzig); "The Church and the Slums," by Rev. Everett D. Burr; "An Unappreciated Scottish Genius," by Andrew Cross.

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Charles Mallory

THE COMING AGE

VOL. I

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No. 5



CONVERSATIONS

I.—THE STATE AND THE CITIZEN, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO
MUNICIPAL PROGRESS, BY HON. J. C. CHASE.

II.—THE BROOKLINE EDUCATION SOCIETY, BY S. T. DUTTON.

I.—THE STATE AND THE CITIZEN, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO MUNIC- IPAL PROBLEMS

BY HON. J. C. CHASE, MAYOR OF HAVERHILL, MASS.

The Hon. J. C. Chase is the first avowed socialist to be elected to the highest municipal office by the voters of an American city. Hence his views as set forth in the following suggestive conversation are of special interest. Mr. Chase is a simple, earnest American citizen, profoundly concerned for the well-being of the units and the state. He is a fine type of a rapidly growing body of thinkers who hold that manhood should be placed above money, and that the interests of society should be held as more important than the profits of a special class.—Editor of *The Coming Age*.]

Q. Will you give our readers the principal reasons which lead you to favor municipal ownership of such natural

monopolies as pertain to the municipality, such, for example, as electric lighting and street railways?

A. My principal reason is that, whenever a municipality takes from the hands of private individuals any public utility and assumes its operation in its corporate capacity, it is asserting and exemplifying the principle of socialism, and, so far as that particular function is concerned, applying the principle which I believe must be applied to all productive and distributive enterprises, namely, collective ownership and management. By socializing electric lighting and street railways we are

getting so much nearer the co-operative commonwealth, where all industries which minister to the wants of humanity will be owned and operated by the people, in their collective capacity, for the welfare of all instead of for the aggrandizement of a few.

Another reason is that the municipality, under municipal ownership, saves for its citizens that amount of profit which now goes into the coffers of private corporations, and enables it to insure to its citizens cheaper service and to its employees better conditions.

Q. It is often argued that municipal ownership would increase ring rule and municipal corruption. Do you not think that more is to be feared from the corrupt influence of great corporations operating these quasi-public franchises than from the servants of the people, who are directly responsible to the citizens for their actions?

A. I answer most emphatically that municipal ownership would not increase ring rule and municipal corruption. I know from actual experience in my own city that there is more danger of corrupting influences from corporations than from the servants of the people. There is seldom a case of corruption which does not come from the desire of some one to get special privileges in the form of valuable franchises. Do away with these powerful private corporations, and you remove the power that corrupts our legislators.

Q. Will you tell us something about the results attending municipal ownership in Great Britain?

A. The results attending municipal ownership in Great Britain are remarkable. London being the capital not only of the British Empire, but in some sense also of the world, its experiences are of universal interest and importance. Fully to understand the growth of municipal enterprise in London requires a study of what London was and what it is now. In it the new forces of urban life are at work in most significant ways. It is slowly but surely evolving municipal institutions to meet its peculiar needs. Its population is waking up to a sense of unity, and to a new perception of great things to be ac-

complished through united municipal action for the common welfare.

It is only lately that the people of advanced industrial nations have learned to accept the fact that life in cities, under artificial conditions, must be the lot of the great majority, that it is the business of society to adapt the urban environment to the needs of the population, and that city life should not be an evil or a misfortune for any class. The masses of the people in London are rising to some comprehension of these truths, and they are clamoring for social reform. The immediate future of London is fraught with magnificent possibilities. From the extreme of chaos, disorganization, and uncontrolled freedom of individual action, it is not impossible that the great metropolis may early in the twentieth century lead all the large cities of the world in the compactness and unity of its organization and in the range of its municipal activities. The outlook for municipal socialism is more hopeful in London than in perhaps any other great European city.

When we realize that metropolitan London never had a legal existence, a fixed boundary line, or a municipal government,—when we take into consideration the fact that previous to the Local Government Act of 1888, which gives to all counties of England elective councils, the metropolis had no distinct organization or corporate form, and that it was governed in the most anomalous manner by Parliament directly as an interposing Providence, by ministers of the crown, by special boards and commissions, and by scores of minor local authorities,—it is little short of wonderful that it has been able to expand and develop as it has done.

When we see a gigantic municipality like London gradually emerging from a state of chaos, and developing along the lines of social effort as she has done under the London County Council, it seems to me that there is no chance to ask if there is less corruption when the agents of the people are managing public affairs than there is where irresponsible agencies operate the people's franchises for private gain. It is a fact that at the end of its first three years' work, the first London Council had so conducted itself that its

friends could say, without contradiction, that "through all these years of administrative labors, as complex and confusing as ever fell to any governing body in the world, not one breath of scandal, no shadow of personal corruption has attached to any single member of the council." The members had served without a penny of reward, direct or indirect, yet many of them had given all or most of their time to the municipality,—while the whole body of one hundred and forty members, though composed of men who had private business or professional duties that could not be given up, gave an average of one-third of their time to council and committee meetings and labors connected with the public affairs of the metropolis.

Q. Have you anything to say in regard to the failure of the municipal gas experiment in Philadelphia?

A. I have been asked many times how it is that Philadelphia has given up her municipal gas experiment, and placed the plant again in the hands of private individuals. The answer is simple and plain. A corrupt municipal government, in collusion with those who wished to get control of this profitable enterprise, mismanaged the people's gas plant and finally gave it back into private hands. This fact in no way affects the correctness of the theory of municipal ownership. One failure in a municipal experiment, through a lack of general intelligence in the matter or through corrupting influences, does not prove that the whole theory is wrong. It merely proves that the people must not put their trust in politicians, but look after their own business.

Q. Do you believe that the municipality should supply lunches to the children of the poor while attending school?

A. Most decidedly, yes. Further than that, I believe in furnishing them with shoes and clothing, whenever necessary to keep them in school. I am one of those who believe that the greatest safeguard of American institutions and liberty is furnished by education. I agree with the

man who said that the proper time to begin to educate children is a hundred years before they are born. We cannot begin too soon, or give them too much of the proper kind of education. We have in our country, despite our magnificent school system, thousands of children who are denied an education because of the poverty of their parents. I speak from personal knowledge, having been in contact with them all my life. I know that society is injuring itself when it fails to provide an education for its wards, even though it should have to go to the extent of providing for them during their school years not only lunches but their entire support. This would not be called for if employment were guaranteed to all men, and they could provide for their own children.

Q. Do you believe that it should be the settled policy of the state to provide employment for those who are seeking work?

A. Yes, I do believe that that should be the policy of the state; and when I say the state I mean the people,—society. Through the development of machinery and the trustifying of industries, large numbers of people are being constantly thrown out of employment and forced into vagrancy and crime. The recruits to this army of unemployed, which is growing larger every year, are forced to leave home, to leave wife and children behind them in the hands of those who care not what becomes of them, or caring have not the means to help them,—forced to take up their weary march in search of work, "only to tramp and tramp and tramp, until foot-sore and weary, hungry and discouraged, they give up the struggle, and become tramps and a burden upon society, for society must feed them one way or another.

Is it not better that society should furnish work for all that they may be self-supporting rather than a burden? Surely there can be but one answer.

The great question of this capitalistic age, the problem of the unemployed, is yet to be settled. I believe socialism holds the key to its solution.

II. — THE BROOKLINE EDUCATION SOCIETY

BY S. T. DUTTON, SUPERINTENDENT OF BROOK-
LINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Q. What is the general aim of this society?

A. The general aim of the society, as expressed in the first clause of the constitution, is "to promote a broader knowledge of the science of education, a better understanding of the methods now employed, and a closer sympathy and co-operation between the home and the school."

During the period of rapid progress through which we have been passing, education has kept pace with other lines of social advancement, and has gone far beyond the knowledge and experience of the people in the community. In order that the home and the school may co-operate, it is important that parents should know not only what is being attempted for their children, but the reasons upon which this action is based. In other words, people who have an interest in the education of their own or of other people's children need to be students of pedagogy and to become sympathetic with modern ideas; otherwise, they are sure to be unintelligent critics, and to make themselves and other people uncomfortable through their lack of knowledge and appreciation. Again, there are in every community certain latent forces which may profitably be invoked for educational ends. There are persons of means, of leisure, and of culture who, if the way opens to them, are glad to contribute something to the public good. They are willing to join with others in public-spirited efforts for a better life, public and private. The aim of the Brookline Education Society has been to secure an aroused public interest concerning everything that touches the life and growth of the young in the home, in the school, and in the community, and to find opportunities for good people who are blessed with time or talents to render such service as will conduce to their own pleasure and at the same time be helpful to others.

Q. Will you describe its organization?

A. When this society was first formed it was thought best to make the organization as simple as possible, to permit a good degree of flexibility and informality in all its workings. There has never been any occasion for adopting a different plan. The officers of the society consist of a president, a secretary, who also acts as treasurer, and five other persons who with the aforesaid constitute an executive committee. This committee originates and matures all plans for meetings and for the general conduct of the society's work. Any person over twenty years of age may become a member upon application to the executive committee. In order that the activities of the society may be differentiated, and that the aid of a large number of people may be enlisted, there are not less than nine sub-committees upon different departments of educational work. These committees hold meetings to suit their convenience, discuss the questions relating to their own department, and initiate such lines of work as seem to them wise. A sub-committee is often invited by the executive committee to prepare and carry out a programme for a public meeting. This method is likely to be pursued more in the future than has been the case in the past. Each sub-committee usually consists of from five to ten members, and has authority to invite other persons not members to assist in the work.

Q. What has been the nature of the public meetings?

A. The public meetings, of which there have been five or six each year, have constituted the most prominent feature, and have perhaps been the chief agency in bringing educational ideas to the people at large. These meetings have been quite informal and social. While speakers have usually been invited to speak beforehand, there has been on almost every occasion an opportunity for free discussion. No attempt has been made to exploit any unu-

sual or startling educational theories, neither has there ever been any unpleasant criticism of existing methods. All have seemed to appreciate the opportunity for conference, and have spoken freely or listened patiently as the case might be. The subjects chosen have been those of vital interest not only to parents but to teachers. Many phases of the regimen of the child's daily life in the home and in the school have been taken up, including sleep, diet, home study, recreation, amusements, books, companions; also certain phases of the course of study, as music, art, literature, history, science, and the relation which these various subjects bear to the general development of the child. Occasionally the plan has been varied by having music or an informal reception at the close of the meeting. In connection with nearly every meeting there has been a good degree of social intercourse, and the opportunity has been afforded for teachers and parents to become acquainted, and it is certain that they have found great pleasure in doing so. With a membership of nearly six hundred, the numbers at the meetings have ranged from one hundred to three hundred, according to the season and other conditions. It has been noticed that different subjects attract different people, so that, while all are not able to come at any one time, within a given year the membership is probably well represented.

Q. Will you describe the work of the sub-committees?

A. Of the various sub-committees perhaps none has undertaken a work which is more vitally related to the welfare of the children in certain sections of the town than that on child study. The mission of this committee at first seemed rather obscure and intangible, as there were few persons who had time or disposition to enter upon those careful and scientific investigations which, under the name of child study, have been undertaken. Several syllabi were issued to parents calling for reports upon observations of children with respect to their tastes, dispositions, and early aptitudes, to which a limited response was made. But the committee gradually found that, in arranging to bring mothers together for a conference

regarding home duties and the care of children, a large field for fruitful labor was open to them. It is interesting to note that these mothers' meetings have been held not only in that portion of the town where the people have to toil, and have very little time or disposition for the study of questions of education, but some interesting meetings have been held for the benefit of the well-to-do and cultured women of the town. In both instances mothers have been grateful to those who, from their wide experience and thoughtful attention to home matters which come within the sphere of the mother and the housekeeper, have been able to throw light upon many difficult questions and to make helpful suggestions. But the most successful meetings have undoubtedly been those where cultured women have met with those less favored, and in a kind and tactful manner have conversed with them and have both given and received suggestions; for it has been the testimony of those who have assisted in these meetings that they have often learned much from the working women which has been both helpful and inspiring. The meetings have usually closed with an afternoon tea, and the greatest possible sociability has been encouraged.

The committee on physical training has found a large and interesting field for its investigations. Its membership has included not only those teachers who are especially interested in hygiene and physical training, but several physicians and others have been glad to devote some time to this subject. Many meetings have been held when physical education in all its aspects has been considered, and valuable conclusions have been reached in regard to the proper procedure in the home and the school. The studies of the committee have covered the whole period of child life from the kindergarten through the high school, and have included the treatment of physical defects of all kinds, recreation, sports, gymnastics, athletics, the relation of physical to manual training, recess and its management, in-door and out-of-door gymnasiums, bathing and swimming. The Brookline Public Bath with its fine swimming tank has been regarded by the physical training committee

as a most desirable adjunct to the facilities afforded the youth in the upper grades of the schools. The reports made by this committee at each annual meeting have been full of useful suggestions, and have helped to create a public sentiment in the community favorable to a larger expenditure for physical culture in the schools.

The committee on history has been no less successful in its work. It has published several tracts of interest upon local history, including old letters, valuable documents, information concerning old houses, historical roads, Indian trails, Brookline's share in the Civil War, and bulletins giving directions for excursions to historical localities in and about Boston. Historical papers have been prepared by pupils in the high school. Afternoon lectures upon the Civil War have been well attended. Helpful suggestions concerning the use of newspaper items have been furnished for the lower schools. The committee has also prepared a valuable tract upon the local history of Brookline, including its geology and natural history. A large wall map was prepared, showing places of historic interest and old routes of travel. Copies of this map have been placed in all schools of the town.

Perhaps no committee has been more systematic or painstaking in its work than that on music. The theory that music is necessary to the child's fullest growth and culture has led the committee to invite amateur musicians to give half-hours of vocal and instrumental music in the schools, especially in those sections where the children hear but little good music at home. During the years 1897-'98 the committee arranged two series of young people's concerts, in which the works of the great composers were interpreted by voice and piano. These concerts were largely attended by pupils of the higher grades of the schools and their friends. For two summers past excellent out-of-door concerts have been provided on the public common, each of which was attended by several thousand people. Two very successful organ recitals were given last year under the auspices of the committee. Their last undertaking has been to organize a people's singing class, practically free to all who wish to attend, and

which is in charge of an accomplished musician. The committee, independently of the society, has raised a large sum of money to provide for the expenses of its work.

The art committee has interested itself in encouraging the introduction of master-pieces of art into the schools of the town, a work which was begun some years ago by Mr. William H. Lincoln, chairman of the school committee. While much in this direction has been accomplished by local committees made up of the patrons of the schools, the art committee has been able to give valuable direction to this movement, and has helped to promote an atmosphere favorable to esthetic training. Works of art to the value of six thousand dollars have been contributed already to the Brookline schools. In the year 1897 a superb loan collection of paintings was organized under the direction of the art committee, and was opened to the public for two weeks. That collection will be long remembered as the most important and interesting exhibit ever made in the town.

The committee on science has undertaken to interest the people not only in what is being done in the schools, but to encourage popular science in the home, and the annual reports of this committee show how children may be provided with pictures and illustrated books for this purpose. A school index to the bound volumes of "The Scientific American Supplement" from 1896 to date, a classified index to the electrical literature in the public library of the town, a list of references for use in teaching physics in the grammar schools are among the recent labors of this committee. Of late the committee has been engaged in collecting household statistics upon heating and lighting, hoping that such statistics may furnish some practical suggestions in the line of economic housekeeping.

The committee on school libraries has prepared a valuable annotated list of books on subjects taught in the primary and grammar grades. A scheme has recently been developed for a closer union of the library and the schools, and the committee will ask the town for a considerable appropriation for the carrying out

of their plans. It is proposed to fit up a special room in the public library, to appoint a school librarian, and to furnish such books as the school committee shall recommend, and which shall be especially suited to young children and will to some extent supplement their studies.

The committee on lectures has provided an annual course of addresses, which have covered a wide range of topics, including pedagogy, questions of social import, and the more popular issues of the day.

Not long since the constitution was amended so as to provide for the organization of a portfolio committee, whose duty is to secure contributions of pictures, or papers and magazines containing them, which are to be properly mounted and arranged for use in the schools in connection with the teaching of history and geography. It is proposed to appoint other committees as occasion may demand.

Q. What effect do you think the society has upon parents?

A. It is safe to assume that all parents are naturally interested in the welfare of their children, and anything which tends to quicken or emphasize this parental instinct is advantageous to the home. Nothing is more needed to counteract the hurry and pressure of modern life than a revived appreciation of the home, and a keen sense of its duties and privileges. The ordinary citizen of to-day is unaware of the immense strides that have been made in perfecting a rational theory of education, and in adapting that theory to the needs of the young. He does not know that his children's school in its aims and methods is diametrically opposed to that which he attended as a boy. The discussions and lectures of the Education Society, full reports of which have appeared in the local paper, have undoubtedly brought to the consciousness of people in general some sense of the greatness of education and the bearing which it has upon the welfare of their children. In so far as parents become acquainted with the teachers, a mutual respect and sympathy is secured, which permits the home and the school to work in harmony. Under such conditions, if difficult questions arise, it is easy for parent and teacher

to come into conference and to bring about an amicable settlement. The indications are that a vast majority of the parents in Brookline are truly sympathetic, and are willing to co-operate with the teachers in every possible way.

Q. What benefits, if any, have resulted to the schools?

A. Whenever kindly sentiments toward the schools and the teachers exist in the home, they are reflected in the attitude of the children; and the pride which they take in the school, and the respect and love which they feel for their teachers, go far to determine the quality of the work which they accomplish. Moreover, nothing so stimulates the teacher, and calls forth her best endeavors, as to have frequent words of approval and commendation from the parents of her children. That the Education Society has created an atmosphere in the town favorable to good schools and to enthusiastic teaching, no one will doubt who visits the school-rooms and sees how happily all are working for the common good, and observes the truly social spirit which prevails there. Teaching at best is wearing to the nerves, and under modern conditions, when so many burdens have been placed upon the school, teachers need the heartiest support and encouragement. They have received this in Brookline. While there are many who do not understand the subtleties of modern teaching, and are somewhat disposed to criticise, yet the testimony is that there is little of that fault-finding and backbiting which is so destructive of the courage and ambition of the teacher, and which often undermines her health and strength. The teachers of Brookline, feeling their indebtedness to the parents for many kind acts of helpfulness and generosity, are unremitting in their efforts to render the best possible service, and to elevate the schools to the highest point of efficiency and excellence.

Q. To what extent have other communities adopted the methods of this society?

A. The public education societies of New York and Brooklyn, which were formed several years ago, and which have accomplished a great and good work in

the reform of local educational interests, have pursued methods quite unlike those adapted to most communities. The Brookline society has not attempted to reform anything, but has simply sought to establish co-operation in the community, and to bring all educational forces into working relations. It is this principle, undoubtedly, which has commended its work to many other towns and cities throughout the country, so that now from forty to fifty such societies have been formed. Wherever they have built upon the broad platform of co-operation, success has followed; but in several instances, when attention has been directed to the

defects of the local schools and an attempt made to ventilate grievances of any kind whatever, the society has speedily gone into a decline. Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, declared several years ago that the principle of educational co-operation had in it such moral value that it ought to become universal throughout the country. Nothing is more sorely needed in our large towns and cities than an intelligent and conscientious appreciation of what education is, and a determination to free the schools from the entanglements of politics and to call to their support and direction the best men and women in the community.

TRUTH

BY J. A. EDGERTON

Truth, show thy face to me
And I will follow thee,
Wherever thou mayst lead.
My spirit through the night
Sends up a cry for light.
Do thou her prayer heed.

So much of error here,
So much of doubt and fear,
Like mists becloud our sight,—
So much of fallacy,
So much of sophistry,
We cannot see aright.

And yet I sometimes dream,
Beyond the things that seem,
Thy form I recognize—
A veiled but shining vision,
As over hills elysian
A dawn of sweet surprise.

Truth, where thy realms commence,
Beyond the gates of sense—
The threshold of the mind—

For thee we ever seek,
But fall. Our feet are weak
And we are halt and blind.

The world has waited long
Thy coming. Like a song—
A song that has been sung—
The centuries have fled.
Earth sepulchered her dead,
And to the vision clung.

Sometimes a glimpse was caught—
Above the hills of thought,
The glimmer of a star—
A glory on the page
Of poet, seer, or sage,
As shed through gates ajar.

Truth, show thy face to me,
And I will follow thee,
Until thy spirit fills
My being. Lead me on,
Until I see the dawn
On the eternal hills.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

A STUDY IN SOCIAL EVOLUTION

BY REV. BURT ESTES HOWARD

The history of the world can never be written in catalogues of its kings and potentates, or in the enactments of its parliaments and congresses. He who seeks the key to the evolution of civilization in its battles and its governments goes far afield. The eye that sees in the long, long stretch of the ages which lie behind us only a tortuous road, that turns and twists past the monuments of entombed royalty and the time-gnawed ruins of decaying palaces, or that slips across the wastes where war has reaped her bloody sheaves, leaving the myriad hosts of slain to rot into a nameless oblivion, like stubble when the wheat is gathered, is blind to that glorious soul of history which, breaking forth in perennial resurrection from the grave where the hands of the present are ever laying the dead past, is going before the world into its Galilee and its Bethany. History is the story of life,—not a "Book of the Dead." But, rarely has the man who aspires to be called historian succeeded in becoming more than a mere chronicler of events, a sort of rosary maker, stringing together his facts and fancies, to enable the droning school-boy to mumble his list of names and dates. Few have been the glimpses given us of those vital forces which are working out the eternal development of human society.

History is not written in events, but in ideas,—not in the biography of a few noble and mighty, but in the faiths and feeling of the many. The constructive center of social evolution does not lie in the intrigues of princes, but in the ideals

of the people. The historic unfoldment of civilization has been marked by certain movements of the crowd, when, aflame with a new thought, they have burned up the wood, hay, and stubble in human institutions. The epochs by which we divide the past are not the accessions of kings or the transactions of courts, but the mighty upheavals of the people. "When the structure of civilization is rotten, it is always the masses that bring about its downfall."

The history of a nation cannot be recorded in its great names. It was not Luther who made the Reformation; it was not Danton who changed the face of France; it was not Lincoln who freed the enslaved millions of the South. These men were not the creators of history, they were its creation. What they were and what they did was due to the fact that they became the co-ordinators of a resistless public spirit. The people had come under the spell of a mighty idea. These men were great enough to become the instruments of its organic utterance. They were the lenses through which the thought of the masses became focused in action. Says Gustave Le Bon: "The great upheavals which precede changes of civilization . . . seem at first sight determined more especially by political transformations, foreign invasion, or the overthrow of dynasties. But a more attentive study of these events shows that behind their apparent causes the real cause is generally seen to be a profound modification in the ideas of the people. The true historical upheavals are not those

that astonish us by their grandeur and violence. The only important changes, whence the renewal of civilization results, affect ideas, conceptions, beliefs. The memorable events of history are the visible effects of invisible changes of human thought." Great facts are the legitimate offspring of great convictions.

Evolution is not primarily a change in forms, but an unfolding of forces. Nature shifts and varies like a vast kaleidoscope. Her history seems to be written in myriad shapes that move in a strange procession out of the mists that hang about life's beginning, and wind their way from the mere protoplasmic clot to man. But the true history deals not with the forms. It deals with the life that utters itself through forms. Matter is but the alphabet of force, whereby energy, unfolding under the divine law of evolution, spells out in physical expression the story of its progress. It is life that is ever climbing from low to high, building for itself new upper chambers to be a moment's tarrying place. And we forget the life in wondering about the visible house of life. Civilization changes under the same mighty law that holds the physical universe in its grasp. Political, industrial, and social forms appear in a series of mutations that move slowly and painfully out of the dim ages of antiquity, through family and clan and kingdom to democracy. And we have thought that the force of historic evolution lay somehow in the forms that have taken shape before us. But what is a government, save the visible word in which a people writes down for a season its political convictions? And what is society, but the utterance of the social conscience of the people in forms that can be seen? Not in the forms, but in the moral and political ideals that strive to express themselves in forms, lies the evolutionary factor of civilization. Civilizations change when the people become charged with a new idea. Governments fall—and they ought to fall—when they cease to utter the political faith of the people. Society disintegrates when it comes short of expressing the developing social instinct of the multitude. The adjustment of forms follows the evolution of ideas. Govern-

ments and systems are summoned one by one before the inexorable judgment-seat of public opinion to justify their claim to a place among men; and when these institutions fail to establish their case then the people record against them their sentence in an upheaval, often violent, always resistless. The historic evolution of the world is written down in a series of revolutions, and at the root of each revolution lies a thought.

Here we are confronted by a paradox. For, though the development of humanity has taken place through the progress of ideas, yet the evolution of society is not intellectual, in the sense of being the result of deliberate reasoning on the part of the masses. The potential center of every popular movement lies back of reason, in the region of the unconscious, whence spring our motives and our impulses. For we are but parts of a larger life, wee fragments of an universal man whom we have baptized "humanity."

There is a soul above the soul of each,
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs.
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numerous as the concourse of all
songs,
And in that soul lives each, in each that
soul,
Though all the ages are its life-time vast.

The force that gathers the peoples in its fingers, as the sea gathers the tides and heaves them shoreward, is not the product of deliberation, but of inspiration. The masses do not think. They feel and act. But behind their feeling and their action there is an idea. It was not thought out, it was born. The brooding Spirit of the Almighty, who is slowly bringing order out of confusion, overshadows the soul of our common humanity, and straightway the soul of the people is pregnant with a holy thought. Then does the age give birth to a new spirit, which sits upon the throne of judgment. "As the lightning, when it lighteth out of the one part under the heaven, shineth unto the other part under the heaven," so suddenly a great principle flames into the consciousness of the multitude. Then the idea hardens into a conviction, but it is sentiment, not logic, that stands at the armorer's anvil forging the

weapons of the people. In every mighty movement of history, when the multitudes have lifted like a flood against some institution they had doomed to destruction, they have been pushed on by a force of which they were but dimly conscious, toward an end far larger than their thought had grasped. The restless tides of time roll in from the eternal deeps, and generations of men, their arts, their sciences, their achievements, their joys, their sorrows, and their sacrifices, are laid like the wash of the sea sand in a thin deposit that is slowly building God's world. But every while some hidden power, long pent within the heart of humanity, shakes itself free from the fettering bonds of conventionality and custom, and utters itself in a social revolution. Then do the pillars of the earth tremble, and history is compelled to trace a new coast-line of human progress. They that are blind see only the mad, erratic impulse of the mob, but they that have eyes to see catch glimpses of the Shekinah that is leading the race toward its perfection. The upheavals that have marked and made the world's history are not the products of reason, but of a strange instinct. Humanity became possessed of a spirit of divine discontent. The idea was born. Men followed it. Under the spell of some nameless call, like Abraham of old, the race has fared forth into the wilderness, not knowing whither it was going, obedient to an instinct that was resistless.

But if the progress of the world is written in upheavals of the people, and if these movements are the product of instinct rather than of deliberate reasoning, it is equally true that destruction must play no small part in the process. The path by which the race has emerged from the crudity and barbarity of the past is strewn thick with the wrecks of institutions once honored and mighty, and with the broken shells of cast-off forms of faith once possessed of imperial dominance. It is the tendency of every type of civilization to crystallize into permanence; but the growing life of humanity can never remain fixed in immobile forms. And when the rigid civilizations become too narrow to hold the expanding ideals of the people, then do the people burst forth

from the contracted chrysalis and rise into a fuller and better estate. It is not always easy to see the beneficence of destruction. In the dust and turmoil and confusion of swift change, the great lines on which the future is shaping a juster and truer civilization do not readily appear. But when we look back from a long perspective, when we see the larger and diviner forms of physical and social and spiritual life rising up in glory out of the ruins of the petty limitations which have held the ages that preceded them, then we understand that what seemed to be the grim demon of destruction is after all only the high-priest of evolution, who stands in eternal service at the font of life. Forms change because the informing soul of things moves on; and, in the long weary march upward toward the perfect, destruction must ever go before construction in the way. Leaving out of consideration the sporadic outbursts of evil and baseness, the great upheavals of the people, which have shattered many an historic institution and dashed in pieces tradition hoary with age, and have cleared a broad place where a better civilization could rear itself, have always overthrown only those forms of civil and religious and social conditions that must needs be wrecked in order to release into the life of the world the forces that make for the larger welfare of the race. When the ground has long lain fallow, the sharp share of the plowman must break it up and furrow it deep. Social revolution is the spring-time of a new epoch. It need not be violent. It must be destructive. Whatever stands in the way of the fullest development of the people—not of some of the people, but of all of the people—must be done away. The failure to recognize this truth has been the superb folly of history.

But destruction is not an end in itself. It is only the herald of a new era, the casting up of the highway for the coming of construction. The downfall of the wrong and inefficient and insufficient must be followed by the construction of that which is right and efficient and sufficient for its time. Construction is not the work of the masses. It is the task of the few. Each age produces, and produces usually

from the ranks of the common folk, a handful of master minds, who, with prophetic insight and a divine wisdom, bring a new and higher order out of the fragments of the old. Aye, a new and higher order. The movements of men and things are but an upward striving toward a divine ideal. Out of the confusions and cross purposes, out of the strife and toil, out of the ignorance and the poor, blind yearnings of the people, out of our pitiable failures and loss, yea, out of our very weakness and waywardness, there are being shaped by the Power that holds the destiny of the nations in his fingers an earth that shall be just and true and righteous. There is no room for pessimism in a world so full of the signs of evolution. Evolution believes in a gospel of endless advancement. It faces the future with a passionate hope, and sees in every achievement of mind and heart a broken gleam of the glory that is yet to be. It invests even the crude, bungling struggles of the race with the sacred breast-plate of prophecy. It believes that all the history of men is being woven on one great thread of purpose,—that there is

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

With its shifting civilizations, its problems that are growing more and more complex, life is sweeping on under the impulse of a mighty force whose eternal progression toward the fulfillment of its highest destiny cannot be stayed. And we who believe in the ultimate triumph of the right are lifting our eyes in these days to catch a glimpse of that

Vision whereunto

In joy, with pantings from afar,

Through sound and odor, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star,
Now touching goal, now backward hurled,
Tolls the indomitable world.

While the movements of history are recorded in tremendous upheavals of the people, yet all through these events, in spite of their violence and their wrenching, there runs an upward tendency. The true value of any social movement cannot be reckoned in terms of money

and of property. Whether a political or social or economic revolution has an upward trend must be determined by its effect on the manhood of the many, rather than on the material accumulation of the few or the aggregate wealth of the nation. All the varied processes of human development under divine laws have reference to the creation of men and not of things. And when in the course of events the forms of civilization, religious, political, or social, have become apostate to that chief end of their being, and have become the instrument of oppression, and of degrading and despoiling the people of their right to achieve their fullest manhood, then have these civilizations perished from the earth. In the book of human remembrance how read we? Is not this the story of the past? The multitudes who dig and delve, and wring from the earth the things that feed and clothe and warm the race, carry on their backs the privileged few who heap unto themselves the product of the many until the burden bends the toiler to the knee. And they that hold the reins of government, and dictate the social, industrial, and political policy, forget the interests of manhood in the interests of dividends. Civilization is measured, with a devil's economy, in terms of property and not of personal soul. The great mill of Mammon grinds its awful grist, and men, women, and children, human flesh and blood and bones, human hopes and aspirations and opportunities, yea, and human virtues, are shoveled into the yawning hopper to come forth as profits,—so much money, and not so much manhood. But when the cup of patience is full, a Spirit whispers a new thought in the ear of the bent toiler, and breathes into his dusty nostril the breath of a larger life. Then does the son of the earth stand erect under the inspiration of a holy ideal. He shakes from his neck the yoke of oppression. The old order crumbles. A new order takes the shape of the new ideal. Our historians write "Reformation" across the page, but to them that have eyes to see and ears to hear it is something larger: it is a "Coming of the Son of Man." For all these turnings and overturnings have a deeper significance than a mere shifting

of social and political forms. They are the steps by which humanity is slowly climbing toward its holy destiny. We must not lose sight of the fundamental principles themselves in contemplating the methods by which these principles sometimes get themselves actualized in fact. Revolutions are not of necessity "reigns of terror." But by whatever method the new thought utters itself in the affairs of men, it is always a truer and holier thought than the world has yet possessed. No general upheaval of the people has taken place that has not left the world the better for it. Out of the birth-pangs and the travail of sacrifice there have issued a higher civilization and a diviner manhood.

But what of the day? It must be apparent to even the casual student of affairs that the kindling of human thought in these days on a multitude of topics has brought the crucible of public opinion to a degree of temperature that bids fair to melt many of the cherished forms of our civilization. If we let our gaze sweep over the whole field of human experience and condition, we find society bubbling and blistering from some fierce internal heat. In all the earth there is a strange, ominous unrest. These are days of profound significance, days burdened with eternal meaning. The mind of the people moves restlessly in its slumber, like the stretching of a sleeper when the dawn steals in at the window. The lips are muttering and murmuring the dream of a new day. Men of thought are everywhere watching the sleeper's symptoms with eager eyes, and listening to the babbling of the vision. Will the popular mind awake sane?

This is an age of much reading and some thinking. A forest of presses on every side is putting forth its leaves, but not always for the healing of the nations. Like the whistle of Roderick, the cry of a common interest has called forth from their obscurity a host of men, armed with sharp weapons of economic debate, who are making fierce warfare against the existing order of things. The seeds of the coming civilization are being swiftly planted. That mighty changes in the economic and industrial life of the people

are close at hand no thoughtful mind can deny. Plant an idea, and an institution is as inevitable as the sunrise. "When by various processes an idea has penetrated into the mind of the masses, it possesses an irresistible power, and brings about a series of effects opposition to which is bootless." To attempt to stop the impending social evolution is the policy of suicide and the folly of madness. This has been the mistake of well-nigh every reformation. It was the mistake of the French nobility. The Revolution was bloodless. It was the counter-revolution that developed the horror. "As a matter of fact, these horrors were the natural outcome of the frantic efforts of the old powers to overthrow the new regime and bring back the old regime,—of the counter-revolution to undo the Revolution. Historians are right in insisting that something failed, but it was the counter-revolution that miserably failed at every step it took. The Revolution of France was so dramatic, precisely because its ruling powers had not sense or inclination to abdicate or divide their power when the time came for it. It had to be wrenched from them. . . . The resistance by the reactionary forces of France was so terrific, violating without scruple one of the most sacred of the sentiments of the day—patriotism—that it required immense, herculean efforts on the part of the patriots to overcome it. Hence the delirium, the hysterics of the Parisians. Hence the massacres. Hence the terror." He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

The spirit of the age moves ever forward. Men come and go. Whole dynasties sink to earth and draw over them the dusty coverlet of oblivion. But the Power behind evolution makes no tarrying.

For not though mightiest mortals fall

The starry chariot hangs delayed.

His axle is uncooled, nor shall

The thunders of His wheels be stayed.

A changeless pace His coursers keep,

And halt not at the wells of sleep.

That we are approaching a new era no careful observer can question. Its form, what man of us can prophesy? The present civilizations are becoming rapidly fluid. Into what molds the future will

shape itself does not yet appear. The nations of the earth are moving uneasily in their places. In spite of the seeming peace of the world, there stretches up from the horizon the shadow of a great fear. The peoples of Europe are holding in, with trembling fingers, the furies of war, that tug like blood-hounds at their slender leashes. The times are ripe for convulsions that will break up the existing order of things, and make the geography of the day obsolete. Did he speak with the seer's vision who wrote: "Beneath the crustal selfishness of our civilization, beneath the awful peace of the second Augustan Age, there is the rumble of uprising revolutions which threaten to disrupt society and engulf nations. A dreadful prophetic unrest possesses the breast of the earth. The insurging woes of centuries are swelling the great heart of humanity. There is converging a movement of divine impulses in the race, mighty and not to be suppressed. Divine voices are beginning to speak that cannot be muffled." The present social order, with its iniquities and its injustices, must give place to a new era with a profounder recognition of God and of humanity. Political economists have exploited their schemes for the salvation of property in this world, and priests have proclaimed their schemes for the salvation of men in another and an unearthly world, and both have miserably failed. And now a divine necessity, with grim force, is pressing the race swiftly toward a truer gospel of social redemption, whose organic law shall be the law of service, and whose end shall be the organization of society in justice and righteous-

ness and truth between man and man. The trumpet is sounding down the lines of human thought for men who shall be open-eyed to see the messianic signs of a new order, and swift to make ready the highway for its coming. The birth-night of the epoch is at hand. Through this iron age of selfishness, with its mania for the making of money and its hard indifference to the crushing of men, there rings a clear call for souls that are great enough in their sacrificial spirit to become the heralds of the new day,—men who are mighty enough in their faith in the race and in the triumph of right, and strong enough in their love for justice and truth and humanity, to offer up their ambitions and their luxury for the larger good of the people,—men who are willing to be "made of no reputation, and take upon them the form of a servant" of their age,—men who are content to join the immortal army of

The unknown good, who rest
In God's still memory folded deep,
The bravely dumb, who did their deed
And scorned to blot it with a name.

It is a time for patriotism,—not that bastard patriotism which wastes itself in the preservation of the national commerce at the expense of national humanity and integrity, or which exploits itself in miserable bickerings over political creeds,—but that divine patriotism which stands as the defender of the poor and oppressed, and which believes that the character of the people and the preservation of the nation's manhood are of more worth than the protection of a few monopolies and trusts.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

BY PROF. EDWARD MOFFAT WEYER, PH. D. (LEIPSIK).

Because of the rapid development of experimental psychology, those outside of a very limited circle are unaware how much credit the science up to the present time deserves. Of how much value are its contributions to science in general? How do the results of American investiga-

tions compare with those of Germany and other countries? Has it contributed as much as was expected to the solution of problems discussed by the earlier or "rational" psychology? None of these questions can be exhaustively discussed here. I shall describe the present con-

dition, and leave the reader to draw some general conclusions.

Since 1886, when the first psychological laboratory, that under the charge of Wilhelm Wundt, at Leipsic, became officially recognized as a university institute, the financial aid which the movement has received indicates not only the zeal of those who have devoted themselves to the cause, but also a very general and keen appreciation of its scientific importance. A spirit of "fadism" was not the main incentive, but rather a firm conviction of rational necessity. Good colleges are not liable to create a new department lightly at the expense of the others, and yet, as the result, we now find psychological laboratories in a score or more of the best American colleges and in a large number of the normal schools. The American psychologists should fully appreciate the responsibility which superior equipment imposes upon them. There are only six or seven such laboratories in all Germany,—at Bonn, Heidelberg, Berlin, Goettingen, Wuerzburg, and Leipsic. Italy perhaps ranks next with three or four; England is particularly backward. In France, where the general conception of the science has been very limited in scope, embracing, roughly speaking, that which deals with the abnormal phenomena present in pathological cases, attempts at gaining a foothold have usually failed. However, the efforts of the painstaking Binet, director of the laboratory of the Sorbonne, of Beaunis, and of a few others might be mentioned as exceptions.

It would be entirely misleading to regard the founding of the Leipsic laboratory some twenty years ago as the beginning of the science. Many, if not most, of the fundamental problems had already been experimentally investigated, some of them by men whose equals are hard to find in any of the fields of science to-day. None of these investigators had been called psychologists; they were physiologists for the most part, and physicists and astronomers. A year before the laboratory was started the epoch-making work of its founder appeared, "*Grundzuege der Physiologischen Psychologie*." This was the first time that all the existing perti-

nent data were arranged in logical order. It was a compilation of facts which were contained in the archives of other sciences. Naturally enough, similar though less comprehensive work had been done on the same material long before. The elaborate work of Helmholtz, "*Handbuch der Physiologischen Optik*" (1856), and "*Lehre von den Tonempfindungen*" (1862), and, yet earlier, Lotze's "*Medicinisches Psychologie*" (1852), are most important examples. Contemporaneous with these master-pieces, there was some literature on the subject in English, but it lacked the German thoroughness. "*The Elements of Physiological Psychology*," by Prof. Ladd, of Yale, which appeared in 1887, was the first English work to be written that corresponded to those of Prof. Wundt.

After considering its history one does not wonder that the new psychology has remained so distinctly German. The foundation was laid with almost no help from other nations, and German investigation still preserves its character, being in large part directed toward those least complex but most essential problems which are dealt with in every elementary treatise. This is said by no means to the disparagement of American scholarship. The purposes we strive for are different, and for that reason the problems are not always the same. Both nations rely upon one another for certain kinds of work. A comparison will give some idea of what is at present being achieved. Many of the statements I shall make might apply to the conditions in other sciences as well, but they all relate in particular to psychology.

In Germany, to begin with, the existence of a laboratory of any kind implies the presence of a man of considerable renown to manage it. The routine of promotion is much slower than with us, so the lesser number of working centers does not argue a lack of psychology specialists. On the contrary, they are undoubtedly more numerous there than in America. The immediate purpose of every one of these men is to instruct himself, not others. This they do primarily in order to instruct each other,

not the general college student. German psychologists are better considered as a collection of dissimilar individuals than as a class. Each pursues special lines of investigation, contributes a share to the general fund, and the rest look to him for advances in those particular directions. His energy is not engrossed by teaching; his attitude is almost continually that of a learner. As soon as a new and productive field is opened many flock in. It sometimes happens, unfortunately, that either too many enter what invariably becomes a battle-field for controversy, or, carried on in the heat of argument, remain working after all the essentials have been unearthed. It may seem useless to search among problems of first importance for examples of labor thus misdirected, but it is not entirely vain. To mention only one instance, this was the case with some of the investigations toward determining the duration of the single visual impressions produced in series by means of a revolving disk, part of the surface of which is one color, the remainder another color, thus producing a succession of impressions on the retina.

On the other hand, there are several controversies wherein the opinion which one maintains logically influences or determines his views on a large number, in some cases on all, of the problems of psychology. Such is the classic controversy, which has waged since the first half of this century, concerning the interpretation of the so-called Weber's law of psychophysics. Another has been raised by the recent theory of apperception propounded by Wundt, and combated indefatigably by Ziehen, Muensterberg, and their followers, who consider the acceptance of such an apperceptive function unnecessary in explaining psychic phenomena, and who, without its aid, try to account for the succession and nature of psychic states by laws analogous to those applied to the interaction of physical forces.

Another characteristic of German science may be designated as the cataloguing instinct. The control which the government exercises over hospitals, schools, and other institutions makes such work in the

first place possible, and those in charge have always been, moreover, in warm sympathy with its pursuit. Under present conditions America cannot compete in this, although a bill recently passed in Congress for the establishment of a government psychological institution shows some advance in this direction. The tabulation of observations made in cases of insanity, hysteria, etc., furnishing the subject matter for abnormal psychology, has rounded out physiological psychology in general. Of still greater importance is the work achieved in cerebral localization by the pathological method. In the latter field the English, in collaboration with the Germans, have made most valuable contributions for the advancement of the sciences of physiology and psychology. Conspicuous by their absence are German investigations pertaining to hypnotism, telepathy, and kindred phenomena.

Anthropometric measurements form perhaps a better illustration of German thoroughness than the subjects already mentioned. Statistical work of this kind is most tedious, but to lighten it the Germans have resorted very rarely to mathematical laws of probability, by which from records of comparatively few cases the general result of a greater number might be approximated within certain limits of variation. There has been of late years in Germany considerable interest evinced in favor of more thorough mathematical treatment of results. The effort is, however, I believe, stronger here in America. Such treatment is as applicable to psychological matters as it is in astronomy.

It would require many pages to enumerate the influences which have made the German scientific spirit what it is. Social conditions in Germany have tended to sequester the individual, narrowing his environment, forcing him to specialize. The university career offers two alternatives, conviviality and isolation. The latter is the only road to any scholastic distinction where all depends on individual exertion. The novice, in order to league himself with the psychologists, must learn the rudiments of the science

chiefly by reading, with very little aid from lectures. At the beginning his will and interest in the subject furnish the standard of his fitness. No record is kept of his gradual improvement. Later on in seminary courses he has the opportunity to show his merit. His highest aim meanwhile is to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the literature of the subject—with what has already been investigated. Of this he attains a fair knowledge in much less time than a student can under our more comprehensive system, especially in a subject where the great bulk of literature is German. He soon realizes, however, that to know the literature is work for a life-time, and begins to prepare himself on definite problems; and in course of time masters them. If he is one who will succeed, he will know them completely, historically, the obscure equally as well as the prominent writers who have treated them; and the knowledge becomes his professional personality, and is henceforth useful in creating good impressions. The consequences of his training are noticeable in many ways. The younger instructors lecture on topics, which are limited in scope and sometimes very profound; the professors, on the contrary, endeavor to make their lectures cover an entire general subject. Excellence in teaching is not as great a factor of success as it is with us. Stress is laid rather upon the writing of books and articles, on independent investigation, and on unique scholarly attainments.

I have dwelt at length upon those tendencies which seem to characterize the psychology of Germany, because the same are to be found here in America, though less pronounced. The establishment of Clark University was a very successful experiment to realize, as nearly as was compatible with conditions, the plan of a German university. In that institution the terms "student" and "teacher" express only a difference of degree. Every one is expected to have had a college education, and to be able to contribute to the general

information of all. The graduate departments of all of our universities are tending toward something like the German ideal.

By the peculiar relations in which psychology stands with other branches of knowledge it is so placed that it may oftentimes advance another while advancing itself. The problems which contain, by virtue of these relations, a twofold interest are usually preferred by American psychology to those which throw light only on a psychological theory. Oftentimes far removed from the strife, we allow theories to shift for themselves and strive toward that which is near and tangible. Perhaps the most attractive problems of all are those, like the philosophy of poetry and music, which have always hitherto been dealt with subjectively, but which are nevertheless amenable to experimental investigation. A constantly increasing interest in practical pedagogical questions is the most marked and promising feature of psychology with us at present. Indeed, pedagogy and psychology must advance hand in hand. There is also a dark side to this, however. A great deal that has lately been written lacks careful experimental foundation, and employs in place of it very doubtful generalizations, the result of unscientific observation. During an interview which the writer had with Prof. Wundt, in Leipsic, some months ago, this generally accepted founder of new psychology repeatedly emphasized this unworthy tendency in the field of "Child Study," which he regarded as most menacing to the dignity of American psychology.

Upon many of the questions which the older psychology left indefinite the new science has thrown much light, particularly on the laws of the association of ideas, former speculation concerning perception by the senses, and the genetic development of our ideas of space and time. The aim of the new psychology has never been to supplant the old, but to add vast fields for investigation into which the purely introspective science was unable to enter.

SAVONAROLA

BY REV. H. H. PEABODY

Savonarola, the Florentine preacher, was an old-time hero the candle of whose life sends its beams afar. Over four hundred years ago, when Columbus and the "Old Salts" were watching for a breeze at Palos, he had been preaching to the Florentines for two years. I call him a hero. To the Norseman valor was the one thing needful, and so it surely is to all men,—the valor one with sincerity, Norse or otherwise. Savonarola was a hero in the sense that, having looked beyond conventionality and hearsay into the heart of the moral universe, he squared himself loyally to what he saw. Sincerity is brave, and the Puritan, be he from Anglo Land or found on the Mediterranean shores, however bigoted, is always bravely sincere. Sincerity is the core of all real puritanism. Upon this man's life true building is done. Nicodemus, the cultivated senator, with perhaps a single slave in attendance, with his cold gray eyes and inquisitive, intellectual face, came to interview the peasant rabbi; but the truth-loving eyes of the Nazarene saw that upon him he could not build, rather upon the illiterate Peter, whose nature was such that new truth was quickly transmuted into new duty. Luther, not Erasmus, Peter, not Nicodemus, Savonarola, not Lorenzo Medici, are the men God can use. Sincerity, its uplifting valor, brings quick insight and makes one a prophet, and, while the prophet is not the only man of high use, his is the highest to serve us most sublimely. Deep in the heart of this Italian Puritan was an unconquerable impulse to speak out the message there caught. It was the masculinity of this impulse that placed him high on the list of souls heroic.

Where was this hero of the pulpit born, and what story have we to tell of his early life? His name is linked for all time with Florence, yet he was not a Florentine by birth. He was born in Ferrara, an Italian city of Lombardy on the river Po, and not many miles from where that river

empties itself into the sea. His birth year was 1452, twenty-two years before the coming of Michael Angelo and thirty-one before the advent of Luther in Saxony. Nicholas and Helen were his parents. Of one, the father, we know nothing but trifles, save that he was inferior to Helen, a woman of elevated nature, upon whom the son leaned in those shadowy times when amid gusty winds his boat was jarring upon the shore eternal. Meager are the accounts of his boyhood. He was a homely child, yet fascinating then, as afterward, through an outflowing spiritual beauty, not chiseling features, yet giving tender grace to manner, tone to voice, and expression to a face wonderfully rare, calm, and reverent. Brooding was he, like a child of the orient, and sorrowful, as a boy even, over the fascinating mystery of evil. He was industrious with his books, with an insight that led him quickly through the moral sophism to the moral law, as if carried toward it by force of his own nature. This was his genius. He was gentle of spirit, as the man of ethical genius so frequently is, while plain of tongue, and fiery, too (solve the paradox as we may), and was sure to feel deeper than he thought. In stature he was below the average height, in eyes dark blue, with a nose beaked and prominent, and with hands so thin as to seem transparent when he was preaching. As his boyhood passed into early manhood, these traits of which I speak grew upon him. Especially did his sorrow over moral poverty, as it lay about him in the city of his birth, intensify until it drove him into solitude. The secluded banks of the Po had their attraction for him, since there he gave expression to the sorrow that smote him sorely. Life's sad scenes, the minor music of humanity in a rotten age, tortured him in his moral sensibility. As the boy Goethe in his esthetic sensitiveness cried even to tears at the sight of the homely faces of his playmates, did this young man's heart break into sorrowful

regret at the deformed life of his generation as it stood pictured before him. The young men of that pleasure-loving day, as every day, in the gay and brilliant city of his birth, were eager to gain wealth, honor, power, and beautiful things, while he, the solitary, walked the river's brink, his eyes, so resplendently blue, tearful in indignation and sorrow. His nature was such that, as he brooded, life's true ideals were cast up before his vision. Yet we are told that as the light within grew brighter he became more conscious of the darkness without. "The world is very evil, the times are waxing late," was the constant burden of his heart. This feeling it was which finally led him to a monastic life. On the day before he left home, an April morning, when twenty-three, he sat by his mother's side to play a melancholy air upon his lute, which love's divination at once took as a sign of their parting. He had penned a brief essay on "The Disdain of the World," left behind for the reading of his mother, and then the next day, a holiday when all the family were at the cathedral, the young man stole out from under the home roof, crossed the sunny plain of Bologna, and knocked for admittance at the door of a Dominican convent.

A Dominican convent,—what is that? Briefly let me tell you. It was an abode of friars, a communal home, a mendicant order formed by Dominic, a Spanish priest of Castilian family, who came into life some two hundred and eighty years before Savonarola. At that time the old monastic orders had fallen into a state of decay, and two new ones, the Franciscans and the Dominicans, came to do their work. The name "friar" means brother, which these mendicants took instead of the priestly title of father, and as friars they swarmed from their monastic homes into the hedges and by-ways of southern Europe with the power of a strong spiritual impelling. Love's real democracy at first dwelt in their hearts, giving them an almost unlimited influence. They have been compared to the Methodist movement of a later day in England. The Franciscans assumed poverty as a master passion, such was their sympathy with the poor,—were, in fact, the more democratic of the two; while the Dominicans were

of an aristocratic caste, and so from the first the care of the upper classes fell into their hands. An English archbishop says of them both: "These monks were an object lesson in the dignity of labor when to till the earth was thought to be the proper work of slaves." It has been said that monasteries were retreats for those who had fought the battle of life and lost it. Not so in the earlier days of those mendicant orders. But now something over two centuries had passed before the April morning on which Savonarola knocked at the Bologna retreat, bringing changes which told of decay. Their earlier simplicity had passed before the dropping down of ideals; the vow of poverty was no longer heeded, but wealth had come with the habit of luxury; they had become jealous and contentious with each other, something which Dante rebuked; once the good popes could rely upon them for needed work more than upon the clergy and bishops, but this no longer; they had fallen so largely to the general level as to lose their higher use, and perhaps in morals were well represented in that witty but unsavory tale of Chaucer's, of which a mendicant friar is the hero. Not less than forty years after the death of St. Francis, Bonaventura says a begging friar bearing down upon one in the distance was more to be dreaded than a robber. We read of a miraculous swarm of bees alighting upon the prow of a hermit's boat and leaving a rich deposit of honey. Honey, the earthly sweet, cloyed the spiritual faculties, engorged the blood, lowered the tone of the fraternity, just as the besmearing of the bees' wings with honey gives to them a shrill, discordant sound. The begging art became a vulgarity, as Wycliffe says, and the mendicancy which has rightly been called an "eating sore" casts its blight even until to-day over all southern Europe.

When one's nature is deeply stirred over the wrongs of life, the impulse is either to attack or flee. For the present Savonarola fled. Lonely and sorrow-smitten, he asked to be taken in at the convent gate, where he was to dwell seven years,—the quietest and joyfulest of all his life. He regarded the convent as a harbor. "And I came to this port when

I was twenty-three years old; and two things above all others I loved which drew me to this harbor—liberty and peace." He had no ambition to be either priest or monk. He only asked that he might be allowed to do the simplest work,—to weed the garden or mend the coarse garments of the monks. In the convent church of Bologna rested the bones of the founder of the order, St. Dominic. Savonarola took the vow of poverty, donned the coarsest and roughest of garments, slept upon a sack of straw, and fasted with such austerity as to appear shadowy as an Egyptian hermit. Anything here, however, seemed better and more easeful than the study of those spindling scholasticisms, living once, but merely thought mummified now, which afforded no relief to that heroic impulse, now pent up, but later on to gain relief in action. The scholastic theology and philosophy of that day to which he had been trained, so divorced from life itself, he recoiled from, as would Luther and Knox after him. Yet he was appointed philosophical lecturer of the convent, and now as Fra Girolamo he went on in work distasteful, yet meeting its details in faithfulness. To be a preacher, approaching the thought through the discovery of gifts supposed to be essential, and then dreaming of success in them,—this seemingly never crossed his vision. Here in common, humble duty for seven years he was to toil. Like Mohammed in the Arabian desert, like Cromwell, the consciousness of power was to come late, and then not from any enumeration of his gifts, rather from the outpushing urgency of his moral personality. The real mission of his life lay before him, for which these years were a patient getting ready; the sermon was slowly evolving. We can see, too, while he taught Aristotle, he also studied the Bible, memorized its books and brought his teachings more and more to that line where preaching and teaching become identical. Like many another man, he was surprised to find that he was in the process of becoming a preacher. It was here in the convent that to him the church became disenchanted; the plunge into the church by way of escape from the world brought no final relief; his sor-

row really intensified under the sting of disappointment, while his indignation was becoming volcanic for the hour of its eventual eruption. The seven years finally passed, and this Lombard friar, quitting the convent, walked across the rugged Apennines and looked down upon that radiant valley which held the city of Florence, where his real historic existence belongs, where he was to enter upon the stubbly path of duty and end all in martyrdom. Sleeping there on the banks of the Arno, at the foot of the hills, was Florence with her one hundred and seventy churches, central to which was the cathedral square with the belfry of Giotto rising before the eyes of the friar, in which was to toll the great bell to summon the Florentines to his sermons. The painted glass through which the Italian sunlight meagerly falls upon the face of the traveler to-day was then in the old cathedral windows, around which a cultivated people passed,—men and women of learning, artists of renown, holders of wealth, devotees of luxury and fashion.

He entered the convent of St. Marco. Here, as at Bologna, there was to be a slow getting on toward the final work. Eight more years were to pass before Florence would come to recognize his real power and greatness. There was no thrusting forward of himself, as though fame was his thirst, only a quiet waiting. As in the Bologna convent, so in St. Mark's, he was appointed at once to instruct the novices, and now and then was sent out to preach a lenten sermon, most generally at some point outside the city. His manner, accent, style were all against him, at a time when moral earnestness had died in the Florentine heart and the external niceties of diction were valued beyond the substance of a true man's message. But his vigils, fasts, prayers, an uninterrupted brooding over the Bible, especially its prophetic books, continued. It was in the lenten season of 1484 that he was sent to a small town amid the mountains of Sienna, and there from the mountaineers gained the first sympathetic indorsement of his message. From this time till the bell of the duomo called the throngs that hung so intently upon his words, he begins to talk with all the certi-

tude of a prophet. We hear of his visions, and his voice is in tone predictive of coming calamity. It was evident that in his mind all that was primitive in early time supernaturalism might have a present-day renewal, and more, that the Bible prophets' inspiration was already his own. These last four years before he emerges into fame are laid in obscurity difficult to trace. This life of fugitive service was to end, however, by his recall to Florence by Lorenzo, at the request of one of his courtiers who had heard him at Reggio and been deeply stirred. He was now thirty-seven years of age. As he sat in the monk's garden, with his cowed head canopied by a tree of damask roses, and lectured to the white-gowned boy Dominicans, the outside circle of thoughtful men who came to listen so grew that at last the cloister was relinquished for the convent church, and he began the work of those eight years which would close his earthly life.

Before advancing to the prophetic work of our hero, we pause to inquire at three points,—first, as to the intellectual life of Florence in the new birth of learning, of which that city was the center; second, what was the order of its civic government; third, what its religious condition.

At this time had come to Europe what we call the Renaissance or New Birth. What was this? If as a people we had been in total ignorance of the great writers of England—like Shakspeare, Milton, Macaulay, Tennyson,—and then there should come a discovery, would not that discovery have a profound effect upon us in the way of intellectual stimulation? Such a condition existed in Europe during the middle ages; that is, of Greek literature and art nothing was known. Printing as an art came about the time of Savonarola's birth, and also the taking of Constantinople, which brought many Greek scholars into southern Europe. The result of the discovery of this long-buried literary world was a revival of classic study. Before Latin authors had been read; now there was a change of masters, and Greek genius was supreme. Theology as a mere scholasticism dropped out, and for a time lost its hold because of indifference to it. It was

no break with the Roman Church as yet, only a new love for the masterful poets and philosophers of Athens. Greek literature took the place of the lifeless speculations of the schoolmen; Homer and Plato crowded out the Latin fathers; even Savonarola in the convent had been put to the teaching of Aristotle; artists, too, now in contact with Greek art, were awakened into fresh creative power. This new learning became a widespread craze, bringing a noble enthusiasm united with many a paganized influence. As men search for diamonds in African fields, did the enthusiasts of this period pry into the most dusty corners of monasteries to find some hidden copy of Livy, Quintilian, or Cicero. In this revival Italy felt the first pulse-beat, and Florence, her most cultured city, took the lead.

About the time Savonarola fled within convent walls, a young man of twenty-three, Lorenzo Medici, but a year younger, became the chief political executive of this once republican city. One was an apostle of righteousness, the other of the new culture. One asked, "Is this right?" the other, the unmoral, "Is this beautiful?" One was the inheritor of the wealth of a great banking-house and lived in a palace of almost inconceivable magnificence; the other had taken the vow of poverty, and, spurning luxury, lived at St. Mark's on the merest essentials of physical existence. One sought the finest cultivation of intellect, and was withal a subtle theologian; the other, as a plain preacher of truth and purity, made conscience the stern center of his being. One revived in his voluptuous life all the lusty sensualities of Greece; the other fasted and in prayerful vigil leaned more and more to the life of the ascetic. One took away the liberty of the people; the other sought to restore the same. One passed the summer season in his villas on the banks of the Arno, where a lamp was burned before a bust of Plato, with the wise men of the city interpreting the Orphic sayings of the great Athenian till the day wore on and the Apennines grew purple in the evening shadows; while the other sat in his lonely cell, sorrowful over true life's decay, and brewing in his breast that warning message which on the morrow he will hurl

into that sea of Tuscan faces upturned to him in the cathedral, with an eloquence prophetic, startling, passionate.

I speak of Lorenzo as now the chief executive of his city. Florence had come in its history to what is called the Medicean age, an age of abject political servility. If one is to understand the opposition of Savonarola to Lorenzo, he must see the latter as a destroyer of that popular liberty the prophet so passionately loved. Florence from her earliest, like Athens, had an unconquerable love of freedom. The emperor was supposed to be supreme, yet the cities of Italy had gained local self-government, with the podesta as chief magistrate chosen by the citizens. So jealous were the people of their freedom that, were one of the nobility to aspire to office, he must first lay aside his title. Yet there arose a new nobility, plutocrats, men of enormous wealth, of which the Medici are the most powerful and conspicuous instance. From the great-grandfather of Lorenzo, who himself began the work of subverting the popular liberty, came a line of grand-dukes, under whom Florence fell so low that the extreme of degradation seemed reached. A son of this founder, Cosimo, became so well-nigh absolute in his destructive influence that in fear he was banished, only to return to steal in more subtle ways than ever the political birth-rights of the citizens. This man died when Lorenzo was but sixteen, and at twenty-two, I say, Lorenzo came into his stolen heritage, virtually a throne in a city that still deemed itself democratic. He walked in all the evil ways of his fathers. He became the leading patron of the new learning, himself a distinguished Greek scholar, yet wrote songs coarse and obscene for the use of the carnival masqueraders, and led the young nobles in many a wild debauch. He gave money to build churches and monasteries, money often won by extortion and rapine. The law of righteousness, one with the beauty of holiness, which holds in check the conflicting forces within us,—the refined and coarse, the good and bad,—had no dominion over him. Savonarola in moral insight led his generation, while Lorenzo reflected the morals of an age

low in the extreme. As virtual ruler of Florence, he stood at the head of those families that had seized power and despoiled, so largely through the degrading paternalism which they fostered, the people of their liberties. It is, indeed, a question whether he did more mischief by his hostility to popular freedom or by his debauchery of the public morals. He and the monk of St. Marco stood at well-nigh opposite poles in the sphere of human endeavor.

But we go on to the religious times, the moral character of the last half of the fifteenth century. There in Florence, as in all southern Europe,—in the cloister, in the nunnery, among the dilettanti of the world dreaming hazily of a restoration of the pagan gods, and with the "common herd,"—there was the same rotting away of the moral life. Faith remained to tie to, but she could not raise her wings. It is more than probable that without this moral interregnum, this fearful lapse in conduct, the Reformation would have been slow in coming. A vast ecclesiastical system, sacramentally buttressed, under which such an awful plunge was possible, well might awaken suspicion. The men who had occupied the highest seat in Christendom, the popes, successively, from the death of Pius IV. till Alexander VI., who began to reign in 1493, at whose word the fagots were applied to the body of the reforming monk, seemed almost without exception bent upon a wild debauch of lust and power. Sixtus IV. gained the papal chair by bribes, and, politician-like, used it for personal ends of the baser sort. Innocent VIII., his successor, a friend of Lorenzo's, fairly indorsed the licentiousness of his clergy, and sought no other earthly object as he did to enrich his seven children. The pope who burned our hero was a monster of vice, an adept in the art of assassination, a villain of the deepest dye. Not that all the popes were bad men, though most of that period were; some struggled against the tides flowing so fiercely through those years, but in vain. The day for purity and devotion in the cloister and nunnery had passed; monks and nuns had fallen into sadly dissolute ways; monastery and nunnery afforded no

escape, but had grown to be more dangerous and worldly than the world itself; the inmates were the most avaricious of all; hating their cells and panting eagerly after that grossly sensuous life so far removed from early monastic simplicity. As Mrs. Oliphant says, "The age of Lorenzo was still more hopeless morally, full of debauchery, cruelty, and corruption, violating oaths, betraying trusts, believing in nothing but Greek manuscripts, coins, and statues, caring for nothing but pleasure. This was the world in which Savonarola found himself, when, waking from his first pleasurable impressions, he looked forth from the narrow windows of St. Marco, by the side of which Angelico's angel faces stood watching the thoughts that arose in his mind."

It was in August, 1489, that the prophet monk left the convent garden for the convent church, giving his petitioners a beaming smile and remarking, "And I shall preach for eight years." Two years, and then, to accommodate the crowds that came to listen, he removed again, this time to the *duomo*. This cathedral is more puritanic of cast, has less of uplifting and transfusing spiritual beauty than the Gothic of the north; it seems bold, bare, noble, solitary, and bereft, like the character of the great preacher himself. So meager is its light, so dim and mystical in shade, as to seem appropriate to the preaching of one impassioned and intense to a crowd of Tuscans, silent, intense, thin of face, eager, if not vehement and harsh. The first sermon in the convent church, filled to overflowing, struck the prophetic key, which grew bolder as the months went on and he came at last to the larger arena of the *duomo*. He declared for the renovation of the church, and predicted that all Italy should be chastised and that speedily. From the outset it was evident that a new and powerful prophet was crying in the wilderness of their sin, and the earnest began to build upon him. Over his prophecies and professions of prophetic gifts opinion was divided. Though in the fifteenth century, many laughed at this, reasonably so, while others believed in indiscriminate ways, and began the evolution of those myths or fancies, such as that the Ma-

donna was seen in the pulpit blessing him with uplifted hands, or that of angels standing by the right and left as he spoke. But this attested in its way to the real power of the preacher. The time was "rotten ripe" for the man of moral power; he came, and his triumph was more than miracle. Alone he stood, shorn voluntarily of what men call power, having espoused poverty and renounced ambition. He was only a monk, a Dominican monk, in a day when the fraternity had lost popular respect, a monk just stepped from his cell, where he ate the simplest food and slept but four hours during the night. He it was who made himself immortal in Florence by speaking bravely out of the moral law. He declined to speak in Latin, and gave his message in the mother tongue. He spoke, as a man in earnest should speak to men in need, in a friendly tone, in brotherly simplicity. Casting aside all remote issues, he rose into an inspired state over present-time sins in church and state, drawing from the armory of Bible prophecies startling predictions of woe and danger. The effect of his word, so aroused was he and so pure in the depths of his moral personality, was felt on every side. The people rose at midnight, stood for hours with bare feet on the cold marble to get places for the sermon; young men came and gave up pleasure, vice, and wealth before the strange fascination of the Frate's word; men whose hearts ached to think of their stolen liberties as Florentines saw in the presence of the cowed Dominican, so passionately sorrowful over surrounding evils, both a new hope and a brighter promise.

From the days of John, whom Herod feared, until now, character is of all influences most supreme in human hearts. He who would influence us profoundly must have ideality, that is, a cleaving to the ideal cast up before him. Lorenzo felt, what all in the city of Florence felt, the light of life radiating from the interior of this loyal monk. It was not to his taste that Savonarola should so boldly speak against the reigning corruption, yet as his courtiers talked of expelling the monk from Lombardy from the city, he, we believe, was far from pleased. Lorenzo, though so far from kingly in the

moral realm, was kingly in his own lower way, was large of mold, and quickly did he see in this stranger monk one who belonged to a higher order than himself, whose friendship he must gain. So he sought in coy ways, as well as others, to win him, to find that the only blending possible to them was in the spirit of obedience, duty, and truth. In 1491 the Dominicans of St. Marco, proud of the fame and greatness of their brother, elected him prior. This monastery had received many benefits from Lorenzo, and the custom was for the newly elected prior to call upon the great patron, thank him for past favors, and ask for more. This Savonarola stoutly refused to do, much to the dismay of his brother monks. There is something half humorous in the remark Lorenzo is said to have made when he heard of it: "A stranger has come to live in my house, and does not think it worth while to come and see me." Too large was he to feel other than an augmented desire to gain the favor of so unfearing a mortal, and so renewed the effort. He goes to mass and then walks in the convent garden under the very cell of the reformer, thus coyly inviting him to come forth and greet him, but come forth he does not. Gold which he gave for the prior's use was sent off to the poor. Failing again, he sent four distinguished citizens with the request that he change the tone of his pulpit utterance, to receive the reply, a prophetic message soon verified: "Tell him from me that, though he is a Florentine and the greatest in the city, and I am a stranger, yet it is he who must leave Florence and I who must remain." So Lorenzo was frustrated. Yet they were finally to meet, just once, since in less than a year, in the early spring, at his villa at Correggi, amid olive gardens, surrounded by his wonderful stores of art, the kingly Florentine lay dying. If the kingdom of heaven could come from without, of sensuous origin, it certainly would have rested upon the heart of one so inwrapped in the folds of an earthly magnificence; yet all this fed not the spiritual selfhood, and when the sudden summons came to enter the chilling gloom out of this glory of earthly sunshine, conscience, that belated guest, came

harshly knocking. And in that hour so intensely solitary in its individuality, to whom should he turn but to this monk of the sadly radiant face, who, unlike his own priestly parasites, did not fear him nor too highly value his magnificence? He sent for Savonarola, who at last went; the cowed figure came out of St. Mark's into the spring sunshine, life blossoming all about him, white campanile and reddened domes glistening in the morning clearness, traversed the marble of the loggia, and stood, the one true prophet of the hour, by the side of the princely bed. I will not give the oft-repeated interview, since some doubt attaches to it. We are sure of this, however, that sins darker than the night of death, upon the skirts of which this princely esthete hovered, stood cast up in memory, barring him from all peace, and that Savonarola knew that no sentimental repentance, nothing short of an actual turning in heart to a righting of his life's awful wrongs could bring the peace he craved. He bent over that couch tender as love and as inexorable. The false word he would not speak, the true was not welcome, so prince and monk parted,—the one with cowl pulled over his face, aching with sadness, going back to his cell; the other, through that gate that clicks but once to the passer-on, out into the shadow and mystery of eternity.

If Savonarola predicted the death of Lorenzo, so did he the coming of a foreign invader to scourge Italy. In fact, the first great event in Florence after Lorenzo's going was the coming of Charles VIII. of France, who occupied the Medicean palace, and when he went away stole and took with him all its wonderful treasures of art. In connection with the invasion we see again how rounded was the sphere of the prior's influence, not merely as a preaching monk, but also as prophet-politician. By this time his fame had widened to a great circle, and all hopes were centered in him. Even the French king, who was tramping over the Alps, weak of mind and superstitious of cast, stood in awe of the prophet of God, and evidently believed, as did Savonarola himself, in his power to foretell coming events. I speak of him as a politician, as we might of Jere-

miah, only, however, in the prophet's way of serving Florentine morality and Florentine liberty. As Jeremiah rejoiced in the coming of the eastern hosts with almost a seeming unpatriotic intent, did the St. Marco monk hail the coming of the French king, fancifully styling him the new Cyrus, so profound was his disgust of Piero's government,—Piero, son of Lorenzo now a year and a half dead, whose hand upon the helm of the little ship of state was most unsailorlike. When news of the approach of the Frenchman reached Piero, he went out to meet him, and, traitor-like, surrendered those forts which in any way could stay an invader's advance. The armored soldiers were already pushing their way across the flats of Lombardy when news reached the Florentines of what Piero had done. A wild tempest of anger, fury, and dismay gathered like an undischarged storm-cloud from the Apennines over their streets. Mutterings were heard against the Medici party and their partisans, as of thunder in the lifting horizon; the hour was ripe for anything, heroic self-defense, or license, anarchy, and crime. As Lorenzo, when dying, thought of the monk, so the people now, desperate and leaderless. The day of the news was one of those days when it was his wont to preach to them in the duomo, and thither they turned their steps. Here was one they could trust, whose prophetic ear first caught the tramp of the Alpine host. The power of his speech as he stretched out his arms over the dense crowd of awe-struck listeners long lived in the memory and traditions of men. Then, it is claimed, he saved the state; by the strength of his appeal, the exaltation of his spirit, his exhortation against revenge, he calmed the passion and kept the populace from deeds of violence. And on the morrow, when the city appointed a deputation to go out to plead with the invaders, Savonarola in his monk's attire was one of the number, not to argue as a statesman, rather to speak only as a prophet to the king. He stood in the camp and said, "If thou dost forget the work for which the Lord sends thee, he will choose another to fulfill it and will let the hand of his wrath fall upon thee, and will punish thee with terrible

scourges. All this I say to thee in the name of the Lord." There was that strange spiritual fascination about him that never failed to impress in some deep way, as it did the king,—an impression which the monk divined as leaning to hope. Yet the French marched on, and on a rainy November day came to the gate of San Frediano, across the turgid river, to the palace of the Medici, where amid all the magnificent art treasures of Lorenzo lodgings had been prepared for the king. Ten days the visitors tarried, and during all this time of excitement, so hard to hold in leash, the controlling influence was that of the monk upon his pulpit throne in the great cathedral. All the troops of the little city republic lay secreted in the depths of the great old palaces or in the peaceful cloisters, ready to spring forth at the lowing of the old cow, as the Florentines spoke of the hammer-stroke clanging of their bell in the ancient tower. Once again the prophet was to stand before this king. Near the close of the ten days of negotiation the disagreement was so radical that Charles resolved to sack the city, hearing which, Savonarola forced his way through the palace doors and, crucifix in hand, said, "Sacred Majesty, know that it is God's will that thou shouldst leave this city without making any other change; otherwise thou and thy army will here lay down your lives." So marked an effect had he that the king dare not do other than fold his tents. On the morrow the army tramped away, and the Florentines, seeing that the Medici was gone,—however Piero might demand readmittance at the gate,—knew that once more after the painful lapse of years Florence was free and Savonarola the most powerful citizen within its gates.

I have called Savonarola a prophet, and in so saying I mean one who lifts up the moral law in the light of dutiful or heroic ways. I would not for an instant admit as true that he possessed what he evidently claimed for himself—prophetic light as supernatural foresight. Again and again he cited his own predictions based on his visions, and sought thereby to authenticate his message to his people. There is something heroic in the logic

that sets up the remote supernaturalism of antiquity as a form of the miraculous amid the whirling events of one's passing day, and as such in him it shows the heroism of a crude and mistaken consistency. In the Quakers, as in Savonarola, there was an arching of all time with the coruscating light of the supernatural. Yet both were mistaken, and we might better say so as plainly as possible. If the claim to a miraculous prophecy could not be admitted for an instant, neither could I for an instant think of him as other than sincere in so claiming. To the very roots of his being was he morally realistic. Savonarola had moral genius, hence moral insight, which has foresight as a function; he dwelt with God on the mount, where storms of moral wrath are brewed and sent over the cities of men; he was the just, who lived in a clarified vision of what is and of what must be called faith. I can admit that he was limited by the credulity of the fifteenth century, not that he played upon the credulity of others, or had the mere forecast of the shrewd politician.

But we hasten on and up to the supreme elevation of this man's power. Stretching back of the Florentines lay sixty years of subservience to the Medici, an era now ended in a winter of wrestling over the problem of reconstruction. At the sound of the bell, according to ancient usage, the citizens came unarmed into the piazza, where a belia, or a committee, was formed to decide upon the new government of the city. For over two weeks there was discussion, but no advance; the lack was of that sustaining force called public opinion, sure to be felt where despotism casts the people into political disuse, a lack, too, of agreement among the commissioners. It was at this time of confusion, when some deft finger was needed to disentangle the web, that all turned as by common instinct to Savonarola, and from this time he became the guiding influence of those two succeeding years of reconstruction, wherein his power reached its highest, and before the brighter, unshadowed part of his days was over. Had he been like the conventional preacher of that day or this, with whom church and state sit like the gods apart, with no national spirit and with a merely pietistic conception of pulpit func-

tion, he would have remained silent under the call. Not so this Lombard Jeremiah with his feet planted in Florence. He could serve both Jerusalems, the new and the old; he cared for politics, however, only as an instrument of morality, though he could not be indifferent to the way the people, his great needy flock of Florentines, so long hovered by his love, were governed. Now he began to touch upon public questions, always from the standpoint of righteousness and as an oracle of God. He began with charity and industrial regulations and advanced to the specific work in hand, and gave that advice under which the ship of the little state, so difficult to launch, at last fled the dock and cut the waves of her transient voyage. The prior now shone as a genius of administration. We trace the evolution of the new government in these cathedral discourses; from the Frate's mind came the evolving motor and impulse. His first sermon on what the new charter should be was spoken seventeen days after the French king had "looted" the palace of the Medici, on December the 12th, and less than two weeks on, such was the impelling and illuminating power of his utterance, the feat was accomplished, agreement was reached, and the Great Council, of Venetian model, was formed. It was a strange state of things, a wonderful story of this magnificent Puritan, a going back to Moses on the smoky mount. He believed himself the prime minister of the Almighty, the unseen monarch whom the Florentines, he thought, had now taken as their king. But not for long. The heroic, like the puritanic, is necessarily brief.

But we hasten to complete our story. While thus exalted by an almost unsurpassed success, opposition to him was felt and now began to be more boldly manifested. Look briefly at the elements in opposition. In Florence, while all parties were a unit against the Medici, there was a strong aristocratic class who sought power for themselves and who had no thanks to give the prior for his democratic republic. This element, too, became active shortly after the departure of the French and the immediate dangers to the republic seemed passed. Here were

found the reactionary leaders, full of plans to accomplish the monk's overthrow. Neither had they any sympathy with him in the puritanic morality he had set up so largely among the Florentines. They laughed with many a sarcastic remark when rich penitents gave up their ornaments, the dissipated became sober, and the dishonest made restitution in tender quail of conscience. There had come, under his influence, not a sensational revival of religion, but of simple human rightness, which made decent public manners and drove immodesty and impurity into the darkness of the night. In the lower ranks, too, there were the vicious, who needed but a word of encouragement to fly into open revolt. If for a time, as has been said, "he communicated to them that high and fine intoxication of enthusiasm and feeling which, when it takes hold of a crowd, drives lower and grosser excitements out of court," the higher is so likely to give way to the lower upon its swift and strong return. The prior thought it right to repress by force what he deemed harmful to the community, even though a paralysis of personal liberty was involved. What we have come to see, that in large measure the innocent and harmful in amusement must be left to the individual conscience, he did not grasp, nor his generation either. Holding that vice should not be tolerated even though personal liberty be destroyed, he went to war with a majority of his fellow-beings whom he could not overcome, though they would eventually overcome him. To change his design was out of the question, so he saw with ever-increasing clearness what the end would be. Another element of opposition was the pope himself, Roderigo Borgia, father of Lucretia, over whom the Catholic king, Ferdinand, wept like a child when he heard that he had bought his way into the papal chair, knowing so well what the evil results would be. This man was united by marriage with the Medicean family, and for the monk of St. Mark to oppose Lorenzo was cutting straight into the interests of the pope. Further, Savonarola's very presence made him ashamed, since Borgia loved neither virtue nor freedom. So uneasy was this dissoluteness in power

in the prophet's presence as at last to seek his removal. Now this opposition on all sides began to manifest itself in more determined ways. The French king's well-known respect for the Florentine mystic restrained the pope for a while, or made more cautious and cat-like the forth-putting tentacles of his power. The reactionary party in the city sent to the pope reports of his sermons. Refugees of the Medicean party at Rome, with the son Piero, who regarded Savonarola as the author of all their woes, had the ear of Borgia and were incessant in their plans for his removal and their own restoration to power. The pope was thus not only in league with the enemies of the prior, but against republican Florence as well. From 1495, during the remaining years of his life, efforts of differing character were put forth to silence him. First, came an invitation to visit Rome, made suspicious by its designing flattery, which the prior discreetly declined. This was followed by a brief, strong of tone and openly angry, which forbade him to preach, at the same time offering him a cardinal's hat for a moderation of his tone. A silence of six months to the preacher followed, when the inhibition was withdrawn, and once more he mounted the cathedral pulpit, to speak in the old boldness, yet under a new consciousness that he was now on trial. Meanwhile the sea was roughening to the little governmental ship his hand had helped launch. The commerce of the city was depressed, the moneyed exactions of the French had been large and depleting, while a famine among the surrounding peasants led to great suffering and destitution. The war-cloud, too, was drifting across the peace of the republic. This, combined with other causes, helped on the reactionary movement. "If this be the promised land our prophet saw, we will follow him no longer," many thought and some said. Then came the elections, sometimes in favor of the Frate's party, for the party of the republic was his, but on the whole showing a steady gain on the part of his enemies. In June, 1497, came the edict of excommunication, read to the people with great solemnity of manner in the cathedral, all the clergy present, the Dominicans excepted, while the bells

tolled and the lamps were extinguished. The more successful the party of reaction, the bolder grew Borgia in his pursuit. Once more Savonarola appeared in the cathedral pulpit that he had rounded to such prophetic fullness, at the request of the signoria, and then took leave of his people forever. His great voice, broken by sickness, disappointment, well-nigh despair, because of the great weight of ecclesiastical power hanging over him and of the brittle nature of his reform, was now silent, though through the increasing turbulence and riot of that last year he was asked again and again as civic protector, dictator of ethics over a sterile realm, to appeal to the people, which he did with the old power to calm and restrain. Yet the truth was that the era of his spiritual despotism, which every principle of ordinary humanity rendered brief,—a puritanic despotism guided by a consummate moral genius,—had nearly passed, and that prophetic power strained to the point of the fictitious, which had so many times helped him, was now to prove his ruin. There is something pathetic in the fact that at this hour, when all other hopes had fled, in the old blind consistency he should appeal to the miraculous, and by it fail. It was his only remaining resource to put the pope to flight. His opponents accepted his challenge for a fiery trial, and, when the challenged failed to appear, shrewdly cast the blame upon Savonarola and his friends. The result was a cry of "false prophet," with an armed mob inflamed to riot by his enemies, with a battle ensuing, to rage in and around the convent of St. Mark's and to end in the surrender of Savonarola and his last walk through the streets of Florence amid the howling, jeering mob to prison. From the cell of St. Marco to the cell of the prison he passed, where no angel faces of Angelico's smiled their tender benedictions upon him. Though a thunderstorm swept across the piazza during the enactment of the strange scene, God did not break into the might of miracle out of the tempest to save this perishing child of obedience: human passion rudely struck its blow, and the next morning, an April morning serene and bright, Savonarola lay passive under its hand.

I will not give in detail the account of his trial and execution, so painfully realistic. His death was determined upon, and the trial was simply an attempt to daub upon it a face of justification. He bore his torture in the bravest fortitude and in that quietness of spirit which so distinguishes the strong of soul. A few weeks of imprisonment in a high tower which still overhangs the fair city, and then he was led out into the smile of the morning of the 23d of May, the Tuscan May, when but forty years old, in the eighth year of his Florentine ministry, to die. It was ten o'clock, and a great surge of friends and foes filled the square. Unfrocked by the hand of a brother Dominican, in his woolen tunic, with bare feet, chanting the Apostles' Creed, with the old beautiful light in his eyes and a deep quiet in face and manner, in soul made peaceful by conscious rectitude of being, he came with his two brother mystics to the gallows, where he was strangled, and beneath which his body was burned. The crowd cast showers of stones at the crisping corpse, but ere night set in it was cut down and cast into the waters of the Arno.

"So passed the strong, heroic soul away" amid flame and smoke and the encircling waters. In the city of Dante, where lived and died many of the great, in reverent memory this extraordinary man, the renowned prior of St. Marco, still stands as her first citizen. The first year or two after the expulsion of the Medici, a monument was erected, the work of Donatello, to mark the triumph of the republic, a monument that no regime has dared to remove during the last four centuries of political transmutations. Like the statue of Judeth has been the lengthening shaft of this Dominican's fame, steadily casting its shadow since that May morning of 1498. A monk was he, yet unlike so many a hermit in the olden day fleeing into the solitude to save his soul, so unlike the speculative reformer who neglects the present while inditing for you his dream of the future, in that he took hold of the passing day in that vital faith which makes God a living God. He saved his soul in the solitude of the city's sin in an heroic struggle to win those living there on the banks of the Arno. If not to be

compared to a typical old-time hermit, neither was he in other than a general sense a forerunner of the Reformation prophet. What he sought was a restoration of a golden age, to bring back things that were, rather than the evolution of a higher ethic by the inspiration of larger truth. Luther was a spiritual leader toward a better creed; Savonarola, untroubled by any doubt, was simply a reformer of morals on the old lines of religious belief. The reformation in morals was to come out of the struggle over reformation truth. Sincerity over the real and fictitious in religion was inseparable from the new and higher morality. Luther was an idol-breaker, a dissolver of sacramental fictions the tendency of which was now seen to be unmoral. Loyalty, the Luther-like loyalty, was the path to the stronger and cleaner life. The morals of Christendom hung upon creed revision. Luther questioned the authority of the pope; the Dominican not, only the legality of his election. If Borgia had bought his papal seat, as a merchant wheat from Alexandria, why should he obey him? He believed in a pope, only this one, robber-like, had climbed into the fold in an irregular way, to ravage, rob, and beat the sheep. The Saxony monk probed deeper, reinterpreted the Christian faith in its simplicities, and thereby began that threefold advance,—in truth, liberty, and morals. Both were sincere, and so strong in their way. One was by nature profoundly melancholy, yet earnest; the other humorous, emitting great floods of laughter, yet earnest also. One was ascetic, while the other trusted more his happy nature and conformed more to what has come to be our modern ideal of saintship. Could the Saxony light have smitten the Bologna monk on his mountain journey to Florence, he would have stood bravely in it and died bravely for it. He was a reformer of the vices of his church and city, not a creed reviser, a lover of freedom, pure of heart and of an unconquerable courage. While something of a charge of social narrowness in keeping with his asceticism can be made against him, bringing him more in accord with the English type of puritanism than that of the German Fatherland, he was too

true to his southern sense of beauty to be other than a friend of art. This simple monk was surrounded by a group of admirers,—thinkers, poets, and artists,—who felt the regality of his nature and who were his ardent disciples. Fra Benedetto and Fra Bartolemo founded a school of religious art under his influence. He loved the sweet faces always beaming with encouragement upon him from the convent walls, and blessed the cunning of the hand that drew them. The greatest minds and hearts of his day felt his influence, and thanked heaven for it. Those who came into his presence expecting to meet a fanatic were won into reverent admiration, so rare his spirit, so unselfish and pure. One of the master spirits must he have been so to lift a debauched city for eight years out of the thralldom of its depravity, to shame the calloused heart of Borgia, to tame kings, who stood with uncovered heads in his presence,—kings who ruled their subjects with rods of iron,—to tame also a multitude and mold them by his beneficent despotism to transient moral purposes, to win to his support men of all tastes, talents, and trades, to found a republic in a fickle age, among a fickle people. Surely the fascination and wonder and mystery of greatness hang about him.

It is said that both people in Florence and pope in Rome, when this reformer had passed on his lofty way, broke from restraint into a renewed debauch. Now, untroubled by the Puritan friar, Borgia gave full course to his passion and ambition, and carnival riot began in the streets of Florence as though no reform had come. The bell tolled and the people flocked to the cathedral, and a conventional religion had its say. Yet the shadow of Savonarola's personality cast upon human hearts could not fade with the body: the many friends in the spirit were faithful to his memory, who visited the spot where the waters received his body, strewed flowers in the square where he died, and in their homes burned a lamp before his picture. Good Catholics were they, like the friar, who searched records and wrote books to render what they thought the most sacred service possible,

—to free him from the charge of heresy. In their homes the people talked of him, half in pity, half in admiration, and the more they brooded was there a clear shining of the ideal he so heroically lifted. Not long, too, was it before they saw their mistake; yet too late, since back upon them were forced the Medici, one tyranny to succeed another as the generations came and went. Among the ecclesiastics, too, in the light of the German revolt, which soon came under Luther, which was to divide the church, it was seen that it had been better not to cast out the prophet of reform within the fold. Four hundred

years on, in the same hall built to hold his Florentine council, were to meet, revering the dead prophet and breathing his freedom-loving spirit, the first parliament of free and united Italy. Over all these years still stretches the shadow of his healing; it rests upon the sunny streets along which he was borne to the hour and scene of his taking off; it subdues the heart of the traveler as he stands in the little St. Marco cell, or climbs to the overhanging prison in the tower. Even we, readers, far off on this western continent, feel the hover of the same shadow, the glory of the life of this great servant of God.

HOME-COMING SONG

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY

Set o' sun, and toil is done,
 Grind, O wheels, while others tread!
 Homeward thro' the night I run
 To the haven just ahead.
 Light o' Love! Light o' Love!
 Other refuge I have none,—
 Thou the worth of life must prove
 While the fight is yet unwon!
 Scant the fare that Love may share;
 Pale the lips that Love may press;
 Stern the burdens Love must bear;
 Fierce the wrongs that wait redress.
 Heart o' Life! Heart o' Life!
 Manna in the wilderness!
 We should perish in the strife
 But for Love to heal and bless!
 Speed the day when we may say,
 Justice reigns and man is free;
 Peace shall kiss us in the way,
 Labor crown us plenteously.
 Love is all! Love is all!
 Sound the word from sea to sea;
 Man to man we stand or fall,
 One for Love and Liberty!

A DAY ON A TROUT FARM, OR THE STORY OF HANDY'S FOLLY

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

It is my purpose in the present paper, apart from giving a description of one of our most interesting infant industries in the country districts of New England, to tell how a boy possessing courage, unflagging industry, and the pioneer spirit, wrested success from failure; for the story of such an achievement cannot fail to prove suggestive and inspiring to others who are entering the battle of life. The young man of whom I am about to speak is a representative of a type of manhood most needed in the industrial world to-day, for in him we find embodied the true pioneer spirit, balanced by rectitude and sober judgment and fortified by courage and perseverance. It was the possession of these qualities in an eminent degree which contributed so largely to the greatness of old New England, and which caused the wilderness of our Westland to blossom with happy homes, and in a few decades to put on the robes of civilization.

He who leaves the old paths which have become so overcrowded that life is a pitiless struggle for bare subsistence, and in an honorable and legitimate manner helps to establish or build up a new enterprise, becomes in a true sense a benefactor and an industrial hero; for, in addition to opening a new avenue for productive industry, he gives to society some of the wholesome stimulus which ever comes from the original thinker and worker, the inventor and the pioneer. The multitude is always ready to follow the beaten path. We are all to a large degree imitative. The originator and builder, in all useful fields of endeavor, is the true helper. In the past the chaplet of honor has gone chiefly to the victor in war and strife. Recent centuries, and especially the present age, have manifested a disposition to recognize in a small way moral heroism and material achievements, and it is to be hoped that the twentieth century will

exalt ethical excellence and industrial attainments to such a degree that the ennoblers of the race, and those who contribute to the sustenance of life, will rank higher than the destroyers.

I know that to the vegetarian the raising of animal food stock of any kind is to be discouraged, and yet, however much we may sympathize with his ideals, the fact remains that for generations we shall undoubtedly look to the animal world for a large portion of our food supply. Through countless ages we have been carnivorous as well as herbivorous, and, however much we may desire it, the evolution in question will not be accomplished for many generations; while it is probable that fish will continue to be a staple article of diet for man long after a steady diminution in the consumption of the red-blooded animals shall have begun.

II.

Some years ago a rather diffident boy, living about a mile from the hamlet of South Wareham, Massachusetts, found himself confronted by the disquieting question of the future. There was the old homestead, but it had long since ceased to yield a living, and the boy at length decided to go to Boston and fit himself for business. He entered one of the leading business colleges and engaged in mastering its curriculum. Here he came face to face with the unpleasant fact that the supply of bookkeepers and stenographers seemed greatly to exceed the demand. He was of a retiring nature, one of those who shrink from harshness, and he soon came to feel that his prospects would be poor in the hard struggle for place which evidently awaited the graduates. His mind turned to the old farm. Could he not make a success there,—not in the old way, to be sure, but by engaging in some special work? A little brook ran through one part of the estate; it was an unpromising affair, but it gave him an idea. He had

read something of trout raising, and this brook suggested the thought of experimenting. He secured from Washington all the data and facts he could relating to trout culture; but when he broached the subject to his neighbors they, with one accord, sought to discourage him. In the first place the brook was too shallow; in the second the chances were ninety-nine out of a hundred that he would fail in his attempt; and, if he succeeded, he was not business man enough to realize anything on his work.

The reception of his proposition by his relatives and neighbors would have discouraged most boys; but L. B. Handy was not one to be easily discouraged, even though he instinctively shrank from entering the savage competition of the business world. He had very little money, and proceeded slowly. After carefully studying the problem he decided to make the experiment. He was now eighteen years of age. The brook, he realized, would be of little service in itself, but fortunately there is plenty of cool water, from eighteen to thirty feet below the surface, throughout that part of the country; and he drove some artesian wells, and in a modest way began his experiment. At first he could not give it the attention he desired, as he was compelled to labor in fields more immediately productive, but he persevered, and in time made a fair start; though he was compelled to put up with the ridicule of the neighborhood, and "Handy's Hobby" was on the tongue of almost every one in the district.

After a year of patient work he had fifty thousand promising young fish, when on a beautiful summer day they all died. The blow was a hard one for the young man, but the prophets of evil were by no means sad. They had told him how it would be; they knew it was madness; the young man who thought he knew so much more than his elders had received his deserts. Surely this was enough; to try again would be sheer madness; and from thenceforth the enterprise was frequently referred to as "Handy's Folly," and the Crystal Brook trout-farm became a by-word in and about South Wareham.

But the young man was not to be defeated. He knew there must be a reason

for the sudden death of the fish. He had succeeded during a year with no loss worth mentioning, yet the present reversal indicated that perhaps he was not a master of his industry. Accordingly, he procured more books, and again began to study the subject. He soon became convinced that the probable cause was the heating of the water under the midsummer sun, for the best treatises taught that trout would die if water reached seventy or seventy-five degrees. At this juncture a friend helped him with a little capital, and he made another start.

To guard against the possibility of the water again becoming too warm, he sank more wells. At the present time he has sixty artesian wells from eighteen to thirty feet deep. The water runs freely the year round, and is never over forty-eight degrees in temperature.

At first his shed for hatching the eggs was a small affair, but he soon had to double its capacity. Two years ago he built another hatchery, thirty by fifty feet in dimensions. It holds thirty troughs twenty feet long. The building has a capacity for properly caring for five million eggs; but this building is now getting too small, and he expects to have to enlarge again next year.

The fish, after they come from the hatchery, are placed in what are termed runs. These runs are wooden tanks, probably two feet deep and from thirty to sixty feet long. They are built on either side of the natural brook, and are fed by the numerous artesian wells. A strong wire screen between the runs allows the water to pass from one to another, and the wells keep it constantly moving. The runs follow the natural descent of the land, and thus the water moves downward much as it does in the brook outside. It is very necessary to keep the water clean and fresh, else the fish will die. The bottoms of the runs are covered with clean white sand, renewed every week or two. At the present time these runs are one-half a mile in length.

Already success has written her name in big, fair letters across the experiment so recently sneered at as "Handy's Folly." During this season the young man has shipped four million three hundred and

seventy thousand trout eggs. These have gone to all sections of the country. Some were safely sent to Oregon, and some were used to stock mountain brooks far from the railway in the western part of North Carolina. These eggs were fourteen days in transit, but they were so packed and cared for that they arrived safely and in as healthy a condition as when they left.

Mr. Handy has hatched over six hundred thousand eggs this winter. He has also over seventy-five thousand yearlings, and many thousand fish which are from two to three years of age. He is continually stocking brooks with yearlings, which bring from twenty to thirty dollars a thousand. Many customers, however, prefer to pay more and buy the two-yearlings. This is also the size which he chiefly ships to markets. "I expect to sell over three tons this season," he said, when speaking of the market; "but more profit is made on those used for stocking brooks. A great many people buy the older fish for breeding, while the majority of persons prefer to buy the eggs, which bring fifty cents a thousand."

Last year the young fish grower met with one serious loss through some evil-minded person, who raised the sluice-boxes in one of his runs, in which there were three thousand fish between one and one-half and two years of age. In the morning all were dead. The eggs they contained would alone have been worth six hundred dollars. Notwithstanding this loss, the young man cleared six hundred dollars on his trout last year. He is now making provisions which will enable him to raise quail and pheasants on a large scale. He is at the present time only twenty-four years of age.

To meet such young men, and note what they are doing,—how philosophically they face disappointments, and how determinedly they surmount difficulties until they force victory from failure,—is an inspiration. And when we remember that our land is full of such quiet, unostentatious individuals, we cannot fail to feel that, in spite of the clouds which hang over our institutions, in spite of the shortcomings, the injustice, and inequalities of life, we have a sturdy element which will yet rescue the nation from its perils, as in

industrial life it has already turned failure into victory.

We little dreamed how many hero hearts beat under the coats of our boys until the call to arms went forth, and if two years ago one had predicted that within a year an officer in the American Navy would ask men to take a position that would mean almost certain death, and that hundreds of men would eagerly cry, "Send me! Send me!" few would have regarded such a prophecy as worthy of serious consideration; for they might have said, while many officers might doubtless be ready calmly to face death for the good of our land, that would not be probable of a large number of the common sailors. And yet, when Admiral Sampson asked for volunteers to accompany Lieutenant Hobson, after he had explained the peril which faced every one who went on board the doomed "Merrimac," hundreds on hundreds of men instantly clamored for the privilege of going, and America learned with a thrill of joy that the ranks of her soldiers and sailors were filled with heroes. And so to-day, in the midst of the clash and clamor of business life, we are apt to overlook the silent thousands of industrial heroes who are quietly going forward in many lines of work, opening new fields of productive labor, and carving out success on every hand,—success that sits grandly on their brows, because it is not won at the expense of others' happiness, and therefore casts no shadow across the soul of the victor.

III.

The culture of trout forms an interesting chapter in the record of new industries which the demands and exigencies of the times have called forth in New England. It is a work, however, which requires intelligence, watchfulness, and constant labor. "When the season approaches for spawning," said Mr. Handy, "the trout from one and one-half years of age and older are lifted by nets or seines, with handles, from the various runs, and placed in tubs. Here they are sorted, and the females which are about to spawn are placed by themselves. The passing of the finger with gentle pressure down the body of the fish which are ready to spawn, will

relieve it of its eggs, after which it is returned to the water in one of the runs."

A fish of one and one-half years to two years of age will yield from three hundred to five hundred eggs, and if it is two to three years old it will yield many more. A fish weighing a pound will usually yield one thousand eggs. These eggs are placed in trays whose sides and bottoms are made of wire netting with mesh close enough to prevent their falling through. Twelve hundred eggs go on each tray, which, when full, is transferred to the hatchery and placed on a rack in one of the troughs. Here water from the artesian wells flows over the eggs with a movement too slight to disturb them. It is necessary that the water should be kept at a temperature of from thirty-six to forty-eight degrees. When the trough is filled with trays it is carefully covered up, as it is essential to exclude the light. Here the little eggs remain during the long period before they hatch. It is twenty days before the fish is visible in the egg, and from fifty to fifty-five days are required from the time the egg is placed in the tray before the fish is hatched. At first it is little larger than a pin, but has attached to it a sack of nutriment upon which it lives for about six weeks. When hatched the fish are removed to troughs in which they are free to swim. The covering, however, is not removed for some time. After six weeks have elapsed they have to be fed three or four times every day. The principal food is pulverized liver, which in a semi-liquid form is sprayed over the water. It is very interesting to see the thousands of little fish coming to the top for the particles of nourishment. In a few moments the surface will be cleared of all food.

The little fish from birth are very shy. If you point your finger within a foot of the water in which they are moving in shoals, they will dart away in every direction. After a time the small fry, as they are called, are transferred from the hatchery to one of the runs, where they enjoy larger freedom, and pass a joyous life free from the peril of pickerel and the thousand and one other foes which lie in wait for them in the ordinary brook. Here, too, they have no care. Their food is provided for them. It consists chiefly of pulverized liver, haddock spawn, and occasionally mush made of shorts or wheat meal. It requires more than a barrel of food a day to feed Mr. Handy's trout. This is ground and pulverized by means of a six-horse-power gasoline engine.

When the trout are a year old they are sorted, for some will be much larger than others. Many, I noticed, seemed at least a third larger than the majority of the same age. The large ones are placed by themselves, as they bring thirty dollars a thousand, while the smaller ones sell for twenty dollars. Great numbers are used each year for stocking trout brooks all over the country. Those not so disposed of are kept for market and for breeding. It is a beautiful sight to see the fish at feeding time, especially the older ones. Take, for example, a run in which there are over three thousand fish, two to three years old. The moment a shovelful of food is thrown on the water hundreds of the beautiful speckled little creatures jump for it. Two-thirds of their bodies will often be out of the water at a time, and in the bright sunshine the wonderful iridescent coloring makes a picture never to be forgotten.

THE NEW EDUCATION

BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

It is now seventeen years since the first publication of "The New Education" and the first use of that phrase, the true meaning of which has reached only the minds of progressive thinkers. It signifies a total revolution in the ideas which have ruled collegiate and primary education, which from time out of mind has been

little more than the three r's, as a basis, ornamented with the study of dead languages, history and geography as viewed by our predecessors, literature and rhetoric, a set of very empty speculations dignified with the title of philosophy, a variable quantity of mathematics, and a moderate amount of physical science.

Hand in hand with this has gone a resolute, severe drill, always likely to weary the mind and memory and exhaust the physical constitution, while preserving old opinions and customs with almost Chinese fidelity, and leaving the subject of this unfortunate discipline void of originality, disqualified for seeking anything new, and without any development or increase of his moral nature, any increase of physical and mental energy, any substantial basis for health or knowledge of its preservation, or, indeed, any higher motive in life than the pursuit of wealth and honor, the attainment of ease, and the desire to avoid anything called labor, unless he has inherited nobler sentiments in too generous an endowment to be injured by such an education and the atmosphere of the college, where, perhaps, laboring poverty finds at the best only difficult access.

This is but a meager and feeble statement of the old system. Under it the groaning nineteenth century has grown more and more uneasy, and is reaching in various directions for some improvement with a sincerity which promises ultimate success in the search and struggle for a world's salvation.

The "New Education" came from a profound investigation of the constitution of man and the law of development of all its powers, psychological and physiological, through many years of examination of many educational systems and experiments—their failures and success, and their effects upon human health and progress. It came before the world with this motto: "Governments, churches, and colleges for many thousand years have striven in vain to conquer crime, disease, and misery; a new method must be adopted."

There is but one doubtful statement in this. Has any such systematic and earnest effort been made,—anything more than a formal, perfunctory, and ceremonious effort to seem to be doing something toward palliating urgent suffering, but really amending nothing? Has any government ever sought more than the welfare of the ruling classes, or ever met crime except by its own crime, the penalties which express the fierceness of its

vengeance? Has any church ever attempted any bold effort for peace, or neglected to pray for the bloody success of its own armies? Has any college or church ever been able to guarantee the integrity of those it has trained? The statistics of prisons seem to show that the prisoners generally profess an orthodox faith, and come as freely from the educated as the uneducated classes, though the former have vastly more skill and ability in escaping punishment.

To meet the evidently coming crisis a radically new system was brought forth in 1882, stamped as "The New Education,"—not a gradual progress toward improvement, but something fundamentally new, presenting ethical and practical culture as the reliable means of saving the world from the continuance of its past and present ruinous conditions, for which no other adequate remedy has ever appeared in complete development, and recognizing ethical culture by the voice, by liberty and many accessory methods, and firm character building by manual training, as its two leading methods, with a vitalizing intellectual method by conversation. Without these three methods there is nothing worthy of the name of "The New Education,"—nothing that will reform the criminal, suppress crime, develop the entire constitution, and make the religion taught by Christ a social possibility.

A magazine essay cannot develop any great question or science, and I must assume that my liberal readers know that crime and insanity are and have been increasing, until, with over ten thousand annual murders, and a proportional increase in the last ten years of insanity, suicide, daring robberies, enormous frauds, political corruption, and crimes that the law can seldom reach,—located in high places, accompanied by the division of our so-called republic into two hostile classes of powerful, overbearing wealth and alarmed labor, continually crowding out of employment into beggary, suffering, suicide, and hopeless tramping,—we are coming near a crisis that threatens reform or civil war as our alternative.

But education is absolutely supreme over the destiny of every individual or na-

tion, and the ability of education—if true educators can be found or created—to put an end to crime, beggary, war, and social corruption is as certain as the ability to develop muscles and increase physical ability by scientific gymnastic training, since every faculty of man is equally susceptible of culture and growth. But an effective method of ethical culture has never been presented, except in the harmonious plan of the kindergarten, and we need a method which can rescue the fallen, the criminal, the desperate, as they have often been rescued by the moral power of souls imbued with real practical Christianity.

But the education which we have had, aiming simply at intellectual culture, and mistaking accumulation of knowledge industriously crammed for development of mind, and considering a university merely a place where anything can be learned, which was the definition of one eminent university president, is and always has been utterly powerless to elevate a nation, powerless to prevent the increase of crime, or to reform society in any way, even to the extent of making any country a desirable residence, or saving republics from destruction.

This is the problem we must face and answer if the world's greatest republic is to be saved. The crisis is becoming visible to all prophetic minds, and the readers of *The Coming Age* will meet it in all its terrible power, though the writer is too near the end of a century of active reformatory life to be present in the crisis.

With this imperfect and brief introduction, let me state what "The New Education" is, which as a grand world-saving truth cannot be lost in the coming turmoil; for human intelligence is throwing off the shackles of the ages of superstitious and ignorant childhood, and faster than ever approaching its manhood.

"The New Education" is not entirely original and new. Its fundamental principle, its life and soul, came as an aurora borealis in an age which periodicity (the philosophy of history) proves to have been the world's brightest period. It came not with Socrates, nor Buddha, nor Confucius, but with Jesus Christ, whose world-saving

religion, distorted, corrupted, and mammonized, disappeared as something too bright, pure, and sacred to exist in the atmosphere of earth, and which brave reformers are endeavoring to revive; and I have shown in "Primitive Christianity" that when it is revived not only war but all other calamities will disappear.

The essential principle of "The New Education" is clear and simple. No one can controvert it; no one has denied it. It is not mysterious. It promises all things, and all its promises have been experimentally proved; but how difficult it is to overcome the monotony of habit and the lethargy of the man who seeks only to find a salary. It needs a propagandist to devote his whole time to it, and I have been unable to give anything but my pen.*

Briefly stated, "The New Education" demands the full development of every faculty which makes the able, competent, honorable, and symmetrical man, fitted for a successful existence and sure to elevate and improve every community in which he lives, and whose descendants will establish and maintain an honored name; and it demands the same for woman, adapted to her nature. To realize this it demands that corporal punishment shall be abolished,—which is almost accomplished,—and that children shall not be "sent" to school, for the perfect school will be so attractive that children will not be content to be kept away.

It demands also that the text-book drill shall be abolished, and that the hours away from school shall not be oppressed by task and study, but left open for exercise, amusement, and the performance of home duties that will teach useful industry, self-reliance, activity, observation, courtesy, and kindness for the family, in which duties country lads acquire more manliness than their city contemporaries. In short, youth must be a time of activity, growth, observation, and joy, and the service of boys to sisters and mothers should establish the habits of a perfect gentleman.

It demands that for intellectual educa-

*The four editions of "The New Education" won unbounded eulogy from able thinkers, but the fifth was suppressed by the accidental destruction of the plates, and I wait the appearance of a publisher.

tion the voices of teachers and monitors shall be the chief reliance, and that continued conversation, questioning, and explanation shall compel independent mental activity, originality, and inventive power, and that all which can be presented in object lessons, drawings, specimens, etc., shall be employed to teach and cultivate observation, and impressions on memory shall be assisted by the voices of pupils. But all this intellectual training shall be subordinate to higher aims.

Every day should be devoted largely to mechanical or artistic work, giving the best cultivation of observation, judgment, practicality, industry, and that respect for useful labor which literary education has heretofore antagonized. By such instruction indolence is overcome, and manly self-reliance established with a vigor of intellect and manliness which never came from purely literary studies. The progress of manual-training education in many American cities, and among the blacks of the South under Booker T. Washington, is really the foremost educational movement to escape the evils of the ancient pedagogy.

But the most important feature of "The New Education" is the continual cultivation of those noble sentiments which insure an upright, benevolent life, good humor, cheerfulness, fidelity, sincerity, politeness, and obedience. Literary instruction in these things seldom accomplishes much, and the chief feature of "The New Education" is the development of character by the voice, which had never before been thought of. The intellect is without power; it merely modifies the voice by articulation, but the voice embodies character and power. All the elements of the soul express themselves in the voice, and the voice calls them forth continually. Song expresses the higher elements of character, and it is potent to cultivate them. Sympathy, tenderness, love, enthusiasm, firmness, tranquillity, sadness, boldness, anger, force, spirituality—whatever we can feel—is expressed in the voice, and rouses the sentiment in ourselves and in others. Hence, there should be abundant and

well-chosen exercises in declamation, by which every one should cultivate himself and his companions up to the highest standard of character.

But singing is more important than declamation. It produces a continual flow of good feeling, and the feelings thus daily exercised become established elements of character, which cannot be so successfully roused in any other way. Song has been the chief element of moral power in the church. A school should hold itself all day on the higher planes of character, singing never less than four times a day; and in such a school the exercise of authority and punishment of any kind will never be needed.

The teacher is not a driver exacting tasks or threatening punishment or discredit, but a wise friend to preside over, interest, and assist the learners. They will delight in his friendly guidance. He will participate in their amusements, and, as the president of the family, he will ask and assist them to make the rules by which they will be guided, and which their unanimous sentiment will then enforce. Every new-comer will thus be assimilated into the new life of the little republic, and feel that he is entirely free under his protecting friend and teacher, and will acquire habits of vast importance in his manhood.

This education of the soul is the development of all that is good in man, if rightly conducted, and is absolutely worth more than all the other elements of education, as the virtues are the chief elements that lift man above crime into the realm of real wisdom. Children and youths will be sent back to their homes in a more perfect condition of virtue and good manners than their parents enjoy. When these sentiments are established in a nation by "The New Education" the nation is saved; for sentiments of kindness, fraternity, hospitality, and justice can be established which will expel crime. And I must add my preference that women should be the leaders, the principal teachers in such education, and that the sentiments generated in such schools should be associated with correct under-

standing, through discourses illustrating the virtues and holding up real characters for admiration and imitation.

But the practical question is, Has this been tried and tested? It has, and has reformed young criminals condemned by the courts throughout the State of Ohio and consigned to imprisonment at Lancaster, Ohio, where, under Mr. Howe, more than nine-tenths were restored to an honorable position in society, and often came back to their alma mater as do the graduates of renowned universities. They went through the education of manual labor, song, and moral religious training, which would require too much space to illustrate; and, though they gave half their time to manual labor, their progress was at least equal to that of the unworked pupils of the best schools of Ohio, while the description of their refined moral deportment far surpassed the report of any school in the State. These youthful criminals, many of them extremely vicious, were attracted and detained by Mr. Howe, not confined with walls, gates, or bars, and when I examined the reports of the school I found that over two thousand had received its benefits. If this institution had been enlarged sufficiently to educate all the youth of the State, and to receive all its criminals, the State could have been immensely benefited; for I am sure of the reformability of a majority of all the adult criminals who now go to prison only to be confined, soul-hardened, and turned out more dangerous than ever. Our State prisons may well be called the academies of hell; but we sustain them.

There is an equally remarkable illustration of the principles of "The New Education" in the school of Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, for youths of different nationalities, in which the higher and lower classes of society were taught together in perfect harmony. In the usual collegiate style of Germany, such a school would have been continually involved in duels and disturbances; but they never occurred there, and the school was so successful as to attract the attention of four European

governments, who sent commissioners to report upon it.

We have the report of my old friend, Robert Dale Owen, who was a pupil. He says: "The nobler sentiments were appealed to, and the response was prompt and ardent." It was a school of moral government in which the students governed themselves so well that Fellenberg had no need to display his authority. The sentiment of honor and fidelity to their own regulations was made the governing power, and a similar experiment in this method is in successful progress in this country. They did not engage in the duels which prevail in German universities; they had no personal encounters or fisticuff fighting; they had no smoking, frolicking, or drinking. Tobacco was banished by the action of the students. If they ever went to a neighboring tavern it was at a proper time and in a gentlemanly way, and with the knowledge of their professors. There were no rewards or punishments, no competition for honors or medals, no exhibitions, and no expulsions. "All this," says Mr. Owen, "sounds, I dare say, thoroughly Utopian and extravagant. It comes before me now, by the light of a life's teaching and by comparison with the realities of after years, more like a dream of fancy seen under the glamour of optimism than anything sober, actual, and really to be met with in this prosaic world. It avails nothing to tell me that such things cannot be, for at Hofwyl they were. I described a state of society which I saw and part of which I was."

Fate has not permitted me to establish such institutions after my educational experience,—for the vast demands of unexplored sciences, unknown principles of sociology, and down-trampled principles of religion called upon me in peremptory tones; and the coming flood that I clearly foresaw left me no choice but to march on and inscribe upon the rocks. This is the pathway of safety. "The New Education" is that path. But its power and beauty are not apparent in this hasty sketch, for "the half has not been told."

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE STUDY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

BY W. G. TODD

SECOND PAPER

One evening some friends called who were considerably interested in religious questions, and desired to make inquiries of the ouija board. We were sitting at the board, and the force seemed weak, as is often the case when strangers first appear. Suddenly the planchette began to move vigorously. The Universal Friend was present, and evidently had something he wished to say.

Q. "Can you speak to some friends to-night?"

A. "I will try to reach the truth-seekers, if they will leave me free in broad reaches of truth. Details, I have no part in."

Q. "Will you tell these ladies your idea of God?"

A. "Once I might have replied with readiness, and with that conviction which springs from limited vision. Now I hesitate. The principle of all life, all being, cannot be put into words, but is a special revelation, a development of—not knowledge, so much as apprehension."

Other influences spoke on different doctrines of religion, but our space will hardly allow their full statements. It is sufficient here to say that all agreed no beliefs of the kind were held in the spirit life in the form of opinions, but only the essential principle of each belief. The Universal Friend was further asked:

Q. "Are there intelligences that are not persons?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Are you a person?"

A. "No."

Q. "Then, where does this intelligence come from?"

A. "I am not a person, as earth signifies. Some of my former material wrappings have fallen away, a centralized intelligence taking their place."

Q. "But, surely, personality could not have been in those wrappings."

A. "You asked about persons, not personality. The 'person' I applied to the material earth person. You asked if persons were the only intelligences?"

Q. "Was the daemon of Socrates himself, or somewhat else?"

A. "Socrates, in using this term, doubtless meant the ideal self; but in the prevailing crudeness of his age the use of the word daemon was a kind of embodied thought more readily apprehended—a personification, in fact."

Q. "Are not our ideals positive? His daemon told him what not to do."

A. "Socrates was not wholly beyond the age in which he lived. His thought and his expression were both tinged with that age. It is probable that his personal impulse toward the good so greatly overbalanced his occasional impulse toward what you call wrong, that he felt the check of his ideal like a positive personality."

Q. "You say, 'what we term wrong.' Is there not a wrong beyond our terming? If you acknowledge evolution, do you not acknowledge two opposing forces, the one leading up, the other down,—the one right, the other wrong?"

A. "Hardly opposing, in any broad sense of the term. It is growth. The crude greenness of the apple does not oppose the natural law of ripening, however much it differs from ripeness."

We stopped a moment to discuss this, but the influence again commenced — "Wait. Take any trait out of its natural setting, or sequence in the law of development, and put it over against the perfected or more nearly perfected state, and it will seem to have a positive weight of badness. It is out-of-placeness, and may have a certain downward influence, or, more properly, a retarding effect, in your world of mixedness."

Q. "Is the 'mixedness' of this world for discipline?"

A. "It is inevitable. It is the plane for sorting and arrangement."

Q. "Must those who miss its lesson come back and start again?"

A. "Start again, and again, until ready for an actual start."

Q. "You believe then in reincarnation?"

A. "I know. A soul must centralize, and hold to some selfhood, before it can have a spiritual development."

Q. "In what condition do these souls remain until embodied?"

A. "The principle of life has ever evaded analysis. They return to the life principle."

Q. "And there lose their identity?"

A. "Have they won any identity? — That which has not been gained cannot be lost."

Q. "I have a friend, Mr. M., whom I would like to have come here some evening, to become acquainted with your thought."

A. "Does he think it is my thought? It is thought."

Q. "Now you puzzle us again with the universal."

A. "I take you back to principles."

The above subject was also presented to Mrs. J., with this result:

Q. "Is reincarnation true?"

A. "Whoever fails to reach the true end for which he is on the earth must have experience in that grade until he becomes a self-conscious being."

At another time, Miss K. was asked on the same subject:

Q. "Is reincarnation true, as you see things?"

A. "Souls that fail to get the discipline for which they were put on the earth must get it somehow, or become lost, and there are no lost souls."

Q. "Then all have vitality enough to start again?"

A. "The soul germ remains intact."

Q. "With no identity?"

A. "No identity until self-consciousness is gained."

Q. "What special discipline is needed to attain this?"

A. "Unselfish good is the soul's saving."

Q. "Is it not good to make the conditions of life here better?"

A. "Truly it is; but against great odds many souls find themselves already beginning to grow."

Q. "Which is the better work, to inspire souls or to improve conditions?"

A. "Both. They cannot be separated. Conditions alone do not give the inspirational side."

In connection with this thought on social conditions, it may be well here to give the remarks of Mrs. B. on society, as she knew it in life through a seemingly unsuccessful battle with unyielding circumstances—a life always in the presence of, though unable to use, those means of higher culture which she had been educated to enjoy. This communication came in the midst of unusual atmospheric disturbances, and, though often attempted, we could not under ordinary conditions obtain anything on the subject.

Q. "What compensation have you received in the new life for all your trials and business discipline on the earth?"

A. "I do not think the strictly business part amounted to anything at all. It gave me an insight, possibly, into conditions which made me profoundly sad for those subjected, even for the short earth life, to similar conditions. Never blame the men or women whose lives are smothered by the needs of exacting toil, if they be hard, if they be narrow or bigoted, or if they do not know their true friends! They are bound bodily and limited mentally by the unyielding fetters of their condition! They will eventually pass out of it; but, though this offense must come, woe, woe to those by whom it comes! Theirs are the souls that are cursed thereby. They are returned to such a state as will lead them again through the discipline of the ages."

Q. "Was your discipline anything you needed?"

A. "I honestly believe I would have been a more helpful soul without it. Not without work,—that I loved; but you understand my meaning."

Q. "Is there no compensation for unnecessary suffering?"

A. "I am not looking back. I look upon the present. There is no compensation that I perceive. But its temporary character makes it a delay, rather than an actual wrong, to those individuals themselves. The human soul is of such imperishable nature that nothing has power over it, for its actual injury, but its own deliberate act."

Q. "Is it not good to improve human conditions?"

A. "Indeed it is. So good a thing that, from my sight, this work seems to be the one work on earth."

Q. "Do you see clearly the general movement now on earth in this direction?"

A. "I see the rising tide of hatred, fronted by what I hope may be soon quickened to a higher flood of unselfish conviction, and a resolve that the earth and the fullness thereof shall be shared by all men, as their rightful inheritance from the great natural laws which first placed them upon the earth."

Q. "Is hatred the most prominent feature of the movement?"

A. "Hatred held in check by cowardice, and worse than that, or more unnatural, right or the side of right held back by cowardly fears."

Q. "Where do you see this hatred most prominent?"

A. "Hatred on the part of those who feel themselves deprived of rights; but a more cruel hatred on the part of those who know they are wronging their fellows."

The only other time that I was able to obtain a little recognition of social questions brought the following conversation with an influence purporting to have lived in Persia long ago:

Q. "What subject is of special interest to you?"

A. "I reply when questioned."

Q. "Is the present social disturbance due to cosmic influences?"

A. "No; it is due to a phase of progress which seems more like retrogression than any forward movement. The world spirit courses in spirals. Did you ever think of that?"

Q. "What result may we expect?"

A. "By their own disastrous results, these turbulent conditions wrench your

easy-going world into recognition of the better way, and give an upward turn to the spiral."

Q. "Will the wrench be sudden, or the culmination of conditions?"

A. "Not soon in time, but sure and irresistible."

Q. "What forces need to be overcome?"

A. "Selfishness, disregard of the real, and worship of the illusory."

Q. "Does the disturbance of these turbulent conditions reach you?"

A. "The prevailing earth conditions are known to us, and may be said to exert an influence in a general but not in a special sense. The regret of the present state is merged in part with its necessity and its certain end."

Q. "Which must come first, mental or civil freedom?"

A. "Mental freedom alone is the key to civil freedom."

Q. "Is the prevailing spirit of the earth, just now, cowardice or malice?"

A. "Neither, from my stand-point; and yet I can reply from yours that cowardice is the honey-combed base of the towering social fabric which imposes so majestic a front on a credulous world."

Q. "How far is the dominant commercial spirit responsible for these conditions?"

A. "It is hard to limit a world-wide responsibility. Selfishness is the radical feature in the present distressful conditions, and the commercial field offers more perfect expression to this quality than any other of magnitude."

Q. "Is the root of selfishness in our physical or mental wants?"

A. "The root of selfishness is, in its essence, good—all good. It holds mineral, plant, and animal to its center in expression of being. In man it only ceases to be good where it steps outside this primal call, and demands a greater than simple, centralizing forces."

The Universal Friend could not treat subjects coming so near the earth plane as the last, but he could criticise systems, individuals, and subjects, and loved to handle such questions as the freedom of the will, the nature of intuition, etc. One day, after finishing a book on occultism, it occurred to me that I would ask him

some questions on the topics it had treated, as follows:

Q. "Is the earth surrounded by an envelope of graded souls or shades?"

A. "Earth is infested, more properly than surrounded, by the mental imaginings of mankind—shadows with no basis of gradation save in unrealities as vague as themselves."

Q. "Do these imaginings constitute what some writers call the lowest grade of spirit influences?"

A. "I mean a strictly earth atmosphere, induced by the falsities of beings who are largely missing their opportunities for development on that plane, and from whose daily living there arises a miasmatic element akin to the poisonous vapors from stagnant waters of unimproved lands."

Q. "You refer, then, entirely to persons on the earth?"

A. "Yes; men and women who are missing the realities of life on earth."

At this point, I commenced to speak to those present of the ideas of the book I had been reading, and to state the great difference between them and those to which we were listening. While thus engaged, the influence began:

—"The ways of spirit are ways of purest simplicity and directness. It is an evolution of nature; not a scheme of intricacies born within any human brain. Cling to the verities, and abide in these simplicities."

Q. "Do you know what I have been reading to-day?"

A. "Yes,—ideas born, not so much of the spirit which sits in the reverent silences, as of the spirit which abounds in the expression of ingenious devices."

Q. "Does theosophy state the true relations of the soul to the mind?"

A. "Real truth certainly exists in theosophical expression; but as a science of life it gives too much prominence to the illusion called evil. There is no such thing as conscious evil. A bad spirit is a misnomer. Badness is never spiritualized."

At another time, and in connection with some discussion of the question of individuality in the spirit life, I remarked that occultists speak of every particle of the magnetic atmosphere as having a spirit capable of responding to some human will,

and received the following from the same influence:

—"My dear sir, you are not to regard too earnestly the flowered mentality of occultism."

Touching the question of evil, the following came from Mrs. J.:

Q. "Are there not both bad and good spirits that exert an influence?"

A. "No. Bad, as you call it, does not reach to realities of any sort. It may depress by absence of affirmations of good."

Q. "Well, dropping the word bad, do not spirits on lower planes of existence, not in harmony with our highest good, influence us?"

A. "No; they are not able. What you mean has no existence here."

Q. "But, cannot a 'less degree of good' have its proportional influence?"

A. "What actual power can a spirit have when, stripped of its earth envelope, so little is left that it returns inevitably to germ life?"

I will also here mention that a few spiritualists came to my house one afternoon, all of whom were very emphatic in their belief in bad spirits, and very much opposed to the views expressed by the Universal Friend on this point. In the course of the sitting an influence, purporting to be the husband of one of the ladies and father of three others, appeared, and to him was submitted the question. I should also add that the previous questions asked him had been very personal, with the usual vagueness, and doubtful reliability of replies to such questions; so it is plain that the dominating force in the audience was in favor of the doctrine of evil.

Q. "Are there bad spirits in your world, capable of influencing human beings?"

A. "No, no. Badness, as we used to call it, don't get far enough to become a spiritual fact. That sort of thing drops off when the body dies."

Q. (By the wife) "Who was it personated you then, when you said—?"

A. "Nothing real ever said that. There is an envelope of earth opinions and thought all about the earth. This does act, under certain electrical conditions, like personal communications. It makes a reflection, like the shadow of a tree in a

brook. I can't explain better than that; but there is no such thing as a bad spirit. That would be like black light. Do you see that?"

The next year it was my sad duty to officiate at the funeral of the eldest of these visitors, and an influence purporting to be her spirit appeared at one of our sittings a few months later. The motion of the planchette was very weak and uncertain, and it was with great difficulty that it could attain to the regular movement necessary in good communications. Finally the influence gave her name, and we eagerly asked:

Q. "How is it with you in the other life? You are, at last, with your husband."

This question should have some explanation. It sprang from the fact that this lady and her husband had been devoted to each other in life, and that the separation seemed to be an ever-present trial that burdened the last years of this loving wife. That was the one thought in our minds—the thought of the happy union. But the reply did not touch this point. Here is the whole of it:

—"You were right that there are no bad spirits; but alas, for those who find themselves so infinitesimally small after dying as barely to be able to hold together!"

Q. "But that cannot be your case?"

A. "Tell all on your earth that comfortable and respectable selfishness destroys souls by millions on millions. Tell that! Cry it upon the street and highway!"

Q. "What do you mean by 'destroys'—that they drop out of existence?"

A. "Yes; and are sent back to earth."

Here the force failed entirely. The communication—both in manner and matter, and in all the circumstances surrounding it—was one of the most remarkable we have ever received.

Asking one day of the relations of spirit and soul, one influence, without giving any name, made the following statement:

—"Spirit is the impelling soul force."

Q. "What is soul?"

A. "Soul is the body of spirit."

Q. "Just what do you mean by body?"

A. "That which is a means of expression."

Q. "Is any expression a body?"

A. "A body is organized for the expression of that for which the body stands. Your earth body should express your soul, your soul should express your spirit, and thus complete the trinity of human existence."

On the same subject, Mrs. J. was asked:

Q. "What is the soul—both universal and individual?"

A. "The universal soul is the source and atmosphere of the individual soul. Your soul is the body of your spirit."

Q. "Is the universal soul the body of universal spirit?"

A. "Not as an entity, individualized like a personality."

Q. "What is spirit?"

A. "Your spirit is your centralized purpose expressed in soul life. Universal spirit is that principle of all being, all good, which is the basic inspiration of the entire universe of matter, of soul, and spirit individualized."

Q. "What is mind?"

A. "Mind is that which sorts, arranges, and apprehends what I might call facts of mentality. Universal mind has all such facts of mentality held in an atmospheric solution, just as earth atmosphere holds the necessary elements of human breath."

Q. "Is the mind the organ of the soul?"

A. "No. — But the mind is in a sense the organ of soul, and of spirit, as your limbs are organs,—not as vital parts, like lungs and heart."

Q. "Is the soul, in the same way, the organ of spirit?"

A. "The soul cannot be divorced from spirit, since it is its expression, just as your earth body now expresses you."

Mrs. J., as already said, was of all the feminine influences best able to answer psychological questions, and seemed to come the nearest being tolerated by the Universal Friend. But he immediately appeared, as if to claim his rights. We asked him the same questions.

Q. "What is soul, universal and individual?"

A. "Individual soul is immanent spirit seeking embodied expression. Universal soul is the surrounding atmosphere

intuitively perceived by that soul expression."

Q. "What is spirit?"

A. "Spirit, as universal, is the divine impulse of being. Spirit, individualized, is the upreaching to that divine for its partial expression in the personality."

Q. "What is mind?"

A. "Mind intellectually perceives, selects, groups, and applies truths within the zone of mental apprehension. It does not rise to intuitive apprehension, but its assimilation may become a base for the spiritualized vision."

Q. "Would you say that soul was the body of spirit?"

A. "Soul is working spirit."

Q. "Is mind the organ of soul?"

A. "The mind is or should be the servant of spirit. It may be a great clog and hinderance; likewise, it may be a most valuable help."

Q. "Is clairvoyance a change of normal relations between soul and mind?"

A. "The abnormal condition lies in the adjustments between mind and body. Soul does not enter into the sphere of clairvoyant representation."

Q. "Is it the same in telepathy?"

A. "In telepathy it is nearly always forces of mentality."

Q. "Is your method of communicating with us similar to telepathy?"

A. "Yes; I should say it is more like that than any mode with which you are familiar."

Q. "Do you make use of our conscious or unconscious minds?"

A. "I use mind impulse, by direct impression, through magnetic and electric conditions which cannot be explained."

Q. "Does the unconscious mind in us contain deposits of memory from past stages of evolution?"

A. "Not memory, but a residuum that may arise within mental sight and grasp at rare moments."

Q. "In hypnotism, does the soul become active as the conscious self subsides?"

A. "In that psychological phase of experimenting known as hypnotism, the soul has no part whatsoever. The buried stages of growth may successively arise, but the soul life accompanies intelligent responsibility. In hypnotism personal re-

sponsibility ceases to be. Man is reduced to a mechanism."

At a subsequent sitting, the Universal Friend was asked:

Q. "Have we a dual mind?"

A. "Mind is unitary; but your mind, as you perceive it, has many sides unknown to you. Mind, like an uncut diamond, has its facets brought to sight, if not to existence, by the attrition of many phases or grades of evolution. You are not in conscious possession of any facet except that one immediately being developed."

Q. "How would you state the relation between our conscious and unconscious, or objective and subjective, minds?"

A. "You are just now on the verge of the extending consciousness that the possibility exists of a burden of proof in favor of past mind growth. Just the fact of this upbuilt past is yours, and that is all. In your present earth experience as man, you have usually limited mind to the one grade of being conscious to you; but this unconscious mind, developed in your forgotten past, lies not so much dormant as unrecognized. It is subjective, if you choose to name conscious mind objective. I call it the basic mind, the underlying foundation of your upbuilding."

Q. "Does the subjective mind, like our conscious mind, ever reason inductively?"

A. "Your unrecognized mind acts automatically, as from its natural expression on the instinctive plane. This mind reaches out and grasps. It does not wait upon deductions, by reason of the truth that it in itself is a reservoir of experiences."

Q. "Then it has no reasoning power at all?"

A. "None at all. Reasoning is for the immediately experimental stage. Your unrecognized mentality has no need to reason. It perceives that which has already become its own through a past of growth."

At the same sitting we asked the following questions of the Persian:

Q. "What is that which we call unconscious or subjective mind?"

A. "The crystallized expression of a forgotten past gives a basic mind force. This gives that unsleeping core of appre-

hension which, more than you know, modifies and electrifies your conscious, experimenting mind."

Q. "Would you apply the term soul to either mind?"

A. "To neither. Both are the instruments of soul."

Q. "In these communications, do you use our subjective minds?"

A. "I employ the dynamic force of that mind to throw the picture idea I would convey. That picture must appeal to and be grasped by your present mind. But the more passive that present mentality is, the more sure am I that I really convey what I attempt."

Q. "Does the use of this dynamic force allow of the carrying along with it the ideas of the subjective mind?"

A. "This storage mind is not one of detached ideas, but of crystallized, resultant forces. It possesses the dynamic power of an embodied past evolution. It has not opinions. It has results in instinctive apprehensions and intuitions."

Q. "How much of our minds is mingled with this message?"

A. "Just as little as may be."

Q. "Is the subjective mind one with the universal mind?"

A. "That mind common to all race evolution upbuilds itself toward universal mind, and must be in alignment with its source. Race mentality is the individualized expression of universal intelligence or mind."

Q. "If there is this alignment or oneness, how do we know from which comes the influence which you have asserted, or whether that influence is instinct or inspiration?"

A. "Is it necessary that you should know?"

Q. "We would like to have a correct idea of the difference between instinct and inspiration."

A. "Instinct is the impulse from the past. Inspiration is from the future; but wrought into life by impulse from a past and a future."

Q. "I do not yet understand your apparent assertion of both the oneness and the difference of the universal and the subjective."

A. "Does a part seem to you one and the same thing as the whole? Only so far as the unconscious mind of each reaches similitude with the universal it may be said to be one with it."

Q. "What part of us holds over into your sphere?"

A. "Behind the outer expression lies the everlasting becoming. Back of this becoming lie the life forces. Unite the germ of your individualizing existence with the current of being, and you are one with and a part of the life indestructible. When you consciously do this you are of that universal existence which cannot fail to hold over, as you express it."

Q. "How may we accomplish this union?"

A. "Wait upon the voice which speaks for verities so integral in nature that recognition of them is alliance with the universal truth, and yet is your personal and individual salvation. That which is most truly yours is most truly the universal good."

Speaking together here of how uniformly all the influences spoke of progression toward the universal, the influence added:

—"Right. When real thought impulse reaches over to me I am impelled to feel that I have personally made way through confused conditions, and through an atmosphere of such degrees of density that it daunts the most sanguine. Reach over, and reach out, and up! The truth is so much wider, so much more real than conditions allow you to believe. Instead of believing less than your best, always believe more."

Here a little relief may be given the mind of the reader by turning to two influences who handle psychological questions with a lighter touch. Of Mrs. B. the question was asked:

Q. "What is the legitimate use of the imagination?"

A. "My dear Mr. T., I am not wise in such things; but I should say it helped sight, when faith without sight was hard."

Q. "Do you use it now as much as formerly?"

A. "Imagination, real; but not fanciful imaginings. It is real here where I now

am. Imagination seems like the upper sky of thought."

Miss K. replied to the same question:

—"The imagination represents in pictured form that which to most minds could not be otherwise grasped."

Q. "Do not spiritual realities come largely through its employment?"

A. "Yes; but here in my present world imagination, which to your ears savors of unreality, is our reality. This may be a misleading statement, if you do not add fresh fuel to your own gift. Life is here far more real than with you. A keen desire, existing unselfishly, becomes its own expression. Much beauty of life is in this way created—absolutely created; and, as different souls have different aspirations and desires, much variety of loveliness is the result.—M., when you wear a bonnet here, you shall make the flower. You shall not trot miles for one which is only a faint approach to your thought."

The two following conversations with the Universal Friend and the Unknown show the usual likeness that existed between the ideas of these two, and the audience was almost entirely different. The former was asked:

Q. "What faculty in us best perceives spiritual truth?"

A. "The perception of spiritual truth depends largely upon the ideal consciousness within your grasp, and upon your willingness to follow that ideal in its revelations, however slight."

Q. "How would you define intuition?"

A. "Intuition is not comprehension, but apprehension at its finest touch."

Q. "How would you define intellect?"

A. "Intellect comprehends and states. It materializes the immaterial."

Q. "I have seen a book that professes to have been written by aid of the intuitive memory and intuitive perception. Is that possible?"

A. "What do you understand by 'intuitive memory?'"

Q. "I am using a borrowed term, but it seems to me to mean a memory of past states of existence intuitively recognized."

A. "Much of the best in books really worthy to be called books comes through

the avenues you have mentioned, but the disciplinary experience of stages of past existence would not contribute that element which would harmonize with the higher intuition. Intuitive perception reaches out to the principle of life. Intuitive perception apprehends all which life struggles to comprehend."

Q. "Is this intuition self-directed?"

A. "It is in direct harmony with all the force of the universe. It is not limited to self-direction. The forces of the universal truth are at the back of your intuitions."

Q. "What would you say of the value of the purely contemplative nature gained by those oriental nations which have practiced intuition most?"

A. "The purely contemplative nature so divorces itself from uses and relations as to become introverted to such a degree that growth on broad lines is lost. The soul becomes delayed by its own convolutions."

Q. "Can you give us an illustration of intuition?"

A. "An illustration of intuition? Yes. You perceive an aroma without sight. You are quite willing and ready to do this, or, rather, to find it done. The sweetness being present, it naturally becomes yours. In the same way, or, more truly, a similar way, you perceive goodness as it is in individuals. Again, you go a step further. You perceive goodness as a principle, and recognize its inalienable relation to the self which is your true self. The making this apprehension of goodness a living purpose is the result of intuition in your conscious life."

Q. "Will you tell us what temperament is?"

A. "Emerson says, 'Temperament is the wire on which the beads are strung;' but I would add to this, temperament is the underlying force, which is cumulative from ages of evolutionary experience. It is not instinct, but the sister of instinct."

Q. "Will you tell us what disposition is?"

A. "Disposition, in your use of the term, is a more conscious term than temperament. Disposition is within control, and, while it results from temperament in its individual expression, still in

name it is more a quality open to personal judgment or control."

The same questions were asked of the Unknown, but, with an entirely different audience present:

Q. "Please tell us what temperament is?"

A. "Temperament is one of the instinctive bases,—less powerful than instinct pure and simple, and less within personal control than disposition; yet temperament is strictly individual, and not a class or grade possession as is instinct."

Q. "What is disposition?"

A. "Disposition bears implication of a possible shaping or modification by the judgment and by spirit determination. It bears this latent possibility within its nature; therefore, disposition is somewhat a self-determinate faculty, less fixed by laws of heredity than temperament, with which it is often confused."

Q. "Will you give us a classification of temperaments?"

A. "By classification you would mean a naming according to certain allied qualities in some comprehensive generalization? Is that what you mean?"

Q. "Yes; the division of temperament into temperaments."

A. "In naming, I should put first three types: earth-magnetic, soul-magnetic, spirit-magnetic. These are subject to many and subtle modifications. Rarely do you find a perfect expression of either type. Earth-magnetic, with its variations, gives— Here I hesitate. Do not misunderstand me if I say that the earth-magnetic type gives the purely animalized men or women. This type furnishes forth the so-called devils of your sphere. The soul-magnetic is also subject to variations, but in variations expressive of good, of effort in alignment with universal principle in all avenues. These two temperaments give your earth the ardent souls you so love to honor in good deeds, in art, in song. But to the spirit-magnetic belongs all that comes under the head of genius. This temperament gives earth her saints."

Q. "Please tell us more of genius?"

A. "My use of genius is not according to the common earth acceptance. You have placed this term most indefinitely—

sometimes in the earth-magnetics. But genius, pure and integral, is of immortal radiance, and of that quality of divinity which needs no purification of evolutionary discipline. Genius is sight spiritualized, and its force is allied with the everlasting principle of life and force."

The following are questions asked the Universal Friend on the freedom of the will, etc.:

Q. "Are we free agents, in the theological sense of the term?"

A. "No; you are free to develop your highest and true self. Any other freedom is non-existent, simply for the reason that any other self is non-existent."

Q. "How is it about choice?"

A. "You may delay your growth by ignorance. I doubt if any man delays, or sins, as you may call it, from deliberate choice. By choice, I mean a clear judgment of the truer self, or a balancing of forces, for and against,—not the sudden yielding to desire. Human freedom of will has its perfect type correspondence in the maturing tree, which needs must express its own species in such perfection as conditions render possible."

Q. "What is the difference between will and desire?"

A. "There is but one true will; there are many impulses. The will is the force which makes for growth of the true self. It is free in that self, with the freedom of the universal power of good to back it."

Q. "Can the will be called the unified desire of the whole organism?"

A. "Not the desire, so much as the unified purpose of the centralized soul. A desire is more fleeting. It comes and goes with its fruition, and is often merely a delaying impulse, and not a factor in soul growth."

Q. "Are not fate and freedom, then, two sides of the same thing?"

A. "Fate and freedom are opposite sides of the same sphere. We are free to find our fated, true self, or, rather, the special expression of that self which constitutes individuality. Growth to that makes personality."

Q. "A friend has left with me a written question. It is: 'How can you start us where we are, amid life's mixed conditions and activities of low purpose,

and show us the right path for the attainment of the supreme ideal?"

A. "In conditions, however illusory, certain basic realities are ever apparent. Lay hold on these. Make them a living part of yourself. This is the beginning. Let apprehension wait upon revelation of the universal truth, which more and more opens itself to the attentive mind and the receptive soul."

Q. "This friend told me that he wished you would prescribe some course of moral training in detail. Can you?"

A. "Somewhere, in the records of the Hebrew Christ, a company of men asked the Master: 'What shall I do to be saved?' It is an old, old question. The young man was slow to sell all that he had; and had he done so, what would it avail? It is a law that individual salvation is an individual problem beyond the bare outline. It always remains to be lived by the one personally concerned."

The last answer is given, notwithstanding the mistake in its scriptural reference, because I wish to show every phase of the phenomena. The answer, also, shows such intrinsic value as needs no apology. The criticism of the textual error in the presence of the moral truth would be emphatically hypercritical. Perhaps, also, the error can throw some light upon the question of how much our own minds had

to do with our replies; for no one of the company present would hardly have made such a mistake in quoting Scripture.

As I look over the heaviness of the foregoing pages, I almost feel tempted to apologize for them. But the necessities of evidence compelled me to give them as they came to me. Possibly the reader will, if he have faithfully read all that has gone before, be in the right condition of mind to appreciate the following from Mrs. B., which followed one of the longer communications of the Universal Friend:

Q. (By Mrs. T.) "How glad I am that you have come, Auntie B.!"

A. "Poor Mrs. T.! How glad she is to see somebody like an Auntie B., who isn't expected to talk about German philosophy."

Q. "That is right. I have been reading in one of Mr. T.'s books about my subjective mind until I am very much bewildered."

A. "It is not strange that you are a little bewildered."

Q. "Do you mean that these things are only for men's minds?"

A. "I mean that a woman who tries consciously to adapt herself to a man's reasons for her objective mind ought to feel bewildered."

In the next paper the question of the source of these answers will be taken up.

THE SOCIAL ETHICS OF JESUS*

BY PROF. JEAN DU BUY, PH. D.

My first paper was a general treatise on the ideal life as Jesus taught it. The following three papers will give the teaching of Jesus concerning the true life in detail, the second and the third paper in the course giving the ethical teaching of Jesus, and the fourth paper his mystical teaching, the mystical side of the same life which Jesus taught.

*This paper was first read before the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine, in August, 1898, as the second one in a course of five lectures on the Teaching of Jesus. The right to publish all five of these valuable papers has been secured by The Coming Age. They cannot fail to prove very helpful to all earnest and thoughtful natures who aspire to a noble life.
Editor of The Coming Age.

In this paper, then, and in the next one I will try to present the ethical teaching of Jesus in a brief but comprehensive way. I have called this paper "The Social Ethics of Jesus," and the next one "The Individual Ethics of Jesus;" but I wish to say right here that in the truest analysis, to my mind at least, all the ethical teaching of Jesus was individual ethics in so far as Jesus was primarily concerned in the inner life of the individual. If I still call this paper the social ethics of Jesus, it is only because in it I shall discuss that part of the ethical teaching of Jesus in which he speaks of the ideal attitude of

the individual toward wealth and toward his fellow-men. But if one understands by social ethics rules of conduct for human society at large, or rules for the regulation of wealth, then I am unable to find any social ethics in the teaching of Jesus. Yet, although Jesus taught only the ideal life of the individual, one can readily see that the more spiritual individuals are living in the world, and the more interest these spiritual people take in the affairs of human society, the greater will be the indirect effect of the ethical teaching of Jesus on society.

Before beginning to present what Jesus taught concerning the attitude of the ideal man toward wealth and toward his fellow-men, I will first of all speak of one demand that Jesus makes on every one who thinks of living the ideal life. And that is to possess decision of character. Jesus had a very low opinion of any one who was like "a reed shaken with the wind" and likewise of people who did not know their own mind, like his contemporaries who but yesterday found fault with John the Baptist and called him possessed because he did not eat and drink like other people, and who to-day find fault with Jesus and call him a glutton and a wine-bibber because he does eat and drink like other people. Jesus wanted only such people to become his followers, and to attempt living the true life, who knew what they wanted and who had a sufficient strength of character to carry out their purpose. "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." This is the strong figure of speech which Jesus used in order to emphasize the fact that nobody who first begins to live the ideal life, and then looks back longingly after the life of the world, is a fit candidate for the true life. Jesus wanted people to understand that to live the ideal life is a difficult undertaking. He wanted them, before engaging in this difficult enterprise, to examine themselves, and to see whether they are able to accomplish it, that is, whether they have sufficient strength of character to adhere to their purpose. As no wise man will begin building a tower without having first examined his means, and as no wise king will engage in war without having first

examined the strength of his military forces, so no man should undertake to live the ideal life without having first examined the strength of his character.

I said Jesus wanted people to understand that to live the ideal life is a difficult undertaking. I will modify that statement, and say that to live the ideal life is the most difficult undertaking, for, as we saw in the first paper, it means the overcoming of self and of every form of selfishness.

Decision of character, then, is the one requirement that Jesus makes of every one who wishes to live the true life. This having been stated, let us now proceed to discuss in detail the attitude which, according to Jesus, the ideal man should assume toward material things and toward his fellow-men.

First, then, his attitude toward material things.

The people of the world think primarily of their economic wants, of food and of clothing, and of the means of getting the necessary food and clothing. But true life does not consist in the getting of food and clothing. The true man will think primarily of his inner life, of his character, and only in the second place of material things. "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? But seek ye first his kingdom [that is, the kingdom of God], and all these things shall be added unto you." That is the way in which Jesus requests us to consider our spiritual wants as of greater importance than our physical wants. The concluding thought of this word of Jesus is that, if we think primarily of the true life, then will our invisible Father take care of providing for our physical wants. There are many people living to-day who are willing to testify to the truth of this claim, that the universe is so constituted that the man who thinks first of all of living the true life will find his material wants provided for.

To think first of all of food and clothing and of the means of getting food and clothing is one of the most common human temptations, and a very natural temptation at that if we but consider our

urgent need for food and clothing. But this same temptation takes an infinitely worse aspect if it leads to what Jesus calls serving mammon and to a life of luxury, that is, if a man becomes a slave to wealth and to the pleasures which wealth can buy. For there is such a thing as being a slave to wealth and to luxury. Many rich people are the slaves to their wealth in so far as they are in constant fear that something may happen to their possessions, that moths may eat their costly clothing, and that burglars may break into their houses and plunder them. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth," said Jesus, "where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Instead of living for wealth and for luxury, Jesus advises those who are willing to listen to him to live for character, instead of living for perishable things to live for something eternal.

Others are slaves to wealth in so far as they are possessed by the desire to become rich. They labor all their life in order to become rich, without deriving any enjoyment from their life, and then often die the very moment when they feel that they are now indeed rich and can now afford living a life of luxury. They die and leave their wealth to others. Jesus brands the foolishness of the life of such a man in the words: "But God said unto him; 'Thou foolish one! This night is thy soul required of thee. And the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?'"

Many people live as if it was the object of life to be rich. But to possess wealth does not mean to live in the true sense of the word. "Keep yourselves from all covetousness; for a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses," is Jesus' warning to those who are in danger of becoming slaves to selfish greediness.

The great danger of living for wealth is that such a life will extinguish the spark of spirituality that is by nature in us. We have to do here with a psychological law.

If we center our interest on wealth, then will the thought of wealth kill any secret longing after an ideal life that may be in us; but, on the other hand, if we center our interest on the true life, then will the thought of the ideal life free us from the slavery to wealth. The thing on which we center our interest will absorb more and more of our interest, so that no second center of interest can exist along-side of it. Jesus expressed this psychological law in the words: "Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also. No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." But, although we cannot serve God and mammon at the same time, we are free to choose whether we wish to live for wealth or to live the true life.

Everybody who wishes to live the true life can live it; but very few rich people will earnestly undertake to live the true life. Most rich people are such absolute slaves to their wealth that they do not have the strength of character to free themselves from the slavery to wealth by fixing their whole interest on the ideal life. "It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," said Jesus, thus stating what is a sad fact of our every-day observation.

There is one word of Jesus in which he seems to teach that every one who wants to live the true life must distribute his possessions among the poor, and become poor himself. I mean the word which Jesus addressed to a rich young man: "One thing thou lackest; Go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And come, follow me." But, in order to understand this word of Jesus correctly, we ought to take into account that it was addressed in a special case to one rich young man. Jesus advised this one rich young man to distribute his possessions among the poor because he, the great spiritual physician, saw that the case of this individual man required a very drastic remedy. But we should not generalize from Jesus' advice, given in this special case, as if he taught that every one who wishes to live the true life must distribute

his possessions among the poor. As I said at the beginning of this paper, Jesus did not lay down rules for the regulation of wealth, but confined himself to outlining the character of the ideal man. And one of the principal characteristics of the ideal man is that he must not be a slave to wealth. But we all know from our own observation that a man can be rich and spiritual at the same time, although such cases are very rare.

Thus a rich man may live the true life, and, on the other hand, a poor man may be called truly rich if he possesses the peace and the joyousness which are the result of living the true life. It was in this sense that Jesus said to his disciples: "Blessed are ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God," meaning that his disciples, although they were poor men, were happy men because they were living the true life. When Jesus, on the other hand, said, "Woe unto you that are rich! For ye have received your consolation," he did not mean to call down a woe upon the rich, nor did he display any prejudice against the rich by saying this, but he merely stated a sad fact, namely, that those rich people who possess nothing but wealth are very poor indeed, and need to be pitied.

As Jesus warned people of slavery to wealth, so he warned them likewise of slavery to luxury; for the self-indulgence of luxury means a weakness of character. Jesus condemned a life of luxury when he, praising John the Baptist, said: "What went ye out to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously appareled, and live delicately, are in kings' courts." And he did the same thing when he, in his parable of the rich man and of Lazarus, described the rich man as "clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day."

As to the use which, according to Jesus, the ideal man should make of his wealth, I have said already that I do not believe that Jesus held he should distribute it among the poor. On the other hand, we have just seen that Jesus condemned the spending of one's wealth in luxury, since a life of luxury is clearly a life of gross selfishness. The positive advice which Jesus gives concerning the use of wealth is contained in these words of his: "Give

to him that asks thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," "Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness," and "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We may sum up the thought contained in these words in this way. Do not be slaves to your wealth, so that you cannot part with a particle of it; use your wealth in such a helpful way that you will gain the friendship of people instead of incurring their hostility, as most rich people do through the selfish way in which they use their wealth; try it, and you will learn a surprising truth,—that you will be happier when giving to others than when getting from others.

As to the measure by which one should judge the generosity of a man, Jesus warned his disciples not to estimate a man's generosity by the absolute amount of the money he gives, by the number of dollars and cents, but rather by the proportion which a man's gift bears to his whole wealth. Thus a poor person who gives a few cents may give more in proportion than a rich man who gives a million dollars. This is the lesson which Jesus wished to teach his disciples when he called their attention to the different people who cast money into the temple treasury at Jerusalem, saying: "This poor widow cast in more than all they that are casting into the treasury; for they all did cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

This is Jesus' teaching concerning the attitude which the ideal man should assume toward wealth, toward luxury, and toward material things in general. Let us now consider what Jesus taught concerning the attitude of the ideal man toward his fellow-men.

In the first place, I want to speak of the natural inclination to anger in us, and of meekness as that quality which we ought to develop in order that it may drive out from us any inclination to anger. In the intercourse of men it is an every-day occurrence that men get angry with one another and throw abusive names at one another. But the man who wants to lead an ideal life should never get angry, and never insult any one by hurrying words of

abuse at him. He should not be a slave to the passion of anger. He should never lose his even temper. He should be a free man,—free from our natural slavery to anger. He should be the master of his temper. He should have learned to take an insult, or rather to take what the natural man considers an insult, without losing his even temper. He should not retaliate an insult as an unspiritual man would do. He should be meek under provocation. He should be kind and obliging even to one who insults and injures him. That is the meaning of Jesus' words: "Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil. To him that smites thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and from him that takes away thy coat withhold not thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain."

The natural man will consider such meekness under provocation as nothing but a contemptible weakness of character. But he is greatly mistaken. The meekness of which I speak, and the meekness of which Jesus spoke, is not cowardice, but the result of a strong effort to overcome our natural inclination to anger. Far from being a sign of weakness, it is on the contrary a sign of the greatest strength of character; for that meekness in a man means that he has overcome self in so far as he has conquered the passion of anger.

If we try to find out the cause of the passion of anger, we shall see that an outbreak of anger is the result of an exalted idea of self in the man in which the outbreak occurs. And, on the other hand, if we want to become meek; then we shall have to develop a humility of spirit within ourselves; for, in the same degree in which we shall become humble in spirit, in the same degree shall we become meek in our actions. Given a humility of spirit, meekness in one's conduct will be a natural result. Such being the transforming effect of true humility, it is easy to understand why Jesus emphasized so much the necessity of our becoming humble. As to self-exaltation, on the other hand, Jesus condemned it in the strongest terms. But we must not overlook that self-exaltation is a natural inclination of ours, and that

the developing of humility in us means the overcoming of self. Here again the goal before us is to free ourselves from slavery, this time from the slavery to self-exaltation. In the parable of the pharisee and the publican Jesus contrasts in the sharpest way the moral conceit of a self-righteous man and the true humility of one who realizes his own shortcomings. That parable teaches also, that, while the natural man compares himself with others who are inferior to him in their morals, and then glories in his own relative goodness, the spiritual man will compare himself with the ideal, will thereby realize his own shortcomings and will become humble.

As an exalted idea of self in a man will cause an outbreak of anger in him whenever he thinks that another person is infringing upon his dignity, so, on the other hand, an exalted idea of self will cause a man to set himself up as a moral judge over the lives of others. The man will then consider it his duty to tell the people with whom he comes into contact of their shortcomings. This tendency to set one's self up as a moral judge, and to tell one's acquaintances of their moral shortcomings, is a natural inclination in us. But Jesus asks us to overcome it. He asks us especially not to judge "according to appearance," that is, not to judge others in a superficial way, and without knowing the real motives of their actions. But even where we may understand the motives of others, and where these motives deserve condemnation, even there we should refrain from criticising others and from reproaching them, because very likely we are not the fit persons to criticise them. For if, instead of criticising others, we should scrutinize our own characters, we should see then that we have the same shortcomings that we are criticising in others, or other shortcomings that are equally bad or even worse than those with which we are finding fault in others. Therefore, instead of carelessly criticising and reproaching others, we should better first criticise ourselves, and first practice self-discipline before we engage in reproaching others. The necessity of this self-discipline was taught by Jesus in the words: "Why beholdest thou the mote

that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, 'Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye; and lo, the beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.'

As to the question, whether we should ever reproach any one even after we have to a large degree succeeded in overcoming our own shortcomings, the answer to that question, in my estimation at least, should be that we should be very slow in reproaching others even then, that we should speak as teachers of morals only to those who wish to listen to us, that we should never humiliate any one because of his shortcomings, but that we should overlook past shortcomings, and encourage people to be stronger morally in the future. That is what Jesus did with the adulteress that was once brought before him. He did not reproach her, but dismissed her with the words: "Go thy way. From henceforth sin no more."

However, we find it very difficult to overlook past shortcomings in others, and still more difficult to forgive others who have trespassed against us. We are naturally uncharitable and unforgiving. And yet we expect forgiveness of our own shortcomings from God! In other words, we desire forgiveness from our invisible Father, but are unwilling to forgive our human brothers and sisters! Such an attitude on our part is absurd, and is the very height of selfishness. It is self-evident that we must first have forgiven our fellow-men before we can reasonably expect forgiveness from our invisible Father. It is for this reason that Jesus said: "Whosoever ye stand praying, forgive if ye have aught against any one, that your Father also may forgive you your trespasses."

The contrast between our natural human uncharitableness on one side and God's forgiveness, which we ought to imitate, on the other side is pointed out by Jesus in a number of parables,—in the parable of the unjust servant, where the forgiving lord of the servant refers to God and the unjust servant to an uncharitable

man; in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, where the generous lord of the vineyard refers to God and the murmuring laborers to uncharitable men; in the parable of the prodigal son, where the loving and forgiving father refers to God and the angry elder brother to an uncharitable man, and in the parable of the barren fig-tree, where the patient vine-dresser refers to God and the impatient owner of the fig-tree to an uncharitable man. Instead of dwelling on the past shortcomings of others, as we are apt to do, we should rather be glad whenever a sinner repents, whenever a human being makes up his mind to lead a spiritual life henceforth. We should be as glad as a man is who has found his lost sheep, as glad as a woman is who has found her lost piece of silver, as glad as a father is who has recovered his profligate son. We should be glad and forgiving whenever a sinner repents, because his repentance means that he has turned from spiritual death to spiritual life. We should practice forgiveness, and try to overcome our natural uncharitableness, until it will have become natural for us to comply with Jesus' demand: "If thy brother sin against thee seven times in the day, and seven times turn again to thee, saying, 'I repent,' thou shalt forgive him." We shall have to learn that the spiritual life is open to every one who repents of his past shortcomings, and makes up his mind to lead a spiritual life, however unethical or immoral his past life may have been. But to look at the past shortcomings of others in this forgiving way means to have succeeded to a large degree in overcoming our natural uncharitableness, which in its turn is caused by our natural self-righteousness.

I said that our uncharitableness is caused by our natural self-righteousness, our natural haughtiness. This natural haughtiness of ours, however, makes us not only uncharitable toward our weaker brothers and sisters,—it drives us even to look at our fellow-men as mere instruments by which we can accomplish our purposes, as stepping-stones by which we can rise to greatness—to what the world calls greatness. It is thus that our natural exaltation of self leads us to a desire for lordship. This desire for lordship in

the natural man is the strongest in men of great talents. We can see from the gospels that the desire for lordship was a very strong temptation to Jesus. For that is the meaning of the story that the devil took Jesus to a very high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and said to him, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And we can also see in the gospels that the admirers of Jesus offered him the greatest temptation to yield to the desire for lordship, by insisting upon him to declare himself the political king of the Jews. But Jesus overcame the natural desire for lordship that was so strong a temptation to him. "Jesus, perceiving that they were about to come and take him by force to make him king, withdrew again into the mountain himself alone," reads the gospel record. Jesus decided that he would kill all political ambition within himself, all desire for lordship, and become a humble witness to spiritual truth, the king of spiritual teachers. "My kingdom is not of this world," he said. "To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." That he wished to have nothing to do with the political questions of his own time and nation, but wanted to be a spiritual teacher only, is likewise expressed by him in the word: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Jesus held that the desire for lordship is nothing but selfishness in one of its worst forms, and that it is therefore one of our first ethical duties to overcome this selfish desire for lordship, and to learn to serve our fellow-men. He contrasted the desire for lordship in the natural man with the ideal of service which he held up when he said: "The kings of the Gentiles have lordship over them; and they that have authority over them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that does serve." And he reduced the selfish desire for lordship to a wrong conception of greatness by intimating that men strive for lordship be-

cause they think that a man is the greater the more people he has under his command, while, judged from the true standpoint, that man is the greatest who serves the greatest number of people. "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your servant; and whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all," is Jesus' teaching to those who have an ambition for greatness.

It is in this connection that Jesus spoke of himself as an example for others. It is only a few times in the gospels that Jesus speaks of himself as an example, because his humility prevented him from doing it. But when he spoke of the duty of serving our fellow-men as the first duty of social ethics he referred to himself as an example repeatedly; for instance, when he said, "I am in the midst of you as he that serves." He did so in order to point out that he had overcome the desire for lordship, and in order to incite others to do the same thing.

If many men of great talents would overcome their natural desire for lordship, and would become humble servants of their fellow-men, then would Jesus' word be fulfilled that "the poor have good tidings preached to them," and likewise that other word of his that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Jesus looked forward to a time when men of great talents would overcome their natural selfishness, would become humble and meek, and would thus prepare themselves to become leaders of their fellow-men. He was convinced from his knowledge of human nature that the multitudes would gladly take for their leader a man of great talents who has overcome self, and whose one ambition is to serve his fellow-men.

I said that our desire for lordship is caused by our natural self-exaltation. I might just as well say that it is caused by our natural lack of love toward our fellow-men. We naturally love only ourselves, or besides ourselves those who are closely associated with us, that is to say, the members of our family, our relatives, the members of our own social class, and in general those who are friendly to us. In other words, we are naturally inclined to limit our love to ourselves, or to a small circle of people who are intimately asso-

ciated with us; and we are naturally unfriendly to people who are outside of that small circle. It was in order to illustrate our natural inclination thus to limit our love that Jesus told the parable of the good Samaritan. The priest and the Levite in the parable did not care for the unfortunate man, because he did not belong to their own small circle. They had no sympathy for the man as a man. We are naturally inclined to love only those that love us, as Jesus puts it, and to "salute our brothers only," that is to say, to be polite and kind only to those of our own set. When we give a dinner or a supper we naturally invite our "friends, brothers, kinsmen, or rich neighbors," as Jesus says. We naturally do not think of inviting "the poor, the maimed, the lame, or the blind," to quote Jesus again. In other words, we are interested in the people of our own small circle, and like to enjoy ourselves together with them, but we naturally take little interest in our unfortunate fellow-men.

Yet, Jesus wants us to look at our fellow-men as our brothers, and to show sympathy to every human being. Jesus' sympathy with the unfortunate went so far that he identified himself with them, and said: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me. I was sick, and ye visited me. I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brothers, even these least, ye did it unto me." How intense Jesus' own desire to help his fellow-men was can be seen from these words of his: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which kills the prophets, and stones them that are sent unto her! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Jesus wants us to have an unlimited love toward every one, not merely toward those who are friendly to us, but even toward our personal enemies. He wants us, in this respect, to imitate our invisible Father, of whom we believe that he loves all his human children alike. This demand of Jesus is expressed by him in the words: "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute

you, that ye may be sons of your Father; for he makes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the just and the unjust."

We ought, then, to show an equal love toward all men. But a moment's thought will reveal to us the fact that we are naturally prejudiced against large bodies of men, namely, against the members of other nations, of other religions, and of other races. The ultimate reason why we are prejudiced against the members of other nations, of other religions, and of other races is our own ignorance regarding them. We are apt to imagine that they are essentially different from us, that they are in almost every respect inferior to us, and that they are hostile toward us. We shall have to learn, therefore, that they are like us in all essentials, that they have many excellent qualities, and that they will be friendly to us as soon as we shall treat them as our brothers.

We can see from the words of Jesus which we have how much he tried to free his Jewish countrymen from this prejudice against members of other nations and believers in other religions, and every foreigner at that time was also a believer in another religion, since each nation then had its national religion. One of the objects on account of which Jesus told the parable of the good Samaritan was to tell his Jewish hearers that among the Samaritans, a people whom the Jews despised, there were men who were greatly superior in their morals to many a Jew, even to many a Jewish priest and Levite. It was, however, not only Samaritans that Jesus held up as examples before his Jewish hearers, but other foreigners likewise,—for instance, the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon, two cities in Phoenicia, the people of Nineveh in Assyria, and the queen of the south who visited Solomon. Unfortunately, this prejudice against members of other nations, of other religions, and of other races is still very strong to-day, and the ethical necessity of overcoming this prejudice is an urgent one. We must, therefore, hold up before us the ideal of unlimited love, where we know of no limitations to our sympathy, but where we show an equal love toward every human being.

I said we ought to show an equal love and kindness toward all men. Yet, if we are spiritually-minded ourselves, then we cannot help being especially attracted to those who are spiritually-minded like ourselves. If it is our highest ambition to do the will of God, then we shall feel especially attracted to those who have this same ideal of constantly doing the will of God. These people to whom we feel thus drawn may not be members of our own family, may not be blood relations of ours. Then the natural result will be disharmony in our own family. The members of our family will maintain that they have the first claim on us; but we shall answer them that spiritual congeniality is more than blood relationship, and that we may feel compelled to leave our family for the sake of spreading spiritual truth. Thus Jesus, when his mother and brothers once in the midst of an address of his tried to get him away from the house in which he was speaking, pointed to his audience, and said: "Behold, my mother and my brothers! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." And to a man who wanted to bury his father before following Jesus, he answered: "Leave the dead to bury their own dead; but go thou and publish abroad the kingdom of God." Jesus knew from his own observation and experience that a truly spiritual person, and especially a spiritual teacher, will, as a rule, not be appreciated by the members of his own family, but that, very often, such a one will have to leave his kin and even his native country in order to find appreciation. Jesus expressed this thought in the word: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house." He knew that, if some members of a family would follow his teaching while the rest of the family would remain unspiritual, the inevitable result would be discord and even open hostility within the family. This is what Jesus meant when he said: "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-

law: and a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Of course, we must not understand Jesus to mean by this word that it was his intention to bring hostility into families. Any one who understands the spirit of Jesus only a little will see that Jesus only meant his teaching will naturally cause enmity to spring up between the spiritual and the unspiritual members of a family. But, however much a spiritual person may lose and suffer through breaking away from his family and his native country, Jesus, again speaking from his own experience, held out the promise that such a one will gain infinitely more by finding many friends among those who are spiritually-minded like himself. "There is no man that has left house, or brothers, or sisters, or mother, or father, or children, or lands, for my sake, and for the gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brothers, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life," reads Jesus' promise.

This word of Jesus may sound to some as if he thought lightly of family ties and of the breaking up of them. But a careful listening to this word will reveal to us the fact that Jesus had the greatest reverence for the most important family relation—for marriage. In the word just quoted Jesus speaks of the case of a man who, for the gospel's sake, leaves his brothers and sisters, his father and mother, even his own children. But let us notice carefully that Jesus does not mention a case where a man, for the gospel's sake, leaves his wife, or a woman her husband. This omission on the part of Jesus was not accidental, I am firmly convinced, but intentional. He considered the marriage relation the most sacred relation in which human beings can stand to one another. He held that marriage was intended by the God of nature, and that it should last until death would separate husband and wife. In support of this conviction he quoted from the book of Genesis, saying: "Have ye not read that he that made them from the beginning made them male and female, and said, 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his

wife; and the twain shall become one flesh?" So that they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Thus Jesus spoke in the strongest possible manner against divorce, and called a second marriage nothing but adultery if the partner of one's first marriage was divorced and still alive, when he said: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and shall marry another, commits adultery; and he that marries her when she is put away commits adultery."

This being Jesus' attitude toward marriage,—such being his strong and beautiful words concerning the sacredness of marriage,—I cannot believe that Jesus was an ascetic in his convictions, and that he wanted to advocate celibacy. There is only one word of Jesus in our possession which sounds as if he considered a life of celibacy to be the ideal life. I refer to his word concerning the three kinds of eunuchs. But it is not clear from this word whether Jesus wished to advocate celibacy, or whether he merely wanted to state the fact that some men would not marry for the sake of living a highly spiritual life. Therefore, if Jesus was not

an advocate of celibacy, that word of his, "that every one that looks on a woman to lust after her has committed adultery with her already in his heart," cannot imply a disapproval of marriage, but must have the meaning that we should be pure, not only in our actions, but in our thoughts as well.

I have finished now my presentation of the social ethics of Jesus, of that part of his ethical teaching which deals with the attitude of the ideal man toward wealth and toward his fellow-men. In my next paper, which will in fact be a continuation of the present one, I will endeavor to present Jesus' teaching concerning the attitude of the ideal man toward himself and toward the invisible Father. Now, in closing, I wish to emphasize the thought that, whatever I may have said about the overcoming of natural inclinations, I did not mean by it to imply that the spiritual life is an unnatural life. On the contrary, "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall find it," said Jesus. In other words, the one who gives up his natural selfishness for the sake of living a spiritual life will discover and realize his true self for the first time.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

THIRD PAPER

"BRAHMA."

The poem "Brahma" should lead one to read the "Bhagavat Gita." There he will find it, with the exception of the last verse, in which Emerson has condensed some refinements collected out of more recent thoughts and culture. The poem was published in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in June, 1857. I remember well the general ridicule which greeted its appearance. But he laughs best who laughs last. I think that, though small in compass, it is now read as one of the great poems of the author and of the age. More and more as the years go by it becomes entrenched in this position. Our last philosophy and

our best statement for Christianity may be deduced from this poem.

Before attempting an exposition of the poem I will say a few words about Emerson, and, shall I say, about myself, as not altogether irrelevant. I spent a delightful evening with Emerson in the year 1848. I went to him as a young man, an enthusiast over his works, such as were published at that time. The list included the little treatise on "Nature," some lectures in the *Dial*, the first and second volumes of "Essays," and the "Poems," published in 1847. I had seen him casually on the occasion of a lecture in Boston, but did not suppose he would remember me. I had come from Maine, seventy

miles away, on purpose to hear him. I saw the lecture advertised in a Boston paper. In the afternoon I called on a lady friend who was in the establishment of William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Garrison kindly let her go for the afternoon, and she carried me to the house of Theodore Parker. She was a beautiful young lady, a member of Mr. Parker's society, and, as I found, a very useful member in all such work as young ladies can do. Mr. Parker lived at that time at 1 Exeter Place. I have just been to find and see the house, but it was burned in the great fire. We found him in his library, which I remember, contained thirty thousand volumes, the largest I had ever seen. It filled the whole attic chamber of the house, with shelves all around it and books piled up on the floor. We had talked with Mr. Parker a little while, when Mr. A. Bronson Alcott came in. My friend fell to talking with Mr. Parker on some society or church matters, and I was given to Mr. Alcott for a time. One happy circumstance ensued. Mr. Alcott was to give a conversation at his house on West Street in the evening after Emerson's lecture, and he invited me and my friend to come to it, which we did. Mr. Parker said Mr. Emerson and his wife were to take tea with him, and after the lecture, if I would come forward, he would introduce me to him. I had told him of my errand to Boston, and what Emerson was to me. I was delighted at his great interest also in Emerson. He said: "I believe he is having a greater influence on the thought of the world than any man living." That was a great deal for him to say in 1847. Mr. Parker at tea told Mr. Emerson of the disciple who had come up from Maine to hear him. I had just bought the four volumes of the Dial, which was now growing scarce, and paid sixteen dollars for them, mainly to get what writings of Emerson I could not find elsewhere. So when I went forward after the lecture Mr. Parker said: "This is the young man I told you of, who has just given sixteen dollars for our Dial." "Oh, that is too bad, too bad," said Mr. Emerson. "If we had taken care of them, we might have enough to give away." I told him I had come to Boston for his lecture out of

my great interest in his books. With his characteristic sweetness and modesty, he said: "I am a great borrower; I read all sorts of books, and take what belongs to me." This was a true description of his method in reading. "I read for the lusters," he has said. He took from books what belonged to him, and by wonderful apperception made it better than it was to the author. I will not tell in this paper the charm, the miracle, the glory, of that lecture. Mr. Emerson was all these. I heard him several times afterward, but a part of him was gone. He was only a reader, very beautiful, indeed; but the indescribable fire and transcendence were not there. And no pen can tell the glow and beauty which every now and then would come into his face. I remembered what a Scotch critic had said of him: "His face becomes phosphorescent, like the face of an angel."

I will not speak now of that after meeting at Mr. Alcott's. My next meeting with him was at his hotel, when he came into my neighborhood to lecture. The first meeting I hardly called a meeting. I saw him with others. It was a terrible test to see him alone, the eyes of the Uriel looking calmly into mine. I trembled as I knocked at his door, and was almost sorry I came. The rich, strong, sonorous voice bade me come in, and in a moment he was not terrific. On the contrary, he met me with such kindness, such humility and deference, that a spectator might have thought that I was the great man, and not he. The wide disparity was annulled, and in a way I was made an equal. Such is the power of manners in a natural king; and I also was a king, and was not afraid. I almost felt I was as great a man as he was. He soon struck into a beautiful monologue, which I will not attempt to reproduce, in which he said, in part, that every advancing mind has at each expansion to a larger circle a teacher given, as if sent by God. They come sometimes as a woman, sometimes as a preacher, sometimes as a friend, and lend the help wanted for direction and encouragement. This thought he unfolded quite fully, and with a beautiful eloquence that it is a pity the world should lose. He has given just the briefest out-

line of it in one of his books. He seemed talking to himself in all this, and then he turned sharply to me, and said, "How many of these teachers have you had?" I told him a good deal of a man who had been such a teacher to me as he had described. He had brought me Emerson's books. He was a characteristic reformer at a time when the air was full of reform, and it looked to young people as if Utopia were just at hand. Emerson was much interested in this reformer,—asked me his name a second time, and took out his note-book and wrote it down, together with the name of another who had come into the story. At a subsequent point in our conversation he said, "I want you to read the 'Bhagavat Gita,' and I will lend you the book."

It is worthy of notice, perhaps, that the books these three great men wanted me to read,—Parker, Locke on "The Understanding," Alcott, Plato; and Emerson, the "Bhagavat Gita,"—were symbols respectively for these three minds. Parker was clear and logical as far as he went. Alcott had much that was exalted and beautiful, mixed with a great deal of nonsense, while Emerson found and took what belonged to him in the "Bhagavat Gita," and that was luster and transcendence. Very far apart were they in preparing a curriculum, something for the novice to read; but they all agreed in one thing, namely, that he needed to read something.

He said: "I will send you the book by Theodore Parker. He will come down here to lecture in a fortnight, and you may keep it just six weeks." He had probably learned, as all people do who lend books, that such a limitation was needed. I asked Mr. Parker if he had brought me a book from Mr. Emerson. He said, "Yes, but I left it in the car, and it has gone on to Portland." He had changed his car to go up on a branch road. I was troubled and anxious, and a little vexed that Mr. Parker took it very coolly, for I had seen that Emerson thought a great deal of the book. He said that he found it in London, and gave a pound for it, and that it was the first copy ever brought to America. He added that it was a part of a Hindoo poem, and that it was translated by Sir

Charles Wilkins, under the auspices of Warren Hastings.

At that time things picked up in the cars were largely perquisites of the brakemen, but now they are taken care of and await an owner. My anxiety lasted only a few days, when the book came to me. The brakeman knew me; in fact, we had boarded for a time at the same house, and he had always manifested a warm friendship for me. Luckily, Mr. Emerson had written my name on the wrapper, so the brakeman sent me the book. Such was the providence that saved me and Mr. Emerson this scripture. Twenty years afterward Joseph Cook spent a few days at my house. We talked a great deal of Emerson, and Mr. Cook's reverence for him was almost as great as my own. I told Mr. Cook of the "Bhagavat Gita" and how I came by it. I also mentioned that I copied it, thinking that I should not see it again.

After eight years more I moved to Waltham, ten cents and twenty minutes from Boston, which made me practically a citizen of Boston. After one of his lectures I went to the platform to speak with Mr. Cook. He mistook me for a clergyman in New York, and said "How do you do, doctor?" I said, "I am Mr. Malloy, you met years ago in New Hampshire." "Oh, yes," said he, "the man who wrote the 'Bhagavat Gita.'" So he introduced me to Mrs. Cook as the man who wrote the "Bhagavat Gita." Well, I didn't write the "Bhagavat Gita." I am not old enough for that, though well along in years; and besides, I couldn't spell well enough. I am not great on spelling. Suffice it to say that I "took what belonged to me" in the "Bhagavat Gita." I found "Brahma," and the great thought of identity, which means so much in all the writings of Emerson. When the poem, "Brahma," was published I was prepared to read it. In a sense it was not new to me.

I have always regarded the event as opportune and happy—this meeting of Emerson and the "Bhagavat Gita." It gave me by a short cut and at once what might have taken years to decipher, as assimilated by Emerson and distributed

into an extensive literature in his books, especially in the poems.

I found Mr. Emerson a little sad over the poor reception his poems had met with. Almost nobody had read them. Prof. Bowen, in the *North American Review*, spoke of them as the greatest transcendental nonsense it had ever been his fortune to encounter. Even Carlyle called them "pale moonshine." I asked Parker what he thought of Mr. Emerson's poems. "I am sorry he published them," said he. "They are not worthy of him." But I think neither of the men read them; at least, they did not read them well. Mr. Emerson said he had wished all his life to be a poet, but he said, "I think, and my friends think, I lack the rhythmical faculty." But he had builded better than he knew. The great poems, "The Sphinx," "The Problem," "Uriel," "Bacchus," "Hermione,"—these poems, giving us the highest Parnassus yet ascended in his day and generation, must wait fifty years for readers. I sometimes think of him, as a poet, like those great stars, the light of which comes slow and from awful distance. He was not content with his inestimable prose,—that was only the "Delectable Mountain." Poetry was the Celestial City beyond.

The heavens that now draw us
With sweetness untold,
Once found, for new heavens
Man spurneth the old.

The advancing processions of to-day are marching to a music given in the poems of Emerson. Mr. Harris says that he is the first to sing the great concepts of science. Metaphysics and physical philosophies and sociology are all his exponents. But he has given great truths in flashes, in "rhythmic glances."

High omens ask diviner guess
Than to be coned to tediousness.

The piercing eyes of this Uriel gave him Kant and Hegel and the great others, his contemporaries, without their long, tedious arguments. He was born to Plato, and had him by organization and by temperament. I don't think he had to read the "Bhagavat Gita" a great deal; he found what belonged to him easily. I

asked Parker what he thought of Emerson's book, the "Bhagavat Gita." "He doesn't understand it," said Parker. Perhaps he didn't "understand" it as Parker did. Probably he could not have given so good an analysis of it as Parker; but what he found in the book Parker did not see. Emerson always went beyond logic and "as far as the incommunicable."

The "Bhagavat Gita" is condensed into the poem, "Brahma."

Lotze gives a painstaking survey of his contemporaries. Prof. Ladd, of Yale, and Prof. Bowne, of Boston University, are at hand. Prof. Dolbear, of Tufts, also may be consulted. Prof. Royce, of Harvard, I believe, would say even will is a cosmical phenomenon. All things, with these scholars, are but at last the many phases of one reality, are but actions of Brahma, or of the Infinite. Brahma is all in all. Those who flounder in an ontological duality at last are like the unhappy members of Parliament spoken of by Daniel O'Connell,—*"They aim at nothing and hit it."*

"There is but one mind in all individual men. Each is an inlet to the same and all of the same. He that is once admitted by the right of reason is made a free man of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel." "For this is the only and sovereign agent." Brahma is this only and sovereign agent. "The soul is not twin born, but the only begotten. Any invasion of its unity would be chaos." And the postulate of an ultimate duality in philosophy will very soon lead to chaos.

Now, if we let this only and sovereign agent assume personality for a time and speak, using the pronoun "I," then we have the Brahma of the poem.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

If instead of Brahma we say life, and then say life is one, then let this one life speak, and say the words of the two last lines of this verse,—

They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again,—

they will become intelligible. Life sinks in one form and reappears in another.

"If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea," says Channing. The conservation of personal identity is not provided for, however, and philosophy must suppress the longing for such continuity, must look to other "omens." Enough for the poem, that Brahma remains intact in all apparent changes. If the dead shall rise, must look for answer to a culture subsequent to the "Bhagavat Gita."

"Far or forgot to me is near." Of course, the Brahma does not know space as a limitation, and "forgot" is a name only for a hiatus in consciousness; but this is not a possible accident to the Brahma.

"Shadow and sunlight are the same." These are mere physical distinctions, and mean nothing to pure mind as such. They are only more and less light.

"To me the vanished gods appear." The vanished gods were never anything but pictures in the intellect, old ideals, and to appear is only to say that they are not "forgot."

"And one to me are shame and fame." This distinction, so much to us, and justly, is not a distinction which could reach the Brahma, or the Absolute, any more than terrestrial north and south would mean anything in the vocabulary of the sun.

"Far" is a spatial word, meaning nothing when space is not a fact, meaning nothing to the mind. "The mind is its own place." It is as easy to think of Arcturus as of the moon, to go there in thought as to the library. Shame and fame are a finite antithesis. These opposites do not mean difference to the absolute. They fall within the one all-inclusive concept, Brahma. They seem to be predicates of individuals, but the individuals that hold and carry them,—these are lost in the Brahma. It is like men who run west five miles an hour, while the rotation of their meridian carries them one thousand miles east in the same hour. We can only allow for freedom the five miles, if indeed a severe metaphysician will give us that much. All distinctions fall into the category of relations. Sin seems to the conscience as pravity or bad, but to the intellect it is only less, says Emerson. Yet he never had much to do with it.

"The world seen by God is not a mass of facts, but a transparent law," he said.

"The law dissolves the fact and holds it fluid."

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

This easily translates itself into equivalents in Christian thought and terminology. God, or the whole of things, may now stand for Brahma.

"Well known, but loving not a name;" so we use many names in our attempts at expression. No creature, no act, no particle can break away from law. Cause and effect are God's chancellors. We must go with our sins to that tribunal, and have the case settled. Even Fate cannot break the link which binds cause and effect together. That is law. "They reckon ill who leave me out." The chancellors of the king are the king.

"When me they fly I am the wings." Oh, how slow men are to see this! They think they can leave God out,—somehow jump chancery and get to some mercy-seat, and achieve a compromise and escape cause and effect.

"I am the wings," says Brahma; and Brahma in wings is the same as Brahma in law and in chancery. We learn at last that we must settle for all transgressions at the universal assize, and "every day is a judgment-day."

"I am the doubter and the doubt." This identifies man and his thoughts with the Brahma. Indeed, man and his thoughts are not two, but only one. One is substance and the other is action. The apparent division is only into categories,—one, a thing, the other, event. Both man and his thoughts are real, but of a different kind of reality.

"And I the hymn the Brahmin sings." We please our fancies with the vain dream that we serve God. But "serve" is only a metaphor. God does not need service. He is the service. "We shall have it if we deserve it, but the desert is a part of the gift." The hymn is not from us to Brahma, but from Brahma to us. There would seem to be not much merit in hymns. Can we say the same of all the items of our boasted service and worship? Probably even piety is worth nothing to

God unless it is worth something to our fellow-men.

I now suspend the current of my interpretation for some metaphysics which will be found very dull. It will show some repetitions and other inadvertencies, as was said even of Kant's great book, "The Critique." If sharp animadversions are incurred, I shall lay it to the printer, who is at my heels, and also to Kant, who had no business to set a bad example.

The infinite and the indefinite are not the same, says Sir William Hamilton. This is a trite saying, and should, perhaps, go without saying. And yet, if we look a little farther, it does not seem to be entirely true, because a thing may be subjectively indefinite, that is, indefinite to us, but not indefinite in itself. We may not know the measure or weight of a stone, but the stone may be measured and weighed. But if a thing is indefinite in itself, that is, objectively indefinite in these respects, then it is infinite. So much for Sir William's dictum. But we say this provisionally, or subject to a modification in regard to "the infinite" a little farther on in this paper.

A great many antinomies have been encountered by Kant, Hamilton, and others in attempted cognition on this vexatious subject. We would like to consider the conception briefly with reference to "Brahma," the poem.

"The infinite" is sometimes used substantively, meaning God. It is thus used as the term of an antithesis, the correlate to which is "the finite." The contradiction in logic, concealed in such language, will be apparent as we proceed. A thousand perplexities follow in the wake of a misapprehension at this point. Prof. George S. Fullerton, in his admirable essay on "The Conception of the Infinite," has done much to clear away the mists which have gathered around it, but, as it strikes me, he has not gone far enough. He says the infinite is qualitative and not quantitative. Very good thus far. We all know that the infinite is a noun made out of an adjective, and the adjective hangs on a negation. It means the negation of limits or boundary. It is not a thing, metaphysically speaking, but the predicate of a

thing. It says no beginning, no end, no center, no circumference.

St. Augustine compared the nature of God to a circle whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere. This is a pretty play upon words. It is poetical and even suggestive, but it is worth nothing in science. No geometer would want it. A circle without center or circumference is not a circle. The essential elements of a circle are thrown away. But the epigram of St. Augustine does say, indirectly, that the circle, which is the highest emblem in the cipher in the world, is not large enough, nay, that no emblem is large enough, for "the infinite." But the value is negative. It attempts to say what refuses to be said. The same may be affirmed of space. Its center is everywhere and its circumference is nowhere. Space is a good symbol for "the infinite" in several ways. Time does not serve us as well, since, as we say, it is partly in the past and partly in the future, and so is not a "fact accomplished." But it is dangerous to meddle with these mysterious creatures. The more we see 'em the more we don't. We are glad at last to turn them out of our ontology as Kant, as Lotze, as Prof. Bowne have done. We divide infinite time into past, present, future, but present won't stay long enough to be counted, and time never takes any part in the great game of interaction, where things do all the work. Space only furnishes a playground.

Mr. Fullerton says truly that the infinite is not a whole. Lotze does not seem to notice this distinction, and says space is a whole. But whole is a bounded conception, both in form and content, when it has any. In this proposition Mr. Fullerton comes very near the thought I am trying to reach as the central or pivotal element in the present paper.

A whole implies boundary. It means that all the matter is in to which a concept applies. All, of course, means the same. All and whole are not broad enough for infinity, and for this reason pantheism is too small a name for infinity. It is only coextensive with all and whole. Monism is to be rejected for the same reason.

We now attempt another phase of the subject. An "infinite number," says

Lotze. An "infinite number," say all the metaphysicians, philosophers, and divines. The expression is a solecism. Speaking with William T. Harris about it, I said I thought it perfect nonsense. "Yes," said he, "it is perfect nonsense." If there is anything definite in the whole world of formal thought it is number. The doctrine of infinitesimals should be driven out of arithmetic, because it is out of logic. Mathematics can do nothing with infinity. Mathematics is concerned with what is definite, that is to say, objectively definite or definite per se. Quantities and numbers mean the opposite of infinitive. Definition is what they are for.

The unit is the fundamental concept in number. All operations in arithmetic are but a manipulation of the unit. Addition is unit to unit; multiplication is a short way of adding. Subtraction is unit from unit; division is subtraction made short. The results in all these operations are always definite. In arithmetic the answer is implied in the question. Now, the unit is indifferent to magnitude. A grain of sand or the physical universe will go into it. The only stipulation is that the content proposed shall be in the singular number, grammatically, and that it shall be finite, logically. The unit will not, cannot, admit infinity. Like the circle, which is a symbol for it, infinity would break the periphery. It would no longer be a unit. This is the obvious reason in the laws of thought why two cannot be infinite in the same category. One bounds the other. This has long been recognized. But can one hold any more than two? When we have collected two into one, are we not still in number. Do we get out of number by escaping into the fundamental element in number? As two are a boundary, so is one. It is the very nature of number to be definite and not infinite, and so the content of the unit and of number universally cannot be infinite.

We have been very loose in our cognition in this matter. The unit is a thought form; that is, it is an element in a formal science. Thought forms have, per se, no content. We speak of dividing a unit into parts or fractions. This is absurd if we mean the formal unit; it cannot be

divided any more than we could divide a circle and still have a circle. We can make a circle in a circle, and we can divide a unit only by making each part a unit. But this is a confusion of thought. We might mistake the form for the content put into the form; we can divide only the content of a unit. Ideas, says Plato, never change.

The antithesis of the many and the one, that has always been a battle-ground for philosophers. Queer, indeed, if the one must retire from the contest, and the many hold the field; but that would be democratic. The parties could compromise by a synthesis in which the many could come home to the one; but 'tis too late. The one is not large enough. Nothing but infinity can satisfy the soul.

To vision profounder
Man's spirit must dive.
His eye rolling orb
At no goal will arrive.

Many is not large enough. One is not large enough. We thought we had arrived at a goal when we moved on from polytheism to monotheism. Emerson brings us Brahma, abolishes all plurality, both in gods and men, and still we are not happy. No term is yet found as an equation for infinity.

A better conception of infinity and of the numerical unit will reduce to logic the vexatious antinomies of Kant and Hamilton,—as, for example, in Hamilton, an infinite number of quantities must make up either an infinite or a finite whole. An inch contains an infinite number of quantities. A mile contains an infinite number of quantities. One infinity in the same category is as large as another. Therefore, an inch is as much as a mile. How can we get away from it if we accept the terms?

I intimated a little discontent with "the infinite" as a form, and used it provisionally. An article is a word used to limit and define a noun. This is in grammar because it is in logic. Accordingly, infinity refuses the article. To say, a, an, the, of matter to which we have given the category of infinity soon announces itself as incongruous. "The infinite" is an absurdity. It is as if we should say

"the" space, using the word space in its largest sense, or as without limitation, that is, as infinite. "The" would only apply to a limited or particular space carved out of infinite space; the same of time, the same of nature, the same of spirit, the same of God,—as, "the" time before the flood, "the" nature of things, "the" spirit of man, "the" God of Jacob, all particulars. When these realities take on infinity we drop the article. Mr. Fullerton says "the infinite" is not a whole, or, as we would say, the infinite is not a unit. These terms are too small, and now we ask Mr. Fullerton to say that "the infinite" must drop the "the." In the words "a god," "an infinite being," the "a" and the "an" are both limitations. Each is a house divided against itself. They give us the absurdity of a limited infinite,—something endless with ends to it, something unbounded with a fence around it,—contradictions, antinomies, all of them. Mr. Fullerton therefore denies the doctrine of his book in the very title, "The Infinite." Infinity cannot be an object to be designated by "the," and "a" God would be language for one of a kind or species, and imply others.

We want a word which should express numerical oneness. Individuality is ambiguous. If it could be made to cover only such elements as are found in the numerical unit, or if such meaning of the word could be distinctly discriminated and used, then individuality would answer our purpose. We should then use the word in the following formula, which, for the time being, is presented as a pivotal proposition in the present argument: Individuality and infinity are incompatible predicates, and cannot coincide in the same concept.

From which it follows that the numerical one cannot contain infinity. Number is definite from its nature. One is in number, and shares in this limitation as well as two or plurality in general. This dread attribution of infinity transcends arithmetic, and is not to be found within the boundaries of science. We may say "infinite being," but not "an infinite being." We may say "God is spirit," but not, "God is a spirit." This would only be placing these designations into cate-

gories, not into numerical concepts. Infinity, we repeat, is out of arithmetic. It transcends number. It cannot stand under even the attributes of time and space. It does not know geometry. This is why Emerson says:

There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

The Brahma again appears in this verse:

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakspeare's
strain.

And yet this sublime verse has several antinomies, as "the" soul, and "it," and "all things." These terms are not large enough for Emerson's thought; they are limitations, and will not adhere to the conception of infinity. Very much more may be said and is needed to make our argument clear, but we cannot say it now. It remains to make some applications to the poem, "Brahma."

"Brahma" is fortunate in not being written "The Brahma." Infinity is therefore not denied in the name itself. It is fortunate, also, that life in particular shall share the destiny of life in general. No one, as such, can lose it; no slayer can take it away. Again, it transcends the bounds of time and space. "Far or forgot to me is near." It annuls the partition between the finite and infinite. They are not separable.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings.

It identifies the consciousness in finite and infinite, so called, as "I am the doubter and the doubt." It takes away the conceit whereby we flatter ourselves that we serve God or please him by hymns. "I am the hymn the Brahmin sings,"—I am the hymn the Christian sings. Emerson says elsewhere, "We shall receive what we deserve, but the deserving is a part of the gift." In the last verse the poem reaches the highest Parnassus in all his poems, and yet it falls out of Brahma, as perhaps it must to be intelligible, and into

the old dualism where the rest of the world has been for ages. It separates the finite and infinite, and puts one over against the other.

The strong gods pine for my abode.

"My abode" is happiness, or a happy condition. This is always what Emerson means by heaven, the abode of Brahma,—something in consciousness, and not a place. The kingdom of heaven is within you.

In "Threnody," he says:

Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass and scented weeds.

Not of spent deeds, but of doing.

And so heaven must be builded again and again continually. The "strong gods" may mean those who are high in church and state, and who seek good things for themselves, and that they may be happy. They seek Brahma's "abode," and not Brahma.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven.

Seven pre-eminent gods in this Brahmin Pantheon or mythology, who also seek for the "abode" of Brahma, or that they may "go to heaven," but do not seek that they may be good, which is the first thing at hand.

But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

"Seekest thou great things, seek them not." Find me, find the good; these are equivalent terms, says Brahma. The kingdom of heaven is within. Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all else will follow. "Turn thy back on heaven."

Heaven will take care of itself. Happiness is not the highest object. Seek to be worthy of good things. That is in a high sense to have them. Happiness is a coy maiden. Seek her, and she will fly; forget her and go about your business, and to your surprise you will find her journeying sweetly at your side.

Emerson in this poem goes as far as the "incommunicable;" but

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought.
Hearts to hearts can never teach
What unto themselves is taught.

This is why "silence is better than speech and shames it." Alas, how vain are words when we try to be accurate, and up to the level of our wonder and worship, as we contemplate the awful reality in which we find ourselves a part. God, Brahma, the Infinite,—where can we find him? We seek him in an object,—we go out in vision among the stars. What order, what distance, what beauty! But where is God? It does not help us to go far away; we come back. The first thing we touch,—there is God. In our own consciousness especially do we find him. The pure in heart shall see him.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains,—
Is not there, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Speak to him, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands or feet.

But "of that ineffable essence," says Emerson, "he who thinks most will say least." How fast our words leave us as we think. Nothing remains soon but a name. Then the name fades away, and we stand at last dumb and unlanguageless, and, like Abt Vogler in the presence of that star in music, we can only bow the head.

WHY I AM A BAPTIST

BY W. C. BITTING, D. D.

Every word of the title weighs in this article. The perpendicular pronoun states personal convictions, and absolves any other Baptist from obligation to indorse what follows. The present tense of the verb hints at reasons that have developed out of initial conceptions. Principles which perpetuate associations are quite as significant as causes which formed them. The great noun at the end of the title claims all my heart, and to unfold my view of its content is my purpose. I now proceed to answer the reasonable interrogative particle which introduces the subject.

True religion begins with and ends in God. He is both author and object. The ethnic religions represent man as seeking God. Christianity represents God as seeking man. The Christian religion, from the side of the supernatural, is the life of God in the soul of man. From the human side it is, if genuine, voluntary personal obedience to God. It is fellowship of character, spirit, motive, and life with God. Eternal life is the life of the Eternal One within us. Christianity is spiritual both in its origin and its issue. No ceremony is of the essence of religion. Rites are valuable only as they express or minister to this conscious fellowship with God. Without this spiritual nexus, showing itself in ethical ways, all ritualism is empty. A life innocent of ceremonies may be thoroughly acceptable to God. One full of devotion to them may be an abomination to him. This position makes me a Baptist. It states our whole contention. All catalogues of our characteristics are only corollaries from this all-inclusive statement of our position.

I. The essence of the religious life is obedience to God. He is a sovereign Father. The core of the true life is the desire, issuing in effort, that his will may be done on earth as in heaven. The beginning of the individual Christian life is the moment when a human will decides to accept the divine will as the norm of

life. We henceforth do as he pleases, not as we please, or as others please.

1. Since this relation of obedience is spiritual and ethical, Baptists reject all sacramentalism. The ordinances are improperly called sacraments. Grace comes through the direct contact of spirit with spirit. A magical efficacy of material things is unthinkable. There is no virtue in water, or bread, or wine, but only in God. There is likewise no divine charism in the digital touch of bishop or priest in confirmation, consecration, or ordination. Neither consciousness nor observation affords evidence of a new species of grace conferred by these processes, or of a superior possession of the same kind of grace which may be had without these sacramental and sacerdotal devices. A Baptist believes in such a close relation between the human soul and God that nothing whatever is allowed to come between them. No Baptist church has any "sacrament," or countenances sacramentalism in ritual or sacerdotalism in ministry. This ethical relation of obedience, constantly sustained by the individual Christian, not only summarizes the right relation to God, but in itself opens the life to all that he desires to bestow, and provides for the education of the moral life both in discovering and in doing his will.

2. This obedience is personal. There is no room for proxy. Every man gives account of himself to God. Sponsors are an impertinence. No one has any right to make a promise to God for another. Sacerdotalism is an unwarranted intrusion into the very idea of personality in religion. All Christians are priests. Besides our great High Priest, we need and wish no other. Absolution from sin is direct and immediate from God himself to each penitent soul, and does not need the breath of human prelacy to mediate it. Intercession of departed saints and fellow human sinners is thrust aside as not only superfluous, in view of the work of the risen Jesus, but as also inevitably weaken-

ing the demands of conscience for personal confession and petition. Everything which offers itself as intermediary between the Father and the child is dismissed as a hinderance and offense. We need neither human hyphens nor celestial copulae to unite us to the Christ with whom we are one through personal faith. Neither church nor ministry has any such mediatorial function.

3. This obedience is voluntary. Every life must be unrestrained in the exercise of its freedom in all religious matters. Only moral influences are permissible. No vows are imposed upon the unwilling. No ordinances are practiced upon innocent infants. No ceremonies are performed upon unconscious adults in the hour of death. No covenant obligations are fastened upon posterity by virtue of the faith of its ancestry. Only God has the right to use the word "must" in the sphere of spirituality. Ecclesiastical domination is repudiated, save as the local church is sovereign in its own affairs. Even the church must keep off the grounds of conscience, or otherwise the Bride of Christ becomes an unholy trespasser. The civil power is not to interfere with the individual believer in the spiritual realm. To the last degree any patronage or protection from the state in religious affairs is refused, and any effort of the church to dominate in politics is decried. We protest against mixing God with Caesar, and believe in doing our duty to both. The personality and freedom of each man in religious matters must be respected by church and state alike. There can be no such a thing as an involuntary religious life.

II. The position outlined above produces clearly defined results in certain directions, among which we notice the following:

1. Church membership. A regenerated membership is inevitably insisted upon. The conscious choice of Jesus as Lord, with open-heartedness toward him in all matters, is the mark of a regenerated life. An experience thus lies at the threshold of church membership. The real church is composed only of those who have this consciousness. No one is rightly a member of Christ's church by virtue of physical

birth, or of the imagined effect of a rite performed in infancy, or of any ceremony submitted to in maturity. Initiation into the genuine church of Christ is not outward and physical, but inward and spiritual. Neither parental faith, nor priestly legerdemain, nor sacramental efficacy can introduce into vital union with the Head of the church. The "new creation," the redirection of all the powers of personality so that they tend to obedience to God, is the only qualification for membership. Though this regeneration is wrought only by God's own act, each man consents thereto for himself. There is no required age for admission to the church. Ripeness for reception arrives at the moment when any one, however young, can for himself be conscious of this unhindered choice of God as Lord and Saviour.

2. The ordinances are symbolic, and not efficacious. Both of them may be submitted to or practiced as often as inclination suggests, without producing any change whatever in character. Voluntary personal choice of God precedes any proper observance of them. They express certain realities of experience which have previously occurred, or are constantly occurring in the life of the believer. One of them is a sacred picture of an ethical death, burial, and resurrection with Christ, which took place previously in purpose and daily persists in practice. The other is a simple symbol of a fact of perpetual experience, that the spiritual life is nourished by the risen Jesus, aptly illustrated by the process by which the body is daily renewed through food. The form of either ordinance is unimportant, except that it shall exhibit, as far as possible, the vital experience which it was intended to show forth. Both have preaching functions, since they proclaim to the world in holy emblem the great historic facts of Christianity, and also the personal spiritual appropriation of these facts in the life of every one who is truly Christ's. Neither ordinance is to be changed from its original form, only because any change vitiates its value as an expression of the inner experience, and its memorial and evangelistic functions. Their number is to be neither increased nor diminished. Obedience assumes that he who instituted

these two simple rites knew their place in the religious life quite as well as those who claim that the wisdom of the ages vindicates substitutions on the ground of convenience, or sanctions non-observance on the ground that the evolution of the church into a manhood maturity has made it possible to put them aside as among the outgrown childish things, or as parts of the kindergarten stage of the Christian religion.

3. The Bible, as the record of God's highest revelation of himself, is the supreme authority in matters of religious faith and practice. Not only is it a privilege, but also a sacred duty to study it for the purpose of discovering the nature of God, and for ascertaining the principles of holy living. In the study of this literature each one must be left as free as in his personal relation to God. No infallible church can impose either methods or results of study. Each man's processes of investigation can be changed only by moral and educational methods. Side by side in the Baptist fold exist the allegorist and the rigid scientific student; the one who worships the Book as a fetich, and the one who fears not to ask the most searching questions concerning it; the one who accepts it as "God's word," because the voice of tradition bids him do so, and the one who finds in it the supreme and authoritative revelation of God's will, because he has studied it as he would any other literature of its kind and thus finds it to be unique; the one who, scorning as hostile all appliances of learning, seeks, in deliberate ignorance of such helps, for some immediate and direct tutelage of the Holy Spirit as to its interpretation, and the one who eagerly welcomes all light from philology, archaeology, comparative religion, history, and literary criticism. All these mingle in our denominational fellowship. The point is, that the Baptist principle guarantees to each one his own method, and denies the right of any power to force upon any person a different process. Changes come from intellectual advance or moral growth. For each one the results of his own method of study are so authoritative that he is obliged to accept them as imperatively binding upon his own personal life. While the Christian

consciousness is not despised as a source of truth, it must square with the teachings of the Scriptures obtained by each one for himself. This is our theory. I wish I could say honestly that it is our universal practice.

4. Creeds. We have no authoritative statements of faith. No hand of a Baptist minister has ever signed such a creed. The inability to dictate methods of interpreting the Scriptures makes it impossible to impose any results of interpretation. For convenience only there are in local churches statements of faith, but these vary, and none of them is so widely prevalent as to be considered representative. Each local church adopts its own statement. Particular churches often stand for special aspects of doctrine. The historic statements of Christendom interest us mainly because they represent what Christians of other ages have believed. All are the products of discussion, and formulate the compromises of the times in which they were constructed. They cannot, in the nature of the case, take advantage of any new light on the very matters of which they treat, which may have come since their composition. Still less could they anticipate the special questions of our time and answer them. Heresy trials are impossible among us, because we have no denominational doctrinal standard, no court of trial, and because each minister is responsible only to the local church of which he is a member. When this church drops him his denominational standing is gone unless some other church is willing to receive him. Our ideal is to put the Scriptures themselves into the hands of every Baptist, and by education in right methods of interpretation have him form his own creed. The theological books so far issued by the teachers of our seminaries do not agree in all points. We do not aim to make every mind sound the same dogmatic note, but to make a symphony from the variety of sounds. Nowhere else in the Christian world is there such catholicity on creedal matters as among us. We do not seek to mold brains in a doctrinal matrix, but to fuse hearts together by the heat of our distinctive principle. To leave our fold for the sake of liberty is like quitting the free air for

the cage, or leaving the pasture for the halter in the stall. There is no such thing as "loose subscription" among us, for there is nothing to which any one subscribes except his own personal interpretation of the Scriptures. We do not project modern ideas back into the innocent minds of creed makers, nor do we have problems of revision in the effort to make our conceptions up to date, nor do we know anything about the procrustean method of making the modern mind fit the medieval formulae. Our firm insistence upon our fundamental principle secures harmony, but not identity of belief. Our conception of the church is not closeness but comprehensiveness, not exclusiveness but inclusion, not sameness of personality or temperament or experience or thought, but articulated and harmonious variety. Our fellowship is found in the bond of a personal spiritual experience, not in allegiance to a dogmatic standard. This secures ideally a catholicity, and therefore an attraction to individuality, offered by the distinctive principle of no other communion.

5. To truth external to the Scriptures every Baptist is by his principle hospitable, or ought to be. While the Bible is the supreme authority in matters of the spiritual life, it is not intended to be authoritative on matters of biology, cosmogony, astronomy, or any other modern science. It uses the conceptions of its times on all these matters as vehicles for religious purposes only. The Book is grossly misused and irreverently interpreted when made a text-book on matters foreign to its purpose. Every revelation of God in nature or history is sacred to us. All truth is God's truth. We ask of candidating theories only convincing credentials, and their acceptance is assured on the basis of our fundamental principle. The chairs of the "harmony between science and religion" in our seminaries are more than irenic or apologetic. They are exegetical. All study is, in a true sense, waiting on God. Demonstrations in every realm are to be reverently received. As showing the ways of God to man, and the way of man to God, there is no source of light but the Scriptures. But all truths through other channels are

eagerly welcomed as revelations of God in other realms.

6. Our ecclesiastical government reflects our individualism. Each local church is sovereign in its own affairs, and therefore independent of all others. Associations of churches are for common fraternal and missionary interests, and have no powers of legislation for the individual churches composing them, and therefore no disciplinary functions. This polity proclaims vitality rather than organization as the great essential of the kingdom of God. It subordinates machinery to life. It protests against undue centralization. In some systems the organization is everything, and the man nothing. With us the man is everything, and organization is at its minimum. It is more Christian to say that the Bible, the church, and the ministry exist for the good of the man, than to say the opposite. The ecclesiastical machine is not to mangle men, but to mature manhood. We aim to achieve by spiritual means what others effect by governmental devices. The best gift of the church to the world is a true man. We do not aim to have men give a church to the world. The success of Christianity is not in its exhibition of a marvelously articulated organization, securing sameness of ritual and creed, and presenting world-wide uniformity in worship or intellect. The crowning glory of Christianity is in its production of men and women who incarnate the truths of its Founder. There is a consistent emphasis on individualism from first to last in experience, opinions, service, and polity.

The weakness of everything lies near its strength. It is so with us. It is harder to combine energies, gifts, and interests under such a conception than under any other. The centripetal energies of our denominational life are spiritual. Such pure individualism easily lends itself to selfishness. Its only preventive is that altruistic spirit which is of the essence of religion. One liberty which every person filled with the new life has is that of laying down his rights. Disintegrating tendencies among us only mark the weakness of the spiritual bond. We are closest to one another, like the spokes of a wheel or the rays of the sun, when we are closest to

the Center from whom our life radiates. Polity-patching has had poor success with us, because it is an artificial remedy for the separative tendency of such an intense individualism. The deepening of the spiritual principle for which we supremely stand consistently has been, and will continue to be, our most effective method of securing unity. "A rope of sand" our polity has been called. So it is, measured

by the externalities valued by those who are constantly wondering how we hold together without the pressure of organization. Barrel staves are kept in place and relation by inflexible bonds. Living organisms assemble their parts and maintain their organic relation by the power of a vital principle within. This latter is our ideal, and that principle is voluntary personal obedience to God.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND THE CHURCH

BY REV. R. E. BISBEE

The real trouble between social reformers and the church is that they do not understand one another. Both parties are seeking the same end in different ways—the betterment of man and of society. It is a pity that they should fall out and scold. The purpose of this paper is to inquire if a better understanding is not possible.

The church has in it the best people in the world, or to confine our inquiry to the United States, the best people in the land. Put in a group by themselves those who belong to the church, and it would be impossible to match them in goodness, intelligence, and ability with an equal number from outside the church.

Social reformers are found both in and outside of religious bodies. They are par excellence the economic students of the day. They see great wrongs in our industrial system, the great waste and heartless cruelty of competition, and desire a change. Their plea is for justice, equality, fraternity. The true reformer is a democrat. In fact, democracy is with him almost a religion. He believes that righteousness and justice inhere in the people, and that opportunity will bring these virtues into control. He believes that man is not naturally and essentially evil, but good, and given a chance this goodness will assert itself and assume sway over human destiny. In brief, he has sublime faith in man.

And yet the churchman and the reformer, especially the reformer who advo-

cates socialism, are not on good terms. The churchman says that socialism is the invention of those too lazy to work,—that it means the care of the improvident by the provident, and unjust division of goods, the destruction of independence and motive for progress, that it is materialistic and gross in its ideals, that its advocates are deluded or insincere, that it postulates a better manhood than the facts of history will warrant, that in brief it is wild, visionary, foolish; the thing for the workman to do is to let rum alone, attend strictly to business, practice economy, and he will thrive and rise to a position of honor.

The socialist retorts that the church stands squarely across the path of human progress. Its good men are not good, inasmuch as they oppose in practice what they advocate in theory. At heart they despise the poor and are in league with their oppressors. All the evils charged to socialism are a part of and due to our present system. If mankind is bad it is because conditions make it so.

The socialist, moreover, affirms that it is impossible to do a successful business and keep the Golden Rule; honesty is no longer a guaranty of success; the more the laborer economizes the more the employer will crowd him in his wages; however industriously and faithfully he toils all cannot rise to the top; with our present system the more the laborer produces the more certain he is eventually to lose his job through overproduction. He also

claims that intemperance is more the effect of poverty than its cause; that the most abstemious people in the world may under a wrong industrial system become the poorest; that the church has become so accustomed to wrong measures and false standards as to lose sight of Christian justice; that, in short, the Christian does not follow Christ.

The churchman replies that Jesus, whatever else he was, was not a socialist. He sought to save the world through reforming the individual. The present system is right, but men are bad, and a regenerate humanity is the only hope of the world. When this comes socialism will not be needed, and until it does come socialism will be a failure.

Once more, the socialist retorts that the church is a mockery and a humbug. While pretending to condemn materialism, it really advocates it by putting the rights of property above the right to live. Jesus is the noblest, the most lovable character in history, but the church is an apostate. Jesus came to bring life, the one great promise of God to man. The church echoes the need of life, but forbids the method of obtaining it. It objects to all socialistic measures, but presents no other remedy for existing evils. It stimulates to larger wants, but makes no provision,—shows no way to meet those wants. Hence the laborer despises the church, and turns from it as from an enemy in the disguise of a friend.

And so the quarrel rages, deplorable, almost groundless, for there is little difference after all between the disputants. Both alike believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the ultimate reign of righteousness. Both believe in Jesus, but not in each other. Both call for mercy, justice, and love, and both are ready to toil and sacrifice to bring in the kingdom, but neither fully understands the other.

In the first place, the church needs to lay aside some of its prejudices. That selfishness which is true of some socialists must not be charged against them as a class, or against the social democratic ideal. There are doubtless self-seekers on both sides, but the great heart of the social democracy is true and sound to the core,

as is also the great heart of the church. Realizing this, the churchman will not have the church judged by the hypocrites in it, and for the same reason he should not judge socialists by the ambitious few among them.

Neither should the church judge socialism by the rantings of every socialistic speaker. Christianity is not to be judged by every peripatetic evangelist who caricatures God and denounces mankind. Christianity must be judged from what it is in essence, and socialism must be judged in the same way. If socialists disagree as to what the essence of socialism is, so do Christians disagree as to the essence of Christianity. The essence nevertheless exists, and is to be sought after and found.

Nor must the church make too much of the fact that socialism deals largely with the material. It should be remembered that the spiritual has its root in the material; in other words, that decent material conditions are necessary to the highest spiritual attainments, at least for a majority of people. The church itself is a witness and example of this. The most godly preachers are not independent of material conditions. Reduce their salaries, and if they can they will go where they may secure an increase. The education of their children, the health of the family, their own culture depend on the material to a greater or less degree. The material as the servant of man is one of heaven's choicest blessings. The church should be the last to misunderstand and disparage this truth.

It is when the material becomes the master, when the mere struggle for existence absorbs all man's energies, that the curse is applied in all its ineffable blackness. When man is made the slave of the material all the beast in him comes to the surface and rules over him. Whatever else will bring about the same effect, this is certainly a cause that will do it, and, once reduced, man may be generations in making his recovery. We are creatures of evolution. Life should be a constant and eternal ascent. To make man a slave to material things is a reversion. Reduce him to hunger, and you lower his morals. Poverty is the mother of criminality.

Socialism aims to make man the master of material conditions rather than the slave,—to enable him to carry out the first command to “subdue the earth,” and not to be subdued by it. The half-starved toiler is not alone reduced to slavery by the present system,—the care-laden rich are equally involved; the socialistic ideal realized would make both classes impossible.

The statement that man cannot live by bread alone needs a new interpretation. Its full meaning never came to me until I heard the following story from a workman: “When I was receiving fifteen dollars a week,” he said, “I married, supposing of course I should soon receive more. Instead of that, my wages fell to twelve and a half dollars, then to ten; now I get nine. Meanwhile, my family is increasing and my wants are greater. Well, nine dollars will buy me bread, but I cannot live by bread alone,—I need other things.”

Reducing a man to bread is what makes him a slave to the material, and slavery is always and everywhere a moral and physical curse. It is no use to lock up a man in a refrigerator, and then blame him because he does not sweat, or, as Ruskin would say: “Do not kick a man into the gutter, and then damn him for being muddy.” The brutality, the sensuality, the gross materialism of which we complain has its cause in something, and the socialist says it is not in man’s innate depravity, but in the conditions forced upon him by generations of disheartening and at times of hopeless struggle. In the competitive struggle for existence it is not the best who survive, but the heartless and cruel. It is the duty of civilization to do what it has hitherto rarely if ever done,—foster the noblest human types. The hour has struck when man should no longer be controlled by a blind instinct characteristic of an infant race, but should rise to the plane of self-consciousness and govern to a larger degree his own destiny. The deeper meaning of Calvary is the freedom of the race.

Again, the social democratic ideal realized would elevate every man’s work from the mere drudgery of getting a living to the plane of social service,—to that most delightful of all tasks, doing something

for others. It would extend to every laborer a call to the ministry,—not the ministry of preaching, but the ministry of a useful occupation. To-day the average man goes into any business he can get simply for the money in it. Change the purpose,—cause each man to feel that he works not for himself alone but for all other men,—and character will be elevated and the trend of civilization changed.

Let our church people look into this. Let them read the best socialist literature; let them search for truth as they would for life; let them not be afraid of any investigation or of any conclusion. Let the religious press give them the loftiest ideals of civilization; let the pulpit everywhere resound with the possibility of realizing the kingdom of God on earth, and workmen will soon cease to ask as one recently asked the writer: “How do you, sir, account for such stupendous ignorance on the part of so-called intelligent people?” These are critical times. The man who refuses to study them, to seek a solution of the grave problems which confront us, to sacrifice if need be party and ties of friendship for this purpose, is not worthy of his country and less worthy still of the Christ.

Another thing the professing Christian should always do,—he should investigate the character of men before he condemns them. The lesson ought to be learned by this time that all reformers, however noble and unselfish, are subject to abuse from those whose tranquillity they would disturb. “Your fathers killed the prophets and ye build their sepulchers,” was true long before Jesus said it and remains true to-day. It is the fate of the real Jehovah’s prophets not to be generally believed until they are dead. The curse of Cassandra is in a sense on them all. It is strange that the world does not yet understand this. A truth so common should not need repetition, and yet it is a truth constantly forgotten.

This is not saying that all men who are misunderstood and abused are true prophets, nor does it necessarily imply that prophets must be misunderstood. It simply states the general carelessness of the people in the estimation of character. We catch up the latest and loudest cry

and repeat it. Stories utterly false go unchallenged until they find a place in history. Error and truth become strangely mixed, and yet the truth may be sifted. When the alleged facts touch human reputations we are without excuse if we do not sift them. He who believes a lie is only a little less guilty than he who tells it; nevertheless we go on condemning our best men as if this is not already the saddest chapter in the world's history.

Lincoln, in his day, did not escape. The New York Herald of May 19, 1860, said of him: "The republican convention at Chicago have nominated Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, for president of the United States—a third-rate western lawyer, poorer even than poor Pierce. The conduct of the republican party in this nomination is a remarkable instance of small intellect growing smaller. They pass over Seward, Chase, and Banks, who are statesmen and able men, and they take up a fourth-rate lecturer who cannot speak good grammar, and who to raise the wind delivers his hackneyed, illiterate compositions at two hundred dollars apiece. Our readers will recollect that this peripatetic politician visited New York two or three months ago on his financial tour, when in return for the most unmitigated trash, interlaced with coarse and clumsy jokes, he filled his empty pockets with dollars coined out of republican fanaticism."

To Henry George, to-day the acknowledged friend of man, one of the moral giants of the race, was applied every form of reproach, sarcasm, and invective. The same arrogant and morally hopeless crowd are now hurling their epithets at Eugene V. Debs. Let us be careful how we judge him. After a hundred years Thomas Paine is gaining his rightful place in history, and who knows but that the Chicago anarchists were less black than painted. In any case, let us not be too hasty or too sweeping in our condemnation.

Again, there is a tendency among religious writers to misconceive and misstate the socialistic ideal. The socialist is not aiming for a fixed state of government control, of despotic paternalism. His aim is fraternalism, not paternalism. He would have government the servant

of man, not his master. With him co-operation means mutual assistance, brotherly love. To bring about his system he would use the power of the state as a means, not as an end. He would not necessarily have state ownership a permanent and crystallized condition. Socialism is only a phase of civilization, a step toward a higher state,—a step necessary even if regrettable, in order to overcome the abuses of the present system and place man on a plane of independence; but the socialistic ideal is something beyond socialism. Anarchy would more truthfully express it, but anarchy in its noblest sense,—a people without law and without government save the law of God written on every heart. The way out of the present anarchy into this higher, philosophical, Christian anarchy is through socialism. Socialism is destined to be the training school for the highest development of the individual man.

As to the social teachings of Jesus, it is true that Jesus taught no definite system of government. He taught neither monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, nor socialism; but he did teach love and justice, and left these principles for man to apply as best he could. Under some conditions one form may be best, under other conditions another form.

Jesus appealed to the individual, but he appealed to him in all his relations in life. To the subject he appealed as a subject, and to the sovereign as a sovereign. And now comes the point of chief interest to us,—in a democracy man is both subject and sovereign, he must both obey the law and make the law synonymous with justice. If necessary to justice, he must reorganize the state. The power to do so creates the obligation. The highest justice must be his aim, and if this involves socialism, then socialism is Christian. To speak of Christian socialism is to beg the question. Socialism is socialism and Christianity is Christianity. Whether one is the other or not depends on circumstances. Certainly a voluntary co-operation is never unchristian, but we can conceive of circumstances under which state socialism would be. Again, there are times when state socialism may become a Christian necessity. In the opinion of the writer

this time is rapidly approaching in this country. When trusts, dealing in the necessities of life, become universal and oppressive, they should be assumed by the state and conducted in the interest of all. For a sovereign people to allow any proportion of its subjects to be placed at the mercy of a few, is criminal neglect of a God-required obligation, and if Jesus were to speak to-day on this question there can be no doubt of his answer. In the years to come there may be a change, and a form of government of which to-day we know nothing may become the Christian order, while later still the world may rise to such heights of moral and spiritual good as to need no form of government whatever.

These things the church should remember; and, moreover, it is the Christian's duty not only to be an obedient subject and a just sovereign, but it is also his duty to search into all truth. Creed and dogma must be no hindrance to the fullest and freest investigation. The church was made for man, and not man for the church. Better be called infidel and follow the gleam, than orthodox and remain in the dark. Jesus is the very spirit of light, of research, of progress. He never claimed to have revealed everything to man, but left him under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of truth, to search out all truth, to be free, absolutely free in the pursuit of truth. The most unchristian thing we can do is to attempt to suppress the spirit of honest inquiry, to offer truth in the form of creeds and dogmas, and say to the world, Receive this or be lost. Rather, let the Christian, with the mind of the Spirit, search all things, holding fast that which is good. Only thus can he claim to be a follower of Jesus.

On the other hand, the social reformer should remember some things. The fact that his intentions are right does not guarantee him against error. With the loftiest ideals he may make mistakes in judgment. He should remember that God somehow managed to get along without him some thousands of years. He should also remember that the wisest have proved things with the most absolute logic only to find afterward that their conclusions were not true. He of all men should be

patient and tolerant, and welcome every ally even if he does not pronounce the party shibboleth.

It should also be kept in mind as a matter of fact, whatever the cause, that man is far from perfect. He needs and must have regeneration. There must be a voluntary surrender of his will to the diviner impulses of his being. It is true that just conditions may aid in bringing about this regenerate state, may be an inducement for him to surrender and a help to continue; but he needs more than this. He needs the inspiration and encouragement which come from preaching; he needs to be shown his duty, the pathway to his highest possibilities; and so long as man is imperfect the church will be an essential to human progress and individual salvation.

Again, the reformer must remember that the church has a work fixed and eternal. It cannot turn aside and stake its future on every or any passing phase of civilization. Its work is to minister to man as an individual, to all the wants of man, but still to the individual man. A church founded on an anti-slavery sentiment could not endure, neither could one founded on temperance reform. For the same reason a church founded to foster socialism could have only a temporary existence, but a church which ministers to man as man will live forever. It will undergo transformation; it may change from Jewish to Christian; from Roman to Protestant; it may adopt new views of life. But it will endure, because it considers man in all his varying needs and stands with him in all his struggles. Now, the great, predominant, eternal, individual need of man is character, righteousness. He needs this in himself more than he needs justice in others. This is the end and aim of life. All else is collateral to it. The work of the church is to create this righteousness. To this end it should stand with socialism so far as socialism is right, it should stand against slavery and intemperance, but it cannot stand on one reform principle alone. To demand and exemplify a personal righteousness, in all the circumstances of life, to bring to bear every motive that makes for righteousness, is the one work of the church, and this is

always and everywhere the deep and inner meaning of the call to Christ.

The church has made mistakes. It has been slow at times to recognize right and truth. It has clung too tenaciously to dogma and creed. It has at times disgraced humanity with exhibitions of ambition and selfishness, but it has never wholly lost sight of its fundamental principles, and has always been the creator of character and the conservator of good. The great reformers of the church itself, as well as of the nations, owe to it their birth, education, and inspiration. The

church has never yet been reformed from the outside. With all its evils it has been the best thing in the world, and on the whole has been the most consistent friend mankind has ever had.

Let, then, the social reformer not condemn the church, but let him correct it and use it as a divine instrument to hasten the day for which he prays, and let the church correct the errors of the reformer and walk with him hand in hand so far as he goes in the right way, using him and every other force to create a more righteous and godly humanity.

OUR TROPICAL GARDEN IN THE PACIFIC*

BY B. O. FLOWER

THE EIGHTEENTH OF JULY.

On the streets and around the wharves of Honolulu were great throngs of citizens on the eighteenth of July, 1898. Intense excitement prevailed. Indeed, for many days the people had been keyed up to a painful pitch of expectancy. It was generally known that the United States Senate would shortly act on the petition for annexation made by the island republic, but the issue was by no means certain. The administration was believed to favor the measure, but many powerful interests were actively at work to defeat the project. The government of Hawaii had not forgotten the influence which had been exerted by the friends of the Louisiana Lottery on former occasions. They had seen this influence and that of the opium traders ride down the most stubborn and determined opposition on the part of the best citizens of the islands under the reign of the queen, whom at a later day President Cleveland sought so diligently to restore to power; and there were other representatives of special privileges who were known to be actively working to defeat the Annexation Bill. Hence, though the strategic importance of the islands became very apparent after the battle of Manila,

the issue in the Senate was by no means a foregone conclusion. To the intelligent citizen of Hawaii the success of the measure meant far more than was apparent to the outsider. Already more than one great European power had looked with longing eyes upon the little garden-spot in the Pacific. Still, it was not Europe so much as the young giant of the far East that caused the greatest uneasiness on the part of those who had the best interests of the island at heart. Japan was already manifesting a growing interest in the Hawaiian group, and the republic anticipated with grave apprehension the time when, on one pretext or another, the aggressive empire of the Mikado would make war for conquest and possession of the islands. Under the stars and stripes all would be changed. Security, stable government, justice, and a large measure of freedom would be assured.

From the news brought by the vessel which had last come to Honolulu it seemed probable that the next steamer would bear the fateful word which would carry joy or gloom to the hearts and homes of the intelligent citizens who appreciated the gravity of the situation. On the afternoon of the eighteenth of July news reached the capital that a vessel had been sighted bearing down upon the islands. We who enjoy cables, and are in perfect touch with all the great nations of earth, cannot appreciate the condition of

* "Hawaii, Our New Possessions," by John R. Musick. Illustrated with 56 full-page plates; containing 100 half-tone reproductions from photographs; maps and border decorations. Bound in cloth; stamped in gold and colors. Pp. 556. Price, \$2.50. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

those who, cut off from the outside world, have still to await the arrival of ships for news of events; and the coming of a steamer, which at all times is the occasion of general interest, on this day produced unwonted excitement. The news flew from lip to lip, from telephone to telephone: "It is the 'Coptic,' from San Francisco." With breathless interest the populace, from President Dole down to the susceptible Kanaka, awaited the next word. Yes, she brings news of the fate of the Annexation Bill; and then the terrible suspense was broken. The measure had passed, and Hawaii was annexed to the United States. There was a moment of death-like quiet, and then it seemed as if all life, and even inanimate objects, had found voice, so great was the demonstration of delight. Shout after shout echoed over the waters. Bands played, bells rang, whistles blew, and the irrepressible small boy and his horn were everywhere in evidence. There were laughter and tears of delight. Men grasped the hands of strangers, and many bronze faces which had resolutely fronted the rifle in the stirring days of the little revolution were now suffused with tears. Joy! Joy! Joy! No other word can convey the feelings of those who through the long months had incessantly labored to give to Hawaii a liberal, just, and free government. Nor did the enthusiasm spend itself in an hour. The message of the glad tidings was the signal for days and nights of rejoicing.

Before these islands were annexed the American people felt much the same general interest in knowledge relating to them that is felt about other foreign countries; but when they became a part of our nation a new interest centered in them, and Mr. Musick has performed a valuable service in giving us a comprehensive work embracing many fascinating legends and much historical data little known in the United States, a vivid and picturesque description of each of the islands, gained from personal observation, the story of the stirring times which led to the overthrow of the queen and the attempted restoration of monarchy, together with an instructive statement of the resources, population, educational advantages, and other valuable information relating to these isl-

ands. In this paper, while following the author, I shall simply seek to group together some facts which I believe will be of special interest to our readers, and which even the busiest of our people will desire to know concerning these new possessions of ours.

SOME FACTS ABOUT HAWAII.

Like many another traveler, Mr. Musick was charmed with the islands. His enthusiasm is written on almost every page. "That there exists in the world," he tells us, "a place where no chilling winds or poisonous breath can come may seem impossible, and yet this is true of Hawaii, for there are no poisonous reptiles or insects, and few poisonous plants, on the whole group of islands. The delightful climate, the unsurpassed scenery, the healthfulness and beauty of these islands entitle them to the name Paradise of the Pacific. They are also of great agricultural and commercial importance. The interchange of commerce between the islands and this country is valued at fifteen million dollars per annum, and could be increased to seventy-five millions, or perhaps a hundred. Only one-fourth of the agricultural lands of the islands is under cultivation. There are about one hundred thousand inhabitants on the islands, while they are capable of supporting in comfort half a million or more."

One fact must be borne in mind, and that is that these islands are comparatively small, and a very large proportion of their surface is covered with rugged mountains. They are of volcanic origin, and here is to be seen the craters of the greatest extinct volcano of the world; here also the fires of Kilauea are never quenched. But while, broadly speaking, one might almost characterize the islands as a cluster of mountains girt by the sea, there are wonderfully fertile fields and lowlands and mountain slopes where flowers, fruits, and berries grow in richest profusion, and where forests are filled with birds of rare plumage.

TROPICAL FRUITS.

Hawaii might almost be termed a tropical orchard. Here in places are found vast orchards of native apples, a wonderful

fruit, rich and juicy, at once food and drink. From July to September the forests are loaded with red and white fruit. The trees grow from forty to fifty feet high, and the sight of the great forests of wild apples, which stretch from the sea to the mountains in Maui, is something the visitor can never forget.

For miles along the mountain-side is one vast forest of trees, literally bending under their load of luscious fruit. Birds of gorgeous colors—of mingled red, blue, green, yellow, and black—feast on the fruit, while they make the forest ring with their happy songs. Mr. Whitney, in his "Hawaiian Tourist," says: "The crop of these apple orchards which nature has planted so gorgeously in this wild, solitary waste, would fill a fleet of a hundred steamers, for the orchard stretches over a country from five to ten miles wide by twenty long, and many of the largest trees bear at least fifty barrels each. The fruit furnishes the traveler an excellent repast, appeasing both hunger and thirst."

Here also grow sweet wild oranges, and when cultivated the trees produce the largest and sweetest oranges in the world. The bananas grow in great profusion. There are many large plantations of this delicious and nutritious fruit, but the production as yet is mostly consumed in the islands. In 1894 one hundred and twenty-three thousand bunches were exported, but little has as yet been done toward shipping fruit to other lands. Pine-apples are another fruit product that is unsurpassed in the richness of its flavor. In 1894 pine-apples were exported to the value of \$9,881.81; but here again most of the yield up to the present time has been consumed at home. Since the islands have become a part of our domain, however, fruit culture will rapidly develop, and facilities for properly exporting the products will doubtless be perfected at an early date. The cocoa-nut grows in great quantities; the mango, bread-fruit, papaw, and other tropical and subtropical fruits are here found in perfection. Figs and dates are among the many cultivated fruits.

STAPLE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The most important agricultural industries at present are the culture of sugar-

cane, rice, and coffee. Something of the magnitude of the sugar industry may be gained from the fact that the average annual "yield and exportation of sugar for the past few years has been about 330,000,000 of pounds, valued at \$10,000,000." Rice comes next in importance, the yield being about two hundred and forty thousand bags; but owing to the fact that this is a staple article of food, not more than fifty or sixty thousand bags annually find their way out of the islands. The Hawaiian rice is of very superior quality. Coffee culture is as yet in its infancy. The wild coffee plant grows in various parts of the group, but it has only been during the present decade that special attention has been given to proper culture of the berry. A writer in the holiday edition of the Honolulu Evening Bulletin, in 1895, after warning Americans who know nothing of the culture of coffee, and have not sufficient means to support them for two or three years, against coming to the islands with the hope of succeeding in this field of employment, gives the following interesting facts relating to the future possibilities of the berry culture in Hawaii: There are two hundred thousand acres of known good coffee land, much of which belongs to the government. A great portion of it is uncleared, and the most of it is as yet almost inaccessible. At the time the article was written there were about five thousand five hundred acres in coffee plants under proper cultivation, and the writer estimated that during 1896 at least five thousand more acres would be brought under cultivation. Since this article was written great activity has been manifested in this field of work, and many of the most intelligent friends of Hawaii regard coffee culture as the coming industry of the island.

It is estimated that not more than twenty-five per cent of the cultivable lands of Hawaii are under cultivation, and that not one-tenth of the grazing land is used. Hawaii can produce as fine wool as Australia, and the smaller islands could be made homes for shepherds. According to the most careful estimate, the islands can furnish homes for four or five hundred thousand Americans wholly engaged in agricultural pursuits. If they should develop man-

ufactures, or become a pleasure resort, they could, of course, support an untold number. The exports of Hawaii, in round numbers, \$10,000,000, can be increased to \$100,000,000, for some of the most valuable products of the islands are still in their infancy. According to the custom-house reports and the minister of finance, the income of the last year was \$1,700,000. A present of \$1,700,000 per annum is one not to be slighted even by our great country. We must also keep in view the fact that this income of \$1,700,000 per annum is capable of being increased to four or even ten times that amount.

In connection with the above reference to wool growing I would mention that on the little island of Niihau Messrs. Gay and Robinson have thirty thousand sheep.

Laysan Island yields a large quantity of guano, used in the islands and also shipped to California and other ports. Were it not for the great distance from markets for consumption, the gathering of eggs would doubtless be a profitable industry in this island.

This island is about eight hundred miles west of Honolulu, and it was not known until a few years since that it belonged to the Hawaiian group. It is a small island of (I should suppose) between ninety-five and one hundred square miles, low, without mountains or any great elevation. It has no forest, but numerous small trees or shrubs. There is a house on the island in which the manager lives, with two or three Japanese servants, about six months in the year. The island is valuable on account of its guano beds. It is the home of myriads of birds. Most of these are water-fowl, but there are some land species known nowhere else in the world. On this small speck of land far out in the ocean the birds lay, hatch, and die by millions. When they fly, the sun is darkened as if a cloud had passed over it. They are very tame, and so bold that you can pick them up as you walk along the path. They snap at the trousers and dresses of persons who are crossing the island, so that one is compelled to carry a stick for self-protection. . . . The eggs on Laysan Island are frequently gathered in wheelbarrows, cars filled with them, and schooners loaded. This industry, however, is unprofitable, owing to the great distance they have to be exported.

FACILITIES FOR TRANSPORTATION AND CONVEYANCE OF THOUGHT.

Two steam navigation companies operate between ten and twenty steamers for inter-island commerce. Two of these

vessels are magnificently appointed and fitted up especially for passenger service. They run on schedule time. There are at present three railroads for general traffic in the group, and almost all the great sugar plantations own and operate small railroads. The principal road for passenger traffic is on the island of Oahu. It extends thirty-five miles from Honolulu, and will shortly belt the island. Two other roads are located on the islands of Hawaii and Maui.

In the city of Honolulu the people are compelled to put up with street-cars drawn by horses and mules, owing to the short-sightedness of the government in giving a long-time franchise to an English syndicate. The people clamor in vain for electric roads; the modern Shylock holds them to the bond. There is a rather primitive free delivery mail service in the country districts. The postman is called on to halt, as he pursues his way, by any workman who expects mail. When he comes to a house for which he has a letter or paper, he blows a trumpet, deposits the mail in the box, if there is one provided, and if not throws it in the gateway, and goes on his way. It is said that Honolulu has the finest telephone system in the world. All points on the island of Oahu are reached. In the city of Honolulu there are one thousand telephones in use. "Six operators manage the entire line. They are Hawaiians, and speak both English and Hawaiian." There can be little doubt but what a cable will shortly connect the wonderful little islands with our own country, and regular weekly or semi-weekly packets will probably soon ply between Honolulu and San Francisco.

EDUCATION AND HUMANITARIAN PROVISIONS FOR THE SICK AND AGED.

Compulsory education has prevailed in Hawaii under the late republic, English being taught in almost all the schools. All children are educated at the expense of the government, unless they attend some of the endowed institutions, principal among which are the Kamehameha schools, founded through the munificence of the late Mrs. Bernice Pauahi Bishop.

Prof. Theodore Richards, a New York gentleman, is principal of the Kamehameha schools for boys; with him are associated sixteen instructors in various branches. Not only are the boys given a classical education, but they are taught useful arts and trades. They have in connection with the school a foundry and miniature iron-works, in which most of the iron-work needed for the schools is made. Carpentering, wood-turning and carving, tailoring, and printing, and in fact all branches of industrial education are taught, with the intent to make the Hawaiian boys useful men. The Kamehameha schools are for orphan Hawaiian children. A nominal fee is charged. I think twenty-four dollars per annum entitles the student to board, books, and tuition. A boy or girl who is worthy of an education can in some way raise twenty-four dollars. The school for girls is also on the industrial plan. The pupils are taught the essentials of good housewifery, and receive also an excellent English education, including music and painting.

In 1896 the number of pupils attending the public schools was twelve thousand six hundred and twelve. Of this number seven thousand four hundred and five were Hawaiians; four thousand one hundred and seventy-seven were whites; seven hundred and forty Chinese; two hundred and sixty-one Japanese; twenty-nine South Sea Islanders. Under the late republic, when the Hawaiians were taken sick they were sent to the hospitals, where they were well cared for free of charge until restored. The aged poor among them were also cared for as long as they lived, and decently buried at death, by the government. The care for the aged and the sick suggests the provisions also made for those most unfortunate of all earth's diseased children, the victims of leprosy.

THE SHADOW ON THE FACE OF THE SUN.

There is one subject which none of the citizens of Hawaii like to discuss. Indeed, mention the word leprosy in the midst of a group of persons in lively conversation, and silence is almost certain to ensue. The population of these islands is very sensitive upon this subject, owing to the prevalence and terrible character of the malady; and yet it does not seem that such sensitiveness is well placed, when we remember how vigorously and efficiently the present provisions are carried forward for the prevention of the spread of the

disease, and also how liberally the government has provided for the comfort and well-being of the leper colony.

In 1853 the first case of leprosy was discovered on these islands. It was treated by Dr. Baldwin. The disease was supposed to have been brought to Hawaii from China, and when once introduced it rapidly spread among the natives. Their blood had already been impoverished by excesses, and the absence of all sanitary regulations and restrictive measures caused its rapid spread. During recent years, however, a decisive stand has been taken by the government. The sanitary and health regulations are very rigid, and the board makes careful tours of inspection throughout the islands from time to time. All children and others found manifesting any symptoms of the disease are taken to detention hospitals until there are unmistakable evidences of leprosy, or until it becomes apparent that the curse has not fallen on the suspects. In cases where the disease develops, they are removed to dread Molokai, the home of the lepers. Only twice in the year are visitors permitted to go thither. At these times the board of health makes its inspection. The spectacle witnessed by visitors is painful in the extreme, for while great pains is taken by the government to make the home of these unfortunates as comfortable as possible, and while holy men and women, together with teachers and physicians, are nobly sacrificing their lives that the sufferers' lot may be made as bearable as possible through the long night-time of suffering, the sight of the frightfully distorted bodies, fingerless hands, and toothless mouths, fill the visitor with horror, and haunt the imagination as a dread picture for all after years. And yet no one can read Mr. Musick's vivid chapter on his visit to Molokai without being impressed by the inherent heroism and goodness in the heart of nineteenth-century civilization. The liberal provisions made by the Hawaiian Government for the care of the lepers, and the essential nobility of those God-fearing men and women who have dedicated their lives to the unfortunates, speak with eloquent tongues of the progress which civilization is making toward

the realization of higher and diviner ideals. We are too liable, in the midst of wrong, injustice, and heartlessness, to overlook the thousand signs and tokens of promise which speak of the rise of man on every hand, and the treatment of the lepers on this far-away island is one of many illustrations of the brighter side of present-day civilization which many of us are inclined to overlook.

THE POPULATION, AND INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE NATIVES.

The Hawaiian islands to-day contain a very mixed population, the principal peoples being the native Hawaiians, or Kana-kas as they prefer to be called, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Americans, and English, and a sprinkling of other nationalities, including French, Dutch, Scandinavians, Chilians, and South Sea Islanders. The native population, according to the census of 1896, was 33,436; the Japanese, 24,400; Chinese, 21,600; Portuguese, 15,000; Americans, 3000; and English, 2200.

The majority of the Chinese and Japanese are very ignorant, having been brought to the islands under the iniquitous contract labor system. The victims of this outrage are worse off than slaves. There are a few very bright Chinese and Japanese merchants and traders.

The Kanaka is probably the most interesting person on the islands. He is nothing if not hospitable, open-hearted, and desirous of pleasing. "His face, lighted up with kindness, hospitality, and child-like simplicity, wins one with a smile." He never harbors malice, is forgiving and free from treachery. He is not a success at the head of any enterprise, as he lacks the power to control and direct, but he makes a faithful and efficient clerk.

There are few occupations in which Hawaiians are not found. They are painters, carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists, engineers, teamsters, sailors, clerks, book-keepers, editors, market-men, cattle-raisers, sugar-planters, fishermen, school-teachers, and clergymen, and fill most of the clerical positions in the government. They are employed in the telephone offices, and a majority of the pressmen and compositors in the Honolulu and Hilo printing offices are Hawaiians. The heavy work in foundries,

and in lading and unlading vessels, is done almost exclusively by Hawaiians. The last census shows that out of the male Hawaiian population of eleven thousand one hundred and thirty-five, over fifteen years old, about one thousand were carpenters, which makes about one to every eleven. No other race of people elevated less than a century ago from savagery can make so good a showing. The Hawaiian is indispensable to the inter-island traffic where absolute fearlessness of the sea is essential. The manning of boats at all hours, day or night, to carry passengers or freight to and from the steamers at the various landings is done altogether by the Hawaiians.

The natives are pre-eminently fond of flowers, and have a beautiful custom of decorating the departing friend or any member of the family who is about to leave the home with garlands of beautiful flowers.

WONDERFUL NATURAL SCENERY.

The scenery of Hawaii is varied and of surpassing beauty. Here are found within the limits of a small area high, rugged, and picturesque mountains, the majestic ocean, and volcanoes in action, together with all the wealth of beauty which tropical vegetation exhibits when under the favoring influence of fertile soil and plentiful rainfalls. It is a land of gorgeous flowers, of birds of rare plumage, and of ever-ripening fruits, and these, added to the grander aspects of the natural scenery, give to the islands a beauty which baffles description, and which lives in the memory of the traveler, a perpetual source of pleasurable remembrance. The approach to Hawaii is thus described:

The outline of mountain peaks and low-lying beach, against which the restless surf eternally dashed, seemed at first a dream, but anon dawned into a glorious reality. Nearer and nearer to that fairy-land our bark glided, until the high rocky promontories, cloud-capped and sky-piercing, became boldly outlined. A pale blue mist lay on the hills and in the valley, giving to them a softness no painter's brush can imitate. As we approached the island, the hills and mountains underwent continual changes. First the blue mists, growing golden along the lines where the rays of the rising sun fell, were gradually tinted with a deeper red, until the sun burst in fiery splendor on the whole magnificent scene. Along the sides of those hills, red with the glory of the morning glow, there appeared faint

streaks of emerald, which deepened in richness until by the aid of our glasses we could see hills and mountains clothed with verdure to their very summits. . . . Like flakes of snow the houses could be seen nestling among the orange groves, waving palms, or algarobas, while down nearer to the beach the tall cocoanuts with their umbrella tops towered above all. . . . Our vessel glided around the mountain sentry, and the Pearl of the Pacific, Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, burst on our view. Snuggling at the foot of wondrously picturesque hills, which rise abruptly into a continuous range of dark blue background, lapped by the waves of a perpetual summer sea, the city, as seen from the outside reef, is very beautiful in its setting. The balmy air, the dark outlying hills, the abundant vegetation, the emerald green at the harbor bar, the softness and depth of the blue skies, and the gorgeous sunshine bathing all the landscape with glory, greeted us with tropical welcome.

The beauty of the landscape is almost continually heightened by the presence of rainbows, for Hawaii is noted for simultaneous rain and sunshine. Lunar rainbows are also frequently visible. The island of Maui is often termed the Switzerland of Hawaii, on account of its wonderful scenery; but here the traveler enjoys greater variety than is seen in the land of the Alps. The ocean and the glory of tropical luxuriance in vegetation give a special charm to other features not wholly unlike Alpine scenery; and what is true of Maui may be said of some other islands in the group.

From Mauna Loa's eternal snows to Kilauea's everlasting fires, the island of Hawaii is one scene of grandeur and sublimity. The lofty mountain ranges, the blue hills, and deep gullies worn to awful chasms, with picturesque valleys, are attractive to the tourist. The deep umbrageous forests on the hill-side give to the landscape a weird appearance, and no wonder the ancients peopled them with supernatural beings. All day long the Kinau glided down a coast which one might well mistake for a fairy-land.

We must confine ourselves to a part of our author's description of sunrise on the summit of Mount Haleakala, the House of the Sun, and a fragmentary pen picture of the great active volcano, Kilauea. It was after a long and rather tedious trip from the tropical luxuriance at the base

of the mountain that our traveler, with a guide and two friends, reached the House of the Sun, or the summit of the great extinct volcano of Haleakala. All members of the party were benumbed by the cold and thoroughly fatigued when they arrived at their destination, but scarcely had they time to warm themselves when a dim light in the east announced the approach of day.

The greatest spectacle that this world can furnish was to be witnessed—the dawn of day from the top of Haleakala. . . . The eastern portion of the horizon was of a somber gray, while the most awful blackness reigned everywhere else. We were silent, lost in wonder, while the whole heavens were undergoing a constant transformation in which were mingled all the varied hues of the kaleidoscope. First in the east there appeared a faint yellow, followed by a deeper orange. . . . Clouds surrounded the whole mountain, not in the vague, flocculent, meaningless masses one usually observes, but in Polar seas where monster icebergs, floes, and packs lay piled upon each other, glistening with the frosts of an Arctic winter; then mountains on mountains, with the semblance of well-remembered glaciers, and again of forests and deep ravines loaded with new-fallen snow. They were first gray and then white, and a moment later changed to an indigo blue. We watched in silence the rolling mass of clouds five thousand feet below us. Snow drifts, avalanches, oceans held in the bondage of eternal ice, and all this massed together, shifting, breaking, and rolling into a thousand shapes, changing color every moment. Then armies of giants glided through the air, and war chariots, ships, and horsemen were mingled in one of the most gorgeous spectacular panoramas one ever beheld. Such a panorama is worth crossing oceans, mountains, and rivers to see. . . . Brighter and brighter grew the horizon, until first a tint, then a setting of gold on every undulating eastern billow appeared, and the sun rose. What a fairy scene was below us! There was the gaunt, desolate abyss, with its fiery cones, its rivers of black, surging lava, and gray ash crossing and mingling all over the area, mixed with splotches of color and coils of satin rock. Its walls, dark and frowning, everywhere riven and splintered, with clouds perpetually drifting in through the great gaps like armies of ghosts in silent review, filling up the whole crater with white swirling masses. The sun mounting higher, bathed all with translucent splendor, until each beetling crag seemed crowned with fiery glory, and heaven and earth seemed to have been rolled together in one vast gorgeous pano-

rama of beauty. . . . Whether in midnight's lonely hour, at the birth of a new day or at high noon, the House of the Sun is a scene of sublime wonder and awe—a place for meditation. Here in ages gone by, so many countless thousands of years no human being can calculate, there raged a sea of flame. The boiling lava in that vast crater, now capable of containing the largest city of the earth, was one vast caldron surrounded by serrated cliffs, which stood as a barrier between the fire and water gods. The spirit of fire has painted that awful scene of a thousand years ago in all the immortal colors which neither sunshine nor storm can obliterate.

Next we come to the great living volcano, Kilauea. It also was reached only after a long and fatiguing journey.

It was almost sunset when we reached the Volcano House, built on the plateau just above the great crater. What a scene burst on our view! Was it a prairie on fire, or Doré's painting of the Inferno changed to a living picture? High towering crags and rugged peaks, with seamed rocks from which escaped clouds of hissing sulphurous steam, were all around, while afar off on the left was that eternal glow from Halemau-mau, or the house of endless fire.

The next morning the travelers approached the brink of this lake of fire.

Language fails when we attempt a description of such a scene as is presented at Kilauea. We realize as we never did before the wonders of God's creation, and what an awful event must be the birth of a world. This is the largest volcano on our globe, and it seems as if nature was here finishing up the creation commenced so many thousands of years ago. Here at our feet was the lake whose fires are never quenched, the bottomless pit, seemingly hell itself. A fiery sea whose waves seemed never to grow weary was tossing and plunging beneath us. It only needed the writhing, yelling victims, and winged devils hovering over them, to make Doré's Inferno a living reality. There were groanings and rumblings and detonations, rushings, hissings, and splashings, and the crashing sound of breakers on the coast, but it was the surging of fiery waves on a fiery shore. From the high summit on which we stood, like Dante and Virgil, we gazed down on the mass of boiling lava below. In places the lake was covered with a thick black crust, through which the fires glowed with an unearthly gleam. . . . We drew back, for the heat was so intense our faces were almost blistered. It was well that we did so, for one of the outstanding crags, on which some of our party had stood but a few

minutes before, gave way and fell with thunder into the fiery abyss below, causing the ground to tremble in its fall, and producing a cry of alarm and horror from every lip at the narrow escape. This burning lake must be over a mile in circumference. It is irregular in shape, and its scorched and blistered walls are rugged and surmounted with grotesque figures molded from the lava.

Enough has been said to indicate something of the varied nature and the unrivaled beauty and grandeur of the Hawaiian scenery. Mr. Musick possesses a happy faculty for describing scenery, and he is also thoroughly at home when he comes to deal with the ancient legends and wonder-stories of the island. Interesting as they are, however, space forbids our noticing them at this time.

CAPTAIN COOK AND THE NATIVES.

The first authentic history may be said to date from the arrival of Captain Cook, the English navigator, who was received with great kindness by the natives. In several cases he was worshiped as a deity. This hospitality was rewarded as was the kindness of the natives in the West Indies and on the American continent by the European discoverers. Captain Cook and his men imposed upon the Hawaiians, treated them brutally, and murdered some of their numbers. At length the Kanakas retaliated. Cook was killed. The story that the inhabitants at the time of Cook's visit were cannibals is entirely false. There are legends which indicate that at one time a band of cannibals came to the island, but the natives abhorred their practices, and warred against them until the remnant that had not been slain sailed away.

THE MONARCHY.

Our author sketches the progress of government and the character of the monarchy in a few well-written pages, until he reaches the closing quarter of our century. With the advent of Kalakaua we find a licentious and weak monarch in the hands of bad men. Kalakaua's pet dream was to promulgate a new constitution in which he should have autocratic power, but the people had enjoyed too

much of the new-world freedom to tolerate the exercise of his fondest wish. Hence Kalakaua was compelled to be satisfied with loading the country with a grievous burden of debt through his extravagances. About this time the Louisiana Lottery, having been driven out of its stronghold, sought to make a home in this Paradise of the Pacific. The missionary party bravely fought it step by step, but its agents courted and humored the king in every way possible, while they held out as an inducement to the government the promise of sustaining the leper settlement if given the right of operation in Hawaii. The king, however, had exhausted his vitality by excesses, and while on a visit to this country he died on June 20, 1891, after a reign of seventeen years. His sister, Liliuokalani, succeeded him. "She had been reared and educated by the missionaries, and during her brother's reign she was looked upon as the hope of the Americans." But no sooner had she ascended the throne than her whole demeanor changed. "Perhaps she was not as bad as she has been represented, but she was beyond doubt weak, vacillating, and filled with ungovernable prejudices."

The salary of the queen was twenty thousand dollars a year, while her revenue from crown lands amounted to over forty-nine thousand dollars a year. This was an income of nearly twenty thousand dollars per annum more than the President of the United States receives. The financial condition of the government on the accession of the queen was very bad, but Liliuokalani was by no means disposed to reduce her enormous income so that her government might be benefited, and the lottery agents and the opium traders again approached the law-makers with their seductive proposals. The queen gave ready ear to them. The measures put forth by their agents were so bad that there was no hope of their passage while the best members of the legislature were present; but the session was allowed to drag along until the sugar season came on and many of the legislators were compelled to leave the capital. Then these bills were rushed through and signed by the queen in the teeth of the strong protests of the most intelligent, influential, and in every way

best element in the island population. But the queen was not content with signing the lottery and opium bills. Like her brother, she wished to promulgate a new constitution investing the monarchy with the old-time autocratic power. She was restive under the restraint of the legislators and her ministers, and secretly determined to become as near an absolute ruler as the civilization of the islands would permit. She little dreamed how deeply the love of free government had taken root in Hawaii.

Though the indignation of the populace was intense, no revolutionary action was yet thought of. Next day came an announcement for which the people were wholly unprepared, although the plot had been brewing all along. . . . The public was electrified, thrilled with alarm and dread when it became known that the queen was going to declare a new constitution. That constitution was to be a return to absolute monarchy, a constitution that would deprive every white man, unless married to a Hawaiian woman, of the elective franchise, and which made the property of the whites alone assessable for taxation—a far more tyrannical measure than that which caused our forefathers to throw off the British yoke. This constitution, it is said, had been prepared by the queen a year before, but that she had never had the courage to promulgate it or ask her cabinet to sign it. After the ceremony of proroguing the legislature the queen returned to the palace, intending to proclaim the new constitution.

The queen's ministers were ordered to sign the constitution. This they refused to do. They were then ordered to resign. This they also refused to do, most of them beating a hasty retreat from the palace. The action of the queen led to concerted action on the part of a number of leading citizens of Honolulu. Preliminary steps were secretly taken for the formation of a provisional government.

A committee meanwhile waited on Mr. John L. Stevens, Minister of the United States, to ask the support of the United States troops on board the "Boston." Mr. Stevens answered that he would have no part in their revolution, but that he would request troops to be landed to protect American life and property, and for that purpose only. The revolutionary party, finding that they could not depend on the troops on board the "Boston" to help them, determined to overthrow the government themselves, or lose their lives in the attempt.

It was practically a bloodless revolution. The provisional government sent a petition to the United States Government praying for annexation. President Harrison favored granting the petition, but before the Senate could act on the measure President Cleveland came into office and withdrew the petition. And then began the long and determined attempt of our chief executive to overthrow the little island republic and reinstate the reactionary monarchy. It was a long night-time of suspense for the friends of progress and enlightened government, and there were many hours of humiliation for the patriots as well as times of thrilling interest. At last the president went to the farthest extreme which the constitution permitted, and threatened to overthrow the republic at the point of American bayonets. On the one hand were the patriots who had given to the island a wise, free, humane, and progressive government; on the other was the queen who had resolutely demanded of President Cleveland the heads of her enemies, representing, as she did, reactionary despotism, aided and abetted by the Louisiana Lottery corporation and the opium traders.

When the ultimatum was sent to the Hawaiian Government by Mr. Cleveland's

representative, Minister Willis, the patriots held a council to decide their course of action, and while realizing the hopelessness of pitting themselves against the great republic, they determined at last to die defending their government. But President Cleveland had gone to the full extent of his power; one step further, and he would be openly defying the constitution of the United States, by making an unauthorized war on another nation. Hence his plan miscarried, and Hawaii was saved from despotism, the curse of the lottery and the opium trade; and with this triumph of liberal government the island republic took on new life.

Mr. Musick's chapters dealing with these passages in modern history are very full and graphic. He interviewed two hundred of the most intelligent native Hawaiians throughout the group, and one hundred and seventy-two of this number were ardently in favor of annexation. I imagine that few persons who read this rather exhaustive and admirably written volume will regret that the star-spangled banner waves over the little garden-spot in the Pacific; and certain it is that the future of Hawaii was never so bright as it is to-day.

SILENT FORCES

BY T. F. HILDRETH, D. D.

"Thy thoughts are very deep."

Down on the grass, close to the maple's roots
I press my ear to catch the first, faint stroke
Of Nature's ponderous Engine. Long have
Its fires been banked, and from its nostrils
Not one breath of life in all the dreary
Months has been emitted.

The autumn tints
Faded out, and soon the sapless boughs tossed
Down their faded leaves upon the withered
Grass, to be the sport of winds and trampled
In the dust, and left the grim, bare trunk, and
Naked limbs, like skeletons denuded
Of their flesh.

The reservoir of life was
So securely locked that not the faintest heart
Beat could be heard, and not a pulse be felt
In root, nor trunk, nor bough.

The wrappings of
The snow are lifted from the hills, and warming suns
Are kindling up the smoldering fires of earth,
Which soon will force the tiny jets of life
Through all the dormant buds and sleeping flowers.
The throttle, now, of Nature's latent power
Is held by a secreted hand, and every
Vital force in action, or at rest, is
Under its control.

As noiseless as the
Birth of thought, it holsts the mystic gates of
Life, and quiet as the blush of love that
Steals on girlhood's cheek, the flowing tides mount
Up the pulseless trunk, and waken from its
Long repose each sleeping bud. They touch the
Tiny seeds that seem to lie in wakeless
Sleep, long hidden from the sunbeam's searching
Rays, and life and beauty leap from icy
Tombs and winding sheets of frost.

Each rootlet
Feels the warming touch of Earth's new kindled
Fires; and thrills of life, like nerve-throbs wakened
By electric wires, will load the boughs with
Luscious fruits, and gild the hills and vales with
Golden grain.

We stand with awe amidst this
Grand display of power that shaped the atoms
Into worlds as silent as the night dews
Fall, and feel that He whose hands built up the
Universe of Things, and opened up the
Vast empires of Life, made man a Living Soul.

DREAMS AND VISIONS

A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

I

On November 28, 1897, I dreamed that I was looking for work. I had traveled to different cities and visited many business houses. I was in desperate straits and much troubled; I had a family to support and was penniless. At every place I called to apply for work I saw the same multitude of destitute people ahead of me. They looked troubled and hungry; and, realizing at each place that there was no chance for me there, I turned and went away. When I had given up all hope, I felt that I could not return and face my family. So I walked the streets, and thought of every possible way out of my distress. It occurred to me that, if I had insured my life, I might commit suicide in order to relieve my family. In fact, I thought in my overwrought condition of many things as heroic that are criminal. While I was thinking about the distress of my family and my inability to relieve it I wept, and awoke crying. So real was my sensation that I could not bear to open my eyes and see the faces of my suffering loved ones. Gradually I opened my eyes upon pleasant surroundings. My nurse was at the window looking out at the sunrise on the lake. I told her of my dream. She said that I cried and moaned so that she had intended to awaken me. I remained in bed and studied how a person so surrounded should have such a dream. About ten o'clock I dropped asleep again, and a voice said to me, "That was for your Christmas story."

I remarked to my nurse that I did not see how such a horrible dream could make a Christmas story. Three different times I dreamed that my dream was to aid me in writing a Christmas story. Several

days later the impulse to write caused me to ask for a tablet and pencil. I immediately related my dream, and was shown that the name must be, "Mental Telepathy, Ancient and Modern." When I got to a certain place, I asked for my Testament, and at random opened at the ninth and tenth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, where Ananias went to Paul and Peter to Cornelius,—and used this narrative in my story. From the time I started to write I seemed to be an instrument in other hands, even to asking for the Testament. When I had finished the story, much to my amazement and that of my nurse, I was not in the least exhausted by the effort, although for months I had been unable to write even letters.

I was still, however, at a loss to understand why I should have had the dream. In another dream it was shown to me that I had had the dream, and was prompted to write the story, in order that I might understand these two chapters, and to learn through them that what we now call mental telepathy was anciently known as God's messengers from a man in distress to another who could help him.

II.

In 1894 I dreamed of being in a cemetery that was familiar to me. I was sitting under a tree near a road, my husband sitting at my right. Toward the left and in front were two grass-grown graves. My husband was writing. He occasionally glanced at the graves as though his writing was in reference to them. He was very calm; but I was terribly agitated, and could not understand how he could have such self-control in the face of what was to me such awful sorrow, and I said, "How

can you be so calm? Just to think of two in three years." The graves were those of members of our family, and were side by side.

Inside of three years from that day Mr. Reifsnider's mother and our son Clifford died and were buried side by side. I was ill and could not go to either burial, and did not see their graves until they were grass-grown as I had seen them in my dream.

III.

In February, 1897, I was in Washington, D. C., where I had gone to spend several weeks. On the second day after my arrival I felt as though I could not go into company, or really perform any of those duties or obligations for which I had gone. I said to my companions that I must return home. Something irresistible seemed urging me back home, and at times I could hear a voice saying, "Go home!" Our home was closed and I received a letter daily from my husband, and exteriorly no reason seemed to exist for my early return. The lady who accompanied me, knowing that I was not strong, would not permit me to travel alone, and returned with me. I stopped off at our daughter's at Huntington, W. Va., and told her of the presentiment that led me back home. She said that she could account for that, as she had been wishing so earnestly for me to return that way and make her a visit. I told her that that could not be the reason, because since

being at her house I still had the same impulse. I had written my husband that I had suffered so much from the impression that I could not enjoy myself or be contented, and that I would visit our daughter a few days and return home. Floods had caused travel to become hazardous between Huntington and Cincinnati, and I said to my son-in-law that if I could not return that way I would go around by way of Columbus, but that nothing could prevent me from being home the following Monday. I arrived home Monday evening, and, having telegraphed my husband, he met me at the depot. I immediately asked him what had happened to affect me so, and he remarked that one of our sons had been quite ill and had been considered seriously ill on the day that the impression came so strongly upon me, but that my letter had been received saying that I would return, and he decided not to alarm me by informing me of our son's illness. Clifford, when informed of my impression, remarked, "Mamma is never deceived, no matter how far away." For several days after my return he seemed greatly improved, but on Sunday, the week following my return, he died suddenly of heart failure. Had it not been for the irresistible impulse that impelled me homeward I would not have seen him again alive. He often spoke to me during that last week of his thought of me, and his wish to see me calling me back to him from Washington.

ORIGINAL FICTION

THE SILVAM CHURCH FESTIBLE

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

It was bound to be a failure, everybody said; and everybody called everybody else to witness that, if it should turn out as they predicted, it was all the preacher's fault. Nobody ever heard of such a thing as a "pay supper" in that quiet neighborhood, until the Reverend Theodore Templeton, the new preacher at the Silvam Church, suggested it as a means of helping on his rather doubtful salary. The neighborhood was not accustomed to paying the preacher any more than it was to paying for a supper.

There was great opposition at first, very grave opposition, indeed. It was something so new, this asking people to come and pay twenty-five cents for "a bite o' col' victuals."

"Heh!" said Aunt Rose Lytle, the leader in social matters, no less than religious. "Who he speck gwine ax anybody ter pay fur dey supper? Dat's some o' de styles ob dese here town niggers dat think dey knows it all. We-alls ain't use ter no such po' fock's ways, we ain't. Our focks wuz quality, en when dey ax focks ter dey house ter supper dey didn't spect 'em ter fetch dey pocket-books along; dey sho' didn't. Ole marster'd a tuk 'em by de scruff ob de neck en flung 'em out de back door ef dey'd said 'pay' fur what dey e't. Dat he would."

It was the new minister who poured oil upon the troubled waters. He explained to the rural members of his flock that it was entirely right that outsiders be allowed to contribute their mite to the cause of religion.

"But," said he, "we are no beggars. We propose to give value received for what we get." The sisters could very easily get up a supper; the community at large could very easily pay for it.

So at last it was settled; and, being settled, everybody proceeded promptly to forget they had ever opposed it, and went into it with an energy and an interest which spread to the "town" itself, and which induced many of the stylish "town niggers" to come up and see for themselves how the Silvam Church could "git up en dust when she set herse'f to it."

It was arranged that the older sisters were to prepare the supper, while the younger women, the girls, were to serve it.

There were great times afoot. In the homes of the older people fires were built in the deep old chimney places. From the open doors came the odor of barbecue, of roasting turkey, of sweet cakes, and of spicy pickles; while in the closets were ranged bowls of syllabub and of boiled custard generously flavored with corn whiskey. In the little brown church building the young men were busy preparing the cedar and holly for the girls to twine into garlands, which later would startle the spider and the gray moth from their ancient habitations among the rafters.

This done, the girls fashioned for themselves jaunty caps of crinkled paper, into which was fastened a sprig of scarlet berries, a frond of delicate fern, or a knot of ribbons, as the mind of the wearer decided upon.

Then the tables were set, benches dragged out, candles fastened along the walls, and the "festible" was declared "raidy fur business."

Aunt Rose, by right of experience, as well as avoirdupois, was master of ceremonies. Her two hundred and odd pounds vacillated between the side door and the stove, where, behind a tall screen, the coffee was beginning to bubble in the big tin boilers borrowed for the occasion.

By dusk the duskier crowds began to gather. Such a crowd had never been seen at Silvam. The new minister chuckled,—that crowd represented a good slice of his year's salary.

No admission fee was asked, but of course every one admitted was expected to pay for his supper. The least he could expect out of the entertainment was sixty dollars.

The minister had lived in the larger towns; he had yet to learn the customs of the village public, and of Silvam in particular.

The crowd had been prompt to gather, but was somewhat slow in getting to supper. Old Uncle Simon, the shoemaker, who had been appointed treasurer for the occasion, had not taken in a cent at eight o'clock.

"Pears lack dey ain't hongry none," said he to the minister, who was parading through the guests like a rooster with its head off.

"Why don't you induce 'em to eat, to patronize the tables?" he had said to Uncle Simon.

"Pears lack dey ain't hongry; naw, sah. En when a man ain't hongry yer can't interduce him ter no eat'n' what'll set well on the stummick; naw, sah."

Just then he lifted his eyes and saw a tall, gaunt figure in black moving among the crowd. He tiptoed, lifted his hand, caught the tall woman's eye, and beckoned. She responded at once to the call.

"Is yer hongry?" said he, in a whisper. "Is yer hongry much?"

"Well, not ter say so hongry," she replied, "but dat coffee do smell temptin'. I smelt it 'way down de road ez I come 'long."

"You just step back behine dat screen, en tell Aunt Rose ter gib yer a cup o' hit. Tell her you's tromped mighty fur, en I's keepin' de treasure fur 'em."

As she walked off, he said:

"Dey's a sight o' victuals here ter-night. Me en de preacher counted sebenty cakes. En dar's pies 'nough ter feed half de county ef dar's one; en shoat, en ham, en chicken; en yer reckon I's gwine let my ole 'oman go hongry wid all dem things jest a-wastin'? Eh-heh!"

Meanwhile the preacher began to grow uneasy.

"Why don't they patronize the tables?" he asked of another brother, when at half-past eight the treasury was still empty.

"Dey's bashful," said the brother. "Gib 'em time, brudder, gib 'em time; dey's bashful."

Bashful? Then he would set them an example.

"Here, Brother Treasurer," he called out, in his best Sunday voice. "Here, sir, is my quarter of a dollar, and I am going to eat my supper."

There was a giggle, which only served to exasperate him to something still more daring.

"Wait," he cried. "Hold on. I ain't begrudging the church nothing. She's welcome to my pocket-book. I'll make it a dollar, and invite Sister Hettie Moon, Brother Jim Norman, and Brother Shaver to eat with me."

This feat of generosity set the house in a turmoil, and the real business of the night began.

It began really with Aunt Rose behind her screen. Chancing to open the door, she found there a ragged little negro, whose big, round, white eyes were fixed with pathetic longing upon the good things within.

Aunt Rose knew the boy; he had no mother, and he had run many an errand for the "master of ceremonies" herself. She saw the hungry bundle of tatters, and instantly her brain grasped the situation.

"Dat chile am hongry," said she—"hongry. Dey ain't no little chile gwine hongry while old Rose am at de handle ob a coffee-pot en de eatin' end ob a table

dat's loaded down wid tuckey en poun' cake. Naw, sah, dey's plenty en ter spar' dis night, bress de Lawd. En if dey ain't we knows what de Book say: 'Feed de hongry en cloathe de po.' Yes, sah! Here, son; come long in here. Aunt Rose gwine gib you a nice bite o' victuals. Scringe in behine dat screen ober dar. Aun' Rose ain't furgit all dem tings you run 'bout doin' fur her when she's laid up in de baid sick."

She heaped a plate of the best the table afforded,—juicy slices of baked ham, jelly and pickle, turkey, biscuit, cake,—such a feast as the little beggar had never dreamed of, such plenty without money and without price. No prince in his palace ever so enjoyed a meal. No king had ever experienced such satisfaction as filled the soul of the little beggar sharing the delights of the "festible" behind the sheltering "screen." And when he could eat no more he rose up, and, with hands pressed, palms down, upon the stomach that had never been so full, said:

"Thankee, ma'm; thankee ma'm, mightily."

Benevolent Aunt Rose beamed upon him a corresponding satisfaction as she replied:

"You's welcome;" and then, from sheer force of habit, added, "Come again some time."

But when the boy was gone she went back to her coffee-pot, and what she said was, "Dar's one what's enjoyed dis festible sho'; en dat's somefin ter thank de Lawd fur."

The vagabond was not the only one who was enjoying the evening, however. The treasurer's tall wife bore down upon the coffee maker.

"Good ebenin', Sis' Rose," said she.

"Good ebenin'. Come roun' en hab a seat behine de screen. 'Scuse me, ma'm; I'll move dem dishes out'n de way. I was jest givin' a bite ter a lil boy what ain't got any ma. He 'peared ter enjoy hit mightily."

"I'll be boun' he did. Dat coffee smell am 'nough ter gib de daid back deir appetite, I tell yer. Did you make dat coffee, Sis' Rose?"

"Yessum. Won't you try a cup ob hit? Dey's plenty here fur half de county, look lack."

"Well, den, I'll des tek a lil cup, ef hit ain't disprivin' some un else."

The cup was brought, and a plate along with it.

"I's gwine gib you a bite ob my light bread, too," said Aunt Rose. "Dey's plenty mo' en what dis crowd'll eat, I tell you. Will you tek a lil bite o' tuckey long wid hit, or would yer perfer ter hab a mouf-full ob de barbycue?"

"Well 'um, I ain't so might'n perticular. I b'liebe I'll take a mouf-full ob bofe."

"En, here; some pickle en cake, en a glass o' syllabub," said Aunt Rose, when the refreshments had been heaped upon the plate. "You jes' make yerse'f et home whilst I go ten' ter some un else."

"Yessum, I will. My ole man, he's busy takin' in de money, en tendin' ter things."

"Den you's sho' intitled ter yo' supper," said Aunt Rose. "De laborer am worth his wages,' de Book say."

"Aunt Rose!" a voice was calling on the other side of the screen. It belonged to one of the young girls whose duty it was to wait upon the table. She had come for instructions.

"De band ain't had a bite ob supper," said she, "en dey done been playin' all night. Dey's done quit now, en some ob de focks am talkin' 'bout goin' home."

"Go ax de ban' ter dey supper," commanded the coffee maker. "Don't yer rickermember what de Book say? 'Don't blin'-fol' de ox ef yer spec' ter git de corn tromped out.'"

The girl hesitated.

"There's ten uv 'em, Aunt Rose."

"Don't keer ef dar's twenty; dey bleegeed ter eat. Ax 'em out. I's gwine fur de coffee."

When the ten, bounteously fed, rose up from the table, the minister drew a deep sigh of thankfulness. He had been watching those men put away roast turkey and young pig, "enough for forty," he declared. But he consoled himself with a whispered calculation:

"Ten times twenty-five cents makes two dollars an' a half."

Aunt Rose, who had been watching also, indulged in a little reflection:

"De chuch paid off dat debt tolerable easy; en how dey did seem ter relish dey victuals, sho'ly. De Book say, 'De full stummick ain't gwine eat de honeycomb;' but hit ain't say nothin' 'bout de syllabub, dat hit ain't. En ef hit do, hit ain't talkin' 'bout niggers' stummicks, dat's de truf."

The treasurer, too, was doing his part toward the charity work of the temple. He spied among the visitors an old couple to whom he was indebted for many a good turn in a business way. The pair owned some property,—in fact, had loaned the treasurer himself fifty dollars, for the use of which he had made his yoke of oxen stand as security. The old man had been annoying him some of late. He would do a little maneuvering for time.

"Come out ter supper," said he, with all the warmth of a deeply rooted Christian charity. "Come right ober ter Sister Rose's table; hit's de bes' one in dis house, en de treat am mine."

Smiling, bobbing a bow here and there, the flattered old couple edged their way through the crowd.

"Sis' Rose," said the treasurer, "we's got some disintinguished vis'ters ter-night. I wants yer ter git 'em de fat ob de lan'—de fat ob de lan' en de fat ob de tuckey et de same time, yessum. Ole focks knows good eatin', Sis' Rose, en I knows you. I knows you ain' de 'oman ter slight de ole ob de congregation."

"Naw, sah; I ain't. Don't de Book say, 'When you's young yer kin go anywhars yer min' ter; but when yer git ole, den some un fotch yer whar dey please?' We's Chrischuns in dis house, we is; en so we gwine fotch de ole long dey's plenty milk en honey."

A little white-eyed mulatto girl pulled her sleeve.

"Aunt Rose, dey's a whole passel o' town niggers et de do'. Dey come ter see how de S'l'vam niggers behabe deyse'f, dey say, en ter see ef dey hab hoe-cake en buttermilk et dey festibles."

"De triflin' huzzies!" exclaimed Aunt Rose. "Why don't some ob de men focks put dey-all out dis house, I lack ter know. Don't dey know what de Book say? 'De house ob de Lawd am de house ob pra'r, en yer can't fotch de thieves inter hit.' Tu'n 'em out wid dey hoe-cake en buttermilk. Tu'n em—"

Wait! She had suddenly recalled another passage in "the Book."

"Wait a minute, chile. You go sind Jinny Rankin ter me."

When the girl appeared Aunt Rose took her aside.

"How many ob dem niggers is here?" said she.

"About twenty-four."

"Well, dat's a fairly long lis', sho'ly; en dey's mighty highflung en imperdent. But we's got ter show dem niggers dat S'l'vam hab got some raisin' ef dey ain't; en yer know what de Book say, 'Ef some un hit yer on de lef' cheek, let 'em hit yer on de right un, too.' Now you go en ax dat ban' ob twenty-fo' out ter dey supper. Git 'em de bes' table, en de pretties' gals ter wait on 'em. Dis chuch got ter show hit's standin', I tell yer. Ax 'em out. De chuch can't afford ter be sot down ez po' en scrimscious en stingy. She's got ter mek de worl' look up ter her ef she eber spec's ter git enny favors out o' hit, I tell yer."

While the visitors were ranged about the tables it occurred to big-hearted Aunt Rose that the girls who had been waiting on the tables must be hungry too. Moreover, they would enjoy sitting down with the gay young visitors from town.

"En dey's des ez putty, en des ez smart, en a sight mo' well-behabed," said she. "Dey's earned deir rest, en I'm gwine let 'em tek hit. Don't de Book say, 'De Lawd lubs de cheerful gibber?' Well, I's gwine git inter de shoes ob Responsibility dis night en gib dem gals dey supper, in de name ob de chuch."

Then it occurred to her that some one must wait on the tables while the waiters were eating.

"Dat's easy ernough," said she; and stepping up to a young man who was nursing a scarlet necktie and an empty stomach, she whispered:

"Get up fum dar, Peter, en go he'p wait on de tables whiles de gals am eatin.' Go git seben ob de boys ter he'p yer, en den I'll gib you-alls yer supper too."

The boy was off like a flash. Instead of seven, he got fifteen great, green, hungry fellows ready for any frolic that offered.

Then it was that the real fun of the evening began. Every table was full, everybody was happy. Everybody! for those that had no money were tucked away behind the friendly "screen," until it would shield no more. Then the wealthy, or the wily, as the case might be, were fed openly, in corners, standing, and all went merry as a dozen marriage bells, all jangled together at one and the same time.

Even the treasurer, whom Aunt Rose came upon in the throng, fell into her charity list.

"Had yo' supper yit, brudder?"

"Not yit; been sort o' busy tendin' ter things."

"Come long en hab a bite wid de res'. You know what de Book say 'bout dem what 'hab borne de sweat en de bundle ob de day.' I spec' it means de countin' en de figgerin' ob de night, too. Come git yer supper. I gwine wait on yer my own se'f."

The parson strutted about like a well-fatted turkey gobbler. By actual count there were fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents in the treasury of Brother Simon's pockets; and it was only reasonable to suppose that some had eaten unnoticed by him. If the food held out, there would be full sixty dollars taken in. He moved about among the crowded tables, taking a hurried inventory: seven turkey carcasses, naked, stripped to the bone; four half-eaten cakes; three-quarters of a ham; a pig's head; a roasted tail still clinging to a strip of brown barbecue (that alone was worth a quarter); two blackberry pies; one potato custard; one

empty syllabub bowl that some one was trying still to drain of a drop; a pitcher half full of sweet milk; one-half of a tomato pickle; seven greenish-looking apples, and one unopened jar of yellow peaches.

There were five dollars yet in sight anyhow. If only he had not thrown away his own dollar, and at the same time thrown, with it, four suppers that might now be sold to outsiders.

When the last table was cleared there was nothing visible, not a scrap nor a sip, save only the crisp, roasted pig's tail dangling from the strip of brown barbecue. Aunt Rose stood near it.

"Well," said she, "we had a mighty nice time. De coffee wuz passed 'round mightily. We must hab anudder festible, shore."

The treasurer, beaming like ivory, came up to make his report. He handed the minister a dollar, and said, "Good-night."

"Wait!" cried the divine, as soon as he could speak. "What does this mean, sir?"

"It means, sah," said the honest treasurer, "dat I am 'countin' ter you fur de perceeds ob dis festible. De perceeds am one dollar. Dat dollar am in 'yo hands, sah."

"But it is my dollar," roared the preacher. "Didn't I buy four suppers? I tell you this is my dollar."

"So it am," said the treasurer, "en you's got it."

"But I paid it to you, sir—"

"Den you ain't out nuffin ez I kin see. You's got back all you put out. De sisters can't say ez much, I'll be boun'."

"Naw, sah; dat dey can't," exclaimed Aunt Rose. "But we's had a mighty nice time at de festible."

And as she said it she reached for the brown, pepper-seasoned, crisp pig tail. She had guarded it all night. It was her share of the "perceeds,"—all the supper she had, but she was quite satisfied with the "festible."

WHO HATH SINNED?*

THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

CHAPTER XIV.

It was about three months after Adiel had taken the "cure" that I noticed he was exceedingly nervous. He was at work, and making a good salary. His mother had given his wife choice of the rooms of the house. The night in question Dr. Heine and his wife had persuaded Ruth to go to the theater. It had been many months since she had had the slightest diversion, and I joined my entreaties to theirs that she should go, promising to remain in the house until their return, or at least until Adiel's return, as Violet was averse to being left alone, even though the servants were in the house.

I was no favorite with Violet, as I have, I think, already mentioned, so she excused herself soon after Ruth and Dr. and Mrs. Heine left, and went into the parlor and sat playing softly on the piano, while I took a book and sat down in the library. To be near Ruth and Adiel I had rented a house close by. I had but one relative in the world, the dean of the college of which I have spoken. No one was so dear to me as Ruth and her boy, and the good old people and their son.

The soft tones of the instrument ceased. Violet retired to her room. The servants gone, I sat quite alone. It had been a cloudy day, and now began to rain. I thought with some annoyance of Ruth being out in the inclement weather, but Adiel was constantly in my mind. I knew his mother was uneasy about him, and I was troubled by a vague, restless inclination to walk the floor.

At last I laid down the book, and commenced to walk the long rooms, three in number, that opened into one. I heard a key fitted into the front door. It is Adiel,

I said, and my heart grew lighter as I stepped into the hall to greet him. But I was mistaken; it was Mr. Heine.

"Bad night," he said, putting his umbrella into the holder. "I never saw rain fall so,—the streets are swimming, gutters boiling over."

"I thought you were Adiel; he is not yet in, and I promised his mother to wait until his return. She and your parents are out."

"Am glad you are here, doctor," he said, cheerfully, leading the way back into the library. "I may tell you that long promised story, and let you speculate upon it at your leisure."

"Good," I said; "just the night for a story such as I suppose yours is."

We seated ourselves in a couple of easy chairs, and he began.

"When I was a young man, I was ambitious to be rich. My father educated me abroad for a chemist, and at twenty-two I returned to America and he gave me as handsome an apothecary as this city could boast. I early found I had missed my vocation. I had studied it to please my father. He had a large practice, and of course I filled all his prescriptions and those of his German confreres, and did a thriving business. In order to increase my earnings, I started a fashionable saloon in the West End. I considered it from a moral stand-point no worse than an apothecary, for I believe drugs do as much harm as alcohol. I made a large fortune in five years. I had been a close observer of human nature all my life. During those first years in the apothecary I studied my patrons,—the men who smoked, and the medicines they bought. Back of the apothecary I had a parlor fitted up where friends called, and

we enjoyed a social game of cards in the evening, and where I first, as I say, studied the men, young and old, who used tobacco. I found that to some it acted as a stimulant, to others as a depressant. After I opened the saloon, I would watch the men who drank,—the temperament that drank beer, and the temperament that drank whiskey and brandy. Those upon whom tobacco acted as a depressant were usually smokers, and drank in proportion to the degree they smoked. Where tobacco acted as a stimulant, less of other stimulants was required usually, because upon investigation I found they used strong coffee. Then I began to watch the effect of the weather upon different temperaments; a day like this, for instance, would be sure to catch the sensitive men. They are like barometers."

I thought of Adiel, but would not interrupt him; but I had strained my ear to catch every foot-fall.

"At last I made up my mind that no man has a right to grow rich at such a fearful cost to other people. I had watched young bloods from seventeen and eighteen, who began with a glass of soda-water, take to beer and go on until I saw the sad wreck in early manhood. I had no peace of mind, and I resolved to take out all my money,—not to sell the furniture and fixtures to any one to start a similar hell-gate. But it led to trouble, domestic trouble. My wife— Ah, I see you did not know I had been married. Yes, to a woman who had great worldly ambition, who believed money could buy anything, and who did not see any harm in the business of selling liquor. I had hoped to have her entire approbation, but she thought me crazy. She argued that, if I did not keep the saloon, some one else would; that men who drank would have it anyhow, and that my place was of the most respectable character, patronized by the best class of people. Alas, it was too true. I had watched the course of many a young man who perhaps took his first glass at my bar. God forgive me."

He paused, and wiped his forehead, upon which I noticed great beads of sweat stood.

"My wife turned from me, and made it a condition of ever living with me again that I continue the business that of course you know pays so well. I could not do it, and she never returned to me; and the courts gave her a divorce in one of the territories. She was a very beautiful woman. She married a man who was wealthy, but who was a dissipated fellow. At the last she understood me; and I have a letter from her, telling me how well she understood after bitter experience what I had tried to teach her, and had told her caused me to give up the business.

"There are some men who will drink for a certain number of years, and of their own free will give it up. There are others who drink because they cannot quit, and they are generally the best men,—that is, men capable of highest attainment, sensitive, high-strung natures, easily influenced through their sympathies or love of social pleasures. This is why I pitied Davis, why my heart ached for Adiel."

"Adiel," I said, "is out to-night. Hark,—some one is at the door."

"Ah, it is the very kind of night," sighed Mr. Heine.

"And the moon is in the sign of his nativity,—everything against him; but he is here," I replied.

It was the party from the theater. We welcomed them. I noticed Ruth was pale and agitated, and immediately asked if Adiel had returned.

"No."

She would not retire. We sat awhile with her, and then Dr. and Mrs. Heine went to their rooms. Ruth followed; but I knew she would sit up for him.

"What effect would the moon being in 'the sign of his nativity' have," Mr. Heine asked, when we were alone.

"He would be more sensitive to the temptation to drink, if anything worried or angered him. Besides, the gloomy day, you say, is against him, too. But let us hope."

We sat late together talking over these things. I found this calm man had had a bitter experience, and his life, apparently so happy and prosperous, was clouded by sad memories and bitter self-reproach.

"I do not know if I can ever do good enough in the world to balance the evil I have done," he said. "The Lord grant it."

"You certainly have done great good to Mrs. Davis in your wise investment of her small amount of money, and multiplied it many times."

"All of which I could not have done but for her energy, industry, and economy. I have had great success in investing the money I have so questionably gained, and I have tried to use it well. But to Adiel; what do you think of his chances of breaking over after the cure?"

"I have seen hundreds of men cured; but I must say that, as a rule, they were what we call animal men,—the physical, the material, predominating. This great scientist has discovered how to put the machinery in repair, just as the watch-maker repairs a clock or watch, or the electrician the wires; but there is a subtle quality of mind or matter in a temperament like Adiel's, whose adjustment must be made by himself through the aid of the Great Physician,—what might be termed conversion by the religionists, a harmony established in his soul. You see the poor boy, in seeking to gain the whole world in business, has lost his own soul,—the health and harmony of his body. I can see, to effect a cure, he must give himself up absolutely, and lie down and rest mentally and physically; but the very nature of his disease is restless activity, wearing out more strength than he generates to-day, and resorting to artificial strength to drive on to-morrow. The machinery put thus in motion is unable to stop until completely run down. Sleep is impossible. He resorts to sedatives, or else a double quantity of the stimulant, which only causes paralysis, instead of repose of nerves."

"It is marvelous how long man can thus abuse himself,—how long he can suffer, and not die; and again, how slight a shock causes death. But he is growing emaciated now," remarked Mr. Heine, thoughtfully.

The house had been still a long while. Mr. Heine sat with his head resting on

his hand, the elbow supported on the table. He faced the clock, and I knew he watched with deep anxiety the fleeting moments. The wind wailed, and the rain came down in torrents, pausing now and again to gather strength.

I heard a footstep in the room above. Could he have entered and gone up without our hearing him? The room above was a sitting-room. I told Mr. Heine I would go up and see.

Standing in the center of the room was Ruth. She had changed her dress for a long, floating robe of white cashmere, which looked, as it draped her slender figure, like a burial robe. Her hair fell down her shoulders, her eyes were wild and bright, her face drawn and haggard.

"I heard some one walking here," I said, "and thought probably Adiel had entered the house without attracting our attention. You are not watching alone, my child?"

"Ah," she said, "I had sat here so long I felt so wretched. I reproached myself at last that I had quite forgotten Violet, who probably watched and wept alone. I went up, hoping that Adiel had come in so softly, as he often does, that we did not hear him. Come with me and see Violet; softly."

I followed, and she led me into the room. It was a very large room. Everything was orderly. The light was turned down, but not so low but that every object was plainly visible. Lying on the bed, with her beautiful golden hair floating about her, so long that it swept over the pillow and touched the floor,—there, with her pale face resting upon one white arm, and the beautiful violet eyes shaded by their long black fringes, lay Violet, sleeping as peacefully as though no danger threatened her, as though never in her life had she known pain or sorrow.

As I looked, I was puzzled. Was the attitude the most studied I had ever seen? Had she, with the skill of a great actress, composed herself for the effect she was now producing, or was this frail woman a child, a very child that had, thoughtless of all save sweet repose, laid herself down upon her pillow with this matchless grace and innocent abandonment?

Could she, if asleep, bear the protracted gaze and concentrated thought now fixed upon her without waking? Few grown people sleep so soundly, while children usually do.

We stood there many minutes; but she slept on, or feigned to do so.

Ruth's face grew very grave and firm; the sadness it had worn settled into sterner lines about the brow and mouth. Neither of us spoke; but Ruth raised her eyes with their nameless expression and turned toward the door, and I followed.

"It is well," she said, at length, when we entered the sitting-room, "that she can sleep, and gather strength. But, doctor, tell me, is this love, that knows no care and anxiety? Is it fortitude greater than love, that, helpless to cure, can thus peacefully brace itself to endure? Oh, I wish I knew! Or is it" (she closed her hands with a convulsive movement)—"is it utter indifference to my poor boy, that, having equal part in sin she can escape all responsibility and pain, and let him bear all? For, doctor, this marriage was a great sacrifice. He should have married a woman of whom he could be proud before all the world, not one he cannot conscientiously introduce to any of his old friends. Ah, I know it is a long time since he claimed any friends. When he took the fatal step it marred both lives, for, if he could not conscientiously introduce her, he felt obliged to withdraw himself, and as she possesses none of the higher qualities of mind, and has no purpose or plan in life but to eat, sleep, dress, and amuse herself, he stands quite alone; for, alas, he has separated himself from me, or else she has done it.

"What is the solution of this unhappy union? Do not believe, doctor, that I have always thought of my boy alone. No. When I came to realize that he had probably won her love but to betray her, my soul revolted against him; I tell you I could have seen him pay the forfeit with his life if it could have given back to her what he had robbed her of. I wrought myself up to such a pitch that in a state of heroic frenzy I could have taken him to my heart, or kneeled down beside him, and given him some subtle draught that

would have caused his painless death. Do not start, doctor. Whole nights have I knelt with these thoughts in my brain that lifted me up in spirit to the martyr's deeds of daring, and in that spirit I could have done the deed and given back to God for her sake the life he had lent me for my joy or sorrow. Oh, doctor, can you scientists draw the line that makes murder a virtue or a crime? Greater crimes are committed every day; life is prolonged by you scientists but to prolong such agony as mine."

"My child, my child, these are dangerous thoughts."

"Oh, yes, I know. I only say it to show you that I can pity the murderer who, under the pressure of this exalted nervous strain, fancies he can atone a wrong by a deed of heroism. He does not see it as a greater wrong that he would do. I know, and I shrink with horror that the thought found a moment's lodgment in my brain; for I would have been one of those who, when the deed was done, could have seen it only as the cruelest and most horrible of murders. It was temporary insanity, of course; but I mention it that you might see how terrible my agony has been and is, how near I have been to crime in this dark abyss of temptation, through Egypt, the Red Sea, and now I wander in the wilderness again. One time I have seen my son as the vilest of betrayers, again as my poor, innocent betrayed, who while intoxicated has been led astray, or been tempted beyond his strength and fallen into sin, the memory of which embitters all his life. When I saw him willing to sacrifice his position in life, to risk all in this marriage after he got my consent, I could not, I dared not believe him wicked. When I remembered how I had reared him,—even as I was reared, in innocent ignorance—a child in all the ways of the world, without a wise father to guide him or to point out the perils that lay hidden on every side, then thrust out into every temptation without armor or sword, strong, ambitious to succeed in business, risking his precious life among all these perils for business, for money, winning the esteem of all while he could compete with them, losing the

sympathy of all when broken in health and fortune because he entered into everything with heart and soul, while those who gratify their passion with wholesome fear of results to health or reputation live on honored among men as examples of strength and virtue, and such as my boy are branded debauchees. Oh, I do not know,—I do not know! None of us know. Alas, what can science do for the soul that is sick? It can but find the light, but cannot force any man to see.

"I blame myself for all sometimes. Why did I marry a man I did not honor? Why did I act as though I trusted his word, and marry him when my heart doubted all the while? Why did I take vows for life that I did not understand? Was it because I did not understand myself, did not know that I would break them? Then this poor innocent child, my first born, the beginning of my strength, the excellency of power, why should he be unstable as water and doomed not to excel? Why was I permitted to be so ignorant even when I knew the command, 'the sins of the parents shall be visited on the children of those that hate Him?' Why was I so overwhelmed with the care of providing shelter and food that I had little or no time to give to my child's soul? Why did I not learn that a little of this world's goods and the wise training of his character would avail him more? And yet, could I, ignorant as I was, know this? Why did I not know the danger that lay in the bottle of soothing syrup that kept him quiet while I wrote and earned the money? Why, if I was then ignorant of its hellish power, was I to learn it long after only to torture me with the knowledge? Why learn of the 'non-heredity of inebriety,' and the inebriety of childhood developed from seeds sown by a mother's devoted hand in ignorance? Oh, doctor, in this black wilderness of ignorance tell me who hath sinned?"

I could not find words to answer her. I was dumb before such awful grief.

"Doctor, I hold my boy in my heart a living picture of innocence and purity. I take it to God, and beg him to look at it

in all its purity as I see it grow from babyhood to that early manhood. I beg him to remember my struggles, my toil, and if there was any merit in those days of sorrow when I toiled on, to impute it all to him,—to remember that it was my boy, and the hope in him that gave me strength; and yet I had never put my idol before Him,—no, not consciously. If I have done more than other women it was because my boy was not like other women's boys, and yet I loved all mothers' sons the more and understood them better because of my own. If a child ever did wrong I would remember when Adiel was of his age, and tried to do by him in thought and deed as I would have others do to Adiel. Oh, he was the soul of all my work, the hope of all my aspirations, the faith of my success, and this the end! Oh, God. How many years he was my joy,—never a care or anxiety for him, only hope and peace, now my heart is gnawed by torturing pain. Never did I pity his father's sins until I saw them repeated in my boy."

Ah, who hath sinned? Had this woman not unconsciously made this child her idol, and yet there were many things going to prove that she simply acted from a firm faith in his purity and integrity, his power to resist temptation. She had never been tempted as he had been. She had no way of judging. Reared in the innocence of ignorance, proud, self-sustained, she withdrew from the world when sorrow came, it was nothing more to her; but the boy found many fascinating allurements in the temptations spread out so early before him. He saw men, and women too, who pass for good men and women, in the vortex; he did not watch to see that some might push others in who saved themselves at the very brink. He did not see how some gained power and position, wealth and fame from this seething caldron of lost souls. Business! Is it not the duty of business men to shield and protect their employees from such pitfalls? Is it not right that they should say, "I want no business brought to me by the sacrifice of a man's soul, or even by the risk of it; go to men in business to advance their interests and mine, but

treat no man to get his business, and receive no seal of friendship in business that stamps your soul with sin?"

The time will come, nay, must come, when suppers and dinners are not given to men to rob them of their judgment before they try to get their support in business or finance.

Who hath sinned? O, Liberty, droop thy head and weep for this poor mother,—just one among so many thousands within view of thy proud figure,—or else some day the torch thou holdest aloft to light the world to thy broad shore, will turn to burning red, and warn all nations from thee.

O Justice, dost thou not feel the scale tip its beam when gold is counted as of so much weight, and virtue of so small?

O Eagle, in thy lofty flight toward the sun, pause and look down from thy great height, and ask if thine image on the immortal dollar is the only emblem our fathers chose thee for?

The dawn had come. I joined Mr. Heine in the library. At the usual hour we met at breakfast. The good doctor and his wife bore traces of anxiety. Violet came in late. She was very pale. None of us cared to talk, and after a cup of coffee—Violet always took two—we adjourned to the parlor to consult.

Ruth, I knew, feared something dreadful had happened to her boy. The general belief that death was the inevitable result of a man drinking after the cure had full possession of her.

While we consulted, a messenger came with a letter from Adiel to Violet. It stated simply that he had been delayed late by business with a friend from New York, and then the storm came, and he had remained with him at the hotel.

Ruth breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh, so much pain and sorrow could have been saved if this note had come last night; but we will not think of last night,—no. Of all of us Violet chose the wisest part."

He would be home that night.

I knew well that something more than business had detained him; but I expressed no opinion. Mr. Heine promised to see him, and let me know.

About four o'clock he sent a carriage for Violet, and a note to me.

"The dear boy is ashamed to come home," he said. "Have his wife come and bring forgiveness, and take him home."

Her sweet temper as I read the note to her when we sat alone, and her ready acquiescence, quite softened me toward her; and the loving embrace Ruth gave her before she entered the carriage made me know she longed to love and shield the poor child, and to think of her only as a child.

When they arrived the room was ready. Adiel looked pale and haggard. He could not meet his mother's gaze. We put him to bed, but, alas, he could not sleep. First one and then another of us he called to him to make apologies and pray for our forgiveness. Sometimes he wished for death; then again he wanted to live to prove to us he really wanted to do right. But the die was cast. This circular insanity was again upon him, for such Dr. Blanke pronounced it, and I agreed with him.

I cannot go into all the harrowing details that followed. Now brightening up with renewed hope and promise, now falling deeper and deeper into temptation and despair, Adiel went the downward way. The sprees that came at intervals of months, and lasted a few days, began to narrow the circle to weeks and to last for many days,—then to narrow to days; and I could see when it would simply be a play of action and reaction, with no interval of rest, until the machinery was worn out.

Whenever Violet wanted anything she threatened to leave unless she got it. She never asked for what she wanted, but threw out hints of what other women had. If this hint was not taken, and the article of clothing, jewel, or whatever it might be purchased, she went to her mother and wrote Adiel she could not return to him, but wanted him to come to see her. He always yielded, and she returned to his mother's. This thing occurred several times, and was kept quiet. The bitterest part of all to Ruth was that this woman was poisoning her boy's heart

against her, and causing him even to join her in her conspiracies to draw money from her. Adiel had sold his interest in the partnership, and spent every dollar in less than six months after his marriage; and now worked on a salary when he was able to work at all.

When Ruth refused money, Violet immediately left the house and wrote Adiel that, if he ever wanted her to live with him, it must be under another roof than his mother's.

So it turned out that they got board, and Adiel avoided his mother studiously until he fell ill; then she was advised, and found him in debt for board. She paid the bill. His wife declined to have me called, but Ruth refused to pay any other physician. So I was forced to go. I thought it would be his last illness. It was when he was still in great danger that his wife left him and went to her mother. I shall never forget that day. Ruth was ill at the same time, but could, by great effort, drive out to see her boy each day. It was very cold, and snow lay heavy on the ground, when I called and told Adiel I should advise his mother not to come that day. I noticed Violet seemed very white, and more distant in her manner toward me than usual, though she was never cordial.

Adiel told me that Violet was threatening to leave again.

"Well, never mind, my boy," I said, "your mother will never forsake her boy."

She and Ruth had had some words the day before, when Ruth called and found her going out.

"Would you leave him alone with this fever?" she asked.

"Then get him a nurse," Violet snapped.

A suitable nurse could not be easily and quickly procured; and as Violet had lost some sleep, Ruth attributed her irritation to nervousness, and forgave and forgot it, and I heard nothing of it at the time.

When the time came to call upon his mother, I found her too ill to be up, and while I sat in the room we heard a gentle rap at the door. To our "Come in," Adiel tottered in, looking like a ghost.

His mother uttered a faint scream. In the exalted state of his fever he had found strength to get on his clothes, and had, in spite of the advice of the woman he boarded with, started out in the cold wind and snow and come to his mother after his wife left him. Poor fellow, had his fever gone down he would not have been able to stand. But here he was. His mother had him lie down on the bed beside her, and Mrs. Heine and myself busied ourselves to get him in a comfortable and safe condition. He relapsed, and for days his life was despaired of. We did not inform his wife, and she remained away.

Ruth told him that under no circumstances would she ever countenance Violet again; that she had proved herself utterly heartless and false; that she had broken all the promises she had made to her before marriage, and that she believed herself, like him, to be the victim, of a bad, designing woman, older in sin than they had ever dreamed. That if he could give her up and return to his mother, he should be her own boy again,—all the past forgotten and forgiven; but that he must never ask her to take Violet back again.

But Ruth had now made an enemy of the woman who had it in her power to make her suffer still more; for, when she found that she could no longer return, Violet enticed Adiel away, induced him to borrow money, which he did from Mr. Heine, and take her to a hotel. When the money gave out she went home again, and Adiel returned to his mother, whom he tormented for money and for permission for his wife to return; but Ruth was firm and answered, "Never."

"You shall have board and shelter here; she can remain with her mother, if she chooses. You can go to her, but cannot bring her into my house,—never again."

He was very angry, and said many bitter things to her, who had borne so much; but he still did not know his mother. He did not know that she could be firm when she believed herself in the right. She could bear and yield as long as there was a doubt in her mind, but, once convinced as to the right, she was adamant.

To be continued.

HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

THE VOICE AND ITS RELATION TO HEALTH

A pleasant voice is one of the most charming qualities of man or woman, and the physical and mental conditions of a person can be understood as readily by the sound of the voice as by the expression of the face. I believe it to be the bounden duty of all to cultivate a pleasant voice,—a duty they owe to themselves and to others. You have no more right to rasp the ears of those you engage in conversation with an uncultivated voice than by playing upon an instrument that is out of tune. But, you may say, the person who plays the discordant instrument does not know it. Then he ought to know it. Too many people think that noise is music, and that talking is conversation. There are people who talk and never say anything. There are others who speak little, and say a great deal. But the greatest pleasure of conversation is certainly derived from the voice. It impresses the words agreeably upon the ear, and creates a pleasant memory that is awakened by every recollection of the subject. Not every person may have the advantages of lessons in elocution, but every person who will may cultivate a pure tone and a pleasant voice.

Harsh tones should never be heard in a home. No memory is more degrading to a child than ill-natured words or an unkind tone between parents. Harsh words between brothers and sisters cause painful memories, but ill words and harsh tones between parents are debasing to any child who hears them. They never forget them; they can forget harsh words from parents to themselves more easily.

The first step in learning to talk well is to breathe correctly. So you perceive at the outset that to cultivate your voice is necessarily to improve your health. Let your tones be clear and as musical as you can produce them. Did you ever hear a person speak the name of Brown so that it was really musical? Most people pronounce it with the throat almost closed, and from the front of the mouth. There must be a resonance in the voice. There is no sound-board so perfect as the hard palate. Do not waste your breath in speaking, but let your last word be as distinct as the first. It is painful to listen to a speaker who lets his last words die as if for want of breath.

Listen to yourself when you talk, and catch the first false note. Do not speak with relaxed vocal chords; the effect is as disagreeable as to play upon a piano or guitar with loose strings. Do not speak in monotone, but modulate your voice to give expression just as you would follow the signs in music. Certain words—the sweetest, the tenderest—are the most expressive *pianissimo*; just as you would use the soft pedal in producing the sweetest strain of instrumental music. No one ever screams out, "I love you!" If he did you wouldn't believe it, even if you were a silly girl listening to those words from your first lover. Therefore, words of affection are always pronounced in the softest, most musical tones,—not whispered. No; there is danger in the undertone. Remember that always; it is the tone of direct danger.

Pitch your voice to suit the time and place,—not too low as to appear secret, nor too high as to seem bold or nervous. Learn to control your voice perfectly, and use it to give pleasure to the listener as well as do credit to yourself; for nothing betokens true refinement more unerringly than a pure, earnest, well-modulated voice free from affectation. Misfortune or disease, or natural defect, may harm the voice, but there is no other excuse for uncultivated tones. Some people concentrate their thought upon what they are going to say; they have made up their minds fully upon the subject, and they present it in a dogmatic, harsh, independent tone that raises rebellion in the heart of one who has a cultivated ear. He may agree that the subject is a good one and well handled, but he will not acknowledge that any man has a right to present it to his audience in any such tone. Suppose

a composer invited you to a rehearsal of a piece of music, and rendered it upon a harsh, common instrument; you could not commend his judgment or remember his composition with pleasure. Just so with every lecture, sermon, or conversation. People want to be pleased,—they demand it; and if they are not they resent it, even if they are equally careless about pleasing. Then, begin in childhood. Learn the soft, sweet tones with mother, father, brothers, sisters. The intellectual tones come as you advance in your studies; omit the sarcastic, complaining, angry ones, and let them die from non-use. Do not be too indolent or careless to cultivate your voice, or else you will regret it all your life. Next to speaking well, I believe that to learn to speak but little is the greatest virtue. I never heard of a person who spoke too little. Everybody talks too much.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. F. G.—As promised in our last issue, we give below another table of food values, for which we are indebted to Townsend's "Food to Health and Premature Disease."

Table showing the amount of heat per ounce of the principal foods, and number of ounces of each food from which one ounce of protine can be extracted:

	Calories, per ounce	Quantity of food from which one ounce of Pro- teine can be ex- tracted.
Chuck	47	5 ounces.
Ribs, lean	54	5.2 ounces.
Ribs, fat	96	5.7 ounces.
Round steak	58	5.1 ounces.
Canned beef	88	4.1 ounces.
Dried beef	60	2.5 ounces.
Veal	50	5 ounces.
Lamb	95	5.7 ounces.
Pork, shoulders	118	7.6 ounces.
Ham	121	6.2 ounces.
Salt pork, fat	250	12.2 ounces.
Pigs' feet	56	6.2 ounces.
Chicken	31	4.4 ounces.
Turkey	84	4.8 ounces.
Fish	28	4.9 ounces.
Salmon	58	4.8 ounces.
Oysters	15	16 ounces.
Eggs, white		8.5 ounces.
Eggs, yolk		6.6 ounces.
Eggs, average	45	7 ounces.

Milk	20	30 ounces.
Milk, skimmed	11	30 ounces.
Condensed milk	89	12.1 ounces.
Cream	57	40 ounces.
Cheese, whole	123	3.9 ounces.
Cheese, skim-milk	82	3.2 ounces.
Gelatine	96	1.2 ounces.
Lard	264	all fat.
Butter	217	all fat.
Oleomargarine	220	78 ounces.
Entire wheat	104	7 ounces.
Common flour	104	9 ounces.
Macaroni	102	8.5 ounces.
Barley, pearl	104	11 ounces.
Buckwheat flour	99	13 ounces.
Cornmeal, bolted	103	11 ounces.
Hominy	103	13 ounces.
Pop-corn	117	11 ounces.
Rolled oats	116	6 ounces.
Rice	102	13 ounces.
Boiled rice	56	20 ounces.
Rye flour	102	14 ounces.
White bread, dry	75	11 ounces.
Soda crackers	119	10 ounces.
Gluten	24	1.2 ounces.
Apple pie	79	30 ounces.
Taploca pudding	49	28 ounces.
Beans	99	4.5 ounces.
Beans, string	12	45 ounces.
Asparagus	7	55 ounces.
Beets	13	90 ounces.
Cabbage	10	48 ounces.
Cauliflower	11	60 ounces.
Celery	5	71 ounces.
Green corn	22	36 ounces.
Greens	17	27 ounces.

Lettuce	7	75	ounces.
Onions	15	60	ounces.
Peas	102	4.1	ounces.
Green peas	25	22	ounces.
Cucumbers	4	125	ounces.
Potatoes, boiled	30	37	ounces.
Sour krout	9	67	ounces.
Tomatoes	12	71	ounces.
Sugar	116		
Apples	21	200	ounces.
Bananas	30	83	ounces.
Grapes	20	100	ounces.
Oranges	14	125	ounces.
Strawberries	11	100	ounces.
Raisins	102	40	ounces.
Figs, dried	87	19.5	ounces.
Dates, dried	97	45	ounces.
Chestnuts	71	15	ounces.
Peanuts	160	4	ounces.

FLOUR.—The New York Christian Nation says: "Entire Wheat Flour, Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y., is one of the noblest additions to the foods of the world. The grain is denuded of the outside silicious bark and then ground into fine flour and all the elements of the grain are preserved.

"Wheat, more than any other article of food, furnishes all the elements and in the right proportion required to nourish the body. In bolting the flour to make white flour, four-fifths of the gluten, the very most nutritious part of the grain, is taken out to be fed to cows and hogs."

MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. MARY DODD, HYGIENIST

SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Corn mush. Damson plums.
Rolls. Soft boiled eggs.

SUNDAY—DINNER.

Mashed potatoes. Salsify. Stewed tomatoes.
Salmon, with lemon. Bread. Squash or rhubarb.
Dessert—Oranges.

SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Rolls. Bread.
Stewed peaches.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples. Rolls.
Oat mush. Cream biscuit. Stewed apples.

MONDAY—DINNER.

Vegetable soup. Rolls. Spinach. Baked potatoes.
Dessert—Cornmeal pudding.

MONDAY—SUPPER.

Canned pears. Rolls. Mush.
Muffins, with butter.

TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples. Mush. Oats. Rolls.
Prunes. Milk toast.

TUESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn bread.
Apricots. Samp. Corn. Rolls.
Dessert—Cherry pie.

TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Baked apples. Raspberry juice.
Mush. Scone. Rolls.

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Corn mush. Oranges. Cranberry Sauce.
Rolls. Scrambled eggs.

WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Creamed cod-fish. Potatoes. Lettuce. Rice.
Peas. Rolls.
Dessert—Oranges and bananas.

WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Apricots. Rolls. Mush. Muffins.

THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Bread and butter. Canned gooseberries.
Rolls. Mush. Apples, raw.

THURSDAY—DINNER.

Stewed Lima beans. Stewed tomatoes.
Potatoes. Hominy, with orange sauce. Rolls.

THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Strawberries, canned. Mush.
Toast. Cocoa. Rolls.

FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples. Rolls. Mush. Plums.
Corn cakes, with maple syrup.

FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn fritters. Cherries.
Samp. Corn bread.
Dessert—Apple pie.

FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Grape juice. Rolls. Scone. Apple sauce.

SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Oranges. Rolls. Mush.
Creamed potatoes.

SATURDAY—DINNER.

Baked beans. Raw tomatoes. Rolls.
Lettuce. Potatoes.
Wheat, with gooseberry dressing. Corn.

SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Peaches. Fried mush.
Rolls. Toast.

EDITORIALS

THE DAY COMETH

There is so much that is shallow, hollow, heartless, and unjust in present-day life that many of us are liable at times to become discouraged; and yet there are everywhere numerous signs of change. The very air is vibrant with a noble discontent which, while refusing to rush heedlessly to extremes that would render possible wholesale destruction such as marked the French Revolution, is nevertheless becoming more and more insistent and determined on a change in favor of justice and that wise and necessary freedom which shall give opportunity for growth and enjoyment of life to all the people.

To the student of literature perhaps nothing is more encouraging than the humane note everywhere heard in recent literature. Our poets, philosophers, economists, teachers, and ministers are more and more concerning themselves about the rights of man instead of devoting time and labor to vague and abstract questions; and "art for progress" or "art for service" is taking the place of that shibboleth which has been so popular with emasculate diletteism—"art for art's sake." Always before great social upheavals, or advance steps of a positive nature, two things are apparent,—literature becomes serious, and the humane quality rings out strong and clear, until the quickened public conscience becomes so sensitive that the onward march of selfishness and wrong is not only perceived as never before, but it appears more hideous than it seemed when the sensibilities were unaroused; while, on the other hand, the rising tide of discontent alarms the beneficiaries of special privileges and they become vigi-

lant. They seek to establish useful precedents; they enthrone themselves behind law, and bulwark their interests with the arm of force, rather than yield to the enlightened demand of the hour. Yet it is a notable fact that when the hour comes for a change the change is inevitable. The old gives way, either wisely, as it gave way before the rising tide of the English sense of justice in the forties, or not until after a fatuous opposition, as in the case of the French Revolution. The following language, employed by Froude in describing the fall of Wolsey, is applicable to the great changes which mark the birth moments of civilization in its ascent, when noble concepts make their advent as ruling factors in society: "But the time for reckoning at length was arrived; slowly the hand had crawled along the dial-plate,—slowly, as if the event would never come; and wrong was heaped on wrong, and oppression cried and it seemed as if no ear heard its voice, till the measure of the circle was at length fulfilled—the finger touched the hour, and as the stroke of the great hammer rang out above the nation, in an instant the great fabric of iniquity was shattered into ruins."

On every hand we see evidences of the approach of one of those crucial moments in human progress which Froude so strikingly describes in the above citation; and nothing indicates this more clearly than the moral note which is sounding with increasing clearness in our literature, and the number and character of those who are laying the best treasures of brain and heart on humanity's shrine. When we remember that Victor Hugo poured forth the wealth of his great genius in

behalf of the miserables; that Ruskin freely gave thought and fortune to the disinherited ones; that William Morris turned away from the applause of conventionalism to forward the cause of justice which might bring a larger and more joyful life to all; that Alfred Russel Wallace laid down the glass of the naturalist and the pen of the physical scientist that his voice and thought might be given to fur-

thering a wider freedom and a nobler justice; and that these genius-crowned sons of the nineteenth century are merely representatives of a growing body in every civilized land who are ceaselessly working for the larger life of the people, we see that though the valley as yet is shrouded in darkness, the mountain tops are gilded with the coming glory.

B. O. F.

THE HOME GIRL

In these progressive days, when every field is open to woman and she is winning laurels in the learned professions, it is not strange if there should come a feeling of unrest to the hearts of those women and girls whose sphere of action is limited to the labors and cares of home and family, and that they should look with sad and longing eyes upon the achievements of their more favored sisters, and even feel an inclination to desert the part of duty and strive for liberty and glory.

But these women must remember that the part of duty is ever the position of honor, whether distinction crown merit or not, and these laurel wreaths won by those apparently more favored are oftentimes worn with brows that are throbbing, and hearts that are starving, starving for the nourishment that loving companionship brings.

That sphere of action which develops the life and character to the fullest, and calls forth the noblest and highest impulses of our nature, is the greatest educator. The learned professions may train the intellectual faculties, and their use stimulate even some of the highest qualities; but the life that is devoted to home and family has its own true mission, and affords opportunity for the very highest development. There may be less time to read books, but there is more time to live books—greater opportunity to study the needs and requirements of those nearest to us; and in understanding them a truer knowledge is gained of the great human family, with a broader development as the result. Experimental knowledge is gained and applied, and a character is

developed from inmost to outermost—from the pure impulse of love, out through the most intelligent method of manifesting that love in good works and words.

No true wife and mother can be an ignorant woman. No dutiful daughter is an ignorant girl. It may be a very simple occupation to cook and scrub, and sweep and bake, to sew and darn and mend, but it can be glorified by love; and the kitchen tenanted by a loving heart may be more charming than any cold, conventional drawing-room. Probably you have observed the charm that unconventional simplicity gives, and when you think of rest your heart never turns to your richest friend, but to some modest little home where economy in its strictest sense must be studied and applied; where mother is the center like a sun, and the little ones bathe in the sunshine of her presence; where a loving daughter shares the household cares, and welcomes you as a restful or stimulating variation in their busy life; where a new dress to her is an event to be anticipated with pleasure, and received in gratitude; where its making calls out suggestions from the tiniest tot of the household, and father and mother are interested; where loving hands cut and fit, and all their latent artistic powers are drawn forth to combine becoming colors, and fashion all into something worthy this idol of their home, while she in turn cuts down her last year's gown for a younger sister. This elder sister, with eyes and ears open, has provided herself with Froebel's "Education of Man," and determines to give the little ones the rare

opportunity she herself has missed—not lost, for she gains the double blessing of renewing her childhood in their own.

Surely we must all admit that the truest sphere of woman is that of queen of her home—the loved and honored wife and mother. But, as all cannot be wives and mothers, they can be good daughters and sisters, equally loved and honored at home and in society, and those who feel that their sister women are more favored need only study the conditions of their respective lives to undeceive themselves. The woman who distinguishes herself in outside pursuits may have been forced to accept the situation by her environment. She may not have home, parents, younger brothers and sisters. She may have recognized a stern duty in the profession she has chosen, and availed herself of it as the best mode of providing herself a life of useful, remunerative occupation. Comparatively few women enter the field of outside labor from choice; but once they have accepted the situation they nobly resolve creditably to fill the office, whatever it may be. But whose condition of life offers the greatest possibilities of doing good to others at home? Would it not be selfish ambition only that could tempt you beyond your own threshold when duty called loudly on every hand to

lighten the burden of an overworked mother, to train carefully the little ones so dear to you, and above all to set them a noble example of unselfish devotion? You may imagine that to go out and do for yourself relieves your parents of expense and responsibility, and if your inclination is in that direction you may flatter yourself that it is a noble resolve; but it might be far more unselfish and noble to “bide a wee,” and share those duties and cares. It would bring at last its own reward. You might miss in youth some pretty gowns and gloves—indeed, many things very dear to the feminine heart; but what you would gain would be of priceless value. It would save you many regrets and much sorrow when you take your own turn in life to be the forsaken mother.

The best marriage—the happiest and most enduring—is not made by the society belle, but by the home girl, who, like the violet, is sought in some quiet home, not purchased in some gay watering-place.

There are rich women, noble, self-sacrificing women, living the lives of saints within the sacred precincts of home and doing charities that bless and save. In all conditions of life, from wealth to poverty, we may find heroes by the home fireside as well as at the camp fire.

MRS. C. K. R.

A SUPREME MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

There are great moments in the lives of individuals, not less than nations, moments when destiny seems to hinge on a single resolve, and when glory or shame, success or failure, victory or defeat awaits the issue. In the life of Wendell Phillips we have more than one moment when temptation struggled with the divinity within, only to be vanquished by the assertion of his nobler self. One of these supreme moments was reached on the afternoon when he beheld William Lloyd Garrison dragged through the streets of Boston by a mob in broadcloth. But long before that memorable afternoon he had faced a crucial moment in

his life, the outcome of which served to light up all future days with glory, because it marked a decisive moral victory. The story is as follows:

One day after hearing Dr. Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor, and cried, “O God, I belong to thee. Take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong, it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it.” “And,” observed Mr. Phillips, in later years in life, “I have never found anything that impressed me as being

wrong exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right." In other words, in that crucial moment, his moral nature conquered and

subjugated his lower self. For him, thenceforth, there was no compromise with animalism, with selfishness, cupidity, or, in a word, with any debasing influence which assails the life of man.

THE IDEAL HOME THE THRONE OF LOVE

He is laboring under a great delusion who imagines that temporal riches are necessary to a happy home. It is within the power of every couple to build for themselves a home that shall be a throne of love, a school of soul culture, a haven of rest and peace, where the trials and annoyances of the day can be laid aside, and the spiritual nature find that education which will develop everything noble, pure, and exalted in one's being. Life is at best a preparatory school intended to fit the soul for a noble existence in the realm of endless progress. This great aim of life, this culture of the spirit, can be accomplished nowhere so well as at the fireside of the home.

Where two loving hearts unite, determined to forgive and forget the little misunderstandings sure to arise, to bear with one another's shortcomings, remembering that all are mortal, to encourage, sympathize, and strengthen one another, to strive each day to be more worthy of the other's love,—when, I say, these resolutions are kept, there will be found an ideal home—be it cot or palace—which love will claim as her own and glorify by the magic of her presence; which truth will consecrate as her shrine, bringing nobler impulses and higher life to every inmate; which fidelity and devotion will warm and beautify; and over which peace will hover, bringing with her the benediction of God. In such a home the spiritual development of husband and wife will daily unfold, more beauteous, more fragrant, more courageous, and fitted more

richly for the life beyond, where love and truth are the measuring-rods of the soul. In such a home, the little lives that may come, partaking of the atmosphere they breathe, will grow into beautiful characters destined to elevate the race, to build still fairer homes, and enter eternity even richer in wealth of spirit than were their parents.

Such is the true home life,—which, while the possibility of attainment lies within the grasp of the multitudes, cannot be enjoyed without the constant exercise of patient effort, unselfish work, and mutual love. Nothing in life worthy of possession comes without work, and the more precious the object sought the harder the labor demanded. Yet, in this case, how richly worth the effort! Its possession means everything; it is the only true wealth, because it is the only thing that will properly and truly give to the soul the broad culture which fits it for eternity. It is the only thing that can bring into our earthly existence a foretaste of the life beyond, by giving us a supremely happy home. It is the only thing which will satisfy the heart's longing; which will enrich and glorify the life of the companion of the soul; and the only thing which will enable the buds of immortality properly to unfold into those admirable characters essential to the furtherance of the great work of the coming years—that of raising civilization to a more elevated plane, and blessing the race with the influence of pure, happy, and loving lives.

MASTERY OF TEMPER

In the culture of self, a lesson of paramount importance, and one which must be learned, is absolute mastery of the temper. To gain control requires constant thought and persistent endeavor, but its attainment is richly worth the la-

bor. It is a lack of such mastery which, more than aught else, makes thousands of lives miserable and fills innumerable homes with discord. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that we learn to forbear, to crush the bitter word before it

is spoken, and to cultivate cheerfulness. Kind words, tender utterances, thoughtful deeds, and sympathetic acts,—these fruits of a temper once controlled make the humblest life radiant, lovable, and attractive. If children were early taught by parents the supreme importance of conquering their temper and developing a sweet, sympathetic, and cheerful spirit, they would receive a richer dower than wealth can buy. If young people, in starting on life's journey, would firmly

determine to master their temper, to cultivate at all times a spirit of cheerfulness and loving helpfulness, and frankly to confess their wrongs one to another when temper has been allowed to overcome good resolutions, we should find few lives drifting apart. This is only one step in that all-important self-culture which nourishes the spiritual side of life and denotes true nobility. Let us learn how to live in harmony with all that is pure, noble, and uplifting.

MORAL COURAGE

Moral courage should be instilled into every life. It is an irresistible talisman against manifold temptations that beset our steps on every hand. It enables us to be good in the presence of evil. I have no great admiration for the man, who, in order to be pure and holy, flees from the world and lives the life of a recluse; but I have profound respect and reverence for one who can mingle with sin without being contaminated; who can walk through the fire of temptation, coming forth without the smell of the flames; who can resist vice and immorality no matter in what alluring forms they present themselves. This power, which

stamps moral heroism upon the individual and characterizes strong, vigorous, brave manhood and womanhood, may be acquired by all.

He is my hero, first of all,
 Though spear nor sword he wield,
 Who holds the Wrong his only foe,
 The Right his only shield.
 Who dares to battle for the truth,
 Though Error, on her side,
 Has gathered hosts, and shakes in wrath
 Her pinions far and wide.
 For though he win, but for one truth,
 When martyrdom is past,
 His victory is for all the race,
 As long as time shall last.

SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

That persistent dream of the ages, the brotherhood of man, must be actualized into a living reality if civilization is to continue its upward trend. With intellectual growth we must have moral development. The fate of Greece and Rome is a significant warning of what inevitably follows physical development and intellectual culture, when such blessings are not accompanied by spiritual growth. We must develop the ethical side of

man's nature. We must emphasize the idea of moral responsibility. The Golden Rule is the foundation upon which to build the superstructure of a higher civilization. It is the advance order for humanity to-day. All men are brothers; but the needy, the unfortunate, and the erring are the ones who call most urgently for our aid, our help, and our best endeavor.

THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

THE EVOLUTION, DOMINATION, AND DOOM OF THE TRUSTS

On the 15th of January the New York Herald published two striking cartoons illustrating the relative growth of the trusts in the United States since 1882. The first of these drawings represented a small cub lapping from a pan filled with milk, while Uncle Sam was smilingly bending over it and gently patting its fat sides. The second picture portrayed an enormous lion, strong, sinewy, and defiant, looking down upon Uncle Sam with the self-confidence of conscious strength. Underneath these cartoons was a partial list of the trusts organized during the year 1898, numbering over ninety in all and representing in common and preferred stock a sum estimated as aggregating \$1,392,749,200. "This sum," however, as the writer who analyzed the table observes, "is a very different thing from a capital of that amount, and represents merely the quantity of paper certificates in the form of shares which these trusts have cause to be printed and hope to dispose of to the public."* It is well to notice in passing, however, the injurious influence to sound business and upright manhood of the custom of issuing stock which represents an amount largely in excess of the actual, or even probable, value of the businesses which place these fictitious valuations upon their capital. In actual working it (1) fosters gambling,

and is therefore demoralizing in influence; (2) it leads innocent purchasers of securities to pay much higher prices for the stock than the actual capital invested warrants; (3) it compels the people,—so long as the artificial arrangement upon which the life of the trusts depends can be maintained,—to pay exorbitant prices for the trust-controlled commodities in order that dividends may be realized on the fictitious valuations,—something which is clearly extortion, and therefore a wrong and injustice to all the people.

Whether the rise of the corporation and the consolidation of business into autocratic syndicates and trusts is a necessary step in the evolution of modern business life is a mooted question; but certain it is that such immoral features as the watering of stock and the controlling of legislation and opinion-forming influences are at once indefensible and prejudicial to sound morality, common justice, and the welfare of the public. These observations, however, are merely thrown out in passing, as it is my present purpose simply to deal with the rise, growth, and probable future of the trusts, rather than to discuss their ethical bearing and their influence on social and business life.

In order to appreciate how rapidly and completely the trust has risen in our midst, it is only necessary to turn back a few decades. If fifty years ago any student of social problems had been rash enough to predict that, before the close of the century, almost every great business enterprise in the United States would be under the absolute control of bodies or corporations who, even while existing in

*A typical illustration of this feature of the modern trust is cited in a thoughtful editorial in the Boston Post of February 14th, in which the writer calls attention in the following language to one of the West Virginia mills that has been taken into the recently formed Steel and Wire Trust: "This mill had been closed for two years past because it could not be run at a profit. The plant stood to its owner for \$400,000. The Steel and Wire Trust bought it for \$400,000 and then put it into the combination at a valuation of \$2,000,000, against which stock is issued."

defiance of law, should control prices and place the millions of the republic completely at their mercy, he would have been sneered at as a visionary. Again, if twenty-five years ago a thinker had declared that the nineteenth century would witness the passing of the competitive system in the United States, his views would have been considered unworthy of serious consideration by the majority of our people; yet to-day all thinking men and women are forced to the conclusion that, at the present ratio of growth, practically all the business of this country will, by 1901, be in the hands of the corporations, trusts, and syndicates. The writer in the *New York Herald*, to whom I have referred, in speaking of the phenomenal growth of the trusts makes a perfectly conservative statement when he says:

Already it has revolutionized the manufacturing and mining world so that in hundreds of industries there is little or no competition. It has accomplished even greater results in street railways, telegraphs, telephones, steam and sailing ships, canals, elevators, express companies, etc. Real competition no longer exists in many of these industries. The trading world is filled with wholesale and retail associations which fix the prices of most articles sold. Gas, water, electric light, heat, and power are usually supplied by big corporations having big monopoly powers. Everywhere the big is gobbling up the little. Syndicate office buildings, department stores, and apartment houses are now the rule in cities, and are producing great economic and social results. Everything is being done on a large scale and by syndicates. Even fish are caught and canned by syndicates and combines. About the only important industry in which genuine competition still exists is that of agriculture, but even here evolution is extending its monopoly arms and has given us cattle trusts, wine makers' corporations, raisin associations, peanut combines, bonanza wheat farms, and feeble and thus far futile attempts by tobacco, cotton, and wheat growers to limit production and fix prices.

The rapid advance of the trust in power has been one of the most phenomenal facts of recent history. Those who early in the eighties beheld real danger in this latest born child of modern commercialism were denounced as alarmists; and yet I know of no prophet who had the temerity to predict that, before the

dawn of 1899, the price of every cracker eaten by the people would be controlled by a trust capitalized for an amount immensely in excess of the capital invested, or that almost every necessity and commodity of life, from flour and sugar down to thread and needles, would be under the control of the trusts. Such, however, is the fact which our people face in the closing years of this decade, and it is evident that the end is not yet. The rapid growth of the trust and syndicate is, however, far less disquieting than the influence which corporate power wields in government. The nomination of the trust over political organizations is so obvious that it has almost ceased to be a disputed question; but this is, if possible, less serious than its contempt for law. It openly proceeds in direct violation of the statutes of the land. Men who stand high in the councils of the church and leading factors in the business and social world deliberately engage in that which is as much a legal crime as house-breaking or highway robbery. That the effect of this defiance of law is demoralizing upon business life and the morals of individuals is perfectly obvious. That our citizens have up to the present time been so enthralled by the fetich of party fealty that they tolerate such a condition, is a subject for grave concern to the friends of free institutions; and yet I do not think the outlook in this respect is nearly so gloomy as many regard it, for the apparent indifference on the part of the people has been largely due to the rapidity with which the new condition has grown up in our midst. People think slowly. An evil that rises rapidly, especially when it comes from sources that the people regard as reputable, frequently assumes dangerous proportions before the public mind realizes the peril which threatens free government, or the injustice being inflicted on the individual. When, however, the real menace has become apparent and the essential iniquity is forced home upon the conscience of the nation, change is almost inevitable. Slavery and the lottery are typical illustrations of this fact, and there are many evidences that the public conscience is being aroused to the menace

of the trust in such a way that its doom is sealed. The writer in the Herald regards the overthrow of the trust as certain from causes other than those arising from popular action, but I cannot regard his reasoning as sound. He holds that

A stronger law than the statute law, and one which cannot be evaded, has doomed many of the trusts to dissolution in the past and will operate with like effect upon many of those being organized to-day, and that is the natural law of trade. But the trouble with the trust is that, like its parent, the protective tariff, it, by establishing artificial conditions and artificially maintaining prices, offers a premium to others better equipped to enter into the same field.

Take, for instance, the Nail Trust, established a few years ago. A very high duty upon nails had excluded the foreign product and guaranteed to the domestic manufacturer a price which tempted others to enter into that business. When the trust was formed it for a time controlled the output, and was enabled to exact from the domestic consumer preposterously high prices while at the same time it was exporting vast quantities to be sold in Europe at less than half the charge exacted from the customers at home. What followed as a result of this? New nail mills sprang up all over the country and competed for the abnormal prices, and presently the output was too large to be controlled by the trust, which promptly went to smash, leaving the persons who had invested in its shares to mourn.

This is typical of the experience of a vast number of trusts. The Cordage Trust is still remembered with a shudder by investors and speculators. The fate of the Whiskey Trust, the Wall-paper Trust, and no end of others teaches the same lesson. For a time one of these companies may hold the public at its mercy, unless the law interferes to disturb its operations, but in the long run the exaction of an artificial price is certain to invite competition, and this is the beginning of the end.

This reasoning sounds plausible, and the examples cited would seem to carry out the author's contention; but the history of the oldest and greatest trusts, like the Standard Oil Company, for example, would seem to prove that these organizations may grow more and more invincible with each succeeding year, until, like the Louisiana Lottery before the strong arm of government was laid upon it, they sneer at all opposition and come to regard themselves as above law and absolutely impregnable.

In the general awakening of the public to the injustice and peril of the new

despotism of corporate power, is to be found the precursor of the doom of the trust, and it is a significant fact that this growing indignation on the part of the people has recently found voice in the annual message of one Republican and one Democratic governor. A large portion of Governor Pingree's recent message to the legislature was devoted to a scathing attack on the trust as a menace to free institutions, an enslaver of manhood, and a most fruitful cause of degradation and misery; while Governor Thomas, of Colorado, after pointing out the menace of the trust, urges the enactment of a law "whereby forfeiture and dissolution shall follow the direct or indirect merger of any home corporation into a general combination of kindred interests in other States, by whatever name such combination shall be known." The outspoken positions thus taken by the chief executives of two States, and representing the majority of the voters of the two great parties of the commonwealths, are heralds of the rapidly rising public sentiment that determinedly demands measures that shall destroy this evil. The people are coming to realize that the trusts and free institutions cannot prosper side by side,—the one seeking the interest of all the people and the other the selfish interest of a class. Either the monopolies must be assumed by the government or the rights of the people must be protected against class exactions.

I believe that the next decade will witness the passing of the trust, which, with all its injustice and corruption, has taught society some most valuable lessons,—among which may be mentioned (1) the practicability of economically and wisely operating the most gigantic and complex enterprises through the mediumship of a single head or an executive board of management, and (2) the value of combination. Under the competitive system not only were great armies of retainers required to push the interests of various competing houses, but many factories, stores, and employees were required which under consolidation became unnecessary; and therefore a system of co-operation, which seems likely to supplant the despotism of the corporations, will work for the benefit of society and the happiness of man.

SCHOOL CHILDREN FED AND CLOTHED BY THE MUNICIPALITY

The idea of the obligation which the state owes to the child has taken deep root in the old world; or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say that enlightened public sentiment has come to regard the proper education of the young as a question of such paramount importance that in order to compass this result the original idea of free education is being extended and supplemented. A notable illustration of this nature is found in Roubaix, France, where eleven thousand school children receive food and clothing at the expense of the municipality. At the beginning of winter, and again at the commencement of summer, each child receives a full suit of clothes, and during the school year all the children

enjoy a dinner at which soup, meat, bread, and vegetables are served.

In this country Superintendent Andrews, of the Chicago schools, has strongly advocated the city's furnishing lunches for children who are unable to enjoy a noonday meal. Boston supplies her school children with medical attendance in time of sickness. The difference between furnishing free medical attendance and supplying the children with food and clothing is one of degree rather than principle; and to the close student of popular education it would seem that the growing appreciation of the importance to the state of supplying every child with educational opportunities is leading educators in the various great nations to the same general conclusions.

PRACTICAL UTILITY OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

In the month of March the world was made aware of the practical value of a wireless telegraphy in a most impressive manner, when by means of this wonderful discovery a two-thousand-ton freight ship, the "Elbe," with thirty lives on board, was saved through its instrumentality. The facts are briefly as follows: The British Government some time since placed a wireless telegraphic transmitter on board the East Goodwin Light-ship. On the nearest land, twelve miles away, stands the East Foreland Light-house, and in its tower was placed the receiving instrument. Here a message was received, without wire, from the light-ship, stating that a full-rigged vessel had just gone ashore on the treacherous sands. The ship was in imminent danger and should have prompt succor. On receiving this message a dispatch was sent to Ramsgate. Steam-tugs and life-boats were hastened to the imperiled ship, and she was soon pulled off the sands and saved. This practical illustration of the utility of the new dis-

covery has made a deep impression throughout Europe and America, and the great nations are taking prompt steps to provide the light-house service with this means of communication, while the various navies are preparing for its utilization in the event of war.

It was in 1889 that Professor Hertz discovered that electric waves traveled through the air like waves of light. This set experimenters to work, but the fact that the wave went straight like light waves, without curving to the earth, proved a stumbling-block to the scientists, and will doubtless prevent the use of this discovery beyond the limit of a few miles. In 1896 Marconi, a young Italian, not then twenty-six years of age, perfected an instrument by which it was possible successfully to telegraph a distance of twelve or fourteen miles without the medium of wire. The saving of the "Elbe" in March practically demonstrated the truth of Marconi's claims and the utility of the discovery.

OUR MONTHLY CHAT

NOT SO DANGEROUS AFTER ALL.

One morning last December Prof. Frank Parsons, accompanied by Mayor Chase, called at our editorial rooms. The mayor had just received a strong congratulatory letter, signed by every prominent Kansas State official, from Chief-Justice Doster down, excepting the governor, and the professor, was anxious that I should see the document and also meet the newly elected mayor. I was much pleased with Mr. Chase. His earnestness, sincerity, intelligence, disinterestedness, and patience were very refreshing. After my callers had left, a young lady who was substituting for my secretary at the time, asked, with something more than curiosity in her tone, if it was possible that that was the newly elected socialist mayor of Haverhill. I replied in the affirmative, whereupon she exclaimed:

"Why! He does not look like a dangerous character."

I asked what she meant. She replied:

"I thought socialists were rough, burly, savage, and ignorant people."

I immediately took down from a rack of photographs hanging in my office portraits of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the late William Morris, Edward Bellamy, and some other prominent socialists of our time, and asked her if any of those gentlemen looked dangerous, at the same time explaining who they were; and I continued,

"Does Prof. Parsons look like a dangerous character?"

"You do not mean to say that Prof. Parsons and these persons are socialists!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I replied. "They have all avowed their allegiance to the tenets of socialism."

"Well," she replied. "how is it that the people have such a different idea of socialists?"

"Simply because," I answered, "they take the funny papers seriously, as well as the slurring quips of irresponsible and anonymous newspaper paragraphers. They do not think for themselves, or take the trouble to find out the facts."

This young lady represented a class of wage-earners,—fortunately growing smaller all the time, but yet far too large,—who accept without question the absurd allegations of persons interested in suppressing knowledge concerning all things which are new, unconventional, and which threaten to disturb enthroned injustice. It is the duty of all to seek diligently to ascertain the exact facts concerning a person or his belief before even forming an opinion, and especially before expressing views or echoing words which may be false and unjust.

In this month's issue we present the views of Mayor Chase in a conversation on "Municipal Problems;" and, though many of our readers may not agree with all of his opinions, all will admit that he clearly and ably discusses ideas which are now challenging the attention of thinking people. Moreover, behind an intelligent conception of the subjects discussed, our readers will not fail to discern a moral sentiment, an intense passion for justice, and an ardent desire for the happiness and well-being of all the people, which are far more important than scholastic attainments.

PROFESSOR DUTTON ON THE WORK OF THE BROOKLINE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

I wish to call special attention to Prof. Dutton's admirable conversation on "The Work of the Brookline Education Society." The Coming Age is striving to further, in every way possible, educational movements which are calculated to broaden the vision

and enrich the lives of the people. The schools have their special function, but happily education to-day is by no means confined to the school-room; and such effective work as that of the Brookline Education Society not only brings parents into intimate and helpful relations with the scholars, but also contributes in a practical way to the culture and happiness of the entire community. The loan art exhibition, the organ recitals, and the public concerts given in the open square in front of the high school are illustrations of the beneficent work carried forward by the Education Society. We believe that Prof. Dutton's contribution will lead to the establishment of many similar societies in other communities, and will in this way perceptibly advance one line of progressive work which present conditions clearly demand.

DR. TODD'S PAPERS ON PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

The opening paper of the Rev. W. G. Todd's series, entitled "A Contribution to the Study of Psychical Phenomena," has awakened much interest among thinking people, and I have received several queries concerning Mr. Todd. I therefore give a few facts relating to his life and his qualifications for the work which he has in hand.

Mr. Todd was born and brought up in a Puritan home in Massachusetts. Early in life he embraced the religious views of his father, and was for many years a zealous worker in one of the most orthodox churches. Upon reaching manhood, however, after a severe mental struggle he became a Unitarian, and determined to enter the ministry of that denomination. With this end in view, he entered the Divinity School of Harvard University, and after his graduation spent a short time at the Boston Divinity School. During his college days, and subsequently, Mr. Todd made the world's great religions and philosophies subjects of exhaustive study. This investigation has been continued through life, leading him through a wide field of experience, in which he has been entirely independent as a preacher, and to preserve this independence he has alternately spent his life in business and in the ministry. For the last fifteen years he has been in the West, where,

as pastor of churches in Topeka and Wichita, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri, as superintendent of the State Institution for the Education of the Blind, and later in charge of the Literary Department of the State Library, he has lived in the midst of a political and social crisis, with a rare opportunity for studying the relations of religion to the common life of the people. It will be seen that he is in many respects admirably equipped for the discussion of the problems of psychical phenomena. (1) He possesses intimate knowledge of the claims and theories of all the world's great religions. (2) He has long been a careful philosophical student, thoroughly acquainted with modern critical scientific methods. (3) He is by nature a searcher for truth, abhorring all forms of imposture or hypocrisy and deception. These qualifications render him well fitted for the discussion which he has now essayed.

PROF. BUCHANAN ON THE NEW EDUCATION.

In 1882 Prof. Buchanan presented me with a copy of his work entitled "The New Education," then just from the press. I shall never forget the pleasure experienced in the perusal of that volume. To me it came as a luminous message which made all life appear nobler, and the practical possibilities far more exalted than I had before conceived them to be. It is not saying too much to state that I derived far more benefit from this work than from any half-score of text-books used in my school and college days. Here was a broad, brilliant, rich, and soulful plan of education, which, if introduced, could not fail to develop body, brain, and spirit. It struck at the root of the weakness of mere scholastic education in a way to carry conviction to the minds of intelligent and earnest readers, while, moreover, it was far more constructive than destructive. It appealed to all that was essentially divine in the reader's nature. It was profoundly sane, yet, besides satisfying the rationality of the reader, awakened his moral energies. It has been a source of great regret to me that this really vital work has so long been out of print.

In this number of *The Coming Age* the veteran author,—who is at once philosopher,

philanthropist, sage, and scientist,—gives our readers a suggestive paper on "The New Education." As he rightfully observes, however, it is only possible to hint at the nature of the true new or full-orbed education, which holds the saving power for civilization; and I hope shortly to be able to present a study of his new work, "The New Education," in a way that may supplement the present paper by presenting in outline the thought illustrated in the volume mentioned. Prof. Buchanan has given his long and tireless life to the cause of education, progress, freedom, and reform. His later works,—*"Primitive Christianity,"* in two large volumes, price \$2.50 each, and *"Periodicity,"* a small volume published at seventy-five cents,—though written since he passed the eightieth mile-stone, evince the same vigorous thought, deep research, and wonderful facility of expression which have marked his earlier works.

PROF. EDWARD M. WEYER ON PSYCHOLOGY.

Prof. Edward Moffat Weyer, of Yale, is particularly well fitted to write on "Present Aspects of Experimental Psychology," as he has made a special study of this subject for several years, giving it his best thought during his university course at Leipsic and since his return. From present indications it would seem evident that psychology will more and more engage the attention of thinking people during the coming years.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC IDEALS.

The Rev. R. E. Bliss presents a paper of great clearness and force in this issue, on socialism and Christianity. Probably no man in America, unless it is the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, is so well qualified to handle this subject as Mr. Bliss. His position as a leading Methodist divine, and as a firm believer in social democracy, has constantly compelled him to defend his position from the cross fire of short-sighted members of the two great bodies of thinkers who, though in a general way working for much the same end, as a rule entirely fail to see the best on the other side.

SAVONAROLA.

Our biographical study this month deals with Savonarola, the illustrious prophet, priest, and liberator. It is from the scholarly pen of the Rev. H. H. Peabody, and forms an important addition to our series of studies of the world's thought molders, which we intend to make a special feature of *The Coming Age*, as we believe that the lives of the world's truly great cannot fail to prove an inspiration to all who are striving to reach the heights.

A STUDY IN SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

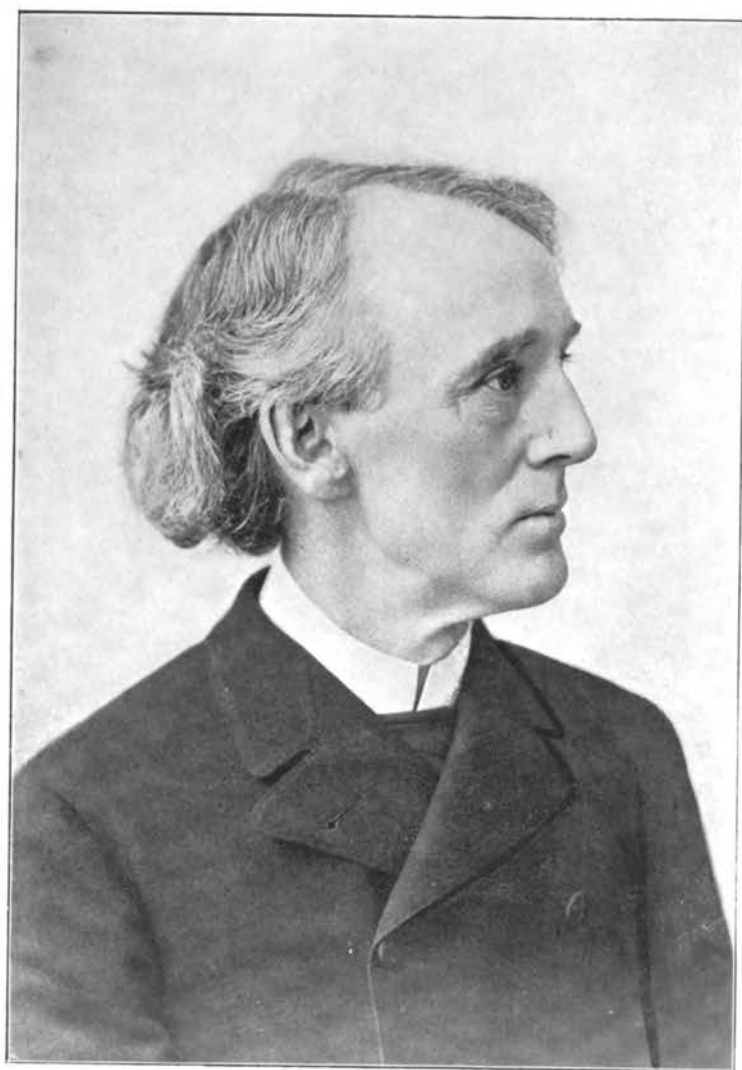
One of the most thoughtful papers in our present issue is from the brilliant pen of the Rev. Burt Estes Howard, one of the leading clergymen on the Pacific coast. Mr. Howard is a man of the new time,—broad-visioned, brave, and filled with lofty moral enthusiasm. His article is one of the most vital contributions which have appeared in recent magazine literature.

PROF. DU BUY'S CONTRIBUTION.

I trust that all readers of *The Coming Age* are carefully following Prof. Jean du Buy in his luminous exposition of the teachings of Jesus. This month the social ethics of the great Nazarene is considered. Next month our author will discuss "The Individual Ethics of Jesus," after which "The Spirit of the Father" and "The Kingdom of God" will be presented. These papers cannot fail to help every reader.

OUR "WHY I AM" SERIES.

In this issue the Rev. W. C. Bitting, D. D., pastor of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, Fifth Avenue, New York City, opens our "Why I Am" papers. Dr. Bitting is one of the ablest theological scholars in the Baptist denomination. His contribution is marked by force, clearness, sincerity, and ripe scholarship. He will be followed by the Rev. James Mudge, D. D., on "Why I Am a Methodist;" Rev. De Witt S. Clark, D. D., on "Why I Am a Congregationalist;" Rev. J. H. Garrison, editor of *The Christian Evangelist*, on "Why I Am a Disciple," and other representative clergymen. This series of papers will give our readers a clear conception of the essential beliefs of the various religious denominations.



Edward A. Hoston

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CONVERSATIONS

I.—SOME HOPEFUL SIGNS OF OUR TIMES, BY REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, A. M.

II.—THE CHARACTERISTICS AND PECULIARITIES OF THE NEGRO AND THE MOUNTAINEER OF TENNESSEE, BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

I.—SOME HOPEFUL SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

DOMINANT RELIGIOUS IDEALS OF
YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY AS
MIRRORED IN THE THOUGHT
AND LIVES OF REPRESENT-
ATIVE THINKERS.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

The Rev. Edward A. Horton, M. A., is not only one of the ablest living representatives of Unitarianism, but he stands in a real way for the broader, nobler, and truer ideals of God and religion which, during the present century, have permeated the world of orthodox thought, and which see in Deity the All-Father whose name is light and truth and love. And, in considering Dr. Horton and what he stands for, I wish to notice his life and works from the broader view-point of a representative of the new ideals in con-

trast with the old, rather than as an exponent of a special religious faith. When we remember that for many years this eminent divine was the pastor of the congregation of the Second Church of Boston, over which in an earlier day such representatives of the old theology as the Mathers exerted autocratic sway, we are forcibly reminded of the fundamental character of the religious revolution which has changed the thought of New England since colonial days; and it has occurred to me that it would be interesting and instructive to glance for a few moments at the lives and teachings of two or three of the leading spirits of the old order, by way of a preface to the life and work of Dr. Horton.

It is well for us to survey the past from time to time, as many of us are liable to imagine that our lives have fallen on evil

times,—that the church, society, government, and life itself are drifting downward rather than rising and advancing as the years roll on; and it is also well for the rising generation to know something of the nature and extent of the wonderful revolution or evolution in religious thought which has taken place since the Baptists were banished and Quakers and witches were hanged in Boston and Salem.

Among the foremost representatives of the old theology were Increase and Cotton Mather, who, as pastors of the Second Church of Boston, and as authors of popular religious works, wielded a far-reaching influence over the thought and actions of the colonists during the last half of the seventeenth and the first quarter of the eighteenth century. They were austere teachers of a gospel of gloom, narrow-visioned and dogmatic, and consequently absolutely certain that their views represented the truth, and that all who thought otherwise were emissaries of the pit, who, as enemies of God and his kingdom, were fit subjects for persecution, banishment, and death. New England, according to Cotton Mather, seemed to be the happy camping ground of Satan and his agents. Among these foes of the kingdom of righteousness, which the eminent divine cites as being much in evidence, were the devil, the Separatists, the Familists, the Antinomians, the Quakers, clerical impostors, and Indians.* The Indians were "the natural children of the devil, his worshipers and followers."† During King Philip's War the Rev. Increase Mather felt it his duty on each Sabbath morning, when addressing the mercy-seat, fervently to pray for the death of the Indian chieftain. One Sabbath, however, he inadvertently forgot to instruct Deity on this, to him, very important point, and the omission greatly troubled him until his heart was gladdened by the news that King Philip had been slain before the hour of his prayer.

The Quakers, Baptists, and witches were other brands of the pit in the eyes of the old-time religious autocrats.

Cotton Mather was in his day the most distinguished clergyman of New England. He was a man of indomitable energy, a tireless worker, an able as well as a voluminous writer who commanded the respect of thinking Europeans to a greater degree than any contemporary American; but to-day it is not through his more than three hundred works that he is chiefly known. The intellectual monument he reared lasts, it is true, but it rests in the deep shadow of the scaffolds which through his pernicious activity, fed by the spirit of the past, bore fruit many times and filled all New England with fear and horror. However much the mind may admire the ability of Cotton Mather, and though we grant him purity of motive, it is impossible for the heart to warm toward the great religious leader whose activity was so largely represented by the judicial murder of almost a score of innocent victims. Actuated by the spirit of Saul of Tarsus, and laboring under the delusion that he was doing God's will, Cotton Mather sought in effect to elevate hate and savagery to the plane of admirable virtues. The death of the innocent, and the anguish and suffering of those who could not see as he saw, rest as a pall over his memory. We are in the habit of regarding the religious bigot as devoid of imagination; but no such charge could be laid at the door of Cotton Mather, as his written reports of certain alleged facts relating to those supposed to be possessed with evil spirits fully attest. In a little work, entitled "Another Brand Plucked from the Burning," the zealous defender of the faith describes the case of little Margaret Rule, who was a member of his own household. This description has the merit of being definite if not cheerful, for in it the good doctor gravely informs us that Margaret was possessed with no less than nine evil spirits who, because she would not yield to them, would bring on paroxysms of agony, during which he alleges they would torture her by pinching, scorching, sticking pins in the flesh, and throwing her off the bed. At such times, we are gravely informed, those who witnessed this amazing spectacle were frequently almost choked by the fumes of brimstone rising in the chamber.

*See "The Wars of the Lord," seventh book of "The Magnalia," by Cotton Mather.
†"Old Colonial Days," p. 110.

With our present knowledge of psychology we can easily imagine how the minds of sensitive young people might come so powerfully under the hypnotic spell of the all-prevalent belief in witchcraft that not only cataleptic conditions might be induced, but also hallucinations corresponding to the pictures vividly drawn by men of powerful magnetism and mentality, such as Cotton Mather—men who were looked up to and revered by all the people. But when we come to that part of the doctor's story which relates to the fumes of brimstone we feel inclined to pause and question the accuracy of his senses, even if we do not join those who call in question his sincerity. On another occasion Mather gravely informs us in his works that there were three devils walking the streets of Boston with lengthened chains, making a dreadful noise, and the brimstone was making a "horrid and hellish stench." Verily, for a staid old Puritan divine, Cotton Mather was gifted with an extraordinary imagination. Times have so changed since Cotton Mather preached to the Second congregation that those who to-day enjoy the luminous story of the higher life as proclaimed from the same pulpit by the able and Christ-like Dr. Van Ness find their imagination almost staggering before the simple story of the lives, acts, and teachings of the illustrious men who filled the pulpit of this church at an earlier day. The gloomy belief which canopied the lives of the disciples of John Calvin gave a somber cast to all life. God was ever the avenging judge. Man was ever the miserable worm of the dust, whose just desert was a lake of eternal fire and brimstone. Indeed, the horrible doctrine of infant damnation was as much a part of the gospel of our fathers as less hideous tenets, and to-day he who visits the ancient burying-ground on Copp's Hill in the North End of Boston will find a large vault partitioned off, which in the good old times was reserved for infants doomed to damnation, or for those little waifs who died before they were baptized.

The Rev. Michael Wigglesworth was another eminent representative divine of this period. Indeed, judging from the

sale of his famous poem, one is almost led to believe that his popularity must have rivaled that of Cotton Mather in New England. We of to-day find it difficult to believe that the amazing poem of Dr. Wigglesworth, which sounds so like a satire on Deity and a parody on religion, could have been accepted as the true portrayal of the great event to which all trembling believers in that day looked forward with unutterable awe; and yet such was literally the case.

Michael Wigglesworth, who flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was a graduate of Harvard University. He was a clergyman of some repute, but his greatest fame rested on his popular poem, "The Day of Doom." The first edition of this work, which consisted of eighteen hundred copies, was exhausted in less than a year after its appearance,—something very unusual, as books were rare in those days and New England was sparsely settled. The first edition, however, only served to whet the appetites of our colonial fathers. Hence edition after edition was quickly sold.

Not less than nine editions of this work were sold in New England in early times. It was also twice republished in England. From a commercial point of view, it was the most remarkable success in the history of colonial literature, as it is stated that, next to the Bible and the almanac, more copies of "The Day of Doom" were sold than of any other work in colonial times. This public favor must have rested chiefly on the popularity of the thought contained, as, aside from weird poetic flashes now and then present, the literary quality of the work does not rise above mediocrity. The book was bound in sheep exactly like the binding employed for bibles and hymn-books of the period. Each page bore marginal notes, giving the passages of Scripture which suggested the scenes described. With these facts in mind let us examine some verses from the poem. In the opening lines Mr. Wigglesworth describes the judgment-day:

Before his throne a trump is blown,
Proclaiming the day of doom;
Forthwith he cries, "Ye dead, arise,
And unto the judgment come."

No sooner said, but 'tis obeyed;
 Sepulchers opened are:
 Dead bodies all rise at his call,
 And 's mighty power declare.

The saved are then judged, or rather
 their salvation is thus described:

My sheep draw near, your sentence hear,
 which is to you no dread,
 Who clearly now discern and know your
 sins are pardonèd.
 'Twas meet that ye should judgèd be, that
 so the world may spy
 No cause of grudge, when as I judge and
 deal impartially.
 Know therefore all, both great and small,
 the ground and reason why
 These men do stand at my right hand and
 look so cheerfully.
 These men be those my Father chose before
 the world's foundation,
 And to me gave, that I should save from
 death and condemnation.

The elect having thus been disposed of,
 Jesus turns to those who were not of the
 company chosen for him by God before
 "the world's foundation." After dealing
 with various classes of sinners in a man-
 ner which might well excite the envy of
 an oriental despot whose heart had long
 been steeled against all the divine emo-
 tions, Christ proceeds to judge those whose
 lives had been pure, holy, honest, and up-
 right, but whose greatness of soul had
 rendered it impossible for them to grovel
 before a God represented by his most zealous
 followers as infinitely more brutal
 and cruel than the worst man born of
 woman. The scene described is charac-
 teristic of the thought of the age, and
 when reading it one ceases to wonder that
 witches were hanged in Salem, or that
 Roger Williams was banished from the
 Massachusetts Colony; for a firm belief in
 such a God would naturally inspire per-
 secution. This is the picture as seen
 through the poetical spectacles of the
 reverend gentleman:

Then were brought nigh a company of civil,
 honest men
 That loved true dealing, and hated stealing,
 ne'er wrong'd their brethren;
 Who pleaded thus, "Thou knowest us, that
 we were blameless livers;
 No whoremongers, no murderers, no quar-
 relers nor strivers."

Jesus admits that they have been all
 they claim, but proceeds:

And yet that part, whose great desert you
 think to reach so far
 For your excuse, doth you accuse, and will
 your boasting mar.
 However fair, however square your way
 and work hath been,
 Before men's eyes, yet God espies iniquity
 therein.
 You much mistake, if for their sake you
 dream of acception:
 Whereas the same deserveth shame and
 meriteth damnation.

This picture of infinite injustice, how-
 ever, pales into insignificance before what
 follows. Dr. Wigglesworth had a case to
 make out; it was a bad case,—it outraged
 every instinct of justice and love in the
 fiber of manhood,—but he had the au-
 dacity bravely to face the issue, and,
 though we cannot praise his logic, we are
 forced to admire his courage. This is the
 fate he describes awaiting millions of little
 buds of humanity who passed from life
 in infancy:

Then to the bar they all drew near who
 dy'd in infancy,
 And never had or good or bad effected
 pers'nally.
 But from the womb unto the tomb were
 straightway carried,
 Or at the least e'er they transgressed, who
 thus began to plead:
 "If for our own transgression, or disobe-
 dience,
 We here did stand at thy left hand, just
 were the recompense;
 But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt, his
 fault is charg'd on us;
 And that alone hath overthrown, and utter-
 ly undone us.
 Not we, but he ate of the tree, whose fruit
 was interdicted:
 Yet on us all of his sad fall, the punish-
 ment's inflicted.
 How could we sin that had not been, or how
 is his sin our
 Without consent, which to prevent, we never
 had a pow'r?
 O great Creator, why was our nature de-
 praved and forlorn?
 Why so defil'd, and made so vil'd whilst we
 were yet unborn?
 Behold we see Adam set free, and sav'd
 from his trespass,
 Whose sinful fall hath spilt us all, and
 brought us to this pass.
 Canst thou deny us once to try, or grace to
 us to tender,
 When he finds grace before thy face, that
 was the chief offender?"

Jesus is then represented as replying in the following language:

"What you call old Adam's fall, and only his trespass,
You call amiss to call it his, both his and yours it was.
He was design'd of all mankind, to be a publick head,
A common root, whence all should shoot, and stood in all their stead.
He stood and fell, did ill or well, not for himself alone,
But for you all, who now his fall, and trespass would disown.
If he had stood, then all his brood had been establish'd
In God's true love never to move, nor once awry to tread:
Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd through Adam so much good,
As had been your forevermore, if he at first had stood?
Since then to share in his welfare you would have been content,
You may with reason share in his treason, and in the punishment.
You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect,
Such you shall have; for I do save none but my own *elect*.
Yet to compare your sin with their who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less, though every sin's a crime.
A crime it is, therefore in bliss you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow *the easiest room in hell*."
The glorious king thus answering, they cease, and plead no longer:
Their consciences must needs confess his reasons are the stronger.

Having disposed of the sheep and the goats, the worthy divine next lingers on the field of victory and despair much as a bee lingers over the honey cup of a fragrant flower. While his observations were intended to illustrate the majesty and vengeance of offended Deity, they cannot be considered complimentary to either the head or heart of Jesus.

Now what remains, but that to pains and everlasting smart,
Christ should condemn the sons of men, which is their just desert;
Oh, rueful plights of sinful wights! oh, wretches all forlorn:
'T had happy been they ne'er had seen the sun, or not been born.
Yea, now it would be good they could themselves annihilate,
And cease to be, themselves to free from such a fearful state.

O happy dogs, and swine and frogs: yea, serpent's generation,
Who do not fear this doom to hear, and sentence of damnation!
Where tender love men's hearts did move unto a sympathy,
And bearing part of others' smart in their anxiety;
Now such compassion is out of fashion, and wholly laid aside:
No friends so near, but saints to hear their sentence can abide,
The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she shed a tear
For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she his doom doth hear.
He that was erst a husband pierc'd with sense of wife's distress,
Whose tender heart did bear a part of all her grievances,
Shall mourn no more as heretofore because of her ill plight;
Although he see her now to be a damn'd forsaken wight.
The tender mother will own no other of all her numerous brood,
But such as stand at Christ's right hand acquitted through his blood.
The pious father had now much rather his graceless son should lie
In hell with devils, for all his evils, burning eternally,
Than God most high should injury, by sparing him sustain;
And doth rejoice to hear Christ's voice adjudging him to pain.
Who having all both great and small, convinc'd and silenc'd,
Did then proceed their doom to read, and thus it utter'd.
Ye sinful wights, and cursed sprites, that work iniquity,
Depart together from me forever to endless misery;
Your portion take in yonder lake, where fire and brimstone flameth:
Suffer the smart, which your desert as its due wages claimeth.
What? to be sent to punishment, and flames of burning fire,
To be surrounded, and eke confounded with God's revengeful ire!
What? to abide, not for a tide these torments, but forever:
To be released, or to be eased, not after years, but never.
Oh, fearful doom! now there's no room for hope or help at all:
Sentence is past which aye shall last, Christ will not it recall.
There might you hear them rend and tear the air with their outcries:
The hideous noise of their sad voice ascendeth to the skies.
They wring their hands, their caltiff hands, and gnash their teeth for terrour;
They cry, they roar for anguish sore, and gnaw their tongues for horreur.

But get away without delay, Christ pities
 not your cry:
 Depart to hell, there may you yell, and roar
 eternally.
 Dy fain they would, if dy they could, but
 death will not be had.
 God's dreiful wrath their bodies hath for
 ev'r immortal made.
 But who can tell the 'plagues of hell,
 The lightest pain they there sustain more
 than intolerable.
 But God's great pow'r from hour to hour up-
 holds them in the fire,
 That they shall not consume a jot, nor by its
 force expire.

Can the imagination of enlightened man in this day conceive anything more ferociously barbarous and inhuman or unjust than this picture of the judgment, and yet the phenomenal success of this poem is a most eloquent commentary on the attitude of religious thought in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century.

Turning from these glimpses of the men of thought whose religious ideals ruled New England in colonial times, let us notice for a few moments the life of Dr. Horton, who, for twelve years prior to 1892, when failing health compelled him to resign his charge, occupied the pulpit so long and satisfactorily filled by the Mathers. Dr. Horton is an admirable representative of the religious revolution led by Dr. Channing, and which numbered among its adherents such eminent personages as the poets Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, and Holmes; the historians Prescott, Motley, and Bancroft; Justices Marshall, Story, Campbell, and Miller of the Supreme Court; such eminent women as Dorothea Dix, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth P. Peabody, Lucretia Mott, and Florence Nightingale; such statesmen, educators, philosophers, or men of letters as Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, Senator George F. Hoar, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George William Curtis, President Elliot, of Harvard, Professor Agassiz, John Fiske, Horace Mann, and scores of other thinkers no less eminent, including many of the greatest clergymen of our century, among whom may be mentioned Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, Minot J. Savage, Robert Collyer, Stopford A. Brooke, Brooke Hereford, Francis G. Peabody, James T.

Bixby, Thomas Van Ness, and Charles G. Ames.

The Unitarian movement meant far more than the theological tenets which it expressed, and over which such fierce war was waged. It was a plea for a broader and freer life, a nobler conception of religion, and a loftier ideal of God than that which at that time prevailed throughout Christendom. Had this not been true, it is hardly probable that it would have proved irresistibly attractive to so many of the noblest and deepest thinkers of New England and elsewhere. In a brief and able exposition of Unitarianism, Dr. Horton observes:

The Unitarian movement had, in its inception, the appearance of a protest, a revolt against Calvinism. It argued the unity of God against the Trinity, the spirit of the Bible against the letter, love against fear. The controversies and divisions seemed to be purely theological. But that was only secondary. The doctrinal battle was but a part of the unrolling campaign. We see now that there were, in 1815 and 1820, a large number of Christians in the churches of New England who found their lives unfed by the prevalent teaching and spirit. Certain doctrines then heard every Sunday were hostile to their reason, to their instincts, to the surrounding civil institutions. The spirit of religion was not encouraging to that large, loving, fraternal life, which, as disciples of Christ, they had a desire to realize. . . . All our teaching and preaching of belief has been to provide space for growth, incentives to action; freedom, not simply to think, but to think for humanity's welfare; not solely to have truth, but to use it for the glory of God and the good of man. Whether right or wrong, the fathers believed that they could not get life, and that more abundantly, from a system of doctrine constructed after the pattern of Calvinism; so they rose and attempted to "go forward" by a better way. We have never had a platform, or a formulated policy, or a denominational creed. From the start, down to our day, the union has been one of independent societies facing the same way, and working under the guidance of these three principles: 1. The love of truth. 2. Enthusiasm for humanity. 3. The spirit of Christ. . . . Unitarianism did not set out primarily to create a church. It had one—the congregational polity,—and it kept possession of the majority of the meeting-houses in this vicinity at the time of the exciting divisions. Historically, we are the liberal branch of the old Congregational body which founded the colonies. Spiritually, we go back to the apostolic days when

churches were formed among the early disciples with freedom and independence, and simple tests of membership. Unitarianism did not set out to produce an elaborate and final theology; its efforts in this direction were to simplify, to return; to trace again the lost lineaments of Jesus,—to affirm the Fatherhood and brotherhood; above all, to ring that text from shore to shore, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Its yearning was for unity of belief in the essentials of faith, and unity of action in the building of God's kingdom on earth.

It was a positive aim,—one that took no delight in needless attack or ruthless demolition. In brief, Unitarianism was an advance in theology and in practical religion. It aimed to stand for reason in religion and the rights of the intellect; but it waged a stronger contest for good works, for philanthropy, for character as God's test, for a life based on the two great commandments of love to God and love to man. In the glowing language of Dr. Bellows, "It affirmed the brotherhood of men, of races, of humanity; it called men to repentance and newness of life by a grander unfolding of the divine gift of life, of the wonders and glories that surround us in the natural world; it displayed the gracious opportunities of glorifying God in the love and service of our day and generation. It spoke for the poor, the wronged, the ignorant, and unfortunate. It sought to arouse the human soul to a sense of its latent capacity, to haunt it with the thoughts of God, to make its immortality a thing felt and known by the thrill of its aspirations. *To light by light; to God by godly ways; with Christ in Christ's spirit; and righteousness earned, not borrowed,—earned by genuine service of God in the interest of humanity.*"

Again he says:

We do not antagonize our fellow-Christians in their good works; we join them, led on by the worship and faith and influence of our own views. Take them away, and you break important mainsprings. The only way is to make our religion more vital, to display more loyalty, a greater missionary zeal, to live and act as those who have enthusiasm and consecration.*

I have cited these expressions of Dr. Horton to illustrate the fact that, aside from the special or distinctive tenets of Unitarianism, the movement that finally crystallized itself into a denomination was characterized by a broad, searching spirit, a passion for truth, and an all-comprehending love; and it has ever been the

glory of Unitarianism that it has, more than other religious bodies, sought the elevation of humanity rather than denominational prestige. A leading slum worker in the Baptist Church some years ago remarked to me that no class of people gave more freely or liberally to his work among society's exiles than the Unitarians. This same clergyman mentioned as a remarkable fact that one of the greatest charitable institutions of Boston was supported by Unitarians, but the superintendent was an avowed Trinitarian. I remember a few years ago hearing Dr. Horton make his annual report for the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston, of which he is secretary, and in this he pointed out the fact that much money had been given to another denomination for work in reclaiming drunkards and unfortunates, because the workers in a certain chapel had proved particularly effective in accomplishing the work, and though they were Trinitarians, the support rendered had been gladly given, as it was felt that they were accomplishing more than untried workers in that field could reasonably expect to accomplish. I mention these facts because they illustrate in a true way the breadth of spirit which has been one of the glories of Unitarianism, and also because it reveals a characteristic of Dr. Horton.

His ministry, which began after he graduated from the Meadville Theological School in 1868, has been conspicuously marked by a passionate endeavor to help develop character, and to elevate and advance the interests of individuals, irrespective of creed or faith. His labors in different parishes have been crowned with success. He attracted young and old, and held them, not merely by his eloquence and ability, though he is one of the most able and eloquent clergymen in the East, but as a pastor who never wearied in ministering to his parishioners, ever ready to give them sympathy, wise counsel, and advice, he came to be universally loved. In 1880 he accepted a call to the pulpit of the Second Church, and during the succeeding twelve years the congregation grew in every way, a debt of forty-five thousand dollars was paid, and the church became one of the most active and pros-

*"Unitarianism," by Rev. E. A. Horton. American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

perous in the denomination. When his health failed and he was compelled to resign, it was felt that no other minister could acceptably fill the place of this pastor who had grown into the lives of his flock. Happily the congregation had the good fortune to secure the ministration of the Rev. Thomas Van Ness, one of the noblest preachers who adorn the pulpits of our times.

After giving up his charge Dr. Horton accepted the presidency of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society and secretaryship of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches of Boston. The duties involved in this work are very exacting, and are performed with the conscientious, painstaking care which has marked all his labors. Dr. Horton is a man of fine sensibility and refinement of feeling. In him reason and emotion are nicely balanced; he is a clear thinker with a loving heart; a man who throws into his work that degree of enthusiasm that makes success inevitable, though it frequently carries the worker beyond his strength. He has contributed several luminous addresses and essays to the liberal literature of our time. He is the author of a valuable book entitled "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," and his brochures on Emerson and Garfield have been greatly admired. In his personal relations he is genial, cheerful, open-hearted, and magnetic, and is an admirable exponent of a religion of sunshine, a gospel of love.

SOME HOPEFUL SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

CONVERSATION WITH REV. E. A. HORTON.

Q. In your work you necessarily come in touch, not only with the religious organizations over which you preside, but also with all of those humanizing influences which are in evidence at the present time, and which distinguish our age from all preceding periods. Hence, I should be glad if you would tell us something about the hopeful signs of the present time: and, first, what of the religious outlook? Do you think there is more practical Christianity to-day than at any other period?

A. I am very glad to talk with you about the hopeful side of our present civilization. This is quite in place for such a magazine as *The Coming Age*, which ought to give courage and intelligent outlook for the next century. The easiest task for students of society at the present time is to analyze and point out the discouraging elements. The broader and higher view is the only true one, whereby the working together of the unfolding and retarding influences is clearly seen. I do not say that everything is so distinctly outlined that there are no qualifications to be made; I do say, however, with great positiveness, that the general evolution of human life is toward wiser and better conditions. There are many indications, flushing the sky of our own republic, that give us at least a day-break hope of nobler things to come. I can well believe that an individual absorbed in the battle of life, and beaten on by the forces of selfish competition, finds it difficult to take an optimistic view of things. But that is often because he sees only one part. His experience is not an adequate interpretation of the drift and meaning of the whole.

In answer to your first question as to the greater sway of practical Christianity in the world at the present time, I confidently say that there is much more of applied religion, individual and collectively, than at any time before in the history of the world. The priest is less useful to mankind, and the minister is welcomed. While in certain directions ritualism finds great favor, this is an exceptional phase. The mass of the people, whether educated or unlettered, is steadily pushing for the embodiment of doctrines in character and laws.

This fact, which promises so much of good in the twentieth century, is created by an historical development with which we are simply co-operating. Use our terms as we may, there is a divine guidance in history, as a careful review of the past centuries proves. It was Mazzini who said, "Every political question is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious question." This is the natural outcome of the idea of the brotherhood of man. It could have

been foreseen by a prophet centuries ago as sure to come to pass, if the chief truths of the great teacher in Judea were ever to become dominant. The progressive part of mankind has accepted Christianity in one form or another, and Christianity is the proclamation of a brotherhood. It is called the kingdom of God; it is designated as righteousness and the fulfillment of justice. Behind all these phrases we see the great truth that whatever is done for one must tend to the welfare of all. Lyman Abbott has said the same thing in declaring that "all our national problems are problems of human brotherhood."

The word "humanity" has taken on a new significance. Instead of pouring scorn and condemnation on the inherent nature of man, the new gospels of psychology and theology unite in affirming the dignity and perfectibility of human nature. Such doctrines at first seem very remote, but through the faithful rendering of devoted souls—reformers, educators, preachers—these grand truths are becoming household words, and act as everyday influences on human thought and action. No progressive pulpit of any denomination has escaped the emancipating influence of these great principles.

What is called "humanitarian" is really the spirit of Jesus brought to bear on modern conditions. Sometimes wisely and sometimes imperfectly, but still the main motive is the same sublime one of making humanity over into a likeness of its ideal self. I have always been anxious to do justice to all denominations in the matter of practical Christianity. I feel that a great many churches of the old, hard type of belief have always wrought a noble work among the vicious, the poor, and the unfortunate. This can easily be proved by statistics. While dissenting most emphatically from the dogmas which these churches put forth, we can still do justice to the missionary spirit and the shining records of self-sacrifice which representatives from these churches, ministerial and of the laity, have shown to the world. But what you mean by your question I readily understand. There is less waste of religious power in the channels of dogmas and creeds. There is more recognition of the merits of good deeds

and character. There is less of that extravagant statement that nothing is acceptable in the sight of the Lord but some declaration of intellectual belief. The twentieth century will emphasize with increasing force the teachings of Jesus wherein he praised those who gave the cup of cold water, clothed the naked, and helped to make distressed humanity possess itself in love and righteousness.

Q. What can you say of the revolution which has gone silently on during the past century in regard to religious thought, by which there has been so marked a rise in the spiritual and a lowering of the doctrinal emphasis?

A. I should say in answer to your second question that various causes have combined to give a more spiritual character to religion in our country. I cannot trace this agreeable change to any one source. Doctrinal sharpness and invective have been greatly modified, as you suggest. There is still a great deal to be accomplished in this direction before we can feel sure of holding what has been gained. Any revulsion might throw us back for a long time. When the intellect becomes keen and aggressive, it goes forth to conquer and tramples on a great deal that is precious in the life of man. The realm of sentiments in human nature is, to my mind, the choicest and the finest. There is an originality there which belongs to every human being whether his intellect is largely endowed or is moderately equipped.

A spiritual religion is created by noble sentiments, not by hard and fast logic. Strange to say, New England, with all its austerity, has been the chief source of the modified influences of which we are now speaking. The reaction from the doctrinal bigotry of the Puritans came quite naturally. It has found its highest expression in Ralph Waldo Emerson. Clustered round him were many choice spirits who assisted in the transcendental movement. Transcendentalism in New England sent forth many streams through literature, statesmanship, preaching, and reforms. People in ordinary language do not often use the word "mysticism." Nevertheless they are often mystics without knowing it. This increase of

spirituality in religion is owing greatly to the element of mysticism. The Quakers have had a great deal to do with this alteration. But there is a more general source to which we can turn for an explanation.

No one part of our national life exists for itself. In other words, the spirit of freedom and individualism which is at the basis of a republic naturally finds its expression in religion. It cannot be avoided. You will see this even in such an ancient ecclesiastical body as Roman Catholicism. The average Roman Catholic of America is not like the Roman Catholic of Europe. So with regard to the spiritualizing of religion; take it away from sharp doctrinal narrowness, broadening and carrying the whole standard up, and we can greatly trace this improvement to the inborn feeling of personal privilege and responsibility belonging to every citizen of the United States. He affirms his right to deal with his Maker as a child of God. He relies on those native ties with his Creator which education and experience only confirm. This is what I mean by spirituality in religion, though it may not be exactly what you have in mind. It is a declaration of natural religion, finding its joy and usefulness not in creeds and forms, but in the offering of a daily life of service, together with lofty aspirations which concern the whole human race. No one church in this view is capable of expressing the whole of this spiritual religion. No Westminster Catechism or thirty-nine articles, or nine hundred and ninety-nine articles, can ever be framed large enough to define this kind of religion. It has a sky full of stars of hope, and plants its feet on the solid earth of well-doing. It recognizes the great currents of emotion, penitence, hope, suffering, victory, which make the zones of this vast sphere of religious thought and action. There is no loss of reality in all this, but a great gain of permanent faith. Paul's utterance should have been studied better by theologians long ere this. He said that many things will pass away,—knowledge, acuteness, the sharply defined pride of our ordinary achievements,—but there will abide faith, hope, and love. It has taken many centuries to get the gold out of this passage, but we are now coin-

ing it into a currency of religion, pure and undefiled.

Q. In what particulars do you see manifested most markedly in your work the rise and progress of the divine ideal of brotherhood? (Give a characterization of our great institutions for society's unfortunates,—our hospitals, our homes for inebriates, discharged prisoners, out-of-works, etc. It might be well also to call attention to the marvelous change which has gone on in the treatment of the insane since Dorothea Dix went forth to battle for a nobler humanity.)

A. You call attention in your third question to some particulars proving the rise and progress of the divine idea of brotherhood. It would be a long list if one undertook to mention the various institutions representing the help to suffering mankind. If any one doubts what I have stated about the prevalent reign of certain progressive truths, let him visit some of the dark places of great cities. He will find lights shining there which have been placed by the large-hearted and generous. There is scarcely a threshold in the so-called slums of cities which is not crossed by some friendly visitor. There is scarcely a home, however degraded, where the children are not known to Christian women, whose constant efforts are to bring those young people under proper influences. Even our public-school teachers take deep interest in the homes and lives of the poorest scholars. This I regard as one of the most encouraging signs of a better social condition. The personal participation of the rich and the strong in the daily concerns of the poor and down-trodden is the best guarantee of progress. These affiliations are often found to exist among the young people of both classes. And here you have the beginning of an education which the wealthy often lose. Many children of well-to-do households are brought up in isolation and ignorance. They know a great deal about text-books and certain social circles, but they are grossly ignorant of how a large part of humanity lives. This ignorance works injury for themselves, and so the coming together of the different members of society is a mutual benefit. I have seen this over and over

again at the North End district in Boston and other parts of the city. I claim that the missionary benefit is sometimes as great for the cultured and wealthy who share in this work as for the poor and suffering individuals whom they visit.

But if one wishes to take this in a large way, what an array of benevolent institutions gem our land! There are homes for inebriates, outcasts, incurables, aged couples, discharged prisoners. There are hospitals, public and private, without number. There are insane asylums of the most commodious modern type, perpetuating the beautiful memory of Dorothea Dix. There are industrial schools, with almost no cost, meeting the wants of the very poor that they may obtain a living. There are harbors of refuge for men out of work, and employment bureaus to assist in procuring positions. Still, to recur to my first thought, the glory of it all is that there is an individual interest through this institutional business. I know one wealthy man in Boston who is a loyal supporter of all these institutions, and yet he is an institution in himself. He gives his Sundays to the prisons, takes singers with him, makes addresses, gives aid, and cares for even the worst criminals brought into our courts. This he does not in any conflict with law and justice, for the judges are his best friends. But his position is that it would be what Jesus would want done were he here on earth, as he often says. If a murderer is proved guilty after due course of law, and is to be hanged, this philanthropist will see that the body is properly buried, and that any relatives who may survive have some kind of attention. By his sympathetic, manly treatment of the wicked this benefactor has won the confidence of many a criminal and fostered the slumbering germs of a nobler life.

Contrast such an example as this with the annals of the past. I do not deny that here and there we may find a Saint Francis de Assisi and others, men and women, who shine out against the selfish, brutal darkness of the years gone by. But that spirit is now spreading among the people. What was rare will be common. What we want to guard against is the danger of constructing machine philan-

thropy and then resting satisfied. I see hopeful signs that the personal interest is more and more growing. No man should say he is too busy to examine into some of the problems of modern life. He should not leave the solution to his minister or to experts of any kind. Let him come in contact with some actual cases, and behold the wonderful blessings which our modern institutions of good-will and helpfulness actually embody.

Q. Does not the presence of these multitudinous institutions for the weak and unfortunate of society indicate a positive rise in the ideals of civilization, and does it not suggest much grander things for our coming century? In a word, will you give us a characterization of the century which is closing and a prophecy of what we may expect for the century which is almost dawning?

A. Yes, as effects from causes, I think these myriad institutions for the protection and help of society show that there has been a great progress during this century. No better contrast could be shown between the old and the new than the habits of the Latin races and the ideals of our Saxon people. The little town of Santiago in Cuba would have gone on under Spanish rule with its pestilential gutters and death-breeding sanitary conditions. The first new feature of our administration was the physical redemption of that community. It has been accomplished, so we are told, and now will follow the introduction of better educational methods and a higher civic prosperity. This is only an extemporaneous illustration of mine, but the whole survey of this last decade of the nineteenth century shows that there is a consistent relation of part with part in this ideal of ours. We believe that mind and body, environment and soul, religion and morals, home and state should all be cared for with due earnestness and intelligence. "We are all members of one body" is a tremendous truth, far more inclusive than the ordinary mind imagines.

I should say that the nineteenth century has been providing a splendid body for a noble soul. Science, literature, and art, industrial progress, political economy, these and many kindred forces have been

leading on and up. Meanwhile the ideal of the human brotherhood, and of the developed individual, draws and compels to still greater heights.

Wonderful doings have occurred in this closing decade. Think what we may of the motives behind the czar's rescript concerning disarmament, it is an astonishing production, more than all, a very significant one. The drawing together of certain nations and the constant agitation from high sources for arbitration, peace, and the "organization of the world," these give us strong hopes. Certain principles will be more widely accepted. In general and in humanitarian movements I think these rules will be followed. It will be granted that the bringing of the brotherhood and the nearer attainment to the perfect man will be achieved not by one method, but by many methods. Humanity is too diversified, and has its individual points of approach. The old way was a hard, rigid application of one rule by which all were to be helped or saved. The modern idea is individual and diversified. One goal, but many approaches.

And the second law for mankind will be not construction, but growth. The old way in reform and religion was to follow the habits of the carpenter and build something. Once finished, all were satisfied. Our modern notions are clus-

tered around the principles of growth, of evolution. We want to cultivate this type, which has infinite progress in its possibilities.

And the third law to be followed for the benefit of mankind will be recognition of the fact that we are stewards and not owners. What we have is in trust. Our talents, gifts, means are to be handled for the benefit of humanity. He who loses his petty personal advantage will gain the whole world of fraternity and true power. Threadbare as these rules may seem to the student of history and religion, they are yet to be recognized and obeyed by the world at large. In this great growing country of ours may they find their highest illustration in the coming century! I am not a careless optimist. I do not sing a psalm about "eternal goodness," and then sit down to see it worked out. I am well aware that upon every one, however humble, falls a great responsibility; but I do as earnestly believe that the light of a nobler time is dawning, and that the capacity of mankind for lofty ideals is enlarging. That fact is enough to establish our faith. While the people of this land are responsive to glorious ideals, they will never fail to make progress toward that goal which is the central teaching of Christianity and the dream of man in all ages.

II.—CHARACTERISTICS AND PECULIARITIES OF THE NEGRO AND THE MOUNTAIN- EER OF TENNESSEE

MISS DROMGOOLE AND HER WORK.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH.

Persons manifesting marked versatility, and those exhibiting strange contrasts almost amounting to contradictions in character, present a most interesting study to psychologists. It would seem that these phenomena are chiefly due to one of two causes, (1) either some dominant influence, idea, or conviction enters life and changes its whole course, often transform-

ing the very nature, and at other times changing all the dreams, ideals, and purposes, or (2) through the subtle law of heredity widely different traits are transmitted from different ancestors whose most prominent characteristics have been radically unlike.

Joan of Arc, Catherine of Sienna, and Wendell Phillips present typical illustrations of the transformation of life through the agency of outside influences. Thus, with the Maid of Orleans and the Italian enthusiast we see the effect of super-

normal phenomena dominating the mind so powerfully as to change not only the lives of the subjects, but their very natures, to such a degree that from negative, timid children they developed into leaders who positively influenced the thought of their time, and in one instance at least changed the current of history. Joan of Arc shrank from all strangers, and even among her most intimate friends she was ever diffident until after the strange visions and voices came into her life, but these so reversed the natural bent as to enable her to become the invincible leader of victorious armies, a warlike maiden who saved her nation and crowned her king. In the case of Catherine of Sienna much the same phenomenon is presented. I imagine that even the pope himself could not have convinced that wonderful little girl that Jesus did not appear to her and direct her; and after the life-transforming visions came to the timid girl Catherine became one of the strongest and sweetest personalities in the history of Italy. She made peace between warring factions in the church, and even between pope and secular rulers. She was almost the only soul in Italy for whom the plague had no terrors, and when the news reached her that the people were flying from plague-stricken cities, leaving the victims to die alone, she hastened to the succor of the unfortunates, and compelled the frightened priests, by the force of her word and action, to return and accompany her in her ministrations of love.

In the case of Wendell Phillips we see the influence of a great vital truth on a sensitive nature when thrust home in such a way as to take instant possession of the mind. Mr. Phillips was the petted son of conservative Boston at the time when William Lloyd Garrison was the despised iconoclast upon whose head the vials of conservative wrath were emptied. A brilliant future seemed to be opening before the young lawyer; and yet from the hour he beheld the well-dressed mob dragging the editor of *The Liberator* up School street his whole view-point changed. Henceforth his life was consecrated to freedom, justice, and humanity. Wealth, fame, and glory,—these things

which a day before meant so much no longer weighed in the balance against the noble virtues which claimed his service. A moral idea had entered and dominated his soul, changing the current of life. These cases are all typical of influences from without, which take possession of the brains of certain individuals in crucial periods of life, and change the whole course of their future.

Scarcely less interesting are the hidden springs of being which have their sources in dominant characteristics of ancestors. I have usually found that writers of marked versatility and persons whose natures abound in contrasts have among their immediate ancestors representatives of different nationalities, and that these perplexing contrasts are well-defined peculiarities of their ancestors, or at least of the peoples from whom they come. Thus, we see in the life and writings of Robert Browning characteristics which would seem inexplicable if on both sides his ancestors had been stolid London clerks; but when we remember that his mother was half German and half Scotch we well understand much in his character, habits of thought, and his views which would otherwise be perplexing.

In the life and writings of Miss Dromgoole we have another excellent illustration of the same character. Her great-grandfather emigrated from Sligo, Ireland, and settled in Virginia. Her maternal grandfather was of Danish descent. Her great-grandmothers were French and English. Thus she represents the commingling of four great peoples, each presenting marked characteristics and peculiarities. It is not strange, therefore, that we find in her nature as well as her writings strong contrasts and great versatility.

She is inclined to be profoundly melancholy; she loves with something almost amounting to passion the forests, the mountains, the swift-rushing rivers, and the great sobbing ocean. There is in her that unrest, that searching spirit, that ever-present interrogation point in the mind, which in an earlier day drove the vessels of the Vikings across the ice-strewn northern seas to the shores of the new world. In her writings also we see this

same searching and questioning spirit. It forms the key-note of several of her sketches, and runs through every chapter in "The Valley Path." And, linked with the unrest, there is at times that deep melancholy, that almost tragic atmosphere which marks so strongly the writings of Henrik Ibsen, although lacking in the rugged strength and the pitiless realism of the great Norwegian. On the other hand, persons only acquainted with Miss Dromgoole's lighter work, or those whose knowledge of her is limited to a meeting at a reception or hearing her read from her inimitable negro sketches, would fail to recognize the truth of the above criticism; for in society, before the public, and in her lighter work we find the brightness and gayety of the French, and the keen humor of the Irish, tempered, it is true, by the presence of an intensely human quality which adds much to the attractiveness of her writings. In her character we find a sturdiness of spirit and loyalty to the highest convictions of right, pluck and determination in the face of overmastering obstacles, and the faithfulness to friends which we love to believe is nowhere more conspicuous than among that great composite people we call the Anglo-Saxon. Perhaps it would be interesting to notice somewhat at length the strong contrasts in the writings of Miss Dromgoole which emphasize the different racial or national characteristics of which we have been writing.

Only a few weeks ago a fine French scholar, who is a well-known contributor to leading magazines and a prominent educator, borrowed "The Heart of Old Hickory" and "Cinch." On returning them he said: "I know of no English short story writer whose work is characterized by such variety as Miss Dromgoole's. Usually," he continued, "there is a sameness in a book of short stories which is very unsatisfactory, and after I have read two or three stories in such works, I generally know what the rest will be like; but with this gifted lady it is quite the reverse,—so much so that one might almost imagine the work to be by several writers. The stories have been a constant surprise to me. The French are more versatile than the English, but I know of

no French short story writer who has displayed such great versatility."

This criticism is eminently just. Rarely do we find an author who succeeds as has this little lady from eastern Tennessee in changing the atmosphere of the various stories to meet the different phases of life depicted. This fact will be appreciated by any one who compares the sketches in either of her books of short stories, or who contrasts them with "The Valley Path," "Rare Old Chums," and "Hero Chums."

In the little story entitled "The Heart of the Woods"* we have given with rare delicacy one of those supreme tragedies of life in which, before realizing her peril, a young and unloved wife has drifted into the rapids of a most dangerous stream. She has allowed herself to fall under the fascination of a man who is not her husband. At length she comes to herself enough to know that she is on the brink of the precipice, and mustering all the moral courage she possesses she determines to break the unholy spell. The man, gun in hand, is passing the cottage; she goes with him down the woodland path until she has called up resolution sufficient to announce her determination; and here, while in "the heart of the woods" pleading with her lover for her honor, and while imploring him to leave her forever, the gun he carries is accidentally fired and the wife is killed. Her death, instead of causing the weak and intemperate lover to go from bad to worse, arouses the sleeping good in his nature. He becomes changed; the spirit of the loved and lost one seems to be with him.

There were days and weeks when the very mention of the place would tear his soul. Then the old craving returned. Drink; he could forget, drown it all if only he could return to the old way of forgetting. But something held him back. What was it? God? No, no. God did not care for such as he, he told himself. He was alone; alone forever now. One night there was a storm, the cedars were lashed and broken, and the windows rattled with the fury of the wind. The rain beat against the roof in torrents. The night was wild, as he was. Oh, he too could tear, and howl, and shriek,—tear up the very earth, he thought, if only he let his demon loose.

*"The Heart of Old Hickory."

He arose and threw on his clothes. He wanted whiskey; he was tired of the struggle, the madness, the despair. A mile beyond there was a still, an illicit concern worked only at night. He meant to find it. His brain was giving way, indeed,—had already given way, he thought, as he listened to the wind calling him, the storm luring him to destruction. The very lightning beckoned him to "come and be healed." Healed? Aye, he knew what it was that healed the agonies of mind that physics could not reach. He knew; he knew. He had been a fool to think he would forego this healing. He laughed as he tore open the door and stepped out into the night. The cool rain struck upon his burning brow as he plunged forward into the arms of the darkness. He had gone but two steps when the fever that had mounted to his brain began to cool. And the wind,—he paused. Was it speaking to him, that wild, midnight wind?

There was a shimmery glister of lightning among the shadowy growth. Was it a figure, the form of a woman beckoning him, guiding him? He turned away from the midnight still, and followed that shimmery light, straight to the little graveyard in the woods, and fell across the little new mound there, and sobbed like a child that has rebelled and yielded. A presence breathed among the shadows,—a presence that crept to his bosom when he opened his arms, his face still pressed against the soft, new sod. A strange, sweet peace came to him, such as he had never felt before, filling him with restful, chastened, and exquisite sadness. The storm passed by after a while, and the rain fell softly, as the dew falls on flowers. And he arose and went home, with the chastened peace upon him, and the old passionate pain gone forever.

But as the summers drifted by, year after year, he returned. He became a familiar comer to the humble mountain folk, where summer twilight times they saw him leaning on the parson's little gate, conversing with the old man of the "Promised Land" toward which, as "brethren," they were traveling. Sometimes they talked of the blessed dead,—the dear, dear dead, who are permitted to return to give help to their loved ones.

Aye, he believes it, knows it, for the old temptation assails him no more forever. That is enough to know.

And in the heart of the woods in the dewy twilight, or at the solemn midnight, she comes to meet him, unseen but felt, and walks with him again along the way from Dan to Beersheba. He holds his communion with her there, and is satisfied and strengthened.

God knows, God knows if it be true, she meets him there. But life is no longer

agony and struggle with him. And often when he starts upon his lonely walks, he hears the wind pass through the ragged cedars with a low, tremulous sighing and bends his ear to listen. "In the heart of the woods, O Love, O Love."

And he understands at last how to those passed on is vouchsafed a power denied the human helper, and that she who would have been his guide and comforter now gave him better guardianship—a watchful and holy spirit.

Meanwhile the dead rest well.

Now from this let us turn to one of our author's sketches dealing with negro life. I know of no southern writer who is so true in the portrayal of the life and characteristics of the unlearned colored people of the South as Miss Dromgoole. She usually works more or less philosophy into her negro sketches, but this is done so artlessly that the lovers of "art for art's sake" cannot take offense.

A short story called "De Sins ob de White Man," though lacking somewhat in the lightness and humor which are marked characteristics of most of her negro stories, affords an excellent illustration of her treatment of the dialect, while giving a faithful portrayal of a phase of life rapidly disappearing. In this sketch a young mulatto appears in a negro settlement in the mountain country of East Tennessee. He is from the North, has been educated, wears store clothes, and the mountain negroes look upon him with some suspicion. His white shirt and flashy neck-tie are the objects of much uncomplimentary gossip; but one old negro, Aunt Siny, takes kindly to the youth. He stops with her while engaged in unfolding his mission, which is to open a school in the church, where he proposes to teach the children free of charge until such time as he is able to secure part of the county funds. He does not anticipate any opposition to so reasonable a plan, but this only showed how little he knew of Tobias Goodlett, the worthy pastor of the flock.

This old negro, who was entirely innocent of book learning, had long been an autocrat in the settlement. Aunt Siny knew him well enough to suspect that he would be loath to give the glad hand of welcome to one who might weaken his power throughout the flock. She gave

the young teacher some sage advice, and strove to prepare him for the difficulties which she anticipated would overtake him. In closing her warning we find this admirable example of negro dialect:

Naw, sir; don't you let 'em git dis here school business tunned inter a distracted meet'n. You's ain't been here long ez what I been. I knows niggers, en I tell you hit's nigger nature ter tu'n ebberthing inter a distracted meet'n—a fune'l, or a weddln', or a scussion, or a picnic, don't make no diffunce what. You mind what I tell you. You listen ter old Siny same lack you listen-in' ter yo' ma. I ain't got no book larnin', but I been here long time. I spec' I been here might nigh two hundred years; case dar wuz de time I been wid old marse, en de time I been free, en de time I been a widder lady. I spec' all that time count fur some'n, do' you can't make young folks see it dat a way. Naw, sir; I dunno what's in de books, but I p'intedly do know Brudder Goodlett, yessir.

The minister, when approached, agreed to call a meeting of the flock to consider the proposition. This was done, and at an early hour the house was filled with the ever curious congregation. In a clear, logical argument the young mulatto urged the importance of education for the colored man. In closing, he exclaimed: "See what the white man has done; then see what you can do."

Brother 'Bias slowly and majestically rose; his old black face shone like ivory; every tooth in his head on dress parade; in his sharp little eyes was a twinkle that all the philosophy in Mr. Jamison's books could not match. He began slowly, deliberately, humbly even:

"Brudders," said he, "en sisters, ez de most ob yous all know, I ain't a professor of books, but jest ob de plain, ebbery-day religion. En I am goin' ter gib you jest a plain little ebbery-day talk dis ebenin'."

"While de young brudder wuz speakin', I choosen fur de subject ob de text ob dis talk dese words: 'De sins ob de white man.'"

"Now, de young brudder hab jest explained ter you dat dey ain't no sense in dinners, en cake, en tuckey, en sech. Well, den, sence settin' here listenin' ter de argyments ob de young brudder, I wuz reminded dat I must be gittin' ol'. Too ol' ter lead de flocks ob Nebo much longer, I reckon. May be I's behind de times some, too, away yonner behind. Becase I's been here a long time, en I hab worked in de furrers, en de hills, en in de valley. I hab borne de burden en heat ob de day. I wuz once't a slave,

en I hab sence knowed what it am ter be widout de good victuals de young brudder am denouncin'. Some ob yous—all may hab been de same.

"I's ol', ez I wuz sayin', en behind de times mightily. But I's here ter tell you dis night, I's got it inter my ol' heart ter bless de Lawd fur a good supper in de home ob a good brudder in de chuch d's night. Chicken, en pie, en coffee, sech a supper ez nobody needs ter be ashamed ob.

"En ol' ez I is, I's here ter tell you dat I ain't nebber goin' ter git too ol' ter want de members ob dis chuch ter always hab plenty en ter spar. En I makes dis de fus' p'int ob de disco'se dis ebenin'; ef any ob youse hab got a good, nice 'possum fur dinner termorrer, I ain't goin' ter be de one ter say you mustn't hab de taters."

"A—men!" came from Brother Payne's corner like a clap of round thunder; the congregation began to stir; interest was awakening; it always did awaken when Brother 'Bias Goodlett took the lead in things. The teacher felt the lines slipping from his grasp; clearly, Brother Goodlett had the bit between his teeth, and the worst of it was the teacher had himself unwittingly furnished him the foundation for his argument. He thought of Aunt Siny and her advice; nevertheless, he meant to make a fight for his right of way before Brother 'Bias should eternally side-track him. He rose, but the minister held up his hand.

"Now, brudder," said he, "you done said yo' little speech; dis am my time ter talk."

And talk he did for one hour, with no other interruptions save the fervent "Hear dat!" "Bress God!" "Amen!" and other exclamations of approval from the brethren accustomed to being swayed by the words of their leader.

Point by point the old preacher took up the speech of the young teacher, twisted and turned and stripped it of its meaning with a cunning as wonderful as it was merciless.

"Now, brudderin'," said he, "de young man hab raised de p'int ob de white man, his 'complishments, en so on; sez he 'see what de white man kin do.' En dat's hucome I choosen de text I hab fur de disco'se, 'De sins ob de white man.' De white man he gits his eddication free ef he wants hit so; so kin de nigger, de teacher say. Dis am a fine gov'ment, free to all des alike. Now, brudders and sisters, I hab got dis ter say about dis free eddication. It am my suppression dat what come easy am apt ter go de same way. I ain't got much respec' fur dat which you kin git fur nothin' in dis worl'; dat which you gits so cheap am glen-erly wo'th a heap less. I rickerlic one time hearin' someun read out ob a white man's newspaper dat ef you sen' yo' name en ten dollars dey sen' you word how you kin make a million dollars; ef it wa'n't so dey sen' yo' money back. 'A million dollars fur one.'

'Eh, heh,' says I; 'dis nigger goin' make dat money en shake han's wid dis plow furebber.' So I sol' de ol' mule, en got someun ter write a letter en git dat million dollars fur me. En may be you think I ain't nebbber heeard from dat ten dollars no mo'? Eh, heh! don't you b'liebe it. De answer come right straight back, en it said: 'De way ter git de million dollars am—go wuck fur hit!'

"Anudder man I knowed sent a dollar fur some valerable information, wuth fifty; en when it come, dat valerable information, it was a line writ by a white man, en it said: 'De fool-killer ain't daid,—look out fur him.' Dat was de valerable information got fur nothin'. Yessir, I looks out fur de fool-killer in my ol' age. De hundred-dollar overcoat ain't goin' ter be sol' fur fifty cents. Free,—I done heeard a sight about dis free bus'nness.

"You's advised ter tek yo' chillen out'n de fiel'; ter gib 'em de ambition above de plow han'le. Now, brudders en sisters, I always looked et de plow ez mighty healfy, en mighty becomin' ter some folks. I see Brudder Payne trompin' down de furrers mo' en one time, wid his gray haid a-shinin' in de sunrise, en his eyes fixed on de end o' de furrer, en sez I, 'Dat ol' man's a-plowin' fur de kingdom.' Yes, sir, it's healfy wuck, en hit's safe, safe! I tell you, en I kin prove it ter de satisfaction ob dis congregation here dissembled, dat de nigger et de plow, widout any shadder ob de great ambition spoke ob, am safer, a sight safer, den de white man in his fine office. En de sins ob de nigger in de cawnfiel' am less, a heap less, den de sins ob de white man wid his eddication. Cause why? Well, den, de third p'int:

"Brudders en sisters, deys a heap o' kind ob sins in dis worl', en I ain't denyin' ez de nigger hab got his sheer. But hit am his sheer; en he ain't behol'in' ter nobody ter up en tek dey sheer, let lone de sins ob de white man.

"Dey's two kin' ob sins, de sins ob de nigger en de sins ob de white man; en I make de p'int dat de nigger he got his own sins, en he ain't got no mo'. But de white man he got ter tote double, ca'se de Book sey dem what hab got, hab got ter hab mo'. En de white man he hab got his own sins en de sins ob de nigger, too; en dat's hucome I say he got ter tote double. Ez fur de 'glorious liberty' he tell erbout, dey ain't none; en I make dat de fouth p'int; en I goes on ter prove hit.

"Now de nigger, he sometimes yank a chicken off'n some udder man's henroose—" "Amen!" came from the corner of the saluts.

"En hit ain't right."

"Co'se not. Amen! Co'se not."

"Co'se not," the preacher continued. "But de white man he sometimes do de same thing; but dat don't make it no mo' right den what it wuz fur de nigger."

"Naw, brudder, dat it don't; bress God, dat it don't."

"We'll des call dat a nigger sin, howsomebber, beca'se de nigger he do dat. En he sometimes do wus. He'll break inter a white man's house en steal, he'll lie, en he'll git drunk, en do a passel ob debulmint, sometimes. Dat's all mighty bad."

"Lawd, a' mussy, yes! bad! yes, my Lawd."

"But de white man do de same thing; but dat don't make de sin any de less fur de nigger, ez I kin make out. He ain't got no bus'nness doin' all dis; so we'll jest call 'em nigger sins. But de wus' sin a nigger kin do is murder. He sometimes kill a man, en so do de white man. But dey am dis diffence: Ef a white man kill a man he know he might be hung fur hit; ef de nigger kill a man he know he got ter be hung fur hit. So de nigger he ain't gwine roun' killin' folks jest fur pas'time ter spite his own sef. De white man he can take some chances ef he got a taste dat way; because he know he can scringe some; but de nigger know better. En I make dat de fif' p'int ob de dis-co'se.

"We'll call dis sin ob murder nigger sin, howsomebber, sence de nigger hab got hit; en now, brudders en sisters, dat what he hab got, en dat's all he hab got. En I make de six p'int ter say de white man, he hab got de same. Ebber bressed one ob de sins dat de nigger has b'longs ter de white man, too."

"A—men, my God, a—men," came from the corner, so often and so fervent that the preacher had to wait until the members had vented their enthusiasm before he could proceed.

"Now, den, ef you please, we will glance et de sins ob de white man, sins what de nigger ain't so much ez heeard tell of; 'dout it be some ob dese here eddicated ones, mebbby.

"Sins dat am de offshoot ob dis here berry eddication we done heeard so much talk 'bout. Fur instance:

"Hit am de white man puts his name ter de check whin de ain't no money in de bank.

"Hit am de white man keeps de books hin' part befo', en makes de balance come out in de favor ob de bookkeeper.

"Hit am de white man commits de sin ob 'bezelmint.

"Forgery am anudder ob de white man's sins.

"Onhealfy books, en scanlous newspaper rumpuses, am all set down ter der sins ob de white man.

"Libils, lawsuits, dervoces—ver'ly de name am legum, en I make dat de nex' p'int."

"A—men; bress God, a—men!"

"En dis here eddication am de mudder ob de whole cahoot!"

"Amen! amen! hear dat, my God."

"Dese here sins ob de white man am white sins; chillen ob dis glorious light we done heeard talk 'bout. Well, den, I make de nex' p'int:

"De nigger, he am black enough widout learnin' any mo' new debulmints den what he's got alraidy, en dat's God's truf."

"Amen; hear dat; thank de Lawd; bress his name fur de truf."

"Now, den, brudders en sisters, I hab one mo' p'int ter make en den I leabe dis matter ter de congregation:

"De young brudder say dat dis here eddication am de light ob de worl'. I can't deny dat; but I make dest a little dissention fum hit. Ef hit am de light ob de worl' hit am also de light ob de flesh en de debbul; beca'se dem three mos' commonly goes tergedder; en de debbul am in dis sho' ez you bawn; ca'se dar's his tracks atrailin' all behin' him. What we wants ter do ternight is ter curtall de power ob de debbul."

"A—men, my God! Cut his tail smack off!" shouted Brother Payne. "Cut it smack off clean, my God."

"En so, brudders en sisters, I am in my heart ternight ter say dat while dis eddication am de light ob de worl', I thank God hit ain't de light ob religion. You ain't got none ob hit, brudder, en I ain't; but wid de light we's got we'll reach de kingdom, ef we keep dat light a-trimlin', a-burnin', keep dat light a-trimlin', a-burnin'."

"Amen! A—men!"

"Our fathers didn't hab it."

"Amen!"

"En our mothers didn't hab it."

"Naw, my Lawd, dat dey didn't."

"But dey's all in glory."

"Yes, my God."

"Settin' et de table ob de King."

"Eh, heh."

"Eatin' dat same despred supper lack ez not; chunln' ob dey harps, eatin' milk en honey—"

"Hoocy! glory!" shouted a shrill-voiced young sister in the rear of the house. "Glory. I've got a mother in glory."

"Yes, bress God, en a mighty good one!" shouted an older voice from the female side of the house, and the young teacher's head dropped forward on his breast, disconsolate, when Aunt Siny went over to the enemy. Before another word could be spoken some one struck up a tune in which every throat in the house opened to join, except one, the sad-voiced, baffled young teacher:

Strack a bright light, I'm gwine ter heaben;
Strack a bright light, I'm gwine ter heaben;
Strack a bright light, I'm gwine ter heaben,
Sweet angels waitin' et de do'.

I wonder where my mother's gone?
Gone ter pray fur me, Lawd.
She prayed all night till de breakin' ob de day,
En won sweet heaven by faith.

Strack a bright light, I'm gwine ter heaben;
Strack a bright light, I'm gwine ter heaben;
Strack a bright light, I'm gwine ter heaben,
Sweet angels waitin' et de do'.

A shriek rent the air, another and another, and the seven days' meeting was fairly on. The solemn-faced young teacher slipped quietly out in the midst of the confusion, and made his way toward the railroad station a half-mile distant. He had no word for his feelings, his contempt, his chagrin.

In "George Washington's Bufday" we have another sketch of negro life, but the treatment is in much lighter vein. In this sketch our author describes an old negro woman, bearing the name of Washington, who, after committing the little baby to the tender care of her son George, journeys forth into the village to sell her butter and eggs. On the road the negroes tell her that the next day will be Washington's birthday. She, never dreaming that earth had produced two George Washingtons, indignantly denies the assertion, positively declaring that she knows whereof she speaks, because she was present at the event. This occasions much merriment among the negroes, and the old woman whips up her mule, leaving them in disgust.

Aunt June's anger had cooled somewhat when she reached the store at which she did her trading. The butter was weighed, and she began selecting supplies in exchange for it. If she was slow the merchant was patient, for Aunt June's butter was of the best, and there was always a demand for it. There were forty cents to be traded out when the clock in the court-house steeple struck twelve.

"Lor, marster," she declared. "I'm 'bleeged ter g'long back home. Hilt am twelbe er'clock and de chillen ain't got a bite ter eat. I'll be 'bleeged' ter come back and finish termorrer."

"You'll have to get through to-day, Aunt June," said the merchant. "The store will be closed to-morrow; it is George Washington's birthday."

Aunt June dropped the hank of yellow yarn she had been fingering for some minutes. "Marster," she exclaimed, "who tole you dat?"

"Who told me? Why, I don't know. Everybody knows that; it is in all the papers."

The black face wore a puzzled expression. "Yer don't sesso."

"Why, yes," said the merchant, smiling, "why shouldn't it be? We all love George Washington, Aunt June."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah; sho'ly; ter—be sho'."

She finished her trading and went out to arrange her packages in the cart; she was puzzled; she didn't at all understand what it meant; yet there was a pleasant something about it, too.

At that moment a gentleman to whom the woman and her cart were familiar, passing at the moment, called out pleasantly to her: "Hello, Aunt June! Must be going to celebrate George Washington's birthday from the number of your packages. Been buying yourself rich?"

There it was again, George Washington's birthday; she heard it everywhere. The very banks would be closed, she heard somebody say; and the post-office would be open but an hour all day. Clearly it was George Washington's birthday.

To be perfectly sure about it, however, she determined to step around to "Marse Tom's office," and ask about it. Marse Tom was once her husband's old master, and he would be pretty sure to tell her the truth.

"Marse Tom," said she, thrusting her head in a moment at the door, "what am de incasion ob all de incitement in de town termorrer?"

"It is George Washington's birthday, Aunt June. Come in and get warm," said the master, without looking up from the paper he was busily preparing for the court that would convene the next week. But Aunt June was gone; she went straight back to the grocery.

"Ef dey's all detarmint ter hab it so, I reckon it am got ter be so," she declared; and she bought back a pound of the butter she had sold, two pounds of cheese, and a dozen sticks of striped peppermint candy.

"Ef ev'ybody else ain' gwine to begrudge de chile de celebrating, I reckon sho'ly his own mammy ain' gwine do dat," she said. "I'se gwine straight home and kill a hin."

She was planning a great feast; she meant to make a cake and stuff it with raisins. "He ain' no onery nigger, dat boy ain't," said she, as the white mule plodded patiently homeward.

Little Wash couldn't understand his sudden rise to greatness, though he very cheerfully washed the potatoes, killed and picked the hen, and was told that he might beat the whites of the eggs for a cake the next day.

"A cake fur yo' bufday dinner, son," his mother told him.

That night when his father came home, Aunt June asked him if he couldn't get off from his work next day and eat dinner at home.

"Hit am George Washin'ton's bufday," she explained again in the town tone. "I done been gettin' de chile up a bit of nice victuals."

Uncle Jake scratched his head and pondered. "Ole 'oman," said he, after a pause, "you's mistaken, honey, 'bout dat. Termorrer ain' Wash's bufday. Wash 'uz bawnd in de summer time. Don' yer reckon it de threshin'?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does. But de town folks dey all say termorrer 'uz George Washin'-

ton's bufday. Dey all wouldn't hab it no udder way. De very niggers on de pike say it 'uz George Washin'ton's bufday. And seeing dey wouldn't hab it no udder way, I jest stepped 'round teh Marse Tom's office and ax him. Kase I know ef Marse Tom say it so, it am so. So I put my haid in de do' en says I: 'Marse Tom, what's ter do termorrer?' or something mighty lack dat. And says he: 'Hit am George Washin'ton's bufday.' Den I come 'long en kilt a hin; kase I know it mus' be so den; aldo I reckon it ain' so."

Uncle Jake tilted back in his chair and broke into a laugh. "Ole 'oman," said he, "you're all wrong 'bout dat. Dey wuz talkin' 'bout anudder George Washin'ton. I heeard all 'bout dat long 'go. Dey wa'n' meanin' we-alls' po' little Wash here."

Aunt June's eyes flashed for a minute; only a minute, however, and she ducked her head to laugh.

"I done kilt a hin," said she, "and it's got ter be et, naw, sah; George Washin'ton am gwine hab dat bufday. He been mighty handy he'pin 'bout de baby and all, and he kin hab two bufdays dis year well ez not. Dey ain' no sech gre't differ'nce 'twix de twenty-seckin o' Feb'yary en de twenty-ninth of July, ez I kin see. Seed de reesuns, son, fur de cake; hit's fur yer bufday dinner termorrer."

Miss Dromgoole was born into a home in which there were several daughters by a former marriage; but before her birth it was the ardent hope of the father that the little one would be a boy. When in after years the child learned this fact she felt disposed to cry out against fate, and I notice in her recent book, "Rare Old Chums," she has given much of her life, or at least interwoven many of her experiences, and the trials, perplexities, and problems which faced her when a child. Here is a little side-light that gives us a glimpse of the little Tennessee girl's grief over being a girl:

She always "had it out with God," when her puzzles and troubles became a burden. So when the brother was turning the household upside down, she went off one day to her garret to talk it over with God. And what she said was:

"Why didn't you make me a boy, too? You might have done it, and I know you could. It wouldn't have been a bit more trouble to you. I could have been an angel just the same when I died; and you see what a difference it would have been to me here, if you had made me a boy. And you could have done it; you know you could; I know you could. Aren't you God? Cau't

God do *anything*? And I might have done a great deal for *you*, too. I might have been a preacher. I'd like to have been a preacher if I wasn't a girl. If I was God, I would never, never make a girl-baby, *never, n-e-v-e-r!*"

Miss Dromgoole's mother was a tower of strength to the girl. Her love, sympathy, and encouragement buoyed her up, and stimulated her to press forward. The mother had unbounded faith in the daughter. She discerned her genius long before others suspected it. She urged her to write; but the time came when the mother was called away, called away before the daughter had won fame. This loss seemed irreparable, not only to the girl, but also to the lonely and aged father. How much of fact and how much of fiction is woven into "Rare Old Chums" I know not; but I do know that the father and child in that book are largely the father and daughter who, until the recent death of the aged one, lived in a little cabin near Estil Springs, on the Elk River in eastern Tennessee; and perhaps we can best understand something of the beautiful companionship of the father and daughter by a perusal of a passage which follows a feeling description of the death of the wife and mother in "Rare Old Chums."

The old man sat upon his lonely doorstep in the twilight of a southern autumn. The stars began to peep through the yellow leaves of the ancient locust-trees that stood like scarred veterans in a long, straight, solemn line along the pavement. No crickets chirped among the grasses, for the hoarfrost had nipped all vegetation, and silenced the voices of nature. Even the katydids were dumb, and the birds gone southward. The honking of wild geese had been heard for days; the breath of summer chilled. All nature was full of the sadness of death.

"Only we two left," said the old man, softly. "Just us,—a little child and an old man,—just us."

"We're enough," said the child.

"Yes," said the old man, "we ought to be. But what shall we do with ourselves? How live, and where?"

"Let's get out of *this*," said she. "Let's find room to breathe."

It was a fine thought; they soon gathered together the remnants of fortune left them, turned their backs upon the life that had been, and with hand clasped in hand, started out upon the path they two had chosen.

The path lay straight through nature's heart.

It was a cabin in the wilderness. Doors and windows opened to the sun, and to the mountain, towering above it like a giant with his head among the clouds. The cedars waved upon the mountain's crest, and at its base, down among the valley greens, sang the Elk, the blue river of Tennessee. The cabin opened to the sun,—it was all misfortune left them, these two who had fled before her steps. The floors were white and clean; the old man dozed in summer underneath the vines, beside the door, or dipped his line into the Elk, as his mind might tempt him. As for the girl,—how glad she was to be a boy, since it gave her the freedom of the forest.

Life had changed to the chums; the cabin into which their fate had set them down crouched like a wee, brown bird at the foot of the crags, its windows lifted to the mountain's top, its doors opened to the sun, and to the winding Elk slipping ever on to find the stiller, deeper, but no whit more lovely, Tennessee.

Who cared if the brown cabin lacked the smell of paint? Who cared if friends—save for the humble dwellers of the hills—were few, forgot indeed the very existence of these two who had wandered hand in hand beyond their memories. Who cared if winter howled hard at the cabin door, and *sometimes*—hush! don't let the old man hear—the gray, gaunt wolf howled, too, away off in the night and the darker distance.

The old man never guessed it; his ears were getting dulled to life's alarms. But to the quick ears of the child the wolf's howls came on the night wind, startling her from her dreams, and driving her off to peep into the cupboard, cast up her little hoard, and wonder, in that plaintive way which kills the childhood in the heart, and paints the look of woman in the baby features, what sad alarms the future might conceal.

The death of her father brought an unspeakable loneliness into the life of the daughter. They had lived so entirely together in the latter years that it seemed for a time she could not bear the separation. Something of the grief she felt is given in her book to which I have alluded, a work which was written during the weary, lonely hours she spent after the father had gone away.

It was in 1892 that Miss Dromgoole's first book, "The Heart of Old Hickory," was published. Since then there have appeared from the press of her Boston publishers "Cinch," "The Valley Path," "Rare Old Chums," "Hero Chums," "The

Farrier's Dog and his Fellow," "The Fortunes of the Fellow," and "Three Little Crackers from Down in Dixie." The last four books are juvenile stories. A Philadelphia firm has also brought out her delightful story for young people, "The Moonshiner's Son," and she now has one work in press and another almost ready for the printers. She has been urged by many friends over the country to bring out a volume of verses which have appeared from time to time in various publications, and have been widely copied. Some idea of the popularity of her work may be gained from the fact that, though all her books are bound in cloth, nearly fifty thousand copies were sold in 1898. Last autumn and winter Miss Dromgoole paid a visit to Boston. She came East for a needed change and rest, and she met with a welcome so cordial and sincere that there could be no question as to the place she held in the hearts of our people. Almost every hour was taken up with receptions, entertainments, and visits. From Boston she went to Texas, after which she returned to the mountain nest. She writes me she loves Texas, and expects to make it her winter home in the future.

Miss Dromgoole is a tireless worker; indeed, she is working far beyond her strength. She is one of a few modern writers who can interpret her creations in such a manner as to delight the most fastidious, possessing the rare power of throwing life into her renditions, without at any time overacting or straining after effect. And though it is doubtful whether any other writer of our time is more extensively drawn upon by elocutionists than this southern authoress, all who have heard her will agree that she is her own best interpreter. I close this sketch by giving a little poem from "Rare Old Chums," entitled "The Pilgrim Bird."

God opened the windows of heaven,
And sent out a beautiful bird;
A sigh and a gleam, like the joy in a dream,
It leaped into life at his word.

God fashioned its pinions and plumage,
He painted its beautiful wing;
He placed in its throat a glorious note,
And said, "Go forth and sing."

Not "for the ears that listen;"
Not "for the shouts that ring;"
Not "for men's praise of thy glorious lays,"
But merely, oh, bird, "Go, sing."

Did it doubt? Did it pine, and falter?
Did it furl its beautiful wing?
Because nobody heard, did that wonderful
bird
Lose heart and refuse to sing?

Nay, over the wide world speeding,
Far over the mountain's crest,
Away and away, to the ends of the day,
To sing in God's wilderness.

And over the lone world watching,
Where never a step is stirred,
In the midnight's flow, God's ear bends low,
For the song of his pilgrim bird.

THE CHARACTERISTICS AND PECULIARITIES OF THE NEGRO AND THE MOUNTAINEER OF TENNESSEE.

CONVERSATION WITH WILL ALLEN
DROMGOOLE.

Q. You were reared in the hill country of East Tennessee, and are therefore familiar with all classes of people in that section. Will you tell us something of the unschooled mountaineer, his characteristics and peculiarities?

A. There you make the mistake that so many people make concerning me. I was not born in the mountains of Tennessee, nor can I really claim to have been brought up there, though, to be sure, I can scarcely remember a summer that I have failed to be there. I was born and my home has always been, as long as we had a home, in Murfreesboro, a town that is sadly dear to me in that it holds the ashes of my mother. Murfreesboro, however, is not in the mountains, not by any means. And I should be sorry to be recorded as having credited her people with a dialect. They speak the southern tongue; that is always beautiful. But while we are on this subject I should like to say a word, in protest, concerning the manner some of the northern papers have of writing about southerners. Because the mountaineers have been charged with a dialect, and the negroes, some of the journals seem to have grasped the idea

that all Tennessee talks the same way. Even General Fitzhugh Lee, in Collier's Weekly, was made to say "Yes, sah," and "No, sah." This is absurd, and shows a glaring ignorance somewhere.

Then, when East, I often hear of "Missionaries to the South." Now, just what that means I do not know. But I do know there are no heathens in the South. And I know that if the missionaries are those who come South to teach the negroes, they have but to let it be known they are supposed to be working among heathens and they will find their school-room empty. The southern negro does not regard himself as a heathen, any more than do the whites.

"The unschooled mountaineer," to get back to him, is becoming scarce. And that reminds one that the women of the State are exerting themselves in the interests of "compulsory education." When they shall have accomplished that, we hope the "unschooled mountaineer" will retire entirely to the pages of romance, along with his unschooled brother from the valleys. But right here I must tell you that the most distinguished men Tennessee has ever produced were from the mountainous regions of the State. Landon C. Haynes, Hugh L. White, Horace Maynard, Andrew Johnson were all from the hill country, besides a score of others.

The mountaineer, in the rough, as I care chiefly to discuss him, is a jewel. He has some strong and splendid characteristics. He is honest, he is the soul of hospitality, he hates a lie, he will "pay back" an injury if it takes till the day of his death to do it. He takes every man at his word, grants every man honest until he proves himself unworthy of trust; then he takes him at his true value, and treats him accordingly.

I remember once stopping at the home of one. He lived on the top of the mountain in a most inaccessible place. Hanging over his bed were a pair of men's boots. He told me they had hung there for years, and they were on the feet of his son when they brought him home dead,—killed. They were hanging there to remind him that his son's death hadn't been "settled for yet." He was a great "Union man" still (it was only a few years ago),

and he told me how "the rebels" burned his house to the ground and left his little children sitting undressed in the snow at night. He found them the next morning sitting among the warm ashes of their home to keep from freezing. He was off fighting among the bluffs and boulders. Perhaps this was the way he acquired the taste for hiding among the bluffs, for he afterward became a noted distiller. His wife was even more famous in this line of business. She was caught "moonshining" many times, but could never be punished because they could not carry her down the mountains. She weighed five hundred pounds, and only died last year.

Q. Tell us something about the moonshiners, while on that subject. Are they a very lawless set?

A. They break the law, certainly; but they are not desperadoes, by any means. Moreover, they advance some arguments in their own defense. For instance, I was at the home of one (a man who had been one), and he pointed out an extensive vineyard just across on another "spur" of the mountain.

"That man," said he, "raises grapes. I raised apples. That man makes wine. I made brandy. He ships his anywhar pon top o' God A'mighty's earth he wants to. I slipped a kaig o' two o' mine round amongst some stumps and sapplin's, and I ware shipped down to Nashvull to answer fur it. That man, over thar, that vilyun, got ten dollars for reportin' on me. He hasn't put his head outside his gate but once the last ten year; that time he got a bullet in his hide."

And served him right, I thought. Then, the illicit dealer argues this way:

"Air the corn mine or no? Air the apples mine? Did my groun' raise 'em? My plows, my team, my hands, till the groun', plant the trees, tend the fruit, or no?"

Yes, the "wild-catter," the "moonshiner," the "illicit distiller," are all one and the same; and he argues his case to his own entire satisfaction.

Q. The dialect of different sections of the country is always interesting. Will you tell us something of the unlearned of East Tennessee?

A. The dialect of different sections, or even localities, differs. You will please allow me to make it quite plain that I am referring to the uneducated classes entirely. So many, not familiar with the State, seem to have an idea that it is all mountains, all dialect, all the people without education.

The illiterate mountaineer, then, has a dialect; but it is always within the limit of one's comprehension, so far as I am familiar with it. It is also very expressive, and often beautiful,—always original. For instance, you may often hear the expression, "I know in my soul it ware like the angels a-choirin'," meaning, of course, something was like heavenly music.

Another forceful expression was this, used in reference to a terrible tragedy that had occurred: "Lord! Lord! I wonder this old yearth don't fairly w'ary o' such soakin' o' blood."

Again: "I have done that aforetimes as I'd be plumb outdone to own up to."

And this: "Over on yan side the river," or "furnenst the creek."

"Air" for are, "ware" for were, "hev" for have, "thar" and "ther" for there, are expressions of the mountaineer, but never of the negro. The negro changes the letters to the most easily pronounced spelling.

Q. Some people seem to have an idea that the dialect of the whites in the rural districts and that of the negro are practically the same. This, of course, is not true, but I should like to have you explain some of the points of difference, and give us a general characterization with special examples from the speech of the negroes.

A. Tell you the difference between the negro dialect and that of the uneducated mountaineer! There is every difference, if you please. They are not to be compared. The negro is an imitator,—the mountaineer is an originator. The negro hears a word that strikes his fancy, and his ever-musical ear and his ever-ready tongue instantly attempt to reproduce it, whether it "fits" the occasion or not. The mountaineer, ever slow of speech, has occasion for a word with which to express an idea. Not having the word, he makes

it, and makes one that says precisely what he intends to say.

For instance, you ask a favor of the mountaineer, and ten to one if he refuses he will say, "Dad burn my hide, if I do."

The negro will say:

"I'm bleegee ter ax yer to scuse me fum informin' ter yo' inquest dis time, ef yo' please."

The mountaineer confines himself to plain facts, using as few, and those few as strong, words as possible. The negro exaggerates until a threat of his is enough to make one's "hair stand on end." It is nothing to hear that he is about to "bust you wide op'n," "take de hide off'n you," "skin you alive," "bust yo' mouf fur yo'," "tromp de life out'n you," "let daylight inter you," "scratch de white eyes out'n yo' haid," etc.

The negro says "dar," "dem," "dat," "dis," the mountaineer never. The negro seldom uses "th" and almost invariably "d" instead. "V" is always "b" in the negro tongue,—"ribber," "ober," "lib," "lub," etc. Where the mountain dialect has "air," "ware," "hev," the negro has "am," "wuz," "has." For instance, "Am it so?" or "Is you gwine?" "I has ter do so and so." One special expression of the negroes is "huccome" for "how come." "Huccome you sick?" for instance.

No, the very poorest whites in the most remote places do not resemble the negroes in their speech,—not at all. You will find now and then where they have corrupted the speech of the children in the larger towns, where they are numerous; and you may even stumble upon some of their slips of the "g" among the grown up people for whom they have worked. But the "poor whites" have a dialect of their own, or, rather, a speech of their own, and it is chiefly a pitiable ignorance of English grammar instead of a peculiar dialect.

To me the sweetest dialect is that of the street boy, the gamin, who sells papers, blacks boots, begs, steals; there are various classes among them. These are the Lords of the Gutter, and they have a speech no less than a law of their own. In some of the extreme southern cities there are some very poetic little specimens

who sell magnolias at the railroad stations. The gamins are the people I love best to write about, and I have done a good deal in that line. It was one of those boys first suggested to me the story of the "Heart of Old Hickory."

Q. You are such a master of the negro dialect that you must have studied the colored people very closely. Will you give us a characterization of them?

A. Yes, I have studied the negro's character as well as his speech very closely.

The mountaineer excites my admiration entirely; the negro makes me laugh or cry every moment, and has my keenest sympathy always. If I were talking to you of types, I could point out some wonderful ones; but you wish to talk of him as a race, I presume. As a type, there is one in my father's immediate family who has been in it for more than half a century. My father bought her in Virginia, on Roanoke river, when she was a tiny little girl, because he bought the mother and would not separate them. When the War broke out he had several thousand dollars in gold. He put it in bags, sewed them to belts, and gave them one to my mother and one to this woman, Matilda, or "Til," as we call her. At the close of the War she handed it back to him just as it was when she had received it. She has never married, and has two intense hatreds,—one is for a "nigger," the other for a "Yankee." She nursed my mother's children, being specially attached to my sister Marie, whose children she also nursed. To-day she is "Rag Mammy" to the children of my sister's grandchildren, and spans and cuddles them by turns, as it suits her to do. She lived in my father's house my mother's lifetime, and at her death (at her request) shrouded her and laid her in her coffin. She is a type,—a type that will shine in heaven some day.

As a race the negro is a creature of emotions. He is one who seldom harbors grudges, forgives quickly, and promptly forgets an injury that has been forgiven. He remembers a kindness, and always holds as a dear friend one who has befriended him. He doesn't have the strictest regard for the truth, not by any means, and he is given strongly to the weakness

of Achan. This is due rather to circumstances than to a natural dishonesty. He is poor, desperately poor, and necessity often is to blame for his thievings. Again, the long years of servitude are a consideration. And then, would you believe it? the negro uses the Bible as his license to steal. Oh, Israel! Israel! The golden earrings of the Egyptians are still paying the unpaid wages of the descendants of at least one of the sons of Noah.

One of the weak points of the negro is his great desire to get rid of his color. There is a settlement of them near me in the hills of Tennessee, and I have known one of them to refuse to receive a letter from the post-office that had the word "colored" after his name. Talk of him as "a heathen!"

The negro is no logician, but he is a natural orator. He is the soul of melody, too. He talks even to measure when the least excited. And his imagination is a thing of such magnitude that to hear him at an "experience meeting," where both tongue and fancy are loosed, one can but hold the breath and wonder. His experiences are something alarming; but the manner in which he tells them, ah, it is delicious. Even the slightest experience is told in rhythm. For instance, old Aunt Letty, a little old woman in the hills of Tennessee, got up to tell how dipping in the gospel waters had rejuvenated her. Said she:

I looked at my han's an' my han's they
looked newrer!

I looked at my feet, an' my feet looked so
toorer!

There is a summer hotel near by, and these negroes will come for miles, and gather outside for hours, just for the pure pleasure of hearing "the fiddle and the banjo."

Q. Yet you prefer to write the mountain dialect, do you not? Why is that?

A. There you are wrong, and I am glad you asked me that question. Really, I write very little mountain dialect. I do a great deal more in that of the negro, and still more in that of the street boy. My last book, "Rare Old Chums," gets entirely away from all of it. Perhaps you

know that is my most successful book,—at all events, it is my favorite book. I wrote it just four weeks after my “chum” died. I call it his book. Last year the publishers brought out nine of my books. There was really but one mountain (dialect) book among them; for I do not consider “The Valley Path” a dialect story, though “Joe Bowen” is my best interpretation of the mountaineer, and I am fond of Joe, too. There is no disguise, no half-wayness, no sneak about Joe Bowen. He is just what I once heard a little mountain girl say of herself: “I am just what I am, an’ I aint no ammer.”

But both the mountaineer and the negro have figured so much in the fiction—such exquisite fiction, too—of the more experienced writers that I am doing but little in that line now.

Q. You will make Texas your field in the future?

A. I should love to do that. I am fond of Texas. It is all one bright, gorgeous dream to me; I am not awake yet sufficiently to get to work. The sun, the warm winds, the big-hearted Texans, and the prairies where the purple clover blooms! Ah, have you ever seen the buffalo clover in bloom?

DREAMING

BY J. A. EDGERTON

Upon an eve of the sweet June-time,
When the moon is on the Eastern tree,
When the robin's song and the far bell's chime
And the pipe of the frogs float drowsily,
A tide-like gladness comes to me,
Drifting in to the shores of my inmost life,
Till I almost forget the things that be,
The sorrow, the madness, the misery,
The selfish greed and the sickening strife,—
Till I almost forget the world of man,
And my soul floats out in the larger plan,
Floats with the song and flows with the light
Into the soul of the boundless Night.

It is now a new world comes to me,
While the moonlight and song enter into my blood;
For my soul goes out on a boundless sea
Of billows of light in a moonbeam flood;
And strange forebodings, and glimpses strange
Of a life and death that have been before,
Of a present dream and a later change,
A sleeping and waking and greener shore,
Drift in to me, while the things that seem
Are fading away in a mist of dream.

And my soul floats out to the shores of thought
In search of an Eden it cannot find—
A Beulah-land, that has oft been sought
In the blind, wide sea of the groping mind,—
To catch a glimpse of the things that be
By the hills of the far Eternity.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

TWENTIETH CENTURY IDEAL OF MANHOOD

BY REV. O. P. GIFFORD, D. D.

Still through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay, what life
Carves in the marble real.

Ideals change. The generous impulses of youth often disappear before middle life,—the dew of the morning, delighting the eye with its million-fold mirror, yields to the dust of midday choking and blinding as man becomes practical.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

To this sad complaint Lowell makes reply:

Not only round our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie.
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinners climb and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain
strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benediction;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Aye, there's the agony of it,—the world is unchanged, but we change. Man loses the vision. "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Hearts are faint, blood is drowsy, and so the mountains struggle in vain, and the shout of the sea is a cradle hymn.

There are sometimes two ideals in a single life. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is too true to life to be pleasant reading. Taste and conscience share the throne of the will. The centaur, half beast, half man, wears clothes made by modern tailors. The "new caught sullen people" are not the only "half devil and half child" we know. The finder, like the found, is flesh and spirit, beast and man, demon and human. The moon woos the sea, and the rocks fret it into foam and throw it back upon itself in the struggle; one set of forces urges to a struggle up, another set of forces crowds back; the sea ebbs and flows, surges and sobs, tosses and moans. Standing by it, men think of the sea of life and see in the restless water a symbol of man's struggle with two ideals. When we would do good evil is present with us; when the shining ideal beckons us to a larger life the lower ideal shuts us in and beats us back. Grown weary with the struggle, some settle down to the Dead Sea level of a waveless, tideless bitterness, others seek relief in suicide, and others struggle and win.

Here and there a man changes his ideal suddenly,—has a heavenly vision and is obedient to it, passes from death to life at a step,—is as unlike his own past as the butterfly is unlike the caterpillar from which it comes, throws light upon the teaching of the young Rabbi to the old, "Ye must be born from above, born anew, born of the Spirit."

The twentieth century ideal of manhood will be of this last class, the light will not fade into common day, but grow brighter and brighter; Jekyll and Hyde will lose power because the best will rule. Regeneration will not be followed by degeneration, but by evolution.

A man's ideal is measured by his attitude toward the world's need. There are three attitudes toward the world's need: 1. Use it, profit by it, exploit it; 2. Indifference to it; 3. Ministry to it.

The first finds illustration in Spain's treatment of her colonies. A colony, like a cow, is kept for profit only; feed it, house it, clean it for milk and hide and beef. Enslave the natives, steal their gold, rob them of substance and manhood, put out their eyes with the hot iron of religion, then put them in the prison to grind corn. The unwritten history of Spain in the new world would make the saddest page of human literature. We have watched the dying struggle of the serpent in Cuba crushing out the fair life of the island, but one needs to see Spain in her strength to know her cruelty. The Spain of to-day is like the pope and pagan of Bunyan's allegory, sitting in a cave surrounded by bones, gnawing her nails in helplessness; the Spain of the Inquisition and the Incas crushed lives as the winepress crushes grapes and grew drunken on the vintage of ruined races.

The second attitude is that of indifference to the world's need. This is the common disposition. The cripple by the Beautiful Gate gets a coin but no thought; Lazarus on the door-step is turned over to an institution, and the man who has fallen among thieves is passed by as men hurry from the altar to the home, from Jerusalem with its stately ritual to Jericho with its wealth and beauty. Men sailed the seas for centuries without thought of the needs of their fellows on the clustering islands. Commerce was well grown before missions were born.

The third attitude is that of service, the spirit of compassion,—the Good Samaritan who walks that another may ride, pours out oil and wine into a stranger's wounds, gives time and money that a man in need may become a man indeed. The parable has taken on national proportions of late, stopping by the way-side, dismounting for service, bending above the bruised and dying, we have been set upon by the robber. The parable has a second chapter now. The "white man's burden" means more than a peaceful service; it means also making the highway safe. We may have blundered, but it is not the

blunder of criminal intent, nor of indifference. It is the twentieth century ideal on a national scale,—the instinct of service, the passion for humanity.

These three attitudes come to a man in turn. The first thought that comes to most of us when we look out upon the world is: "How can I make it serve me? How get my living out of it? How make my fortune in it? How get my share of it?" Education is but a means to an end. Education means power. Power compels service,—the man with trained powers can use the untrained mass, and use it for his own gain. With this motive education becomes immoral, a minister to selfishness. With power we can get money, and with money more power. "Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys." Therefore get gold. Educated powers get gold; therefore educate. Our first investment is a mirror; this shining bit of glass horizons our soul,—the telescope can bring us no more than the mirror offers us. The first thought of the seed is life; it pleads with the earth, the sun, the rain to serve it that it may live,—its first instincts are selfish. Thus most of us drop into the world self-seekers.

The second attitude often follows the first; whether we succeed or fail in the struggle we become indifferent. The race has taken the wind out of us, the struggle has left little strength. If we have failed we lie at the foot of the cliff tired, tossed by the waves we have fought, against the cliffs that have bruised us; life has lost its relish,—we grow indifferent to the world. When trouble comes to others we match it with trouble of our own. We, too, have stumbled over ridges in the grave-yard, have drained the cup of bitterness, have fallen by the way, we are bankrupt in sympathy because spent in strength. If we succeed, the struggle has cost us so much energy that we are poor in health though rich in purse,—the nerves are scant of life. Or we have grown hard and sour, have lost confidence in man. The altar work in Jerusalem has worn us out; we seek rest in Jericho and cannot tarry by the way; we have hardly strength enough left to get home with; weariness brings indifference. Then we have been fooled so often,—our sympathies have been played with; we do

not know how to serve,—we blunder and bungle, hurt when he try to help, have not strength to lift the man to the beast's back, and would surely drop him if we tried. Indifference often comes of conscious limitations.

Touched by the spirit of service that fills nature, that came to its full expression in the Christ, we come to the last stage, that of compassion and service born of sympathy. We forget self. A self-forgetful man is a strong man; self-consciousness is weakness. We grow conscious of the world's need, and find our lives in losing them.

This is the growing temper that marks the close of the century. As the glowing sunset foretells the cloudless day, so this growing spirit of service prophesies the ideal of the coming century. Christianity commenced with a surrendered life. The branches of the tree that has sprung from that life were never so full of ripened fruit of the same sort as to-day. Men are learning that an education for the sake of power and not of service is a curse; that success carries with it demands of service for the unsuccessful,—that money is a means, not an end. Here and there in the black ooze we catch flashes of the coming tide that shall cover the marsh with a shining mirror in which heaven's stars shall find their double. The cry of "Back to Christ" is heard not only in religious thought, but even more in religious activities. Christianity means not only clear thought, pure personal life, but self-forgetful service. The conscience of Christendom is growing very sensitive toward the disinherited, the elder brother turns from the field and seeks the far country to find the prodigal. The submerged tenth attracts more and more attention. Man is his brother's keeper, not to slay him in the name of religion by the altar's side, but to serve him in the name of Christ wherever service is needed. This growing sensitiveness of conscience to humanity's need is seen in the literature of the day, in the multiplication of social settlements, in the growing care of the poor by cities, in the multiplying number of the wealthy who use money as a trust, and in the growing consciousness that religion is life not thought, action not sentiment, service not emotion. The frost is

getting out of the ground because the sun is swinging north; a little more sun, a little less frost, and service will be the rule not the exception. The coming ideal of manhood will be of service,—the use of self for others, not the use of others for self.

An interesting anecdote of Abraham Lincoln is going the rounds of the press. During the war he frequently visited the hospitals, and addressed cheering words to the wounded warriors. On one occasion he found a young fellow whose legs had been amputated, and who was evidently sinking fast. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Lincoln. "You might write a letter to my mother," was the faint reply. The president wrote at the youth's dictation, "My dearest mother, I have been shot bad, but am bearing up; I tried to do my duty. They tell me I cannot recover. God bless you and father, kiss Mary and John for me." At the end came these words as postscript: "This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln." When the boy perused the epistle, and saw those added words, he looked with astonished gaze at the visitor, and asked, "Are you our president?" "Yes," was the quiet answer; "and now you know that, is there anything else I can do for you?" Feebly the lad said, "I guess you might hold my hand, and see me through." So, sitting down at the bedside, the tall, gaunt man, with a heart tender as a woman's, held the soldier's hand—through the livelong night—till it grew cold and rigid in death.

The coming century will be marked by many who will see their fellows through,—will share their sorrows and bear their burdens.

The selfish ideal is becoming unfashionable, the ideal of indifference is accepted by few, the ideal of service is gaining day by day, as we realize more fully that

Mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct
bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift
flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet hu-
manity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the
gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest
have equal claim.

THE POST-OFFICE THE CITADEL OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

BY JAMES L. COWLES

In the forty-second number of the "Federalist" we find this statement: "The power of establishing post-roads must, in the end, be a harmless power, and may, perhaps, by judicious management be productive of great public convenience. Nothing which tends to facilitate intercourse between the States can be unworthy of the public care."

Forty years later John Quincy Adams, on assuming the office of President of the United States, summed up his political creed in the following magnificent dictum: "The will of the people is the source, the happiness of the people the end of all legitimate government upon earth. To refrain from exercising the powers of government for the benefit of the people themselves would be treachery to the most sacred of trusts." And he devoted the greater part of his first two messages to Congress to proving that the best possible means of promoting the popular advancement was through the building of post-roads by the national government.

In 1840, after three short years of agitation, Rowland Hill secured the adoption of his penny post scheme by the English Parliament, and forthwith the possibilities of the post-office for the advancement of our common humanity became a demonstrated fact.

In 1848 associations were formed in Boston and in New York City for the purpose of securing the establishment of an American penny post; and the notable address of Congressman Palfrey, of Massachusetts—Palfrey, the historian—delivered in the National House of Representatives in behalf of this reform, is well worthy our study to-day.

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "if I had the time I should not know where to begin to enumerate the blessings of which this single agency of a reformed postage system would be a certain source, in such

grandeur and beauty does the prospect open before one's view. As to the influence on our industrial prosperity, how mightily would it operate on the activity of business, and accordingly on the wealth of the nation! But this would not be the whole of the benefit, nor the best part. How would science, letters, invention, benevolent enterprises rejoice in this privilege of freer communication! What an intellectual action it would quicken in every class! I think very much of colleges; I dearly love common schools; but I shall not, at present, undertake to say that cheap postage will not turn out to be an institution for education more efficient than any other. It would set everybody to learn to read and write. Those who had not already learned and those who had, it would teach to describe and narrate and think, and would excite them to study and observe. I cannot tell how soon it might be a question whether the mariner's compass or the art of printing had changed the condition of man more than a good system of postage. Then, as to its bearing on the cultivation of the affections,—no consideration could be more fit to be presented here, for a man must be far too stupid to have a place in this hall who does not see its profound and intimate connection with all the sources of a nation's welfare. Never was a simpler mechanism devised for working out great and good effects. A more beneficent agency can scarcely be imagined, and before long this nation and Christendom will say so."

And in 1874—just a quarter of a century later—at the close of the Congress of the Nations, held at Berne, Switzerland, for the establishment of an international postal system and a uniform five-cent world letter post, we find Congressman Palfrey's prophecy fulfilled in these noble words of the illustrious German, Dr. Stephan: "You enter upon one of

the most important fields of action in the intercourse of nations,—you are promoting an eminent work for their peace and prosperity.”

Since this notable world congress at Berne, another quarter of a century has passed, and in the mean time the service of the postal departments of the nations has advanced with leaps and bounds, each year adding its testimony to the truth so eloquently expressed by the author of the “Federalist,” by President Adams, by Palfrey, and by Dr. Stephan.

On the first of January, 1899, the penny post of England was extended to cover nearly all her colonies. The greater part of the world now enjoys a common parcel post, under which it is possible to send an eleven-pound parcel from any post-office in Germany to any postal station in Egypt for forty-five cents; and during the year 1895 ten million such parcels were received and dispatched by Germany in the international mails, the declared value of the five hundred and forty thousand registered parcels alone being \$91,454,381. Even little Switzerland received and dispatched over three million parcels by the international mails, of which 279,554 had a declared value of \$33,722,250. The German post-office carries an eleven-pound parcel any distance up to forty-six miles for six cents, and beyond that distance, within the limits of the empire, for twelve cents. Two cents carries a letter up to four ounces anywhere within the British Isles, and ten cents gives a similar service for a three-pound parcel, and this means house to house, city or country. Many of the postal departments of the old world provide their peoples with a cheap telegraph service, insure mail matter to large amounts, collect debts, provide for the absolutely safe investment of savings; and the benefits of the service are measured only by its extent and its cheapness.

Since 1885 we have enjoyed a uniform two-cent rate on letters up to one ounce—just one-fourth the limit allowed on an English letter; and the same year, 1885, gave to the American publisher and news-dealer the cheapest postal service in the world on one particular class of their merchandise,—one cent a pound, from a pound up to a carload, on newspapers and

paper-covered books, second-class matter so called, and never, I venture to say, has an extension of the postal service more clearly demonstrated both its beneficence and its utility. In 1888, within three years after the act was passed, the business had already reached one hundred and forty-three million pounds. In 1897 it had increased to three hundred and sixty-five million pounds. This country spends immense sums on free schools, but I doubt if our free school system has done more for the education of our people in the last ten years than has the one cent a pound rate on paper-covered literature. The advertisements in these paper-covered serials are also of great utility in the way of informing the people, especially our country folk, where best to satisfy their wants and to dispose of their wares. It is hardly too much to say that this cent a pound postal rate has created the cheap magazine, the cheap weekly newspaper, and the host of paper-covered serials which are doing so much to-day to enlighten the common intelligence and to add to the common pleasure.

The beneficence of this service is well illustrated in the wondrous growth of the Riverside Literature series issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. The circulation of these paper-covered books increased from a few thousand copies in 1886 to nearly a million in 1896. This series covers many of the master-pieces in the English language. “The paper issues,” say Messrs. Houghton, “serve as entering wedges, and the ability to send them at pound rates enables us to reach rural schools in far-off places which would otherwise never know of their existence. The schools of Texas and California, for example, are among our best patrons.”

But the growth of our publishing houses and the educational advantages secured to our people are not the only or the most important part of the results arising from this second-class service that now covers two-thirds of the business of the post-office.

The post-office of the United States is to-day the very citadel of American liberty. In its preservation and in the extension of its service lies the hope of American industry. The power that

determines the movements of persons and of produce in any country, the power that determines transport rates, the power that regulates the circulation of its life-blood, is almost if not altogether the *de facto* owner and the *de facto* government of that country. The Railroad Gazette, of New York, says that all southern New England is owned almost as in fee simple by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co. The power of the united railways of America over the people and over the United States Congress is already well-nigh absolute. The one remnant of liberty still left us is in the cheap circulation of intelligence guaranteed by the post-office; and I believe that our future liberty and our future prosperity depend very largely on the preservation of the cent a pound rate on second-class matter.

In recent years attack after attack has been made on this great branch of the postal service, and on each occasion by the nominal defenders of the post-office, the postal department and the postal committees in Congress; and this under the guise of friendship. They were anxious to secure to the people a one-cent letter rate. "But," said these wise men, "every pound of second-class matter carried at one cent causes to the government a loss of seven cents. It is to this that the chronic postal deficiency is due, and so long as this service continues so long will a one-cent letter rate be impossible." That the trouble might be due to other causes, possibly to extortionate railway mail pay, never seemed to occur to these gentlemen; but the report of the chairman of the House Postal Committee on this bill, made to the Fifty-fourth Congress, brought to light the real purpose of these proposed postal reforms. The abolition of the second-class postal service was to be followed up by legislation for the entire abolition of the post-office, and for the turning over of the entire business to the railroads.

"There is much maudlin sentiment among our people," said Mr. Loud, "about the post-office department. Many compare it to the war and naval establishments, and say it should not be run for profit, or even to pay the expenses of its operation, but should be supported by

taxation, and be run in the interest of and for the people." But the honorable chairman of the Postal Committee was not of this opinion. The post-office is, he admits, an accommodation to the great mass of the people, but it is not an absolute necessity. It could be as well or better managed, and much more cheaply, by private individuals who could make out of it from thirty to forty millions of dollars a year. "But," he added, "it is not our intent to now advocate so radical a change;" and because, forsooth, it cannot now be done peacefully. Now he will only give to his friends the absolute control of the press. And yet it is a fearful wrong to allow any part of the public service to continue, and herein lies the wrong—it encourages the growth of an agrarian sentiment which points to the post-office department and exclaims: "See how well the postal service is managed in the interest of us all, and how cheaply it is operated; this is our strong bulwark of defense, and illustrates in golden letters that the true course of the government is to become the parent and owner, and operate all means of transportation and transmission."

If the pseudo-friends of the post-office had been able to carry out their fell intent,—if they had succeeded in depriving publishers and newsdealers of the low, uniform, stable postal rate guaranteed them by the law,—there would not be a newspaper, a magazine, or a single serial of any character in this country to-day whose circulation outside the immediate vicinity of its publication would not be subject to the will of a railroad censor. If the further suggestion of the chairman of the House Postal Committee were carried out, and the whole postal service were turned over to the railroads, then even our personal correspondence would be subject to railroad espionage. And with the complete control of the circulation of persons, of produce, and of public intelligence in railroad hands, this final step in the public enslavement could be taken quite peaceably.

Happily we have been able not only to check this foul movement against the post-office; we have even, for the time, forced the railroad power back into its

trenches. But the contest is bound to go on. The chairman of the Postal Committee of the House of Representatives has clearly defined the issue, and it is a vital issue.

The question is, Shall the railroads absorb the post-office, and the national government be turned into a mere machine for registering the edicts of a railroad king,—a machine for the common enslavement,—or shall the service of the post-office be extended to cover the whole business of public transportation and transmission, and thus become indeed the greatest of all agencies ever devised for human advancement?

And the railroads, foreseeing that the trial of this issue is close at hand, are endeavoring to make themselves masters of the situation by filling Congress with their delegates. The Vice-President of the United States came to his present position from the Joint Traffic Association of New York, that association which the Supreme Court has lately disbanded because it was assuming the essential functions of the national government. The late chief of that unlawful and unconstitutional corporation has just been sent to the Senate from New York. The Senate chairman of the special committee appointed last summer to investigate the question of railway mail pay is a director in and general solicitor of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., and also, I am informed, the western solicitor of the C. B. & Q. R. R.

But the gift of foresight is not altogether confined to railroad managers. Some four years ago it was my privilege to listen to the notable address of Carroll D. Wright on the Chicago strike. In the course of that address Mr. Wright said that if government management of the railroads came, it would come of a great necessity, and good citizens should have no fear. And the movement, he added, would be most seductive. "The demand would be that the government should take charge of the roads,—not purchase them,—should take charge of the roads, and out of the proceeds of the transportation business guarantee to the existing stockholders a small but reasonable dividend; and this seductive movement would command the support of the conservative

men of the country,—of the stockholders themselves."

Believing that this great public necessity was upon us, I prepared a bill, on the lines suggested by Mr. Wright, and on the eighth of December, 1897, it was duly presented in the House of Representatives by Congressman Sperry, of Connecticut. On the eighth of December, 1898, just one year later, Senator Pettigrew, at my request, offered the same bill in the Senate,—Senate Bill 4935,—and it was duly printed and referred to the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads. It is entitled "A Bill for the Establishment of a National System of Post-roads, and for the Extension of the Post-office Department to Cover the Entire System of Public Transportation." The grand principles on which this bill rests are as follows:

Railways are post-roads; railway trains are post-wagons; a postal car is a traveling post-office; ordinary railway cars are simply enlarged mail bags. The post-office can only fulfill the object of its being when these post-roads and post-wagons are entirely subject to its jurisdiction. Letters and newspapers are transported by the same agencies that are used in the transportation of persons and of general merchandise. The cost of the service,—the railway mail service and every branch of the transportation service,—will be greatly reduced and the celerity of the service be greatly advanced by the pooling of the entire business under the post-office. One class of this business is as legitimate a function of the post-office as another. Postal rates and all public transportation rates should be determined on the cost of the service rendered, and the cost of the transportation of a letter, a newspaper, a magazine, a person, or a ton of merchandise within the limits of such great public machines as a postal or a railway system, is practically the same whatever be the distance traversed upon the machinery. All transport rates, therefore, whether by post or by railway, should be uniform for all distances within their respective systems, and the common interest demands that the railroad should be included within the postal system.

The bill provides, too, for the consolidation of the interstate commerce com-

mission with the post-office department, the consolidated department to consist of the postmaster-general and ten associates, each of whom is to be at the head of a postal division corresponding to one of the ten groups into which the railway system of the country has been divided by the interstate commerce commission.

The post-office department is authorized, in behalf of the general government, to take possession of the various railroads and other public transport agencies needed in the proposed service, and to guarantee to their owners an annual return on their securities equal to the average annual return paid during the seven years ending June 30th, 1897. A careful provision is made for the payment of a fair return on roads that have paid no dividends. Equally careful provisions are made to protect the government from fraud. Railroad securities registered by the government may be converted into two and one-half per cent forty-year government bonds. Within five years after the passage of this act the entire railroad system of the country is to be under the control of the government. In the mean time the roads are to be managed under temporary contracts with the government.

Employees are to be paid at least as often as once in two weeks, for a service of not over forty-eight hours a week, at fair wages. Appointments are to be made according to civil-service rules.

All transport tolls are to be prepaid, and, except infants in arms and certain public officials, everybody is to pay the same rate for the same service. With these exceptions, and, except in the case of government supplies and government publications, there are to be no passenger rebates or reductions in the regular tolls.

The passenger post includes a local, express, and fast post. The local post includes railway trains stopping at all stations and trains stopping within average distances of fifteen miles. Express trains will stop regularly only within average distances of from fifteen to forty miles, and will run at a speed of not less than thirty miles an hour. Fast trains will make not less than forty miles an hour, and will only stop for passengers within average distances of not less than forty miles.

The fares are to be as follows:

By local post, ordinary cars....	\$0.05 per trip.
By local post, palace cars.....	.25 "
By express post, ordinary cars.	.25 "
By express post, palace cars...	1.00 "
By fast post, ordinary cars....	1.00 "
By fast post, palace cars.....	5.00 "

These fares are only for continuous trips in one direction. No stop-overs are allowed. Travelers beyond the run of the car or train of departure will be provided with the necessary transfers. The additional tax for sleepers will be as follows:

	Per night, or fraction.
Tourists' cars, upper berth.....	\$0.25
Tourists' cars, lower berth.....	.35
Palace cars, upper berth.....	.75
Palace cars, lower berth.....	1.00

There will be no free baggage, except such as the passenger may be allowed to carry with him in the passenger car. The rate per piece of baggage, one hundred weight and under, will be five cents each per trip of the owner. Parcels are to be cared for in stations for the first twenty-four hours for one cent each; after the first twenty-four hours ten cents for each additional twenty-four hours or fraction thereof. With arrangements for the tax on special trains and cars, this will cover the entire passenger schedule of the whole country.

The proposed zone of travel by the United States post may be fairly styled the zone of necessity. In theory this zone is limited as to distance, even for a five-cent fare, only by the extent of the transport system of the United States post-office. International conventions will soon, I trust, extend the limit of the single uniform fare to cover the united transport systems of all North America. And when our extended postal service is once inaugurated, the time will not be far distant when, under an international postal system extended to cover the carriage of persons and of general merchandise, similarly low, uniform rates will convey a passenger from any one station to any other within the world's postal system. The world post may be so extended, indeed, that a single low, uniform fare will carry a traveler from his home to the home of a friend anywhere within the world's circumference.

In theory, as I have intimated, if the Boston traveler can make the necessary connections by the comparatively slow service of the local post, his five-cent fare will take him through to any station in the United States at which his train stops, even to the Golden Gate. In order to prevent speculation in transfers, however, it will probably be necessary to limit their use to the day of their date, and this limit will make a continental trip rather difficult on a five-cent fare; but the five-cent traveler will be able, none the less, to make a trip of some hundreds of miles on a single fare, if he can afford the time to make a long journey by the comparatively slow local service. Time, however, is money; it is more than money. Time is life, and the time saved by the use of the fast and the express post, together with their low, uniform rates, will insure the use of these services in long-distance travel. The slowness of a service making frequent stops will so tax the time of the traveler that he will seldom use the local post save for short journeys. But short journeys will always be the rule, long journeys the exception. The demands of affection, the necessity of making a living, will always confine the ordinary movements of mankind within very narrow limits, probably to the use of local transport services. Measured by distance, the average five-cent trip will probably be less than ten miles; measured by time, I doubt if the single trip of the average traveler, including all the different services, will be over one hour or over one-half hour by local services. I estimate that, were my bill once law, the travel of this country by our extended postal service would quickly rise to not less than ten billion single trips a year, and the gross receipts from passenger traffic alone would be well-nigh a thousand million dollars annually.

My scheme of freight rates is as follows:

CARLOADS.

By local post, per standard box car, \$6.00 per car per haul.
By local post, per standard open car, \$5.00 per car per haul.

LESS THAN CARLOADS.

By local post, box car freight, \$1.00 per ton per haul.
By local post, box car freight, 5c. per hundred per haul.
By local post, open car freight, 50c. per ton per haul.
By local post, open car freight, 2½c. per hundred per haul.

The postage on express freight is to be twice that on local freight; on fast freight three times that on local freight. The rates on private freight cars are to be the same as on department cars, and this for each trip, whether full or empty. Eight hours of daylight is to be the demurrage limit on cars loaded and unloaded by consignors and by consignees. Express freight will be forwarded by trains running probably twice as fast as local trains, and fast freight may be forwarded by passenger trains, and will always be forwarded by the fastest freight services of the department.

The letter and parcel post provides for a cent an ounce letter rate, and also for a rate of one cent on parcels up to one pound in weight.

On parcels over one pound and under five pounds, the rate is to be 5c.
On parcels over five pounds and under ten pounds, the rate is to be 10c.
On parcels over ten pounds and under thirty pounds, the rate is to be 15c.
On parcels over thirty pounds and under sixty pounds, the rate is to be 20c.
On parcels over sixty pounds and under 100 pounds, the rate is to be 25c.

And these parcel rates are to include baggage, bicycles, books, newspapers, and all kinds of merchandise. Everything sent by letter and parcel post is to be forwarded by the fastest postal services, and the service of free collection and delivery is to be extended as rapidly as possible until it covers every hamlet within the borders of the whole republic.

Low as these proposed postal rates may appear, they are quite as high as the average man ought to be called upon to bear, and they will certainly pay the full cost of the services rendered, pay for the operating expenses of the business, and the guaranteed interest on the post-roads

at last brought under the control of the proper authority.

We know that it is a common custom today for our private railroad managers to allow their favorites to travel free. I believe that under my scheme, and with the wonderful economies which are to accompany the chaining of the lightning to our public chariot wheels, it would soon become possible to make all ordinary travel free, and to support our extended postal service from the tolls on palace car travel, on freight, and on letters and parcels. The essential needs in this great public service are quick moving wheels, ever in motion; low, uniform rates to lead to the greatest possible use; the employment of a corps of highly skilled mechanics devoted to the continual improvement of the machinery, and the employment of an army of postmen devoted to the public weal.

There is little difficulty in enlisting men for purposes of war. There will be no difficulty at all in enlisting our great industrial army. Troops sent out from such an army,—sent out to develop and extend such a postal service as I have suggested,—would be received with open arms in Cuba, Porto Rico, and in the Philippines. Such troops would be no menace either to the citizen or the stranger.

But it may be asked, Where are the telegraph and the telephone in your scheme? I answer, the extension of the sphere of the post-office over the circulating system of the republic carries with it the nervous system also. The railroads cannot be run successfully without the aid of the telegraph and telephone. The post-office is to operate the entire public system of transportation and transmission, and throughout the entire system the tolls are to be low, stable, and the same for all distances. We propose to establish a grand camaraderie here, to secure to each and all equality of opportunity.

As to the possibilities in telegraphy, it may be noted in this connection that the "Multiplex Printing Telegraph," lately invented by Prof. Henry A. Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, will do from two to three times the business now ac-

complished between main points by means of the quadruplex system, and four times that of the duplex system, and this with but one-half the number of employees. I would also call attention to the mail and express building now in process of erection at the South Terminal Railroad Station, in Boston. This whole business should certainly be under the control of the post-office, and not another post-office building should be erected except at a railroad station. These stations, too, should be the centers of the telephone, the telegraph, and the pneumatic tube services. There is an enormous waste both of time and labor in our present stationary post-office system, our star route system, and in our so-called messenger service, which includes the pneumatic tube monopoly. And there is an indefinitely greater waste of the national power in the bad-road tax, which is estimated by General Roy Stone, Director of the Department of Roads, at not less than six hundred million dollars annually. I propose that the national government shall join with the States in the improvement of our common highways by the application thereto of steel roads of eighty-inch track, on which the motor post-office will bowl along at a rate of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and at a cost, as says General Stone, of not over one dollar for a thousand-mile journey for two persons, fifty cents each. And it can be done at an annual cost to the country of less than half the annual bad-road tax. If the labor of the country, now annually misdirected by Congress to the useless dredging and other so-called improvement of rivers, were applied to this proposed road improvement, the wasted millions thus expended would be worth ten times, yes, a hundred times its cost.

Nearly all of our stationary post-offices should be abolished, and the system of free collection and delivery of mail matter should be extended as rapidly as possible to the very remotest hamlets in the republic. Where not distributed from railway stations by pneumatic tubes to substations, or by postmen direct to the homes of the people, the mails should be transferred from the traveling railway

post-offices to the minor traveling post-offices—trolley cars or motor wagons,—on which the process of collection and distribution should be kept in constant motion.

Experiments tried in England prove that the substitution of inanimate power for horse power on the macadam roads of that country, for the movement of the common traveling post-office, will reduce the cost of that service full one hundred per cent, and running on our proposed steel track the cost would be very much less, while the cost of the steel road would be no more than that of the macadam road.

Even with our present baggage, express, and postal car equipment, and, say, one thousand fast freight cars for the carriage of long distance matter in bulk—ten thousand cars in all,—in the hands of the government, the handling of an average of but five hundred parcels per day per car, at five cents per parcel (we now pay upward of three dollars per fifty-pound mail-bag), the government would receive a gross revenue of twenty-five dollars per day per car, or two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per day, full eighty million dollars per year, from this service, enough to pay the railroads four thousand dollars per year per car for haulage and for the use of the stations, and to leave still the government forty millions a year for its share of the service. Surely the possibilities of this wonderful postal service are beyond imagination.

Prof. Seligman, of Columbia University, New York, is quoted as saying that "in all the media of transportation and communication there seems to be a definite law of evolution. Everywhere at first they are in private hands and used for purposes of extortion or profit, like the highways in medieval Europe, or the early bridges and canals. In the second stage they are affected with public interest, and are turned over to trustees who are permitted to charge fixed tolls, but are required to keep the service up to a certain standard.

In the third stage the government takes over the service, but manages it for profit, as is still the case to-day in some countries with the post and railway system. In the fourth stage the government charges tolls or fees only to cover expenses, as until recently in the case of canals and bridges, and as is the theory of the postal system and of the municipal water supply at the present time. In the fifth stage the government reduces charges, until finally there is no charge at all, and the expenses are defrayed by a general tax on the community."

It is certainly time that the transportation and communication system of the United States entered upon the fourth stage of this development. The fifth and last stage will quickly follow.

From a polyp up to a man the increasing perfection of the circulating and nervous systems marks the increasing activity of life, the more perfect interdependence of the various parts of the organization, a wider range of sympathies, and an increasing ability to dominate natural surroundings. From the savage who lives without any interest in the rest of the world, confined to his own horde and wandering through the trackless forests, up to the present condition of society, with its iron roads like arteries carrying the material for social life where it is called for, and with its telegraphs and telephones, extending like a network of nerves, bearing prompt intelligence to the centers of all that affect the parts, the history of the increasing perfection of the means of transportation and of communication is the history of all human advancement.

The extension of the sphere of the post-office over the entire business of transportation and communication, and the application of the postal principle to the determination of transport and of communication tolls, is surely the next great step in this advancement.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON

BY CHARLES MALLOY

FIFTH PAPER

"DAYS."

The little poem called "Days" was published in the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1857. Dr. William T. Harris, in a letter read at a birthday anniversary of Mr. Emerson a few years ago, gave an exposition of this poem which is so good that no one could hope to improve it. I shall, therefore, only attempt the presentation of a few suggested thoughts lying beyond the scope allowed Mr. Harris in the limited compass of a letter. I do not mean by this that I shall write or could write what he might have said if given more room in his contribution.

Mr. Emerson in several passages in his books has given expression to the poetic value of the "days." They stood for him as terms under which he collected much undefinable phenomena, and phenomena which have a large place in human experience generally. To some of this I may have occasion to allude. In his poem entitled "Song of Nature," he makes nature sing a report of her work in the long ages of the world's history. He says, in his essay on "Nature:" "Geology has initiated us into the secularity of nature, and taught us to disuse our dame-school measures and exchange our Mosaic and Ptolemaic schemes for her large style. We knew nothing rightly for want of perspective. Now we know what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed; then before the rock is broken, and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, Fauna, Ceres, and Pomona to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all come, as surely as the first atom has two sides." This was pub-

lished before we had heard of Darwin or Herbert Spencer. It was read by many as blasphemy and atheism.

The "Song of Nature" selects some conspicuous particulars out of this long paleontology and throws them into verse. It becomes impatient at last for "the man-child glorious."

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

Twice I have molded an image,
And thrice outstretched my hand,
Made one of day and one of night,
And one of the salt sea-sand.

In a newspaper article some time since I ventured the following explanation of this last verse:

"Twice I have molded an image." That would give us man and woman.

"And thrice outstretched my hand." That would give us the basal or cardinal races.

Made one of day and one of night,
And one of the salt sea-sand.

What shall we do with this? Certainly it is a little mystical, if not misty; but the poet had a meaning in it.—he "has a logic though subtle. He keeps more laws than he transgresses." Day and night are not "things" in the metaphysical meaning of the word. In the classification of realities we must call them events or phenomena, rather than "things." They hang on "things" and cannot take place without "things," but they are not the "things." The "things" are the sun which gives what has been called light, and the earth whose rotation gives the alternations we call day and night by changes or relations between the sun and the earth.

It would be bold to say that day and night are not real or actual. We would

only say that they are not reality which we can classify as substance or being, or as a stable element in the making up of the cosmos; and day and night are not "things" out of which other "things" could be made. And so in these lines I am constrained to consider them as metaphors for color. Day, accordingly, would mean the white race, and night would mean the black race. The expression, "the salt sea-sand," stands, logically and grammatically in its relations to the word "made," as co-ordinate with "day" and "night." It is something out of which something else is made. Now, we cannot think of any way, biological or physical, in which a man or a race of men could have been made from "salt sea-sand." I hold it to be a metaphor for color, like day and night. It would answer better than anything else as a representation of the middle race—the race standing between black and white.

I received several letters after the publication of my hypothesis, commending what I had said in regard to another verse in this poem; but they all dissented from my theory about the words "day and night" and "the salt sea-sand." I asked for the theories of my critics, but none have come as yet, and so they hang, like the Philippines, with the conundrum attached, What shall we do with them?

Light came to me in an unexpected way for the settlement of this question, and it looks like providential, or at least poetical.

Fifty years ago, in an interview with Mr. Emerson, I asked him about the term "new philosophy," which he had used. It was the philosophy largely imported from Germany and sometimes called "Transcendentalism." It dated back chiefly to Kant. I said, "I do not read German; where can I get it in a translation?" He then told me of a book just published by a young man in New York of the name of J. B. Stallo. He was quite enthusiastic in his praises of Mr. Stallo and of his book. He was a very young man, had come to America, learned English academically, and so used our words strictly according to their etymological meanings and had apparently selected the longest ones he could find. Mr. Stallo

was at this time a professor of chemistry and mathematics in St. John's College, New York. Meeting Emerson a year afterward, I asked after Mr. Stallo, and he told me that he had become a lawyer and settled in Cincinnati. He was, for many years known as Judge Stallo, and when Mr. Cleveland became president, he appointed him minister to Italy, where he still resides, though not as minister. He was one year at the Concord School of Philosophy. Mr. Stallo waited thirty-five years before he wrote another book, and then he published "The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics," which is No. 38 in the international scientific series of D. Appleton & Co., 1885. This book is distinguished for the beauty and transparent clearness of its style. The first book of Mr. Stallo was, there can be no doubt, read a great deal by Emerson, as by others of the small coterie of philosophers which he represented. In looking over this book after publishing my thoughts on the two verses in the poem, "Song of Nature," as given above, I noticed what I had omitted before, the following foot-lines. The author is giving Oken's system of nature, and the lines quote C. G. Carus, who regards each race as a representation of a particular epoch in the history of mankind. The advance of civilization being, according to him, symbolized by the march of day from east to west, he classes the races as follows:

The nocturnal or Ethiopian race, corresponding to night; the diurnal or Caucasian race, corresponding to day; the matutinal, corresponding to the morning twilight,—this would be the Malay or Mongolian,—and the vesperial or American races, corresponding to evening twilight. The morning and evening twilights are too much alike for two distinct colors, and for Mr. Emerson's poem it is quite likely that he sought a symbol for a third or half-way-between color; hence the salt sea-sand, or gray. But for this book Mr. Emerson may not have found his metaphors, and but for Emerson I should not have found this book or a clew to his meaning. He is thus "his own interpreter." "Salt sea-sand,"—a mixture of light and darkness. He might have been attracted to this conception by Goethe's

theory of color, which was a mixture of light and shade, and was not so well exploded when Emerson read Goethe as it is to-day. It is easy to think of these three colors as the fundamental types out of which circumstances have worked many changes. The symbols of Emerson, of course, have a poetic rather than a scientific value; but they are an improvement upon Carus, and especially upon Oken, as

Homo cuticularis,	African.
Homo lingualis,	Australian.
Homo nasalis,	American.
Homo auricularis,	Asiatic.
Homo ocularis,	European.

In the essay on "Experience," we read the following: "If any of us knew what we were doing, or where we are going, then when we think we best know! We do not know to-day whether we are busy or idle. In times when we thought ourselves indolent, we have afterward discovered that much was accomplished and much was begun in us. All our days are so unprofitable while they pass, that 'tis wonderful where or when we ever got anything of this which we call wisdom, poetry, virtue. We never got it on any dated calendar day. Some heavenly days must have been intercalated somewhere, like those that Hermes won with dice of the Moon, that Osiris might be born."

In the lines preceding the essay on "Spiritual Laws" he says:

The living Heaven thy prayers respect,
House at once and architect,
Quarrying man's rejected hours,
Builds therewith eternal towers.

What are rejected hours but idle hours, and what are idle hours but intercalated hours—intercalated days—and shall we not call the wisdom, poetry, virtue, born as it were outside of calendar days, by the poetical name of Osiris? We may try it in this paper and see how it will do. Prof. James, in a recent lecture given at the Cambridge Conferences, made a beautiful application of what we thought might be, in part, this Osiris phenomenon; for the precipitate out of idle hours is of an enduring character sometimes, and lasts on through life, as sweetness, luster, and aroma in a thousand prosaic experiences.

How shall we analyze this indefinable charm? It is that we see when we look back into the past. "Behind us as we go," says Emerson, "all things assume pleasing forms." 'Tis the illusion of distance in both time and space.

Twenty airy miles shall smooth
Monadnoc to a gem.

Behold the enchanted hills that hem
And bound the distant view!
What cunning fingers wove for them
That tender gauze of blue?

Browning, in "Sordello," would give us some support in naming the phenomena we have mentioned Osiris, born of intercalated days or of "rejected hours."

Aloft would hang
White summer-lightnings; as it sank and
sprang
To measure, that whole palpitating breast
Of heaven, 'twas Apollo, nature prest
At eve to worship.

This was Sordello's idle hour.

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands,
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
them all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

We have already given some things which Mr. Emerson said, pertinent to this word, "hypocritic," as applied to the days. They seem to be poor, and a long time after we discover that they were rich. They have a luster, as seen in the past, to which we were blind, and the spectacle fills us with tender regrets. They march in single file. Each dies that another may come, like the notes in "Abt Vogler," "eager to do and die."

"Muffled and dumb." Emerson has something like this in prose. In the essay on "Works and Days" you will find the following: "He only is rich who owns the day. There is no king, rich man, fairy, or demon who possesses such power as that. The days are ever di-

vine as to the first Aryans. They are of the least pretension and of the greatest capacity of anything that exists. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away."

"The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time. They are majestically dressed, as if every god brought a thread to the skye web." But this rich attire is concealed very often, as also the rich things they bring with them. "Tis pitiful the things by which we are rich or poor,—a matter of coins, coats, and carpets, a little more or less stone, or wood, or paint, the fashion of a cloak or hat. . . . But the treasures which nature spent itself to amass,—the secular, refined, composite anatomy of man, which all strata go to form, which the prior races, from infusory and saurian, existed to ripen; the surrounding plastic natures; the earth with its foods; the intellectual, temperamenting air; the sea with its invitations; the heaven deep with worlds; and the answering brain and nervous structure replying to these; the eye that looketh into the deeps, which again look back to the eye, abyss to abyss;—these, not like a glass bead, or the coins or carpets, are given immeasurably to all. This miracle is hurled into every beggar's hands. The blue sky is a covering for a market and for the cherubim and seraphim. The sky is the varnish or glory with which the Artist has washed the whole work,—the verge or confines of matter and spirit."

"Such are the days,—the earth is the cup, the sky is the cover, of the immense bounty of nature which is offered us for our daily aliment; but what a force of illusion begins life with us and attends us to the end! We are coaxed, flattered, and duped, from morn to eve, from birth to death; and where is the old eye that ever saw through the deception? The Hindoos represent Maia, the illusory energy of Vishnu, as one of his principal attributes. As if, in this gale of warring elements which life is, it was necessary to bind souls to human life as mariners in a tempest lash themselves to the mast and bulwarks

of a ship, and nature employed certain illusions as her ties and straps,—a rattle, a doll, an apple, for a child; skates, a river, a boat, a horse, a gun, for the growing boy; and I will not begin to name those of the youth and adult, for they are numberless. Seldom and slowly the mask falls, and the pupil is permitted to see that all is one stuff, cooked and painted under many counterfeit appearances. Hume's doctrine was that the circumstances vary, the amount of happiness does not; that the beggar cracking fleas in the sunshine under a hedge, and the duke rolling by in his chariot; the girl equipped for her first ball, and the orator returning triumphant from the debate, had different means, but the same quantity of pleasant excitement.

"This element of illusion lends all its force to hide the values of present time. Who is he that does not always find himself doing something less than his best task? What are you doing? 'Oh, nothing; I have been doing thus, or I shall do so and so, but now I am only—' Ah, poor dupe, will you never slip out of the web of the master juggler,—never learn that as soon as the irrecoverable years have woven their blue glory between to-day and us these passing hours shall glitter and draw us as the wildest romance and the homes of beauty and poetry? How difficult to deal erect with them! The events they bring, their trade, entertainments, and gossip, their urgent work, all throw dust in the eyes and distract attention. He is a strong man who can look them in the eye, see through this juggle, feel their identity, and keep his own; who can know surely that one will be like another to the end of the world, nor permit love, or death, or politics, or money, war, or pleasure, to draw him from his task.

"The world is always equal to itself, and every man in moments of deeper thought is apprised that he is repeating the experiences of the people in the streets of Thebes or Byzantium. An everlasting Now reigns in nature, which hangs the same roses on our bushes which charmed the Roman and the Chaldean in their hanging gardens. 'To what end, then,' he asks, 'should I study languages, and

traverse countries, to learn so simple truths?"

"History of ancient art, excavated cities, recovery of books and inscriptions,—yes, the works were beautiful, and the history worth knowing; and academies convene to settle the claims of the old schools. What journeys and measurements,—Niebuhr and Mueller and Layard,—to identify the plain of Troy and Nimroud town! And your homage to Dante costs you so much sailing; and to ascertain the discoverers of America needs as much voyaging as the discovery cost. Poor child! That flexible clay of which these old brothers molded their admirable symbols was not Persian, nor Memphian, nor Teutonic, nor local at all, but was common lime and silex and water and sunlight, the heat of the blood and the heaving of the lungs; it was that clay which thou heldest but now in thy foolish hands, and threwest away to go and seek in vain in sepulchers, mummy-pits, and old book-shops of Asia Minor, Egypt, and England. It was the deep to-day which all men scorn; the rich poverty which men hate; the populous, all-loving solitude which men quit for the tattle of towns. He lurks, he hides,—he who is success, reality, joy, and power. One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. 'Tis the old secret of the gods that they come in low disguises. 'Tis the vulgar great who come disguised with gold and jewels. Real kings hide away their crowns in their wardrobes, and affect a plain and poor exterior."

In view of all this, well may we say "the hypocritical days." They deceive us with false promises, false pretenses, false appearances. It is the task of wisdom to penetrate the disguise. "In the Christian graces humility stands highest of all. . . . In life this is the secret of the wise. We owe to genius always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and peddlers. . . . The highest heaven of wisdom is alike near from every point,

and thou must find it, if at all, by methods native to thyself alone. That work is ever the more pleasant to the imagination which is not now required. . . . The use of history is to give value to the present hour and its duty. That is good which commends me to my country, my climate, my means and materials, my associates. . . . The reverence for the deeds of our ancestors is a treacherous sentiment. Their merit was not to reverence the old, but to honor the present moment." We have the illusion that long duration is valuable. "Moments of insight, of fine personal relation, a smile, a glance,—what ample borrowers of eternity they are! . . . You must treat the days respectfully, you must be a day yourself, and not interrogate it like a college professor. . . . We must be at the top of our condition to understand anything rightly. You must hear the bird's song without attempting to render it into nouns and verbs. Cannot we be a little abstemious and obedient? Cannot we let the morning be?"

"In stripping time of its illusions, in seeking what is at the heart of the day, we come to the quality of the moment, and drop the duration altogether. It is the depth at which we live, and not the surface extension that imports."

Daughters of Time, the hypocritical Days,
Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes.

The barefoot dervishes are people in the East who live a very severe, abstemious life. They seem to be poor and dress in miserable apparel, but often conceal gems and gold under their wretched garments.

"Bring diadems and fagots in their hands." Diadems would be symbols of a regal estate. Fagots would signify great poverty. Those who had no land of their own could gather fagots by the roadside, and in many cases they would be allowed to take them anywhere.

To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
them all.

These metaphors one must interpret into such correlates as best commend themselves. They have no certain ideas as content, and would allow many poetical equivalents. "Bread," as Dr. Harris thinks.

may mean material good. Emerson would say "commodity," which is the lowest and first use of nature, but indeed is quite necessary. "Kingdoms," as it is in the plural, may have a great many meanings, — a trade, an education, an art, a philosophy, a religion, a science, a happy manner, a fine life. "Stars," too, may mean many things. Sometimes a thought becomes a star and is a guide to us always. Emerson says it takes a good while to earn a hundred dollars, but a thought shall come in a moment which is the light of our life.

"And sky that holds them all." The deep blue heaven, with its immensely sundered stars, is the type of reason. Health, personal power, wisdom, character, these gifts would include all other gifts.

"I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp." "Pleached garden" would mean neglected garden. Shakspeare uses the words "pleached bower." "Watched the pomp,"—was idle, without purpose or plan, living only for the spectacle and the happiness of the moment.

"Forgot my morning wishes." "There are young men who owe us a world, so liberally they promise, but they die young and dodge the account, or they lose themselves in the crowd."

The morning wishes are always for success, excellence, distinction. Some folly seizes us, and we are fain to walk on low and common ground.

"Hastily took a few herbs and apples." Alas! only this, when "bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all" were offered! And the day turned and departed silent.

I, too late,

Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Then comes sorrow at lost opportunities. Did Emerson have much of this experience? So splendid was his achievement that it is hard to think he could feel thus, and yet he was far from his own ideal. He wished to be a poet, but he told me that he had failed, as he thought. And he had written "The Sphinx," "The Problem," "Uriel," "Monadnoc," "Bacchus," "Threnody," and stood at that moment highest of all American poets and didn't know it. This was fifty years ago. Certainly I didn't know it at that time. I thought he had failed.

I indulged, at one period of life, in a good deal of intellectual idleness. I thought I was wasting my time, but found out, long after, that something was achieved. At any rate, I have some very enduring memories of it, and they have gone with me through the years as by no means the least valuable of the treasures the past has given me. There are many lost opportunities which we regret; but there are some which we are glad we lost. They left us to the birth of something above our wills and better than our wills.

It is blessed sometimes "to stay at home with the mind." I rejoice in the true spirit of seventy-six. I am ten years younger than I am. I am glad of a great many things I didn't do, and so I brave the departing days and give them scorn for scorn. I take some stock yet in the coming days. The future is worth a thousand times more than the past.

THE INDIVIDUAL ETHICS OF JESUS*

BY PROF. JEAN DU BUY, PH. D.

The subject of the following paper, the third one on the teaching of Jesus, is the attitude of the ideal man toward himself and toward the invisible Father, as taught by Jesus.

Every one will agree with me that the one who wishes to live an ideal life will

have to be, above everything else, true to himself. Indeed, the duty of truthfulness is one of the principal ethical teachings of every ethical teacher of note. In view of this fact it is remarkable that tradition has handed down to us but one word of Jesus in which he inculcates the duty of truthfulness of speech. I am referring to Jesus' word: "Let your speech be 'Yea, yea; nay, nay.' And whatsoever

*This paper was first read before the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion at Greenacre, Elliot, Maine, in August, 1898, as the third one in a course of five lectures on the teaching of Jesus.

is more than these is of the evil one." But, if we take into account that Jesus did not consider it his task to teach those plain ethical truths which every one knows, then shall we not be surprised that we have but one word of his in which he enjoins truthfulness of speech. And if we take into account the connection in which, according to the gospel tradition, Jesus uttered that word, then shall we see that his inculcation of truthfulness of speech, although occurring but once in the four gospels, is an exceedingly strong one. As regards the connection in which Jesus uttered that word, he was speaking against the using of oaths on the ground that any using of oaths on our part implied in reality a reflection on our own truthfulness. We are apt to use oaths in order to give emphasis to a statement, and in order to impress others with the fact of the truthfulness of our statement, thus implying that we are not sure whether others would believe us if we did not use any oaths. That is a sad reflection on our own truthfulness. And Jesus' remedy for such a state of affairs is not to use any oaths at all, but to be always so absolutely truthful that nobody will ever question our truthfulness. "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay," as James puts it in the epistle called after him, apparently quoting Jesus' word, but giving it in a clearer rendering than does the gospel of Matthew.

The temptation to deviate from the path of truthfulness, and to be careless about the sincerity of our speech, is a great one, as every one will admit who honestly examines the question of absolute truthfulness. We are apt to be careless, however, not only concerning the truthfulness of our speech, but in general concerning our spiritual life. We are apt to think little of the building up of our characters, and a great deal of eating, drinking, and the affairs of business life. Therefore, if we wish to live the true life, then shall we have to cultivate a constant watchfulness over our characters, a sense of constant responsibility concerning the way we live. This responsibility on our part does not need to be understood as a responsibility toward God, although I am far from denying such a responsibility.

The responsibility we owe is first of all one toward ourselves. As we owe it to ourselves to be absolutely truthful, so we owe it likewise to ourselves to watch constantly over our characters, to cultivate a sense of constant responsibility for our lives.

This urgent ethical need, on our part, of watchfulness and of a deep sense of responsibility is taught by Jesus in a number of parables, namely, in the parables of the thief, of the faithful steward, of the returning lord, of the ten virgins, and of the talents. In the form in which these parables are given in the gospels, they are all, with one exception, made to refer to a return of Jesus on the earth; and one of them, the parable of the talents, is made to refer to a day of judgment. The hope in a return of Jesus, on the one hand, and the fear of a day of judgment, on the other hand, are there made the motives for our watchfulness and for the cultivation of a sense of responsibility. In other words, Jesus is made to appeal to hope of reward and to fear of punishment, in order to bring about watchfulness and a sense of responsibility in us. But that Jesus should have made hope of reward and fear of punishment the motives for living a spiritual life does not sound like him at all. To do that would mean to appeal to our natural selfishness, while Jesus, as we know, always appealed to that unselfishness which is latent in us. He addressed himself to those "that hunger and thirst after righteousness," to those who wish to live the true life without any regard to reward or punishment, to those who want to be good for the sake of goodness.

If any one should doubt the claim that Jesus cannot have appealed to hope of reward or fear of punishment in order to bring about a spiritual life in people, here is a word of his which clearly shows he held that we should do our ethical duty merely for the sake of doing our duty, and not for the sake of getting reward. I refer to Jesus' word: "When ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, 'We have done that which it was our duty to do.'"

I, therefore, cannot believe that Jesus, when he uttered the parables under dis-

cussion, made either the hope in his return on the earth or the fear of a day of judgment the motive for any one's living a spiritual life. I rather believe that Jesus' sole object in giving these parables was to urge upon men his conviction of the great ethical need of watchfulness and of having a sense of constant responsibility, but that tradition soon took the parables to teach a return of Jesus on the earth and the coming of a day of judgment. To my mind the original teaching of these parables must have been that we ought to be equally watchful over our characters as a man would be over his house who knew the exact hour when a thief would come, or as a faithful steward would be who expected the return of his lord at any time, and that we ought to have the same deep sense of responsibility that a faithful servant would have who expected to give an account to his absent lord at any time that his lord might return.

While speaking of our moral responsibility, it will be well to ask the question, How shall we determine a man's responsibility? What shall we take as a standard in measuring any one's responsibility? And the frank answer to this question must be, His knowledge of the true life. Whether a man deserves criticism, or not, does not depend on what he does; it rather depends on his knowledge or ignorance of the true life. Two men might do the same thing, and one of them might deserve criticism for doing it because he knew better, while the other should not be criticised because of his ignorance of anything better. "That servant who knew his lord's will, and made not ready, nor did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes; but he that knew not, and did things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes," is a word of Jesus in which he teaches that a man's responsibility depends on the question of his knowledge or ignorance of what he ought to do. The word seems to teach that a man who acted in ignorance deserves some punishment. But we should not overlook that this word of Jesus is an illustration taken from everyday life; the average master will severely punish a slave who knowingly disobeys his will, and he will even punish that slave

to some extent who did the same thing as the first slave, but did not know his master's will,—but he will do so only because he has no control over his temper. The principle, however, which Jesus wanted to teach concerning a man's responsibility is that one's responsibility corresponds exactly to one's knowledge of the true life. "To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required," he said. In other words, the man who possesses a large knowledge of the true life, and, remembering the parable of the talents, we may add, the man who has great advantages of any kind, that man has also a great responsibility, and vice versa.

If we really judge a man's responsibility by his knowledge of the true life, then shall we always be very charitable toward others for their shortcomings and forgiving to those who injure us. Jesus gave us, according to the gospel of Luke, a most glorious example in this respect when he prayed for the very people who were crucifying him, in the words: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." He asked divine forgiveness for them, because he was convinced they would not crucify him if they fully understood what they were doing.

But our charity with others on account of their ignorance should not cause us to become indifferent toward the wickedness of the world. Far from that, our seeing the ignorance of the world should spur us on toward removing that spiritual ignorance by spreading a knowledge of the true life. Here again Jesus is our great example. Seeing the spiritual blindness of the world, he devoted his life to enlightening people on the principles of true living. It is true, by enlightening people concerning the true life we increase their responsibility; for, while they deserved no criticism as long as they did a thing out of ignorance, they will deserve severe criticism now if, knowing better, they continue to do the same thing. "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no excuse for their sin," said Jesus. But, as our chief concern should be the spreading of spiritual life, we cannot help it if we, through our preaching, increase the responsibility of people, and even put them for the first

time in their lives into the position of becoming sinners.

I said above I cannot believe that Jesus ever appealed to hope of reward or to fear of punishment in order to bring about a spiritual life in people. A good reason for this view lies in the fact that Jesus so strenuously endeavored to take away all fear from human hearts. There is running through the whole teaching of Jesus his admonition not to fear, but to have trust. Again and again we meet in the gospels such words of his as: "Why are you fearful, oh, ye of little faith," "Fear not, only believe," "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful," "Have faith in God." In all these words of Jesus we find him contrast fear and faith, or rather fear and trust; for the word "faith" in these sayings of Jesus means trust, and not an intellectual belief. This part of the teaching of Jesus is directed against our natural inclination to be fearful, to fear all kinds of things that might happen to us. Jesus wants us to overcome our natural tendency to fear, and to cultivate an attitude of trust,—not foolhardiness, but a healthy optimism. He wants us to have trust in ourselves, trust in our fellow-men, and above all trust in our invisible Father. Jesus argues that the invisible Father takes care even of sparrows, and that we have therefore no reason to fear, but rather every reason to trust that he is also taking care of us. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" he said, "And not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." If we actually have such a deep trust in the loving care of the invisible Father, then shall we experience that peace and joyousness of which I said in my first paper that it would follow as a natural result from our living a spiritual life. But we can have this trust in the invisible Father only if we assume the attitude of a little child toward him. And thus we reach the summit of Jesus' whole teaching,—his earnest request "to become as little children."

Indeed, we may sum up the whole ethical teaching of Jesus in his own word,

"Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." The highest ideal of true life, according to Jesus, is to become like a little child in character.

If we now ask the question, What did Jesus mean by his request that we should become as little children? we shall see that it implies, first of all, that we should become humble; for the most prominent characteristic of a little child is its humility. But while this humility is unconscious in a little child, we grown people have to cultivate it. However, not only humility, but likewise all the other lovely characteristics of a little child are unconscious in the little child, but have to be cultivated characteristics in us.

Of these characteristics, next to humility, we have to mention purity of heart and likewise receptivity of spirit. Both of these qualities, purity of heart and receptivity of spirit, are necessary for us, according to Jesus, if we want to gain an insight into spiritual life. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God," said Jesus. And he likewise uttered these words of thanksgiving: "I thank thee, O Father, lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes. Yea, Father; for so it was well-pleasing in thy sight." The apparent meaning of these words of Jesus is that he was glad of the fact that the road to spiritual knowledge lay through a child-like character and receptivity of spirit, and not through philosophical speculation and intellectual dogmatism. These words contain the warning never to cultivate intellectuality at the expense of a child-like receptivity of spirit.

Yet, we may be child-like in character in many respects, we may be humble, pure in heart, and receptive of spirit, and still not be like little children in the highest sense of the word. We have to become children of God,—children of the invisible Father. We have to assume a child-like attitude toward the invisible Father. And this child-like attitude toward the Father will show itself, first of all, in a child-like trust in him. As a little child has a complete trust in its human father,

so we should have a complete trust in our invisible Father. But, of course, we can have this child-like trust in the Father only if we are convinced that our experience justifies such a trust on our part.

The people who have this child-like trust in the Father are the happiest people on earth. For, as I said above, they possess a perfect peace and a joyousness of spirit with which no other human good can be compared. To rob any one of this child-like trust is therefore the most deplorable thing that Jesus could imagine. "Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea," said Jesus. But Jesus did not only ask people to rob no one of his child-like trust; he asked them also not to have contempt for those who possess such a child-like trust. "See that ye despise not one of these little ones," is his warning to people who are tempted by intellectual conceit. And the reason for this warning on the part of Jesus, I take it, is that there is no contradiction between child-likeness of spirit and intellectuality. A man can be a very intellectual man, and yet possess the most child-like trust in an invisible Father.

We have seen now that true life, according to Jesus, consists in a certain attitude toward wealth, toward our fellow-men, toward ourselves, and toward our invisible Father. Bearing in mind that positive part of Jesus' teaching, we are therefore now prepared to criticise with Jesus certain spurious, merely external forms of religion which existed in his time and which exist to-day all around us.

I shall discuss these external forms of religion under the headings of ceremonies, Sabbath observance, human precepts, and hypocrisy. First of all, then, I wish to speak concerning ceremonies and Jesus' attitude toward them. As far as we can see from the four gospels, Jesus did not attack ceremonies. But he spoke against the participation in ceremonies on the part of any one who is at enmity with some one else, and does not try to get reconciled with him. "If thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother has aught

against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift," said Jesus. This word of Jesus refers to the fact that many people take part in religious ceremonies while they are at enmity with fellow-men, as if they could be well-pleasing to their invisible Father while they, at the same time, show no love toward their brother men. Jesus teaches in this word that of the two, of taking part in a ceremony and getting reconciled with a brother man, the latter is the more important and ought to come first. Whether Jesus held that ceremonies are at all necessary for a spiritual life, is a question which I shall discuss later on. Here I shall merely quote one word of Jesus which sounds as if he considered religious formalities unnecessary. I refer to his word: "Go ye and learn what this means, 'I desire mercy, and not sacrifice,'" the word mercy here meaning love, sympathy, compassion. But, in speaking of this word, we ought to keep in mind that it is not an original word of Jesus, but a quotation from the Prophet Hosea, who put into the mouth of God the words, "I desire mercy, and not sacrifice." Should Jesus have indorsed this word of the Prophet Hosea unconditionally, it would, of course, mean that he considered religious formalities superfluous, although he did not expressly attack them.

As Jesus took a very liberal stand on the question of ceremonies, so he did likewise on the question of Sabbath observance. And I wish to remark right here that what Jesus said of the Jewish Sabbath is equally true of the Christian Sunday.

While the orthodox notion of the Sabbath as well as of the Sunday is that it is such a holy day that one must not work on it at all, Jesus pointed out that it is hypocrisy when a man declares that he does not work on the Sabbath; for every one does on the Sabbath those things which it is necessary to do. "Ye hypocrites," he said, "does not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering?" In the second place, when he had to defend himself for healing on the Sabbath, Jesus further stated the principle that one can certainly do on the Sabbath anything that

is helpful, like healing. He stated that principle in these clear and convincing words: "What man shall there be of you that shall have one sheep, and if this fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out? How much then is a man of more value than a sheep! Wherefore it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." In the third place, however, Jesus went one step further, and stated the more radical principle that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." This means, in other words, that the Sabbath as well as the Sunday was instituted in order to be for mankind a day of benefit in the broadest sense of that word, but that narrow-minded notions concerning the holiness of that day must not enslave mankind one day in every seven. Finally, on another occasion when Jesus had to defend himself for healing on the Sabbath, he did so by making a still more radical statement concerning the Sabbath, saying, "My Father works even until now, and I work." That is to say, Jesus justified his working on the Sabbath by saying that the invisible Father is working all the time, without regard to the fact whether it is Sabbath or week-day. This last word of Jesus seems also to show that he personally made no distinction between days, but lived the same life every day, while, on the other hand, he did not attack those who observed the Sabbath as a day of a different nature.

I have spoken of two external forms of religion, of ceremonies and of Sabbath observance. If we now ask why it is that Jesus, and like him every truly spiritual man, will think little of both, of ceremonies and of Sabbath observance, we shall see the reason for this attitude lies in the fact that these external forms of religion are founded on human precepts, and are not necessary requisites of a spiritual life. In his clear and lucid way Jesus distinguishes between human precepts, or traditions of men, on the one hand, and the commandment of God, on the other hand. By a human precept, or a tradition of men, Jesus understood external rules of conduct that were laid down by men of past ages, and then handed down from generation to generation; by the

commandment of God he must have meant such ethical principles as are implied in the very nature of the ideal of spiritual life. He accused his contemporaries of putting human precepts in the place of the commandment of God, by saying, "Ye leave the commandment of God, and hold fast the tradition of men." He pointed out to his hearers that the externalities which people observe in the name of religion have nothing to do with spiritual life, but that people should be very careful concerning their characters, their thoughts, their inner life. Of those religious teachers who lay down external rules of conduct, he said: "Yea, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with their finger." While a true spiritual teacher, like Jesus, will try to be helpful to his fellow-men, and to make life lighter for them by teaching them the few fundamental principles of spiritual life, these false teachers make life harder for people by inculcating innumerable arbitrary rules of conduct. Because of their thus putting human precepts above the will of God, Jesus calls them "blind guides, who strain out the gnat and swallow the camel." And he expressed his confidence in the final triumph of the true principles of spiritual life over all human precepts when he said, "Every plant which my Father planted not shall be rooted up."

The different spurious forms of religion which we have been discussing thus far are external, inasmuch as they emphasize something outward and arbitrary instead of emphasizing spiritual life. But there is still another kind of a merely external religion whose true name is hypocrisy. In the case of the hypocrite, the fault lies in the fact that the man is not spiritual at all, but that he puts on the appearance of a spiritual man in order to hide his real motives or objects. As to the reasons which make an unspiritual man desire to appear spiritual, my own observation tells me the two main reasons on account of which a man becomes a hypocrite are vanity and greediness. Either the chief motive of the man's life is vanity, the desire to get praise from his fellow-men, and

this vanity makes him put on the cloak of a good man or of a religious man in order that he may receive the highest praise, or the chief motive of the man's life is greediness, the desire to become rich, and this greediness makes him pose as a good man or as a religious man in order that he may the better conceal the real object of his life, his unbounded desire to become rich. Jesus, in his criticisms of hypocrites, shows clearly that he, too, considered vanity and greediness the two main reasons which make men hypocrites. He criticised severely those vain hypocrites who give alms and pray in public, not because their heart drives them to do so, but merely in order that they may attract the attention of their fellow-men, and be praised as being very philanthropic and very pious. And he likewise criticised those greedy hypocrites who try to appear as good and pious, only in order to deceive others and hide their greediness and corruption from them. He did so in these stringent words: "Ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full from extortion and excess. Cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also. Ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." Sometimes hypocrisy is the result, not of vanity alone, or of greediness alone, but of both combined, as in the case of those scribes of whom Jesus said that they "desire to walk in long robes, and to have salutations in the market-places, and chief seats in the synagogues, and chief places at feasts, and to be called of men 'Rabbi:' they who devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers. These shall receive greater condemnation."

For the sake of fairness it ought to be said that there is such a thing as unconscious hypocrisy, that many people who actually are hypocrites do not know themselves that they are hypocrites. But this ignorance does not excuse them from all responsibility for their hypocrisy. For they could easily find out that they are hypocrites if they would analyze their own characters. It was of hypocrites of this kind among his adversaries that Jesus

said: "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! For ye build the sepulchers of the prophets, and garnish the tombs of the righteous, and say, 'If we had been in the days of our fathers, we should not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.' Wherefore ye witness to yourselves that ye are sons of them that slew the prophets."

We have now discussed the different external forms of religion under the headings of ceremonies, Sabbath observance, human precepts, and hypocrisy, studying the teaching of Jesus on each of these subjects. We are therefore now prepared, I believe, fully to appreciate the loftiness of Jesus' great word: "Believe me, the hour comes when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. The hour comes, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth; for such does the Father seek to be his worshipers. God is a Spirit;* and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth." The word means that the worship of the Father does not depend on certain places, but that true worship consists in spiritual life. It implies a refutation of the teaching that certain places on this planet are holier than other places, and that temples and churches are necessary for religious life. It also implies a negative answer to the question whether Jesus considered ceremonies necessary for a spiritual life; for, if true worship consists in spiritual life, then no special forms of worship, based on human precepts, are necessary for a religious man. All that is necessary for us in order to please our invisible Father is to be truly spiritual,—to have the character of a little child.

The great ethical task before us, then, is to become like little children—to become children of the invisible Father. This, in the highest sense of the word, means to submit our individual will to the will of the Father. And by this submission of the individual will to the divine will we have to understand, in the first place, that we accept cheerfully whatever lot the Father sends us, so that

*Or, "God is spirit."

we can say to the Father at any time, like Jesus, "Not what I will, but what thou wilt." Subjecting our individual will, as I understand it, means, however, in the second place, overcoming of self and of every form of selfishness in us, in order that we may thereby develop that kind of character which is pleasing to our invisible Father. And it means finally, in the fullest sense of the word, that we subject our whole life to the will of the Father, that we desire to be nothing but instruments in the hands of the Father, and that we believe we have been sent to this earth with a mission from the Father. It is at this height of submission of self-will that we shall be able to say with Jesus, "I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

I said above that we may sum up the whole ethical teaching of Jesus in his request that we should become like little children,—children of the Father. This ethical request certainly sums up all individual ethics. For what higher ethical ideal could be held up before the individual than that of a child of the invisible Father? But this request comprises also all social ethics. For, if we want to become children of the invisible Father in the true sense of the word, we shall have to become also brothers of our fellow-men.

When Jesus was once asked, "What commandment is the first of all?" he answered, "The first is: 'Hear, O Israel,

The Lord, our God, the Lord is one. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.' The second is this: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' There is none other commandment greater than these." This word of Jesus is usually summed up as teaching love to God and love to man. We should, however, notice that this word is made up of two quotations from the five books of Moses, and that, when translated into Jesus' own language, it teaches, what we have just been discussing, that we should become like little children in our attitude toward the invisible Father and brothers in our attitude toward our fellow-men.

In order to show what it means to be like brothers in our attitude toward our fellow-men, Jesus gives the advice: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." That is to say, in order to make clear to us what brotherly kindness to others means, Jesus requests us first to consider how kindly we should like to be treated by others. That done, he asks us to be as kind to others as we should like that others would be toward us. Surely, if we follow this golden rule, as it is called, we shall then be true brothers to our fellow-men. And only as we become true brothers of our fellow-men can we become true children of our invisible Father.

MUSIC AND ITS PRACTICAL USES

BY JULIA E. CASTERLINE

At this particularly favorable time, when music is the subject of much thought and many open lectures and sermons, I feel urged, as it were, into an undeveloped portion of the field, where there is great need of musical harmony as a helping and healing agent.

Heretofore music has been thought of more as a social adjunct, as in concerts, opera, and the dance,—in churches, at weddings and funerals,—or in giving stimulus to patriotic chivalry, attuning man's heart to his country's need, and uplifting him for the time into emotions

which supersede all prior devotion and sentiment.

I have a dual sympathy and interest in the cause I advocate—a greater and wider field for music and musicians. My own personal experience has proved to me that music, if the right kind, is a forcible agent in handling disease, not merely nervous ailments, but deeper troubles. Music has a voice, and when the body assumes the confused conditions of mind and surroundings, music, if selected and applied intelligently, can be used to adjust the atoms of the body into harmony.

Every atom in iron is made active by the blacksmith's strokes. Fife and drum lift heavy weary feet from the earth in pursuit of many an achievement lost without it. Old violins are said to be more valuable if the touch of a hand supremely attuned to a gifted soul has touched them.

Musical instruments in a room, if in harmony, will sound in response to one touched.

There have been many cases accidentally cured where persons have been beyond the aid of medicine,—enough to suggest the possibility of more, and many if studied purposely for this object.

Many years ago I was sick "unto death," given up as beyond help of medical science. I was "only waiting." One day I found strength to say, "I feel that music is what I need,—something that will compel the very atoms of my body to move, to dance, to respond to some higher harmony that is just beyond our hearing." I chose a violin, as seemingly more like a voice. It was played at a distance, softly at first, and just such pieces as I felt a desire to hear. I had this three times daily a short time, say, twenty minutes. I was almost starved for lack of nourishment, not able to digest the simplest thing. One day, while the music was going on, I said, "Oh, I feel so hungry." Insomnia had stolen so much sleep from me that nothing but "the long sleep" seemed possible as a rest for my weary eyes. But sleep came through music. In a few days I was so changed that doctors and friends were astonished. Ever since then I have had in mind a "music cure" ideal.

This is not all. A preventive is often salvation from sickness, and many, yes, thousands of people in moderate and lowly circumstances are hungry for music, and have few places to find it save at expensive concerts, theaters, or places of low renown, gardens, etc.

The real good is too often lost in crowds.

Now, my suggestion would be to men and women who have a musical education to combine in harmonious clubs, and have rooms fitted up pleasantly and furnished with a variety of instruments, say, a "Musical Exchange," where there were several small rooms and a large one for a hall.

Now, say, I am music hungry. I go there and find just what I need, quietly, alone, with one whom I can pay in proportion as her time is used.

Suppose I have a sick or nervous friend who longs for music. I leave an order for just what is wished, and the order is filled.

What an opportunity for young ladies to serve numerous requirements,—indeed, a field that would constantly widen out as suggestions would unfold. Would it not be much more preferable and pleasant, and profitable also, than the overrun field of type-writing in offices where women are often at great disadvantage and at paltry wages, being limited to half what men used to get previous to feminine compliant haste in accepting little enough to please the greed of those who already gave little enough, but often enough to support two or four, where now the one is so meagerly paid. More could be made by young ladies in their own homes or in going to other homes. How many hospitals in behalf of the aged or little children who love music would open up opportunities at reasonable charges for time and music.

While East I talked with two physicians concerning this idea. Both agreed that it was a "capital plan." One (recently passed away) said he would put it in practice when he had time.

Public and private schools could in this way have an hour for good music, and I am sure it would do more for children than even for "wilder" animals in soothing and taming; it would be available for picnics, boating parties, summer resorts, excursions to the country, garden parties, dinners; yes, and even to soften the poor, mistaken criminal into confession and reparation.

This idea has come to me very forcibly while visiting hospitals for the insane.

The music which I have heard while visiting these institutions, mostly piano, and drummed by any one who cared to try, seemed only to correspond to the confusion already too apparent and seemingly fixed. Yet not so if some higher agency of adjustment to higher law be brought to bear, and of all things I believe these conditions which will not respond to drugs, and which are only pacified for a time by

opiates, would find their greatest help in music. The world at large is too apt to think, "Oh, he or she is insane," not thinking of this condition as one with sickness; so when a case is considered, it is with the foregone conclusion, "There is no help." I believe the missing help will yet be found in music, and, contrary to the ordinary kind, it must be the most perfect and harmonious, that the vibrations may be at one with the unseen forces working from cause to effect.

I would disconnect the treatment in music from any service that would attract or divide attention. Gathering together in a body night and morning the patients, seat them in rows according to the best thoughts which aid a purpose when it starts. Let each one of the patients have a fan, or baton of papier-mache, of different colors,—this merely for concentration of interest.

As soon as practicable have each one trained to keep time to certain exercises, but such cheerful, life-giving melody as would speak to the very soul, whose power, if quickened, works in controlling conditions. In proof of the power of vibration and its quickening influences, the natural scientists have experimented before the Academy of Sciences recently.

A glass of water purified by distillation was set on a table, and covered so that no air could affect it in the least. Twenty feet distant a violin was played. In a few moments the water was examined by the same powerful glass that before had discovered no signs of the germ life that had existed previous to distillation.

Now there was found to be life the same as before distillation.

Just here comes to me the story of an incident related of Paganini, happening in Vienna during the days of his greatest triumphs before the Austrian Court, illustrating the wonderful effect of music.

I will not here endeavor to give all the story from memory, save that the daughter of the grand-duke lay dying. The wisest of professional consultation had pronounced the case "hopeless."

Overburdened with grief, the grand-duke approached his dying daughter's couch to take a last look at her in life. In pulling back the heavy drapery to let in light, something dropped with a crash

to the floor, arousing her from stupor. Looking at her father for a moment in a bewildered manner, she whispered, "They are applauding Paganini! Father, I should get well if I could hear him play once more;" then she sank again into unconsciousness. Her father, filled with a new hope, hurried from the palace to the concert, where Paganini was executing one of those wonderful improvisations no artist has ever excelled. The duke could hardly wait for the last note, and amid the tremendous uproar of applause, he beckoned the artist from the stage, and rapidly told him of his daughter's sickness and her words. Paganini grasped the situation at once. Telling the director to delay his last number for half an hour, he hastened to the palace. Arriving, the room was in darkness. Paganini stepped to the window, and, throwing back the draperies, let in a flood of moonlight; and, as it fell across the face of the unconscious girl to which came no sign of life, motioning the duke to conceal himself, he moved where the light illumined his own features. Placing his violin to his chin, he laid the bow across the strings. Then he waited; one, two, three minutes passed, when slowly his bow moved across the strings. A faint sweet sound, then more swiftly, and the music rose and fell through all the divine rhapsody. Watching the pale face, he played on and on, until at one of the grand crescendos he saw her eyes slowly open, and as her lips moved slightly, he raised his bow long enough to catch these words, "Paganini, I cannot die! Oh, most divine music, divine,—divine." And as she watched him he played on in this marvelous sympathy.

At last his music broke forth into one of those long, soft peals of laughter, for which he alone was famous,—it trembled an instant and ceased; he was gone.

The duke, hastening to his daughter's side, found her in tears. From that night her recovery was rapid. She lived for many years to grace the Austrian Court.

Many instances are recorded that are akin to this. Writers and artists, while at work, would find an ease of inspiration in the accompaniment of music at times when the pen or brush lagged. In fact, music, mind, and hand are a triune at one in the service of higher good.

It is not for any of us to project such a plan, with much force; but from a magazine of this kind all ideas that benefit the greatest numbers, or plan better conditions in life, would go out as a great force into the community and spread.

This field for music and musicians would not conflict with music schools or

conservatories of music, whose main object is instruction or education. It would increase their work in producing competent pupils encouraged by a widening field.

If we do not do all we would, we can open our cage door and send forth the carrier doves of thought messages.

THE WHITE CZARS THREE

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I.

ALEXANDER I.

Alexander, Czar of the Russias,
To the princes of Vladimir's Halls:
"O princes, my mantle hangs heavy,
And to you my conscience calls.
To the golden tombs and hollow
Soon Death will summon me;
Go,—free the serf from bondage,
And the world from carnage free!"

To the golden tombs and hollow,
To the dusty tombs and cold,
They bore the Czar, "The Blessed,"
'Mid lamps of burning gold.
But thoughts of high suggestion
Are impearled in deeds sublime,
And words of conscience ever
Burn into stars of time!

II.

ALEXANDER II.

It was midnight on the Finland,
And o'er the wastes of snow,
From the crystal sky of Winter
The lamps of God hung low.
A sea of ice was the Neva,
In the white light of the stars,
And it locked in its arms of silence
The city of the Czars.

The palace was wrapped in shadow,
And, dark in the starlit space,
The monolith rose before it
From its battle-trophied base,
And the cross that crowned the column
Seemed reaching to the stars
O'er the white streets, hushed in silence,
Round the palace of the Czars.

The chapel's mullioned windows
Are flushed with a sudden light;
Who comes to the shadowy altar
In the silence of the night?
What prince with a deep heart burden
Approaches the jeweled shrine?
'Tis thy son, O Nicholas, faithful
To thy visioned thought divine!

In that still church strains celestial
 Like Bethlehem's fill his ears,
 And the mystic words, "Good tidings"
 And "Peace on Earth," he hears.
 The priests hear not the voices
 As the golden lamps low swing:—
 But kneel by the muffled stranger,
 In whose prayers the angels sing.

'Tis the Czar, whose word in the morning
 Shall make the Russias free
 From the Neva to the Ural,
 From the Steppe to the winter sea;
 Who speaks, and a thousand steeples
 Ring freedom to every man,—
 From the serf on the white Ladoga
 To the fisher of Astrachan.

The morn sets its crowns of rubles
 In snows of turret and spire.
 And far shines the sea of Finland,
 Its crystal plains mingled with fire.
 Ring bells on the Neva and Volga,
 Ye bells of the Caspian Sea:
 For a Voice in the morning aurora
 Has set the Russias free!

III.

NICHOLAS II.

The martyr, Alexander;
 The nobles bear his bier
 Down the golden tombs and hollow
 Of the Halls of Vladimir!
 Still over war-spent Europe
 War holds her sullen reign,
 And sink in purple oceans
 The shattered ships of Spalu.

A trump rends the air of the Norlands;
 It rings from the Baltic clear;
 It rises in white auroras
 O'er the Halls of Vladimir.
 The Aryan race it summons
 The world from war to free!
 Who blows Heaven's victor trumpet?
 The last of the White Czars three!

The last Czar heard the call in the heavens
 And God's own trumpet took,
 And filled all the lands with its music,
 And the fortified nations shook;
 Then sunk on his throne, glory-smitten,
 His work in the call but begun,
 But thy ukase, Seer of the Finland,
 Shall follow the march of the sun!

For each thought of high suggestion
 Is imperaled in deeds sublime;
 The words of conscience ever
 Burn into stars of time;
 And the silver trump that sounded
 In the white auroras forth,
 The world to peace shall waken,
 O messenger of the North!

WHY I AM A METHODIST

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE, D. D.

I am not a Methodist because I believe that Methodism, and it alone, has all the truth and nothing but the truth. No human organization can rightly make any such claim. Something of error will necessarily attach to its creed, something of imperfection to its economy. Neither the Methodist Church nor any other (whatever Pope Leo may say) is altogether or absolutely perfect. Changes of considerable moment have already been effected both in its doctrine and discipline; and it is entirely certain that there will be further improvement as the years go on.

I am not a Methodist because I believe that Methodism has any monopoly of goodness, or that nearly all the very good people are within its fold. That it has its full share of saints appears to me probable. But there is no doubt in my mind that multitudes eminent for piety receive comfort and help from all branches of the Church of Christ, and are also found to a very cheering degree even in non-Christian religions. Devout, God-fearing, right-living men and women are peculiar to no one form of faith or mode of worship.

I am not a Methodist because I expect or desire all other denominations to be absorbed in my own. It is very plain to me that this would not be best for the world. I can clearly see that each of the leading churches has special peculiarities which particularly commend it to a certain class of minds. I fully recognize the great good there is in these churches, and gladly allow that in some things they have a positive advantage over that to which I belong. It is, I am confident, wholly out of the question for all people, with their great diversity of temperament and opinion, to be organically united in ecclesiastical relations. Such a union, if forced upon the world, would be in name and appearance only—purely external and mechanical. Outward uniformity is not real unity. It is the latter, a unity of spirit rather than of body, which the Saviour supplicated for his disciples.

Where people think for themselves, and properly prize their liberty of thought and action, there must be a variety of denominations. No one church is pre-eminently best for all and equally suited to their individual needs.

My claim for Methodism simply is that it has abundantly demonstrated its right to be accounted a legitimate branch of the Christian Church,—that it is scriptural in doctrine, efficient in discipline, fully adapted to do a most admirable work in the world, with few defects, many excellencies, and a history of which any one might well be proud. Whether out of all available or imaginable churches, had I been permitted to survey them from some lofty height, with absolutely impartial eye, unbiassed by ancestral proclivities or early surroundings, I should have chosen this as superlatively best, I cannot tell. It would scarcely be becoming in me to claim for my church that relative rank. Nor is this matter in any way germane to the purpose of the present paper. "With charity for all, with malice toward none," let me give as briefly and modestly as may be some reasons for my assured belief that the Methodist Episcopal Church is every way worthy of its large place in the history of current religion.

Historically, as a separate specific organization, Methodism cannot boast very advanced age. That in one sense it goes back to Christ and the apostles, that it has a recognizable share in the great inheritance of our common Christianity, we very strenuously maintain. Through the Church of England, its mother, and the Church of Rome, its grandmother, it has a part in the most primitive traditions of the earliest ages, and glories in all the good men who have made illustrious the annals of these many Christian centuries. But as an individual entity, under its own distinctive name, officered and equipped for service, it is only of yesterday. Its marvelous accomplishments are all contained in the brief space of one hundred and sixty years. For, although

the word "Methodist" began to be banteringly flung by the wits of Oxford University at the two Wesleys and the little group of like-minded collegians that they gathered about them there, not far from 1730, for the observance of stricter methods in religious matters, it was not till 1739 that the Methodist movement can properly be said to have made a definite start. We cannot do better than to let John Wesley, its founder, give in his own words the story of its origin. He says:

In the latter end of the year 1739, eight or ten persons came to me in London, who appeared to be deeply convinced of sin, and earnestly groaning for redemption. They desired I would spend some time with them in prayer, and advise them how to flee from the wrath to come. That we might have more time for this great work, I appointed a day when they might all come together, which, from thenceforward, they did every Thursday in the evening. To these, and as many more as desired to join with them (for the number increased daily), I gave those advices from time to time which I judged most needful for them, and we always concluded our meetings with prayer suited to their several necessities. This was the rise of the United Society, first in London and then in other places. The first evening about twelve persons came, the next week thirty or forty. When they were increased to about a hundred I took down their names and places of abode, intending, as often as it was convenient, to call upon them at their houses. Thus, without any previous plan, began the Methodist Society in England,—a company of people associating together to help each other to work out their own salvation.

How this first insignificant "Methodist Society" developed into the present enormous Methodist Church, with its multiplied branches all over the world,—having to-day seven and a half million communicants and twenty-seven million adherents,—identical in doctrine, but differing somewhat in government, makes a fascinating narrative which cannot here be pursued in detail. John Wesley, one of the very greatest of men, measured by any standard, survived, to guide with firm hand the destinies of the societies he established, until 1791; at which time the little one had indeed "become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation." For the number of lay members on both sides

of the Atlantic was about one hundred and twenty thousand, and the itinerant ministers were over five hundred, besides three times as many local preachers. After Wesley's departure the Methodists of the United Kingdom, continuing to follow the providential indications to which their leader had always been true, took on increasingly the form and proportions of an organized church. They have marvelously prospered, until to-day they stand next the Anglican Church in importance, with three and a half million adherents, which means one Methodist in every eleven of the population. The Methodists of the United States in 1784, having grown from the merest handful of immigrants in 1766 to a body of at least two hundred thousand adherents, fifteen thousand of whom were members, by Wesley's own arrangement set up for themselves, with all their machinery completed, under the denominational name of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the United States alone there are to-day very nearly six million Methodist communicants, fifty-three thousand churches, and over thirty-seven thousand ordained ministers. When it is remembered that the total of Protestant communicants in the country is only eighteen millions, it will be seen that one-third of all are in the Methodist ranks.

The history which has culminated, after so brief a period, in such startling figures as these may well arouse enthusiasm in the minds of those who study it sympathetically from the inside, and deservedly forms a no inconsiderable factor in the reasons why one might warrantably take a good deal of satisfaction in being a Methodist. It is a history whose early annals both in England and America are filled with hardship and heroism. The chronicles are crowded with men of mark and works of power. The persecutions and perils uncomplainingly endured, with no hope whatever of earthly gain, thrill the heart of the reader and awaken admiration in the most phlegmatic breasts. They "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments," they were frequently stoned, they courageously faced mobs that howled for their destruction, cudgelings and whippings were by no

means rare, attempts to drown and poison them are well authenticated, and several times recorded, their privations and exposures greatly shortened their lives. "Through faith they subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." The world was indeed in no way worthy of them; but they gave themselves unflinchingly to all manner of distress for the sake of doing good, and their labors were not in vain. No one can read about their toils and triumphs without feeling that he is in the presence of some of the noblest of mankind. It is most surely a spiritual ancestry of whom the best might pardonably be proud.

Turning reluctantly away, with these brief allusions, from an exceptionally fascinating theme, and earnestly commending the study of Methodist history to all who love great deeds, I pass rapidly on to the second reason why Methodists are very happy in their denominational home. This reason is found in the eminently common-sense character of their doctrines. It should be distinctly said, however, that Methodism has never laid its principal stress upon doctrine. An important part of its mission from the beginning has been to mitigate the ferocity of the old creeds and creed-makers, and to promote a charitable liberality of opinion on those topics about which so little is absolutely certain. The kingdom of God which it has labored most zealously to promote has not consisted of beliefs and opinions, but of "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Its genius has been practical rather than speculative. The having the mind that was in Christ has seemed to it the main thing. It has given its chief attention not to dogmas but to duties, and has sought more carefully to maintain its spiritual life than its orthodoxy, trusting indeed that if the former were well looked after the latter would not be far astray. It has been known as "Christianity in earnest," and as "an organized revival." It has been distinguished not so much for the new truths it has evolved as for the new significance it has breathed into the old, the living power it has imparted to

what was previously inoperative. Heart religion, the prosecution of the work of God, especially among the poor and neglected, with all-consuming zeal and directness, have characterized it much more than ponderous tomes of theology. And whenever it has engaged in verbal controversy it has been because it was compelled to do so by virulent attacks, or by the presence of tenets which it deemed greatly obstructive to the salvation of men and the good of the world. Its evangelistic spirit has given it great simplicity of creed, and there has been no body of Christians freer from bigotry, intolerance, and uncharitable exclusiveness than this.

What are the main doctrines of Methodism? Methodism is strongly Arminian, as distinguished from the Calvinism which so largely prevailed in the churches among which it grew up. That is to say, it lays chief stress on the freedom of the human will rather than on the sovereignty of God. It holds to universal redemption instead of particular; in other words, it firmly maintains that Christ died for all men and not for the elect alone, that God's elect are all who freely elect his service, and that by the full, impartial supply of saving grace each person has entire power to repent of his sins and believe in Christ, so that if he does not do this the fault is exclusively his own. God foreordains to eternal life those whom he foresees will, in the exercise of their unrestricted liberty, accept his offered mercy. There can be no such thing as irresistible grace, nor a secured perseverance of the good, infallibly assured through divine power. The existence of moral evil in the world, both in its beginning and its continuance as well, is explained by the fact of moral freedom. Free agency is essential to a moral system, and absolute independence of will is essential to free agency. God, therefore, of necessity limits himself when he creates free agents. They are beyond his absolute control. He may argue and persuade, but he cannot force. To control the wills of free agents is a contradiction, and to work contradictions does not lie within the scope of even infinite strength.

Methodism, while vigorously preaching the lost condition of men, has been careful to guard against the old idea that we are

in any way to blame for what Adam did, that we are guilty of somebody else's sin. What we inherit is not sin, but a tendency or bias toward evil, an abnormal condition of our powers and propensities which makes it easy for us to sin. But actual guilt is contracted only when gracious ability to overcome this bias, freely supplied to all, is refused, and there is a voluntary yielding to the stream of evil tendency instead of to the drawing of the divine Spirit. Our depravity is simply our misfortune, not our fault, until we have personally adopted it, made it specifically our own, and thus, by this act of our will, have become sinners. God can forgive the sinner, and yet uphold his broken law, only through Christ and his great atoning work. It was for this Jesus suffered on Calvary. The philosophy of the atonement admits of various explanations, and Methodism is not unalterably wedded to any, but the clear Bible facts it insists upon as of great importance.

It has been somewhat special in the emphasis it has placed on "the witness of the Spirit" to the new birth, in other words, on a present assurance of salvation, a power to know that we are now the Lord's, as distinguished from a vague hope or a trembling trust that it will be all right at last. This is of the nature of an inward impression, or profound persuasion, wrought upon the mind of the believer by the Holy Ghost and convincing him that he has become a true child of God. Like all impressions or feelings, however, it needs, to attain complete trustworthiness and give perfect confidence, speedy corroboration from other sources. The only infallible test of a new heart is a new life. Feelings must be confirmed by facts before they can be really relied upon. While the direct witness of the Spirit,—God speaking immediately to the heart in sweetest tones, saying, Thou art my beloved child in whom I am well pleased,—is very precious and important for the comfort and joy of the young convert, the most conclusive evidence, both for him and especially for other people, that salvation has been really wrought within, is the indirect witness, that is, the manifested change in his impulses, purposes, words, and deeds.

The salvation which Methodism has been eager to promote has not only been free to all, with no decree of limited election and general reprobation restricting its benefits to a few, and knowable in the present tense, thus imparting a bright, joyous, positive type of religion,—it has also been remarkably full in its ample provision for constant victory over temptation. Methodism, more than any other denomination, has, from its earliest days, emphasized the privilege and duty of a Spirit-filled life, a life wholly separated from the world, wholly surrendered to God, and continually triumphant in its conflicts with sin. It has considered the attainment of this blessed condition not something to be waited for until near death, still less as something to be postponed to a future state, but something to be grasped without delay, constituting a stage of Christian experience sufficiently definite to be made a specific object of faith. It has ever urged its converts to complete their consecration at the earliest possible moment, to leave no smallest gap between their knowledge of God's requirements and their fullest conformity thereto, and to count confidently on that empowerment moment by moment from on high for every duty which shall make the duty a delight. In this way a life of thorough loyalty to Christ, free from all conscious condemnation, and glorified by cloudless communion with the ever-present Deity, has been entered upon by many thousands who have dated from that entrance an era of unspeakable joy, ecstatic liberty, and vastly increased opportunities of progress. Perhaps at no point has Methodism done more for the world than in thus elevating the standard of vital piety.

Space does not permit me to dwell at all upon the other doctrines of Methodism, which are, indeed, simply those held in common by the evangelical or Trinitarian churches, and need no further specification.

Passing, then, to the third among the reasons for Methodism's great success, and for her sons' devotion to their cherished mother, we find it in her remarkable polity or form of church government, which is decidedly unique. It is really a

marvelous system, partly struck out by Wesley, but still more largely a child of Providence, developed and modified from time to time according to the manifested indications of utility. On this latter ground, and not on any special divine right, it justifies its existence. It is not sacramentarian or sacerdotal. It is built on expediency and appeals to proved results.

The Methodism of this country, except in the case of a few of the smaller bodies, is episcopal in government; but the bishops do not constitute a separate order, nor have distinct dioceses. Their technical name is "general superintendents," and this designates their function, which is to travel at large among the people and exercise an oversight of the interests of the denomination. Supreme jurisdiction resides in the general conference, which is the sole legislative authority; it meets on the first Wednesday of May in every fourth year, and continues in session about a month. Since 1812 it has been a delegated body, at first wholly of ministers, but since 1872 a part of the delegates have been laymen, and by the latest amendment the lay and ministerial delegates are to be equal in number. It elects the bishops and other general officers, such as publishing agents, editors, and secretaries, supervises all the connectional societies, and makes such rules and regulations as seem best. The bishops preside, but are not members. There are annual conferences, numbering now about one hundred and fifty, composed of ministers, and having administrative functions only; district conferences, a subdivision of the annual for special purposes, made up largely of laymen; and quarterly conferences, meeting once a quarter to administer the affairs of the local church. In these latter, local preachers, exhorters, class leaders, stewards, trustees, Sunday-school superintendents, and presidents of Epworth League chapters have membership, and the deliberations are directed by what is called a presiding elder, a sort of sub-bishop, appointed to travel through a section of the territory covered by an annual conference and assist the bishops in caring for the churches. In this way, by an interlocking system of conferences

and carefully selected officials rigidly graded one above another, thorough supervision and great efficiency of movement are secured without seriously or needlessly infringing personal liberty. It is believed to be the most vigorous and complete ecclesiastical organization possessed by any Protestant church, and it accounts in a very large degree for the splendid and unexampled growth a few of whose figures have been already noted.

The most distinctive characteristic, however, of the Methodist economy is yet to be mentioned,—the itinerancy of its ministers. It sprang up providentially through the necessities of the early days, when preachers were few and people were calling on every side for help. It has proved a marvelous labor-saving arrangement, especially in this new land of America with its ever-expanding frontiers. At first the preachers were moved as a rule yearly, in some instances every six months, though there was no law against their indefinite reappointment to the same place. Then (in 1804) a rule was made that no preacher should be allowed to remain in one station more than two years successively; in 1864 it was changed to three years, and in 1888 to five years, the present limit. The bishop presiding at the annual conference is authorized to fix the appointments, but he is aided in this difficult and delicate duty by abundant information furnished him from both churches and ministers, chiefly through the presiding elders. This system distributes evenly, with very little friction, the talents of the ministry, and supplies every church with a preacher and every preacher with a church every moment of the time. It is a system that means considerable sacrifice oftentimes on the part of both pastor and people, and occasionally demands a good deal of heroism, particularly from the preacher; but it works, on the whole, magnificently. God has wonderfully blessed it, and it is certain that without it Methodism could never have won its historic triumphs.

The careful reader will be able, we trust, to gather from this rapid survey a few at least of the causes why this foremost of the Protestant churches of America has reached its present position, and

why its sons so heartily believe in its future. Its progress has not been due to any government aid, or to members received from immigration, or to prestige on account of great wealth, social position, or superior educational facilities. All these things have been, for the most part, against it. It has been the church of the masses. Its growth has been due to its reasonable doctrines, its earnest piety, its military form of church government. It is a church thoroughly missionary in its organization and well adapted to avail itself promptly of all favorable openings, filled with revival fire and burning with a zeal to bring men to God, brotherly and social in its spirit, demonstrative in its exercises, making much of sacred song, giving large liberty to women in its assemblies, identifying itself with all classes and causing them to feel at home within its walls; liberal in its opinions, yet high-toned in its spiritual life, and admirably adapted every way to all wants of the new nation in which Providence placed it. How could it, being thus, do anything

else but thrive as church never throve before?

Its latest years have been its best. Its piety has not declined, nor its zeal shown signs of decay. Outward methods and habits have somewhat changed, but the heart is no less sound and true. Accessions by conversion are still numerous. The original vital impulse has not been lost, nor has there been any lowering of the banner on which is written, "Holiness to the Lord." It seems to us certain that Methodism shall continue to advance, gathering fresh strength from all sources, whitening all seas with the sails of its spiritual commerce, enlightening all lands with its flaming torches of truth, and planting the cross of the world's Redeemer wherever there are men to be saved. If such be the case, then every member of this great army, however humble, may well rejoice that he has a place in its ranks, and, without disparaging in any degree the other divisions of the mighty Christian host, may heartily thank God that he is a Methodist.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE STUDY OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

BY REV. W. G. TODD

THIRD PAPER

It would have been strange if, among the many other things of which we made inquiry, we had not asked questions of these influences concerning the source of the replies, and concerning the full *modus operandi* of the communications. We did ask these questions. As the result of them we obtained the following replies, which I will give before discussing directly other theories concerning this source. The first of these is from Mrs. J.

Q. "Why cannot the minds of our spirit friends meet our needs more fully in detail? Is it because your minds are limited to the exercise of intuition alone?"

A. "No. Within certain preparatory grades, thought is less intuitional than a series of perceptions arising from judgments which are the balanced relations of cause and effect."

Q. "Is this 'balancing of relations' a less perfect form of thought?"

A. "Not imperfect by reason of this fact. Rather, the subject-matter, or relations presented for thought analysis, are of such a nature in these preparatory planes that necessarily the thought employed must be less purely intuitional than otherwise. I am unable to state with any definiteness facts which are not already held in solution in your own minds. This is an inexorable law. But that does not disprove the fact that individuals, like myself, actually exist and try to reach you on the earth."

Q. "Perhaps not; but it furnishes the occasion for a doubt to arise. There is but a step between the assertion of the 'solution' in our minds, and the assertion

that your answers come from our own minds."

A. "I know, and have hesitated how to say this. A fact, or a principle, in what I call 'solution,' is not your own until it shall have crystallized. The very most I can do is in this work of starting the crystallizing impulse. Others, farther on than myself, may be able to do more. I speak for myself only."

Speaking of this among ourselves, and of related things bearing upon the character of the communications and the personality of the influences, Mrs. J. volunteered:

"I am myself, and so earnestly hope that you can accept these apparently unreasonable conditions, and not refuse the avenue which actually is, through disappointment in what you hoped for and felt might naturally be. But the gulf of unlike states of being is so great that ways of bridging it are few, especially when truths are asked for which lie within the border land of the material and spiritual."

Q. "Is it difficult for you to communicate with us through this board?"

A. "It is not only hard, but I must use another mind, as you might use a sheet of paper; and it is never as blank as paper. Individuality cannot well be preserved in these messages. We come to you in spirit more than by this material way. It is hard, and we are never sure that we reach you."

Q. "In what way do you usually, or most easily, come?"

A. "We come directly; from our sympathetic consciousness of you,—of your aspirations, your beliefs, your affirmations, and sometimes your honest doubts."

Q. "In what way does this influence reach us?"

A. "You should get an impulse from the prophetic side of your best and highest self. We stimulate the soul life of you."

At another time we asked the same influence:

Q. "Do thought influences from living persons on the earth reach us?"

A. "Thought from those persons on your own plane of existence can only reach you when your own mental state is highly receptive,—that is, reach your conscious-

ness. There must also exist close relationship between those who thus exchange or receive the thought of another. You are never affected by persons not akin to you; but you do not always recognize your kinsmen. Often you ignore them."

Q. "Is the law governing communications here the same as in your world?"

A. "The law of growth remains the same under all conditions. Even what you call death does not affect the law. It is of law universal. The same is true of this special law of thought transmission. It is possible of a more complete elucidation, just through the fact that it remains a law for both your world and this. It would seem to be comparatively easy of interpretation, since you have the side of known verification as well as our side beyond the known. Both sides obey the same law. Those who are allied hold communion,—those whose mentality is the servant of their inner sight. These are they who are able to hear and understand."

Q. "It has been thought by some experimenters, and indeed demonstrated, that communications on the earth may be sent from a person without that person being conscious of it. Must you not be conscious of all your communications to this world?"

A. "Let me take your side first. No; persons may be unconscious at the exact moment of thought transference, but no thought is transferred which has not at some previous time crystallized into exact formulation. The avenue opens, the transference is made, but the thought has its definite life, or it would not respond. This is the exact truth with reference to transference on our side. True is it that not always active consciousness is present to our side; but the life of that for which you called has been lived, the thought has become a crystallized verity of spirit expression, and when you can receive it it comes to you."

Q. "That seems very much like making thought a living thing in itself, and ignoring human personality."

A. "No, no. What I am trying to convey to you is this, that we live in an immortal expression of truth in thought. The thought of which I spoke may not

at the moment of your question be an active factor in our conscious being; but we have lived it some time, and its verity awaits any who call for its affirmation. Our lives must bear witness continually, and must respond to each true demand, if we be of spirit reality. This is not easy to state, but it will appear to you after a time. It is somewhat comparable to the water, or any fluid, confined within a vessel through the foresight of some one who divined a future need. You open the avenue and the fluid comes; but the person who placed it there may or may not be conscious of the immediate act on your part, or the gift on his. This is a most limited illustration, but it may help."

Concerning the special means of communication established by this board, we also consulted the less philosophical but eagerly helpful Mrs. B. She said:

"Conditions are difficult and uncertain. I come to you in spirit. This is not spirit. It is a means through materialized spirits, if you can understand the term. It is myself, but I use another mind."

Again, the same influence said:

"Sometimes your minds are ruffled, like the ruffled surface of water, and it is almost impossible for us to mirror our thought."

Again, the same influence voluntarily came and endeavored to enlighten us, at a time when I was inquiring closely into the exact nature and source of these communications. I will give the whole conversation. The motion of the planchette had suddenly changed from the strong, steady movement of Mrs. J. to the more airy and graceful sweeps over the board which Mrs. B. gave it. I recognized the change, and said:

"Why, this is Aunt B.!"

A. "Yes; and Mr. T. is growing critical as to the distinctive quality of the nuggets of wisdom he is gathering!"

Q. "Can you help us any?"

A. "I wish I could; but the material is so difficult to manage that I often feel I'd better not try. From my side of it it is an actual truth that, up to a certain point, we absolutely can tell you nothing which already, in a degree, is not in your own mind. It is like this,—a Frenchman, in

his natural state, uneducated, can be told nothing except by those using his own mother tongue. You are reached by friends on this side when you can be addressed in common language, and through some partially open avenue. We exist. We are so keenly alive to our kinsmen in truth! We cannot reach you in normal conditions—materially. We cannot communicate material facts; and none of your friends here wish to reach you under conditions not normal. These states belong to a plane on which neither of us wish to stand."

The latter part of this communication sounds like a warning against placing too much reliance upon the messages we are receiving, because of the material means employed, and also contains the expression of a personal reluctance to engage in the transmission of thought by all abnormal means. This only reiterates an aversion to the materialistic phenomena of spiritism which Mrs. B. had often expressed to me during life. No other influence has ever expressed this reluctance, although others have spoken of its difficulties, and have warned us that, under the most materialistic and personal influences, there might be a corresponding admixture of our own minds in the messages. Here is one from the more philosophical Universal Friend, which concludes with that thought:

Q. "What is the universal law governing communications, both in this world and from your world to this?"

A. "Quiescent mind is the reservoir of thought in solution. Send to this a brain impulse, and crystallized thought is the result. This is a fact of personal experience from the realm of consciousness in your own world. Again, given quiescent thought in solution, and to this transmit an impulse from a source within the sphere of universal truth, and crystallization takes place independently of the individual, and yet necessarily limited as to completeness of expression, as only material can be used which lies within those minds which serve as media for this more impersonal thought impulse. When we, who stand outside the earth plane, are obliged to confine statement either to questions purely materialistic, or are ex-

pected to work with minds of materialistic character, then communications are not only imperfect in expression, not only deficient in spiritual truth, but largely tinged with personal opinions."

Q. "Are the communications we receive shaped by the soul within us?"

A. "Always by that, or my effort would be as vain as it would be valueless. Do you not perceive that whatever truth reaches you must be shaped by your own personal needs, and at the same time your personal grade of development? Otherwise, it would not be truth for you."

Q. "Is it because of this fact that we are sometimes told these communications come from our own minds?"

A. "That is just why. That is why signs and wonders are not a part of my truth, or of your souls' needs."

Here is another thing from the same influence on the source of these answers, and it also shows the marked individuality of the speaker:

Q. "Will you tell us whether knowledge is mortal or immortal?"

A. "No, not just now. Some question between M. and yourself reached over to me. What was it? I could not get en rapport then."

Q. "Mr. M., in his call yesterday, gave me the answer of a friend to whom he had written, inclosing some of our communications, and whose judgment he asked concerning the true source of the answers, and—"

A. (Interjected.) "M. is cursed with many weights!"

Q. "Mr. M. received from his friend the reply that our questions, like forces started by ourselves, went out into universal mind, produced sympathetic vibrations therein, and brought back an answer, as a call sometimes brings back an echo. The question, he said, absolutely determined the answer; and the reflex action, or return force, stirring in our minds and running through the electric circuit of the company, manifested itself in the answers by the board. The general question between M. and myself—and the only one that could have reached over to you, for the only one we expressed—was this: How can the fact that impersonal mind, or the immanent universal, seems to be the

simplest solution of the problem of these communications, be reconciled with the statement of each influence that it is an individual spirit? This was the general inquiry which pervaded our whole conversation. The definite question that I asked M. was: May not the universal be made up of individuals, and centers of individuality in planes of individuals, all of which speak by an individual will? Am I right? But first tell us in how far the reply of Mr. M.'s friend is correct."

A. "True; but a partial answer. Out of the infinite silences cometh the infinite wisdom. True is it that to him alone who hath shall be given. True that the question must ever hold the secret of the answer. True is it that from the vibrant arches of the universal comes the chord of the response. But within the mystery of this universal are the myriad centralized intelligences. From these centers of spirit must your replies be formulated. In earth limitations none other were possible. Like must reach to like, the centralizing to the more centered, and both, in aspiration, reaching over to the highest—the universal. To commune directly with the All of Being would no longer allow of earth existence. Individuals on your earth wish for formulated statements of truth. These formulations must be from kindred planes of being. The impulse of the universal lies back of all this kind of expression. Do you see my meaning?"

Again, an influence, purporting to be that of a wife at whose funeral I had officiated only a few weeks before, appeared and begged me to write a letter to her husband, who she said was inconsolable, and to give him some message direct from herself. I could not resist such an appeal, and did so. The next day the influence again appeared and heartily thanked me. A few days later she again appeared, and I felt that here would be a good opportunity to test the independent knowledge of the influence in regard to the receipt of the letter by her husband. Mr. — was traveling a large part of the time, and I had addressed the letter to his home in another city. The following was the conversation:

Q. "Has Mr. S. returned to —?"

A. "I am less and less able to distinguish places by name."

Q. "How do you see him?"

A. "I see him through the soul of him."

Q. "Is he feeling any more cheerful?"

A. "Yes; he surely is."

Q. "Has he received my letter yet?"

Immediately, as I asked this question, the thought rushed through my mind that Mr. S. could not possibly have received the letter, and that there would be an excellent chance to catch the influence, if she had not the power of independent perception that she claimed. My mind was on the alert for a mistake. The influence did not reply for a moment; then slowly and feebly spelled out:

A. —"He—has—your—letter."

Q. "Why did you hesitate so long?"

A. "It is some condition of your mind which puts a blank wall between us when you ask certain questions. I cannot explain it at all. I seem, what I used to call, paralyzed."

Q. "Are you sure he has the letter?"

A. "It is of no use. I cannot tell, even when I know, sometimes. Good-bye!"

The Universal Friend at once appeared, and I asked him:

Q. "Can you tell us why Mrs. S. hesitated?"

A. "You interpose material details between the spirit and yourself, and look for results outside of natural law."

Q. "But if she perceives her husband through perceiving 'the soul of him,' and is able to recognize him as 'cheerful,' would she not be able to connect this state of mind with its cause, and thus to perceive that cause?"

A. "Would you know what your friend had eaten for dinner if you met him on the street and saw that he had dined?"

This reply shows the individuality of this influence, and the familiar and conversational character of his communications. I ought, also, to add here that I received in a few days a very thankful letter from Mr. S. in which he mentioned the time of receiving my letter. He had already read it at the time I was conducting my "test," and was feeling very much happier on account of it. This statement is due the reader after bringing before his

mind the test, although I place very little confidence in such proof, or in any replies coming through the ouija board in answer to personal questions, or to any concerning material details. In so far as we enter the realm of the personal and material, in so far, it seems to me, do all messages take up into themselves the feelings, and wishes, and suspicions, and tendencies of our own minds. Such, at least, has been my experience.

We come now to the most difficult part of our subject,—that of accounting for the phenomena presented in the foregoing pages. Here we reach the region of cause, and the cause is immaterial. Whichever way the reader may decide that these messages have originated, their source takes him beyond material causes. The only visible thing is motion—the motion of the planchette from letter to letter. That this is not caused by the volition of those whose hands rest upon it is a matter easy of demonstration. Presumably, the planchette moves by electricity,—at least, its motions indicate this; and the condition of the hands of the operators also indicates it. But there is intelligence here as well as force. From whence comes that? There are none of the conditions of ordinary mediumship present. The operators of the board are in a perfectly normal condition, and engage in conversation with the rest of us in the intervals of questioning. Further, this intelligence manifests itself like a person. It declares that it is an individual. Is it?

There are various theories advanced to account for this and kindred phenomena. It is well to observe some of these. The world is now studying psychic phenomena more carefully than formerly; profound minds are engaged in it, and their theories are worthy of our attention.

I. We will take the most common of these theories first. Perhaps the most common theory advanced is that all of these messages unconsciously come from our own minds. This is such a natural deduction from the most common phenomena of so-called spiritism that it is not strange it should be applied to all psychic phenomena. Go to any spiritistic circle, and you will observe—not spiritualism, but materialism. The interests that you

see there manifested are local, material, personal, very largely selfish. The so-called tests there made are tests of time and place and the material side of personality. The spiritual is the realm of principles as compared with things, of law as compared with phenomena, of sentiments as compared with deeds, of the universal as compared with the particular, of unselfish incentives as compared with the selfish. When we provide material conditions for determining a material cause, we are apt to arrange for the corruption of the cause by its helpless submergence in the material. In this predicament it takes on the nature of the matter through which it works.

But let us apply this common theory to the phenomena we have been presenting. When the foregoing answers were being received, were we unconsciously communing with our own minds? Let us look closely and observe what such a belief would require?

Such a belief would require (1) an ability in the use of language, on the part of those engaged in these experiments with the ouija board, such as is possessed by few writers and speakers. I feel sure that my readers will agree with me in this. The language is generally terse, concise, condensed, and entirely free from that vagueness and diffusiveness which so often characterizes the utterances of ordinary spiritistic mediumship. This language was also formulated with no opportunity for careful preparation. The answers were given immediately, and generally without any hesitation, in the exact form in which they are here presented. The spelling out of the answer would usually commence at the instant the question was fully completed, and proceed rapidly to the end. Let the best writers of this country, or of all countries, sit down and reply in writing, off-hand, to questions here asked, and how many of them could do as well? How many of our best thinkers can give such estimates of the life and work of Emerson, of Plato, of Marcus Aurelius, or of any of the other names given in the first of these articles? But if they could not do it, is it likely that the three, and sometimes four, conducting these experiments,—the one a very busy

business man, prompted by scientific tastes, two ladies whose domestic cares left them little time for reading or thought, and one obscure clergyman,—could perform such a feat? Not one of them could have attained to more than a caricature of these answers.

The theory would require (2) more general information, wider reading, more psychological research, and more power in philosophical thought than is common to any but specialists on these subjects. To this I reply that our company was made up of people who were far from being specialists in these lines. It is true that scientific men occasionally dropped in, but the communications did not change in respect to breadth of knowledge or erudition, neither did they remain uniformly within the same limitations when the audience was limited to the usual number. We perform our experiments as quietly as possible, both to avoid publicity, and for the sake of the results.

The theory of auto-reply requires (3) still another theory to account for the marked individuality apparent in the various influences purporting to give these answers, and in the answers themselves. The Universal Friend and the Unknown were most alike on the philosophical side, but they were never the same. The Universal Friend and Mrs. J. were much alike on the psychological side, and yet they could never be mistaken for each other. These were the only strong points of likeness, and they are offset by marked dissimilarity among the others. And not only the replies to questions show marked individuality, but even the motions of the planchette were so different with the different influences that we soon came to recognize the personality before the name was announced. Some of these motions were strong and heavy, others softer and swift, others easy and graceful, while an influence calling himself the Persian invariably came first in long sweeps of the instrument in the form of a crescent, and one calling himself the Egyptian came making the figure of a triangle intermixed with his circles. While it should be admitted that the Unknown and the Persian seldom came, and never to give communications of much value, when Mr. M. was

not present, and hence that we fell into the habit of saying that these influences belonged to him, and while it is true, for similar reasons, that the Universal Friend was usually spoken of as belonging to myself, it is also true that none of the other influences are so much alike in their communications—taken as a whole—as these.

Conversely, this theory of auto-reply would not only be called upon to account for individuality, but it would have to reckon with the fact of uniformity of statement made by these different individualities on all great questions. If the answers came from any one of us, why this difference in form? If they came from different members of the circle at different times, why this uniformity in substance? There is uniformity, I know, in truth if one reach high enough, and to different minds if they have traveled far enough up its unifying lines of law, but we had none of us reached these points. We were all in the sphere of opinions and partial glimpses of truth.

The theory of auto-reply requires (4) that the various philosophical and speculative views advanced by the influences giving these answers should be views that had already obtained lodgment in our own minds. It would be necessary for them to have been our own before they could be announced through the board. But none of us could be said to have entertained such views. In every case they were either entirely or comparatively new, and in some cases entirely distasteful.

Take, for instance, the theory that there are no bad spirits. I do not mean, however, that this was distasteful,—it was simply something that we could not believe. Every one of our visitors, too, without an exception, disbelieved it; yet it was always asserted by all influences and under all circumstances. For my part, I was not opposed to this idea; my mind was simply negative on the subject. I did not know. I do not know to-day. In the universal, I am ready to admit that there can be no evil, but I cannot conceive how, after admitting that there is an inhabited spirit world, that there are planes of influence in it, and that the laws governing these are similar to those in our own world, one can assert that the lower

grades of good, or what to us might be evil, cannot have their proportional influence upon us. This thought the reader will already have perceived in my questions. The question is, How could these foreign ideas have come from our own minds?

Then, take the idea, advanced by every influence we interrogated, that psychopathy, or the scientific principle governing the various forms of mental healing, faith cure, etc., was the only thing needed in preserving or regaining health. We were none of us mental scientists, in the pathological sense of the term, although not opposed to it; and yet the exact theories of mental science were always affirmed, and in better form than they are sometimes put.

Again, the emphatic assertion by every influence of the doctrine of re-incarnation, while a thing that seemed not unreasonable to all of us as soon as it was announced, was not previously a cardinal point of belief with any of us. It was simply something we knew little about. The condition of our minds was purely negative in regard to this subject, and the holder of the theory of auto-reply ought to feel himself under the necessity of showing how a negative can become such an active force in production as is shown in these answers.

Again, while we were all ready to accept the doctrine of evolution as the universal law of developing life in this world, our minds were negative in regard to such a wide application of it to spirit life as has been affirmed. We did not know, and without knowledge were not in a condition to affirm. Similar was it with the doctrine of unselfishness. We had all recognized its spirituality, but not to the extent of being made the absolute condition of entrance into the spiritual life.

Conversely, too, if the theory of auto-reply be true, it would be obliged to deal with the fact that the subjects with which we were acquainted, and even familiar, and those that were uppermost in our minds, did not monopolize our time in these sittings,—even were the most difficult subjects to introduce, although we put question after question concerning them.

If the theory of auto-reply be true, it would be necessary (5) for it to account for the familiar and natural character of the conversation between the influence and ourselves. Those who purported to be talking with us, talked like natural men and women. Those whom we had known in life conversed with us in their old-time manner. The influence talked as if in the room. It kept the run of the conversation, and would break in and express an opinion. If any one of us could thus create an apparently real personality, as well as the answers given, the theory only complicates the problem. It would be introducing a miracle to account for simpler phenomena.

I have spoken of this theory of auto-reply as the most common one. It is on the lips of thousands. Have they really examined it, weighed it, tested it, or is it merely a thoughtless fashion? Can commonness, in such a case, be a guarantee of truth? Is not, indeed, this kind of commonness not a little like the commonness of the goods most often advertised at a "sale"—cheapness, even a cheapness that "will not wash?"

II. Another theory with which I have been met is that of a composite source of auto-reply,—the theory that the minds of all present at these sittings, like individuals in a composite photograph, are unconsciously the source of these communications. But this unexplained, and to me inexplicable, composite whole does not at all help its holder out of the difficulties that surround the one who holds the theory last mentioned. He has all of the miracle in his theory which the believer that the communications come from our own individual minds has, with the additional miracle of a composite personality. Will he try to explain this composite being? Has he stopped to think it out? Has he considered what such a mixture would make? Would this indiscriminate mixing of individuals, with no natural organic oneness, make a mass superior to the best mind in the mass? If not, what is gained by the mass over the individual? But would not this mixture, if such a thing could be possibly made out of people on different planes of being, produce only an average,—a thing quite

below the best mind present? Then, is not something lost by the mass as compared with the individual? Let the holder of this theory stop a moment and consider the law of averages,—that we multiply quantities at the expense of quality.

III. Another theory which purports to account for this and kindred psychic phenomena is the theory that each one has within himself a subconscious or subjective mind, and that from this proceed the answers to our questions. The value of this theory depends upon our real knowledge of the nature and power of the subconscious mind. What do we know of this mind? We want facts. We do not want to proceed by advancing miracles for the explanation of lesser miracles.

The present theory of the subconscious has largely arisen from what is sometimes called the science of hypnotism. Hypnotism is hardly yet a science, but a series of experiments whose cause is no better known than the cause of the phenomena we are considering. It is carefully accumulating a body of knowledge, but it has not yet systematized that knowledge and revealed its principles and laws. It is doing good work in its field, but is not yet ready to present a philosophy even to account for its own facts, much less those of others. When one attempts to explain psychic phenomena wholly by hypnotism he simply does not explain,—he merely puts a new name in the place of an old one. He does not go beyond the sphere of the phenomenal.

But the theory of a subconscious mind has a broader support than the experiments of hypnotism. It is not a new thing. Philosophers and scientific men for ages have apprehended its existence, and more or less plainly spoken of it. Von Hartmann, a generation ago, wrote the philosophy of it, in his "*Philosophie des Unbewussten*." Of the existence of such a mind there can scarcely be a reasonable doubt. Its consideration belongs to any science of psychology which accepts the theory of evolution. It is an essential part of the whole structure of development. It is the birthplace and home of instinct and ancestral impulses. It is the mental store-house of our race.

But if we accept the theory of evolution, the subconscious mind is more than individual, even more than racial, in its scope. It is not only the store-house of the race and of the whole human family, but also of the animal and vegetable kingdoms which antedate that family. It is the whole of all that has gone before us. It is all of mind up to our level.

Taking this view of it, would not the subconscious mind in any one of us be the same in essence, in quality, in forces,—in all that goes to make up human will, and the intelligence that can answer questions,—as it is in all men? The sphere of likeness in humanity would extend over the incalculable millions of years which reach from the beginning of vegetable life, and even back of that, up to the average man; and the sphere of difference would be merely confined to the few higher stages of human development. In other words, that part of the subconscious mind in us which is common to all men, as compared with that part of it which is peculiar to ourselves, would be as the contents of an orange to its rind; and if we could now draw the thin skin of an apple over that of the orange, the orange portion of the sphere, as compared with the apple portion, would represent the quantitative relation between the subconscious mind in us and the small part of our minds in which we are conscious. We have all this mental deposit of the past wrapped up in ourselves, lying just below the threshold of consciousness. We live by this subconscious mind. It gives us our physical and animal basis,—all our appetites, passions, instincts, subordinate wills,—and we build out of them an independent will and character and a conscious personality.

But here arises a question. If our subjective mind lies below the threshold of our consciousness, and is, generally speaking, the mind common to all life, how can it be, in any sense, our own? It is true that we make its material our own, as we work it up into our own mental structure and character; but how is it any more our own than the universal chemical elements which we work up into the same? The insane man and the idiot have the same subconscious mind that we have, only the one has lost and the other never possessed

the key to the direction of that intricate mechanism through which man holds subconscious wills to his center of unity, and directs their powers. They are therefore left in a state of chaotic confusion and anarchy, each one independently expressing his own will and impulse.

Another question, also, follows hard upon the steps of this. If the subconscious be the common mind, is it not then, in so far, a universal mind? Relatively to us it is. It is so large, it so extends itself into all life, that it seems to us infinite. We can see no boundaries except on its upper side, there where we look up, above ourselves. And there is another point in which it seems to resemble the nature of universal mind. Relatively to us, it seems governed by the same laws of mental force. It does not reason inductively, and derive knowledge from slowly accumulated data, but it knows by clear vision, by the knowledge of an already finished experience, by a method that is akin to intuition. It simply knows, without the necessity of preparatory steps in knowledge.

But, relatively to the absolutely universal, this subconscious has its limits. Those limits are where it reaches our consciousness. We ride on this great body of tiny-sphered mind forces, as the ship rides upon the sea mass of water drops; and above us is the dome of sky—another world, later made, more ethereal. But this is an imperfect illustration. Rather, we live like the tree, both above and below the ground. Our roots strike into a common soil,—they drink up common elements of nutrition. Our branches and leaves reach out into a common atmosphere,—they drink in a higher as well as a lower universal; and between these two strata of the universal lies an individual formed out of contact with both, or out of the universal, which includes both.

But the final question on this point which I wish to ask is this: If, relatively to ourselves, the nature and laws of the subconscious appear to be similar, and indeed one with the nature and laws of a universal mind higher than ourselves, as advanced by the influences that have spoken in the phenomena here presented, what means have we for determining that

these answers all come from the subconscious? Or why should we limit to the subconscious, as cause, an effect which is above our own level? The theory of the subconscious, as it is given by profound thinkers on this subject, make this limitation. I dislike to introduce into this brief treatment of the subject of immortality the critical examination of any book or writer, but I feel forced to make mention of one for the sake of illustration. A valuable work has been written by Thomas Jay Hudson, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," in which the subconscious is described and its peculiarities definitely given. Summing up in a brief sentence this writer's theory, the subconscious "perceives by intuition," as employed in hypnotism, "is the seat of the emotions, and the store-house of memory," is "incapable of reasoning by induction," and "performs its highest functions when the objective senses are in abeyance."

The truth of this statement, it seems to me, has been quite well demonstrated by psychic experimentation, except in reference to the memory and emotions. The higher exhibitions of these faculties cannot be accounted for by the mental store-house of the past. But this is not a point upon which I can dwell. The remarkable thing about the peculiarities of the subconscious just quoted is that, in all except what concerns the memory and the emotions, Hudson asserts of the subconscious mind just what all the answers in our psychic experiments on this point assert of the universal mind. The one is entitled to as much credence as the other, because Mr. Hudson derives his theory from observing the phenomena of hypnotism, which no more explain themselves than do the phenomena we are considering. The real question is, Which is right?

I cannot fully reply to this question here, but I will suggest the following: In forming the judgment which answers this question, we should certainly admit to evidence the universal law of cause and effect, that is, the law that these two must be equal. If there is an effect of a certain magnitude, the cause must be on its level of magnitude. The effect we are considering is the phenomena of certain intelligent answers far above the level of

ordinary human intelligence. The cause should be above, rather than below, the average human level.

Now, where is the subconscious? It extends from the moner up to man, but does not rise above his average. Conscious man sits at the summit of the pyramidal ages. Can this submerged consciousness tell us of laws of being beyond itself? To make this possible, we should be obliged to extend our definition of the subconscious beyond where it can legitimately go, and make it include all that the highest mind of earth ever conceived of, and thus thrust an element of retrogression into evolution. If we do not do this, the theory is a very weak one.

But what of mind above us? May there not be a super-individual consciousness, as well as a subconscious? Our phenomena assert it; assert that it is governed by the same laws of intuition, suggestion, and absence of inductive reasoning; assert that individuals enter into and compose this sphere of mind; and we have no means of proving that these assertions are not true. In such a case it is proper to bring in the universal law of cause and effect, measure the theory of the subconscious by it, and observe that this submerged store-house of the ages, as commonly recognized by evolution, does not rise high enough in philosophical thought to be the cause of the profound thought on life we have had presented in our psychic answers.

But our communications do not stand alone in breadth and clearness of philosophical thought. Mr. Hudson found the same. For instance, one subject, in the hypnotic state, gave a colloquial philosophical lecture which, Mr. Hudson says, "was so clear, so plausible, and so perfectly consistent with itself that the company sat spell-bound through it all, each one almost persuaded, for the time being, that he was listening to a voice from the other world." And then he adds: "If all that was said could have been printed in a book verbatim, it would have formed one of the grandest and most coherent systems of spiritual philosophy ever conceived by the brain of man."

Perhaps this quotation is all that need be said on this theory. It carries within

itself the refutation of Hudson's theory. If the subconscious mind in us, awakened by the suggestions of hypnotism, can out of its deposits of less developed stages, even with a subject who has studied philosophy, elaborate "one of the grandest and most coherent systems of philosophy ever conceived by the brain of man," the effect is not in correspondence with the asserted cause, but we have presented to us a greater miracle for the solution of a lesser. Will Mr. Hudson show why one may not just as rationally believe that mind universal, acting upon his hypnotized patient, or even that an individual spirit within this universal, was the source of the wonderful lecture? Certainly, such a mind could have done this, and if it had would naturally have used the subconscious as its avenue, and have produced the same phenomena that he was observing.

But, for the time being, conceding that Mr. Hudson may be right, what has he offered us? Practically, and relatively to ourselves, as I have already said, a universal mind. The universal mind is simply the great mass of mind,—the All of Mind. Its truth is the truth of normal relations between its elements. These elements are related as the subordinate parts of an organism. Each element and each grade of elements, under the right call, can be awakened to speak its one voice. It speaks from the necessity of its nature,—it speaks necessary truth. It has no need of induction,—no one has who is not on the experimental plane of the earth life. Each element, I say, asserts the truth of its own nature. Each element asserts this, as it is moved to do so by some call or some question. If we go high enough in the scale of related elements in this all-comprehending organism, may we not come to one which is an organized human soul, a natural and truth-speaking soul, a soul amenable to suggestions from our natures, a soul who simply and truthfully gives us himself, and if so, might he not give us "the greatest and most comprehensive system of philosophy ever conceived by the mind of man?"

It is in this belief that I find my mind most inclined to rest. The full evidence

of the subject seems to me to sustain it. For the time being, it gives me a theory that seems more reasonable than any other. But this theory naturally divides itself into two parts, which should also be considered. The first entertains the idea that the answers to our questions come out of the body of the super-individual consciousness, the second, that they come from individual spirits.

There is not the difference between these two theories that is commonly supposed. They appear to stand over against each other like the two poles of the earth, but, like these two poles, they together represent a spherical and complete whole.

These two theories no more stand over against each other as opposites than do the two sides of life itself—the universal and the particular. Reach far as we will into the mystery of expressed life, we cannot go beyond this appearance of duality. The mystery is solved in organization. All forms of life merge these opposites of being by means of organization. Each form of life has its individual parts, and its wholeness, with some point which especially represents that wholeness, or the head center and unity of its divergent elements, and it is not probable that the universal law makes an exception with the universe as a whole. We may therefore believe that every element and every grade in the universal mind, just as every stage of development in the subconscious mind, can exert its proper force when called into action. Each plane or individual element of mind stands ready to respond to our call. Like answers like, and the voice in which it speaks either assumes individuality for the sake of making the voice definite, or is the actual voice of some actual person who once lived upon the earth. This voice comes as a force to our own highest selves, uses the contents of our minds, and the contents of the subconscious as the means through which to reach us, and the danger of having these contents taken up into our messages is only avoided by the avoidance of personal and material details in our questions. In proportion as we fix our attention on impersonal laws and principles, in that proportion we avoid an unconscious conversation with our own selves.

At the central heart of every plant there lies the immanent universal, crystallizing itself into a type of shrub and flower—the great whole of being centralized there; the rose and the pink follow faithfully its suggestion, and the result is a miracle of loveliness emerging into the material world. So the universal speaks, also, to the animal center with a like result. So the great All of Being speaks to man.

At the central heart of man there lies—not the type, but more than that—the de-

veloped and developing ideal. It is the ideal of the human artist, shaping his life's work, embodying the art of life. If he follow that work with a single eye, if he turn from all lower distractions, if through it he seek the law of life in the universal—in unselfishness, in principles, in moral harmony,—then is he free to find his fated self; then is he in the spiritual life; then has he reached that immortality which is more than a theory, which is, in fact, the normal state of developing being.

BROWNING'S SERVICE TO CIVILIZATION*

BY B. O. FLOWER

He who succeeds in interesting the young in writings which, while proving a tonic to the intellect, also stimulate the emotional nature on the higher planes of being, broadens, deepens, and enriches life and exalts character in such a way as to develop and dignify manhood. The thoughts, ideals, or mental pictures which live in our minds fashion our lives. As Marcus Aurelius said, "We are dyed by our thoughts." Now, the mind which comes into pure and elevating companionship, whether through personal contact or by reading the thoughts of earth's noblest souls, soon consciously or unconsciously assimilates the high, fine, and ennobling thoughts given forth. This important fact must be emphasized until parents and educators everywhere come to realize the importance of supplying the receptive mind of youth with such books and companionship as will strengthen the intellect and develop a robust moral nature.

These thoughts were recently suggested to me while reading Dr. James Mudge's most admirable volume entitled, "The Best of Browning." No one can peruse Browning without being made the better for the effort. The atmosphere of his writings suggests the mountain tops. In them the soul feels all the exhilaration that the body experiences when ascending some lofty peak of the Rockies; but, like mountain climbing, Browning calls for

work. He yields his treasures only to those who are willing to study him. I rejoice to see a writer so thoughtful and competent as Dr. Mudge engaged in beguiling the general reader, and especially the young, into an appreciation of one of the master minds of our century.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING.

In the life of the poet the young will find an unfailing source of inspiration to high and noble living. His purity and elevation of thought were only equaled by his consistency. In him we find deep affection, unswerving loyalty to principle, moral rectitude, and reverence for all that is pure, holy, and true.

He was born in London on May 2, 1812. His father and grandfather were London clerks, but his paternal grandmother was a creole. His maternal grandfather was a German, and his grandmother was a Scotch lady. Although his father was greatly loved, and seems to have been a man of excellent judgment and deep affection, the mother, it would appear, exerted the greatest formative influence on the son. Indeed, the love between the mother and boy was as beautiful as it was deep and abiding.

Even as a grown man he could not sit by her otherwise than with an arm about her waist. His anguish at her death, which occurred in March, 1849, while he was in Italy, was extremely poignant. Her departure was sudden; and his sister greatly

*"The Best of Browning," by James Mudge, D. D. Cloth. Pp. 252. Price, \$1.25. New York, Eaton & Mains.

fearing, with good reason, that the shock to the poet, if the news were communicated abruptly, would be absolutely fatal, sent him two letters of preparation, saying in the first, "She is not well," and in the second, "She is very ill," when in fact all was over. As it was, it nearly killed him; he became completely prostrated, and recovered but slowly. A friend who was in Florence at the time says, "I never saw a man so bowed down in the extremity of sorrow,—never."

The poet's education was chiefly conducted at home. Excellent tutors instructed him between the years of fourteen and eighteen, after which he spent two years in the London University. His father's large library, consisting of over six thousand volumes, was also constantly drawn upon by the young man, who from childhood had evinced a passion for good literature only exceeded by his love of nature. His father's home was in a London suburb, which enabled the youth to enjoy nature in a way which would have been impossible had he been housed up in the smoky city. He was a great lover of animals, and numbered among his pets owls, monkeys, magpies, hedgehogs, and even snakes and toads.

At length the day arrived when the young dreamer faced the serious question of a pursuit or a profession. A long life stretched before him, and poetry, painting, sculpture, and music beckoned him. He had taste, aptitude, and talent for each, but after a period of indecision poetry triumphed. From earliest childhood he had evinced a strong love for the Muse. He early wrote his thoughts in verse, which, however, no publisher cared to accept. Yet even the early lines, written when the lad was but twelve years of age, evinced the true poetic insight. At least, such was the opinion of the distinguished English liberal clergyman, the Rev. W. J. Fox, a man of letters and an excellent critic, who at that time was ably editing the "Monthly Repository." Mr. Fox seconded the mother in the unfailing encouragement he gave to the young poet; and later, when "Pauline" was brought out anonymously, this editor gave the volume a careful, sympathetic, and intelligent review. This, however, did not save it from proving a complete failure, for in after years Browning observed that

he did not believe that a single copy of the first edition of "Pauline" was ever sold. For several years the fate which met "Pauline" seemed destined to overtake all his work, as "Paracelsus," "Sordello," and "Bells and Pomegranates" all failed to bring any financial return when first published. But the failures of these early books did not in the least discourage the poet. He had confidence in his work, and a strong belief that the time would come when others, too, would appreciate it.

In 1846 Robert Browning married Elizabeth Barrett. He was thirty-four and she was forty years of age. It was a true love match, a case of love at first sight, which happily deepened and grew more beautiful, if possible, as the years passed. Had the poet been a man of less resolution, or had the invalid poetess been less deeply in love, they would never have been united, as the father of Miss Barrett was a man of the old time, a hard-headed Britisher, who was not amenable to reason. He believed that a daughter never reached a time in life when she might act for herself. All this was seen when he forbade Elizabeth entertaining the thought of marrying Robert Browning. But the two poets had learned to love each other too deeply to permit an unreasonable parent to destroy their happiness. A secret wedding, a hasty departure to Italy, an infuriated and unforgiving father, no end of gossip and direful predictions; but what cared the happy lovers in sunny Italy for all that they had left behind them, since they had each other and were one in love?

The runaway match of this mature pair, in spite of the curses of an unreasoning parent and the misgivings of anxious friends, proved a perfect idyl of bliss. Wordsworth had said on hearing the news: "So Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett have gone off together. Well, I hope they may understand each other; nobody else could." Mrs. Jameson said: "God help them! I know not how the two poet hearts and poet heads will get on through this prosaic world." They got on, as it was soon seen, very well indeed, and understood each other perfectly. A many-sided intellectual sympathy bound them firmly together. With tastes and aims in unison, the music of their days sped on with scarce a jar. "The poem of their mar-

ried life," as one has said, "was lovelier than any that he or she ever wrote." They seemed made for one another, and joined in a union so complete as to be exceeding beautiful to all beholders. October, 1846, she writes about him: "The intellect is so little in comparison to all the rest, to the womanly tenderness, the inexhaustible goodness, and the high, noble aspiration of every hour. Temper, spirit, manners,—there is not a flaw anywhere." And his appreciation of her was equally complete. He had great admiration for her works, declaring that she was the genius, with the true creative power, while he himself was only a painstaking, plodding fellow. But the world has not indorsed this judgment.

For fifteen years these two poets lived an ideal life, lovers always. A little child came into the home and increased the happiness of the parents. It was one long summer day of joy,—that deep, indescribable joy which can only come into lives which are so welded together by love that the supreme happiness of each is to be in the society of the other.

In 1858 Mr. Browning published a collection of fifty poems, under the title of "Men and Women," which was dedicated to his wife, and in the closing lines, under the title of "One Word More," he thus addresses her:

There they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together;
Where the heart lies let the brain lie also.

Fifteen years of married happiness, and then came the bitter separation. The loved and loving wife passed away while lying in her husband's arms on June 29, 1861.

Throughout the long night of the 28th he sat by the bedside holding her hand. Two hours before dawn she passed into a state of ecstasy, but she could still whisper many words of hope and joy. "With the first light of the new day," says Mr. Sharp, "she leaned against her lover. Awhile she lay thus in silence, then softly sighing, 'It is beautiful,' passed like the windy fragrance of a flower."

When left alone, the poet threw all his life's energies into his work. Here he could pour out his soul,—here he could best find relief from the great loneliness that filled his heart. Hence, during the

next ten years we find him accomplishing a vast amount of literary work of the highest order. It was during this period that he wrote his master-piece, "The Ring and the Book;" and the noble religious poem, "Rabbi Ben Ezra," was another of several splendid creations which were penned during this decade.

The death of the wife, though a more terrible blow to a nature so deeply affectionate as that of the poet than it is possible for us to conceive, only served to nerve him to redoubled labor. He was at all times a manly man, and from the hour of her death till his end came labored tirelessly to give to the world the wealth of his matchless imagination,—the message God gave him to deliver. There is something wonderfully refreshing, wholesome, and stimulating about the life of the poet as well as his verses.

It was part of his true manliness and fearlessness that he had a genuine godliness and no concern about death. "Death!" he said once to Mr. Sharp,—"death! It is this harping on death I despise so much; this idle and often cowardly as well as ignorant harping. Why should we not change like everything else? Death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our crape-like, church-yardy word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. For myself, I deny death as an end of anything. Never say of me that I am dead."

Long ere Mr. Browning died the world had begun to realize the great power, depth, and spiritual strength of his work; and it was one of the joys of his closing years to see that in England and America his writings were being appreciated. However, as may be easily imagined, this great man, who had never complained at the indifference of the public during the long years of waiting, was not unduly elated at the generous though tardy recognition accorded him by the best thinkers of the Anglo-Saxon world. Through all his life he was guided by the simple determination at all times to live up to his best, and to give the world the finest fabric that could be woven in the loom of his imagination, leaving all the rest "to Him who

saith, "The whole I planned." In the city of Venice, at the home of his son, in the year 1886, Robert Browning passed from the earth life.

DEFECTS OF BROWNING'S WORK.

In an excellent introductory chapter Dr. Mudge frankly admits the defects in Browning's work, and the peculiarities which make it difficult for many persons to come en rapport with the poet. But before noticing these important facts it may be interesting to remember that three of the greatest geniuses of our century were compelled to encounter a storm of merciless opposition from conventionalism and the popular critics before they conquered their place among the foremost thinkers of the age,—Victor Hugo in France, Richard Wagner in Germany, and Robert Browning in England. With Hugo the conflict was short, sharp, and vigorous; but around the illustrious Frenchman the literary youths rallied, and there was in his innovations that which appealed to the imagination of the people, and made victory more certain than in the cases of the Shakespeare of music and the Plato of poetry. Again, neither Wagner nor Browning was willing to throw any sop to the Philistines. They both sacrificed beauty to strength, and both were deeply philosophical, possessing imaginations capable of sweeping a horizon far more extended than comes within the unaided intellectual vision of the general thinker. Thus it is evident that these men had to conquer a place. They could hope for little sympathy, appreciation, or even broad-visioned justice from critics accustomed to hard and fast rules, and to thoughts and ideals which at no time taxed the mediocre imagination. Innovators are rarely in favor with the popular critic, or with the conventionalism to which the latter caters; and, when we have added to the unpopular innovations that depth of philosophic thought which calls for sustained thinking, we find an additional element of unpopularity. Yet it is a gratifying fact that each of the geniuses to whom I have referred lived to see his triumph, and the scorn and ridicule that had so long been aimed at

his work turned to enthusiastic appreciation and in some instances almost unqualified praise.

With Browning there is often a degree of obscurity which discourages the general reader. Dr. Mudge emphasizes this fact in the following criticism of one of Browning's important poems which has proved a stumbling-block for many eminent men who sincerely admire the poet:

"Sordello," for example,—and this, though probably the worst of its class, does not stand altogether alone,—has been called, with some degree of justice, "a melancholy waste of human power," "a derelict upon the ocean of poetry," "a magnificent failure." Tennyson—with whom Browning had the pleasantest of personal relations, dedicating to him one of his volumes with the words, "In poetry illustrious and consummate, in friendship noble and sincere,"—tried to read "Sordello," and in bitterness of spirit declared that "there were only two lines in it which he understood, and they were both lies." He referred to the opening and closing lines: "Who will may hear Sordello's story told," and "Who would has heard Sordello's story told." Carlyle said, "My wife has read through 'Sordello' without being able to make out whether Sordello was a man, a city, or a book." M. Odysse Barot, in an article on this poem in a French magazine, quotes the poet as saying, "God gave man two faculties," and adds, "I wish, while he was about it, God had supplied another—the power to understand Mr. Browning." Douglas Jerrold, when slowly convalescing from a serious illness, found among some new books sent him by a friend, a copy of "Sordello." A few lines put him in a state of alarm. Sentence after sentence brought no consecutive thought to his brain. At last the idea occurred to him that in his illness his mental faculties had been wrecked. The perspiration rolled from his forehead, and smiting his head he sank back upon the sofa, crying, "O God, I am an idiot!" A little later, when his wife and sister entered, he thrust "Sordello" into their hands, demanding what they thought of it. He watched them intently while they read. When at last Mrs. Jerrold remarked, "I don't understand what this man means; it is gibberish," her delighted husband gave a sigh of relief and exclaimed, "Thank God, I am *not* an idiot!"

The lack of clearness is due to several causes, principal among which may be mentioned:

(1) The severe economy of expression, the omission of words that would, in prose and by some poets, be fully set down, and the

turning of clauses from their natural order. Pronouns, articles, conjunctions, and prepositions are quite often left out; the infinitive is frequently used without the preposition; the relative, in its nominative and accusative form, is frequently suppressed; the indirect object, or dative, is employed without *to* or *for*; and one has to judge from the context alone whether the verb is in the past subjunctive or the past indicative.

(2) Strength of thought and method of treatment. This treatment is subjective rather than objective,—philosophical, not descriptive. It is evident that nature serves this author chiefly as a background for his men and women. He has fewer delineations by far than dissertations and disquisitions. Hence, a concentration of mind is needed such as mere description cannot call for, and the reader finds himself confronted, because of an almost painfully close succession of thought, with a demand for a sustained attention which is very discouraging to the superficial. He has to summon up all his powers and be alive at as many points as possible. . . . It is not every one who has sufficient force of intellect or vividness of imagination to follow him; it is not every one who can pounce upon truth with such impetuous leaps and bounds, or dart with such agility from point to point. Very many of his lines are too crowded for best effect. The thought is so concentrated that it needs considerable solution before the reader can fairly get the good of it. It is "dark with excess of light." If one is not extremely alert he does not catch the meaning of some quickly passing reference, and so he loses a portion of the picture which is being painted.

(3) Moreover, spiritual truths need more or less of spirituality for their comprehension, just as intellectual truths need intellect, and so it is inevitable that this most intellectual and most spiritual of poets should not be widely popular, and should require much study.

In noticing the defects of Browning it is well to mention the unevenness of his work. It could not be otherwise when we remember that his verses comprised more than one hundred thousand lines, containing more words than are found in the Bible. The greatest thinker can never remain at all times on the mountain top, and one who writes so much necessarily writes much which is far from being his best.

The friends of Browning—such as are judicious, and careful to avoid that reaction in public sentiment which over-adulation always produces—by no means claim for him the possession of all excellencies. They

own his scanty attention to beauty, his occasional prolixity, diversified by too much compression, his frequent obscurity, and the great inequality of his work. But as to the first, they feel that if he neglected beauty it has been because he deemed truth and strength of more importance, and has been exceedingly occupied with significance and sense. The man in him was greater than the artist.

And his friends contend that, notwithstanding his defects, there is so much that is vital, so much that strengthens the mind, elevates the thought, and ennobles the spirit in his work that all his shortcomings sink into insignificance beside the immense value of the heritage which he has bequeathed to posterity.

His appeal has been to the best part of the best natures, and the first men of the age, those who lead the world of thought, have found in him an inspiring force.

Prof. Henry Jones calls Browning "the high-priest of our age, standing at the altar for us, giving utterance to our needs and aspirations, our fears and faith. By understanding him we shall to some degree understand ourselves and the power which is silently molding us to its purpose. He is the interpreter of our time, reflecting its confused strength and chaotic wealth."

Prof. Hiram Corson observes: "Browning's poetry embodies the profoundest thought, the subtlest, most complex sentiment, and, above all, the most quickening spirit of the age. He is most like Shakespeare in his deep interest in human nature in all its varieties of good and evil. He makes strong protest against mere intellect. It is the human heart which is to him the subject of the deepest, most scrutinizing interest. He takes for his subject the soul itself, its shifting fancies and celestial lights. He has worked with a thought and passion capital greater than that of any of his contemporaries. He always treats the soul as supernatural, as something destined to gravitate toward the infinite. The present life is a tabernacle life, and can only be truly lived as such. The soul must rest in nothing this side of the infinite."

Mr. J. Marshall Walker affirms that he is "the apostle of hope. His two verities are God and the soul; his key truth concerning the former, that God is love; concerning the latter, that man is endlessly progressive."

And to these glowing criticisms Dr. Mudge adds:

He is not a book, but a literature; a sort of Socrates, Diogenes, and David combined; a man who possessed the soul-depleting

faculty, a minute power of reading other men's hearts, to an extent unsurpassed by any other poet, ancient or modern,—a potent and subtle quality difficult to describe but easy to feel.

THE BENEFITS OF BROWNING STUDY.

Though the work of Browning exhibits some defects, its excellence is so great that the faults are insignificant in comparison. This fact is clearly brought out by Dr. Mudge in a summary of some of the chief benefits to be derived from the study of Browning. (1) It will enrich the reader's vocabulary. When a youth, it is said that the poet not only carefully studied, but thoroughly digested, Johnson's "Dictionary." The perusal of Browning would indicate that this feat had been achieved, for well-educated persons will find it necessary to turn frequently to their lexicons. Now, if this use of unfamiliar terms were the result of superficial study, or the disgusting attempt of ignorance to appear learned, it would be most reprehensible; but in Browning's case only such words are employed as give exactly the shade of thought he wished to convey, and this painstaking use of words will prove invaluable to the careful student who would speak and write with precision, and who takes the trouble to look up all the terms about which he is in doubt. Browning "picked out those choice, condensed vocables which hold whole sentences in solution, and they live in the memory because they are windows through which a landscape laughs or stiletos that strike a victim dead."

(2) The study of Browning will improve one's style of composition or expression. It is true that the poet "is an interpreter of life rather than a maker of lines,—a seer rather than a singer," and he always refuses to sacrifice strength to beauty; yet his work is often surpassingly beautiful, while its concision and force give to modern readers much that is greatly needed at the present time.

(3) Of infinitely more importance than the foregoing, however, is the influence of these works in stimulating the imagination and arousing the emotional nature. Browning's work is deeply inspiring. "It reveals the inmost side of truth;" it has the highest essentials of true poetry.

A poet is thinker, feeler, artist combined. He is a man who "sees the infinite in things;" who, by his imagination, gets nearer to the heart of life and penetrates closer to the core of truth than the cool reasoner or the scientific investigator. He is a man of intuition, insight, and genius; an inspired man in the best sense, magnetic to God, and a prime medium for divine communications to the world. A great poet must have a great intellect, capable of comprehending the deepest problems of man's relation to the universe; he must also have a very exceptional susceptibility to impressions from all conceivable quarters, together with such a command of musical speech that he can easily turn these impressions into durable, beautiful, and visible, if not vendible, verse. Such, in the most emphatic sense, was Robert Browning.

(4) It increases our knowledge of human nature. The poet deals with "life, past, present, and to come." He analyzes in the most subtle manner the hidden motives, impulses, and well-springs of action.

The soul seemed to him the one thing best worthy of study, the one thing of intense interest. He was fascinated by it and by the spectacle of man seeking his destiny amid the countless combinations of circumstances and conditions that confront or surround him. He has often been likened to Shakespeare because of this absorption in human nature, and because of his power to throw himself into the most diverse individualities and to think and feel as they would in the situation depicted.

(5) His poetry is an elixir to the soul, invigorating and strengthening the moral nature; and truthfully to say this of a work is to bestow upon it the highest praise. What, indeed, is so needed to-day as this very quality in literature? A book has a moral atmosphere, and every reader is, sensibly or insensibly, influenced by it. No one can read the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," or the "Discourses of Epictetus," for example, without being made morally stronger for such a perusal. So, no one can study Browning without having his "moral grip tightened." All that is best in his nature will be stimulated. "To have a right aim, a lofty ideal, and to be unswervingly true to it under all circumstances,"—this was ever the purpose of the poet, and he breathed his purpose

into all his work. On one occasion we hear him exclaim:

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life;
Try to be Shakspeare, leave the rest to Fate.

At another time he exclaims:

Aspire, break bounds! I say,
Endeavor to be good, and better still,
And best! Success is naught, endeavor's all.

No duty patent in the world
Like daring try be good and true myself,
Leaving the shows of things to the Lord of Show
And Prince o' the Power of the Air.

(6) Browning's poetry will strengthen faith. The poet "never loses consciousness of the supreme eternal will, the intelligent first cause underlying all manner of systems of causation." The idea of God is ever present, as is also the thought of man's duty and responsibility in this wonderful world.

He will have it that no experience is wasted, that the perfection of character is the one result that never need fail; whether our work is to rule a kingdom, or sweep a crossing, or lie on a sick bed, character is ever being upbuilt. Hence life is well worth living, come what may. Failure here is a pledge of success there. Browning seems to bend all his energies to casting out the demon of pessimism. It is in this, perhaps, most of all, that his influence has proved so gloriously wholesome and splendidly sane, a tonic of the healthfullest sort, full of refreshment, invigoration, and inspiration. One more persistently and invincibly optimistic in his faith, one more suffused with hopefulness and high trust, it would be very hard to find or conceive. He is perpetually saying, in substance, to the despondent and down-hearted: "Courage, the battle shall yet be retrieved; dare seem to fail, for only thus, by calm endurance and loyalty to high aims, shall you reach true success and prove yourself a co-worker with the Almighty; come not down from the cross till He gives the word, and you shall have the crown."

The key-note of Browning's faith is struck in such lines as these:

Let one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime,
And all was for best.
This world's no blot for us, nor blank;
It means intensely, and means good.

My God, my God, let me for once look on thee

As though naught else existed, we alone!
And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—Even from myself
I need thee, and I feel thee and I love thee.
I do not plead my rapture in thy works
For love of thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die; but there is that in me
Which turns to thee, which loves or which
should love.

I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: But unless God send his hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time.

See this soul of ours!

How it strives weakly in the child, is loosed
In manhood, clogged by sickness, back compelled

By age and waste, set free at last by death:
Why is it, flesh enthralled it or enthrones?
Why is this flesh we have to penetrate?

Life to some will be improvement on the life
that's now; destroy
Body's thwartings, there's no longer screen
betwixt soul and soul's joy.

Then life is—to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love—transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms.

These are merely a few noble and suggestive thoughts which scintillate through the poems of Browning; and when we turn to those three noble religious poems which Dr. Mudge gives in full, "Saul," describing so vividly the joys of a normal life; "Rabbi Ben Ezra," a matchless picture of ripe old age, rich in all that is best; and "Prospice," a song of triumph which flings the challenge in the face of death, we are further impressed with the exalted religious thought which pulsates through the poet's soul and gives a peculiar vitality to his work. In Dr. Mudge's volume will be found a rich treasury of selections from the greater poems, and a number of the shorter productions given in full. Here are a few selections which illustrate the poet's thought:

He touches different people on different sides, as is the case with all the great; and men find in him what they seek, or what particularly meets their personal needs.

He will always remain, perhaps, the poet of the few; one for whom a love must be acquired by some study. He is too unconventional, makes too great a demand upon thought, mixes too little water with his ink to suit the many. He is not shallow enough to be popular. But one can scarcely understand the age in which we live who does not understand Browning. . . . No one can read him diligently without great benefit both to intellect and heart. . . . The keynote of his teaching is love. Love and faith are the instruments of his analysis and the explanation of his wonderful insight into character. Love, art, and religion are his principal themes. How manly, robust, energetic, and wide-awake his thought! They who sit at his feet are helped by him to understand the meaning of life, are enriched in their sympathies and broadened in their views. He always sees a soul of good in things evil, and shows how God's purposes are being wrought out by means the most unpromising.

SUGGESTIVENESS.

I cannot close this notice of Browning's work without pointing out the suggestive quality which is so conspicuous in his writings. Often a whole sermon is comprised in a few lines. Take, for example, a verse from "Old Pictures in Florence:"

When a soul has seen
By means of evil that good is best,
And, through earth and its noise, what is
heaven's serene,—
When our faith in the same has stood the
test,—
Why, the child grown man, you burn the
rod,
The uses of labor are surely done;
There remaineth a rest for the people of
God:
And I have had troubles enough for one.

What a fund of truth is crowded into these lines; how truly life's supreme pictures are presented. After the soul, in the freedom given it, drinks from evil and feels its hurt, it sooner or later is forced to see that good is best; the tempest-tossed spirit which vainly searches for rest and satisfaction in worldly pursuits is but the wayward child,—bent on its course and heedless of the counsels of wisdom,—which invites the heavy strokes which fall from the hand of fate. But at length this very discipline develops the man in the child, and the rod is no longer neces-

sary; for the soul has, through bitter experience, found that from above and not below comes the peace that passes understanding—the rest or serenity of heaven. In a word, the soul has learned that in goodness alone is found rest. So long as one dallies with evil trouble inevitably ensues. This supreme lesson must be learned by all sooner or later; and when learned the awakened spirit realizes the joy which comes only when one is in accord with the higher harmonies of life, the eternal spiritual law of growth. In another stanza in the same poem Mr. Browning touches upon a thought which ever seemed to hold a great fascination for him, that of life after death, unrolling before the soul a series of battles on a constantly expanding scale.

There's a fancy some lean to and others
hate,—
That, when this life is ended, begins
New work for the soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and
wins;
Where the strong and the weak, this world's
congeries,
Repeat in large what they practiced in
small,
Through life after life in unlimited series;
Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Robert Browning was at once a philosopher, a poet, and a seer. His inspiration was from the higher spheres of spiritual truth, and therefore it touches, stimulates, and quickens on the higher plane of emotion. He who has the time to study and assimilate Browning will find himself being lifted into a nobler intellectual atmosphere. Life will mean something august, something that can only be measured by eternity, something that must develop in conformity with great and unchangeable laws. He will come to see that every noble thought or deed places him nearer in harmony with the currents of spiritual progress which sweep the soul onward and upward, and that every ignoble thought, every base desire, every unworthy act dwarfs the soul and retards his advance. He will come to see that anything short of living a life of love, justice, high-mindedness, and loyalty to all that is best in his being will fail to bring to his soul abiding peace, serenity, and joy.

DREAMS AND VISIONS

A RECORD OF FACTS

BY MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

DREAMS.

This is a subject which is very little understood by most people, by many not at all, and by a few quite well. Man is not an independent thinker, whether waking or sleeping; but is in closest connection with the spiritual world, which is the world of all life and cause, while this is the world of effects. As to our minds we are as really in the spiritual or cause world now as we ever shall be, though we are usually unconscious of it, as it is hidden from our view by the material body. As a natural cloud may become so attenuated as to admit of considerable light struggling through from the sun, so in dreams the physical is so modified as to admit considerable light from the sun of the spiritual world, which is the first emanation from the Lord, who is love and wisdom, or Divine heat and light. This divine love is for the filling and warming of the heart or will of man, and this Divine light is for the filling and illumination of his understanding.

"The Lord God is a Sun," we read in the eighty-fourth Psalm.

He is called "the Sun of righteousness" in Malachi.

The Divine love and wisdom, in their descent through the heavens, supply the angels' needs, and thus modified are passed down to men in this world, in whom the Divine angelic love becomes affection, and its accompanying wisdom becomes thought. In good men these heavenly principles or essentials continue unperverted, and express themselves in unselfish action or good use in all life's relationships.

The same Divine love and wisdom descending through the heavens into the

wills and understandings of evil spirits are perverted,—turned into evil affections and fallacious thoughts, and from them are insinuated into the minds of similar men in this world, and ground themselves in selfish and hurtful affections, thoughts, and deeds and thus become the mediate cause of all the evils and troubles of this world.

This influx of both good and evil spheres into the minds of men in this world occurs continuously from the Lord through good and evil spirits, and constitutes the sole source of the affections, thoughts, actions, and the daily lives of men according to their reception and use thereof. This influx of suggestion from the spirit or cause world is constant, whether we wake or sleep, and man should not claim merit for the good, or condemnation for the evil suggestion, being responsible alone for the approval or disapproval thereof, and the resultant action and effect.

From these facts it may be at once perceived that two orders of dreams may be experienced, the helpful and the opposite. Angels and good spirits induce wholesome, inspiring dreams. Evil spirits induce troublous dreams. They delight in nothing so much as to torment men during sleep, and would destroy them if permitted. If they find one who has indulged in food and drink of injurious quality or quantity, they nestle in the disturbed region of the body, holding fantastic seances and running riot there, for which man should blame himself. Such conditions do not invite angels, and they stand aside until normal conditions are restored. When circumstances invite their good offices, they enter upon them with unselfish delight by day or night. Many

instances of most instructive and helpful dreams are recorded in the Divine Word.

Dreams of the highest order are called visions. Such dream-visions are Divine lessons to the dreamer himself or to others, and may be clearly interpreted by the law of correspondences—the relationship existing between the natural thing presented in the dream or vision and the spiritual lesson to be taught; for example, water on the natural corresponds to truth on the spiritual plane. Thus water cleanses and invigorates the body, and truth applied cleanses and invigorates the mind or spirit, and so of all natural things and their uses, and the corresponding spiritual things.

According to this law of correspondences, the entire Word of God is written, which lifts it entirely out of the category of finite compositions, and out of the reach of all criticism “higher” or lower. In response to this key of correspondence every text of the Divine Word opens into the realm of light and beauty, however cruel and unsavory it may appear in the letter.

DREAM VISIONS.

Job xxxiii. 14, 15: “For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed.”

Dan. ii. 28: “Thy dream, and the visions of thy head upon thy bed,” etc.

From very early life I was religiously inclined. Although no one said anything to me directly upon the subject, at home or elsewhere, yet my mind was open to spiritual influences. During my youth seldom did I hear a sermon which was of any real use to me; and so-called revivals did me more harm than good. In my early youth we were living in a new country of great forests, and on Sunday instead of attending preaching I would in fair weather retire into the deep forest a mile, where on the bank of a creek I found a magnificent tree with wide-spreading roots. I built a seat, and read my Bible, sang, and prayed, observing the animals and birds and their habits, and the beauties of nature generally, from which I drew inspiring and helpful lessons, leading me nearer to the Lord of all.

Soon after my twentieth year I was persuaded to attend a revival service, accompanied by a school-mate a year or more my senior, and a professor of religion. Being urgently pressed by an older sister, I went to the seat for seekers, and was obedient to my instructor, the minister. Others professed vivid experiences, none of which were for me. On retiring for the night with my friend I opened my mind to him, assuring him of my intention to live for God and humanity—an intention I had ever cherished,—but that of the joys and deep emotional experiences of others I knew nothing, and feared I could never “get religion.” After his well-meant efforts to encourage me we fell asleep.

In my dream I was in a region of soft and soothing light, when, presently, to the east of me I saw a company of angels clothed in long flowing robes of white, arranged in a circle, and all facing the center, toward which they inclined with a look of sweet humility. They were thirty in number. They sang a chant anthem—a form of music I had never heard—which was a glorification of the Lord, which I understood at the time, and with which I found myself in full sympathy.

In profound happiness I awoke. I could not refrain from awaking my friend and relating my dream. He asked: “What was it they sang?” I confessed I could not reproduce a word, upon trying, and was mortified. Upon sleeping again, the beautiful vision was repeated substantially, the choir being much enlarged in numbers, and the music greatly more entrancing, as it proceeded to the center of the circle, then turned upward as a scroll, proceeding outward in all directions, in crescendo and diminuendo volume, and thus extending through the spiritual universe. On this occasion I joined in the music, and felt sure I could repeat the words to my friend. Awaking him again I laid the matter before him in all particulars, and said, “Now I can tell you the words as well as the subject of song;” but again, to my astonishment, was utterly unable to do so. As Paul says of his vision in the third heaven, I had “heard things unspeakable,” impos-

sible to utter in our bungling earth language.

All this was to teach me that, while there was an entire absence of the prevailing enthusiasm and hilarious experiences of the multitude in my external mind, there was in the internal mind a calm sweet peace, and spirit of worship in harmony with the inhabitants of the heavenly world.

Having an intense desire for a liberal education, that I might some day enter upon the work of the ministry—which from my fifteenth year I had felt would be my calling eventually,—but being without money sufficient for the purpose, I began teaching, and with my first earnings entered college. When my little fund was exhausted I taught again, but continued my studies. After six years I was called to minister to the people where I resided, and accepted the call. Very soon I found myself unable rationally to hold, teach, and defend the doctrines which I had been taught, and began to drift. For years I had no doctrinal anchorage, but continued teaching practical every-day religion.

At length the Rev. —, D. D., from one of our large cities desired to lecture in our city upon a system of religious doctrines entirely new to me, and I desired to hear him. With no little difficulty I succeeded in securing him the use of the lecture room of our church. That was a clear providence to me. The lecture was clear as the brightest noon, and step by step removed the last show of support of the old theology from my mind, and gave me what was rational and beautiful instead. I entered upon an earnest and vigorous course of reading, and the truths I found began at once to appear in my public teaching. Simultaneously a course of persecution began, and eighteen months afterward I was cast overboard for heresy. Those dearest to me in life refused to investigate with me, and turned solidly against me, and brought on the most heart-rending crisis of my life.

One evening after a sincere but unsuccessful effort to justify my course to the members of my immediate family, I retired late with throbbing brain and aching heart, devoutly praying the Father in

heaven to make clear to me, in his own way, whether the new teachings were his own truth or not, and, if they were, to strengthen me to stand for them at whatever cost to me in earthly prospects and near relationships.

A state of sweetest rest, peace, and calm brooded over me, and I went off into renewing slumber.

MY PRAYER ANSWERED.

I found myself walking amid scenes most enchanting. I was upon a vast low table-land, and came upon a place where the ground gradually sloped a few feet to an immense plain toward the west, which was well set with shrubbery and small trees, all richly furnished with foliage and flowers of most grateful odors. As I viewed the hitherto unparalleled landscape, my mind brimming with delight and worship, I noted a movement on my left toward the south, and turning I saw a young man approaching me whom I recognized as a pupil of mine in this life when but a boy. His countenance beamed with the spirit of inner contentment. I addressed him thus—"Is this you, D—? Where are you from?" From the Bright Land," said he. "I'm glad to meet you," said I, and turned to glance at the landscape. Then, thinking to ask him to show me the way to the Bright Land, I turned back, but he was gone. Deeply regretting that I had failed to ask him so important a question at once, I saw another young man approaching, smilingly, who, as a little boy here, had been a pupil in the same school with the other, to whom I put the same questions and received similar answers. I then eagerly asked him to show me the way to the Bright Land. Greatly delighted, he gently waved his hand, showing a slight depression in the grass down the slope gradually bearing southward. Thanking him heartily, I entered the way, in profound thought about the two young men and their comely appearance. Very soon I came to the foot of a hill which I ascended, and quickly found myself at its summit, and was about to look forward as I walked, when, a step in advance, I saw a strip of richest black velvet, gathered into wonderful convolutions, or folds,

and extending to the east and west until lost to view in the distance. Wondering what it could mean, and, thinking to continue my walk, I raised my eyes, and, behold, just beyond the mysterious strip which seemed to girdle the universe, lay the Bright Land in its wondrous glory. Its light was soft and pleasant. Its surface was agreeably undulating, and covered with luxuriant grass of a few inches in height, which seemed to be as it were covered over with dust of precious stones producing the appearance of a rainbow atmosphere as the blades undulated before the gentle zephyrs. The trees bore golden fruit resembling oranges, the leaves in addition to being burnished, as were the blades of grass, bore upon their edges round about a row of almost infinitesimal rubies and diamonds, scintillating in indescribable beauty. Such was the scene from west to south. As my vision reached the south, behold, a vast city whose buildings were all of precious stones, and of such grandeur of architecture as would shame the finest architecture of earth. It was just far enough from me to give a comprehensive view of its extent and excellence of form and ineffable beauty.

My whole being in a tremor of delight exclaimed: "Behold truth in form!" And now came the one only feature which marred the vision. Near me, a little to the left, appeared a thoroughly dilapidated building, which had been used as a grain storage. Its siding was mostly off, and the remainder split, broken, and ready to fall; its roof was decayed and leaky, and the driveway in wretched condition. Greatly pained with this blot upon the otherwise entrancing vision, I said: "This ugly thing shall be torn down and removed." I was about to proceed to the execution of my purpose, when the vision closed and I was awake. I found myself refreshed in body, and my mind completely at rest.

INTERPRETATION.

I was taking a walk. Walking, in a good sense, is obeying the truth so far as known. Result: I came upon a vast plain of trees and shrubs, abounding in

leaves and flowers. Trees signify perceptions of things good and true, and their leaves signify the truths of faith from which is intelligence, by which the mind is healed of its falsities and agreeing evils. Rev. xxii. 2: "The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Flowers signify wisdom, or the proper use of truths and intelligence. These represent the two mental states preceding and leading to a regenerating or spiritual life. The youths who came to me were two, representing the affection of truth and the affection of good, without which is no obedience. Following their direction, I ascended the hill, signifying the rising to a higher state of life through obedience to the light given.

The beautiful black and mysteriously folded belt to which I came on the brow of the hill, or vast table-land, at which I halted, represented the final sleep usually called death, which I was not yet to pass, but to view the objective heaven from this side.

The beautiful green grass, illuminated as with the scintillations of precious stones, represented that good and truth which first spring up in the natural man, the beginnings of spiritual life. The fruits upon the trees are the good things of a life of love and charity, or of good uses among men.

As to the city seen in the south. The south signifies the light of intelligence, which is wisdom, and the city there signifies those doctrines of religion which are received and conjoined to good in the mind. As people live in a city, so a man lives in his doctrine and in obedience to its specific truths. The precious stones of which the city was built signify spiritual truths from which genuine doctrines derive their life and beauty. Christ is Truth, and is called rock, stone, etc.

Finally, the dilapidated building. House, in a good sense, signifies the mind of man as to the will and as to his rational principle as to good and truth. A store-house for grain is the mind stored with things good and true. But this worthless and empty store-house represents a mind that has lost its hold upon the good and the true, and is empty and fit only to be re-

moved as rubbish. The same is true of a church which has lapsed into false doctrines and consequent evils of life. This represented my former mental condition, which I was now to remove and utterly

reject, and when thus emptied of all which was false and destructive, it was open to me to receive and manifest all the good and true things represented in the vision from first to last. A. V.

IMMORTALITY

BY J. A. EDGERTON

Over a mystical strand,
 Out of space and time,
 Lieth a beautiful land,
 Lieth a kingdom sublime;
 And flashing out of this realm afar,
 Rays of Truth we but faintly see
 Break past the shores of Eternity,
 Break on our little night below,
 With silver twinkle and golden glow,
 Each a new and beautiful star;
 And voices of Truth we but faintly hear,
 Sweet as the music of rolling sphere,
 Break in celestial harmony—
 "Soul, thou shalt live unceasingly"—
 Flowing, flowing, a beautiful chime—
 O my spirit,
 Dost thou hear it,
 Flowing over a golden strand, from an elysian clime?
 And mingling with this voice afar
 Comes another that whispers clear:
 The effects and causes of what we are
 Flowing around, an eternal sphere.
 Nature says through her wonderful plan,
 "Man is immortal, a god is man."
 The stars speak to us and field and wood,
 A spirit that dwells in the solitude;
 And all that is noble and great and good,
 Together we upward strive.
 Out of Nature there comes a voice,
 Which says to my soul, "Rejoice, rejoice;"
 And out of my soul a little bird springs
 And hearkens and listens and sings and sings.
 The voices of Nature, commingling, tell,
 "Rest thee peacefully, soul, 'tis well."
 The glad winds bring it,
 The sweet birds sing it,
 "Soul, thou wilt live, wilt live."
 Softly shines a mystic star,
 On my spirit, 'tis breaking clear;
 And past Eternity's shore afar
 Beacons from Heaven's inmost sphere.

ORIGINAL FICTION

THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH

BY MINNIE GILMORE

Sarah Jane had been born old!

Her lovely young mother, stealing her unwelcoming first glance at the child she had not desired, and whose price of pain she bitterly resented, had shrunk with hysterical screams from the withered, old-woman face of her first-born; and even the nurse, catching up the child in nervous haste, had all but dropped her at sight of her pinched features and puckered cheeks, "for all the world," as she confided to the maid, "like the face of a witch on a broomstick."

"Whatever's the reason of it, poor little dear, I wonder?" queried the maid, pitifully.

The oracle wagged her white-capped head.

"There's reasons an' reasons, my girl," she admitted. "Wives of sixteen warn't never made for husbands of sixty, by God Almighty; nor th' child of wealth isn't the child of love, an' there's no buyin' over of Mother Natur' to hide th' differ."

Which unconscious epigram is here recorded verbatim, it being the professional solution to the mystery of Sarah Jane.

While Sarah Jane was still too young to remember him, her father died; and little more than a year later her mother remarried—for love; her youthful marriage for wealth, at her unscrupulous and selfish father's dictation, having been her misfortune rather than her fault. Without one pang of maternal affection or regret, she relinquished her first-born to her dead husband's sisters, after whom, as unmarried elderly women of modest competencies, Sarah Jane had been named. They were conscientious but untender women,

in the shadow of whose austere countenances the child-life drooped and wilted like a spring flower blighted by the frost.

When Sarah Jane was seven years old, one sister followed the other to the dark, chill grave of which their joyless lives had been but the vault-like vestibule; and the child-waif, now trebly an heiress, yet poorer than any pauper in the priceless treasure of human love, was transferred to a fashionable school, where she remained for ten consecutive years, holidays included. An occasional and perfunctory letter from her mother, now surrounded by blooming young sons and daughters, and infrequent calls from her dashing, natty, gallant old grandfather, Algernon Tremaine, her guardian under her father's will, with absolute and unlimited control of her large fortune, were the sole evidences her decade of school-years boasted of any exterior human or social tie. With the heedless cruelty of youth and happiness, her more fortunate school-mates left her to her lonely fate; and shrinking within herself more and more sensitively as years passed, Sarah Jane became at last a morbid and wretched recluse. As her heart starved, her mind became warped and her soul stunted; and, as was inevitable, her impressionable and sensitive young body pathetically reflected the cruel distortion within! She was not ugly, but she had the effect of ugliness, which is far more fatal. Had life been kind to her, she was of the type to have attained her meed of mature beauty with ripened years; but the charm of youth, as we know, had never been hers, and in the girl the lack was

even more unnatural and piteous than in the child and baby. In her early 'teens strangers laughed at her girlish gowns, and said she looked like "a little old woman cut short." At eighteen she appeared a prematurely worn and withered thirty. The effect of age was, of course, chiefly a matter of expression, and of low vitality and spirits. One ingenuous smile, one simple blush, one flash of merriment, one impulsive look of youthful tenderness, even the glow of robust health, would have humanized her hard, drawn, pale-lipped mouth, brightened her cold, dull, listless hazel eyes, and softened her pinched and rigid features; but no such redemptive miracles occurred. She was scowling and sallow and listless. Her infrequent and joyless smile was usually ironic; her amusement either cynical or sardonic; and as for tenderness, she did not know its meaning. She exulted in her wealth, because it gave her the only type of power she had ever tasted, and she found its sordid flavor bitter-sweet; but she consciously and willfully hated everything else in the world, with a blind, unreasoning, instinctive hatred whose pathetic mystery she failed to understand.

"She has no heart," sighed her teachers, shrugging their shoulders in despair.

But Sarah Jane had a heart, only she did not know it. In her insensate breast it lay as numbly as the first pale snowdrops under the winter drifts. Only the sun was needed to warm and vitalize it, but Sarah Jane had not yet discovered that human life boasts a sun of its own, surpassing the sun of nature. The lessons of the heart are learned only by the loving, and poor Sarah Jane was as unloving as unbeloved.

At eighteen, with an imperiousness born of her golden inheritances, Sarah Jane demanded release from the fashionable school which had long since despaired of conventionalizing her, and her will was indulged on the condition that she would indefinitely postpone her inevitable social debut, and under proper chaperonage devote some years to general travel.

"As a girl," wrote her mother, frankly, "you will be the dearest of social failures; but as a woman you may look for moderate

success, if you will but cultivate brilliance in lieu of beauty, and chic in lack of charm. My eldest girl, Rosalind, is already a budding beauty. At an early age I shall launch her socially; and you and she, making your bows together, will be capital fells. As an heiress, you need not fear that her youth and beauty will spoil your chances. In this sordid age, the gilded pill, matrimonially speaking, is swallowed even more eagerly than the ungilded bonbon; and in spite of Rosalind's attractions I should really hesitate to risk your rivalry, but for the fact that already I have virtually chosen her future husband. Even you must have heard of him,—society's unspooled pet and idol, Lionel West; so adorable in his tawny leonine beauty, his splendid vigor, his irresistible magnetism, and his passionate pagan bliss in the mere natural joys of life and health and pleasure, that he is popularly said to have discovered the elixir of youth; for in years he is nearly forty, though he looks like a young immortal.—of humanest Greek type! With such a man, a poet and romancer and idealist, a worshiper of youth, an adorer of beauty, an apostle of just such impassioned, pulsing, vital happiness as is your characteristically abnormal and depressing lack,—you, of course, would not stand the smallest chance; so I feel that Rosalind will be quite safe under your wing, and I shall trust her to it. Quite as implicitly, you may trust your interests to me; for are not you, too, my daughter? Your brilliant match is only less dear to my heart than Rosalind's happy marriage. You must not resent the distinction I draw between your prospects. The young and beautiful are born to a heritage of human love,—the plain and mature must content themselves with its best substitutes. I am frank, in kindness to you. In actual years, if in nothing else, you are still young enough for dreams; and the dreams of the unbeautiful woman are foredoomed to sharp awakening. Do not resent this merciful truth, which is a proof of the maternal affection of

"ROSE VALWORTH."

Poor Sarah Jane had no vanity to hurt, yet hurt she was, almost unto death, by this ruthless letter. She felt, as she passionately tore it into minute shreds and trampled upon them, that she hated her mother, hated her beautiful half-sister Rosalind, hated, above any and every one else in the world, this idolized Lionel West! "Adorable?" Faugh! He was an obnoxious, detestable, contemptible unsexed beauty-man,—synonym of a vain, conceited, egotistical, ignoble prig who believed he had only to fling his gauntlet to have any woman pick it up with grate-

ful and ecstatic alacrity! Above all else, she resented and envied his secret of youth,—yearning at heart for the immortal elixir which a cruel fate had dashed untasted from her lips.

"Why have I never been young?" she moaned, turning in despair from the haggard face reflected in her mirror.

The quaintness of her young, yet youthless face had no compensating picturesqueness for her. To the possibility of rejuvenescence in an age of physical culture, and massage, and artistic make-up she was blinded by tears both of defiant pride and girlish despair. At the moment she would have sold her soul for a life-long lease of youth and loveliness, had any Faust-like opportunity been offered her; but her tempting Mephistopheles was a mute and invisible presence, the familiar of her embittered heart alone; and its familiar he remained, to her spiritual and physical deterioration, during the ensuing years of luxurious and lonely travel.

Had her chaperon been other than she was Sarah Jane's better nature might have been developed as she contemplated the grandest and fairest phases of nature and art the civilized world presented; but her mother's choice of a meek and melancholy widow of such timidity of character as immediately established her her charge's slave, instead of mistress, was fatal to Sarah Jane's last chance of regeneration.

Rose Valworth realized and repented her mistake when, her daughter's long exile ended, she proved as marble in her hands. To her debut she submitted, accepting its tacit honor as her social due; but its details she dictated, and her costume was a bone of contention which her mother was unfilially compelled to yield. In consequence, chiffon and pearls,—the beautiful young Rosalind's costume in duplicate,—grotesquely arrayed Rose Valworth's "ugly duckling" on her debut night. The bitter bravado that prompted the farcical choice was intensely pathetic; but the pathos went unpitied, like all the homely tragedies of life. In truth, Sarah Jane would have scornfully rejected pity had it been offered. She had matured to a haughty and aggressive realization of her personal dignity and value,—not as

a lovely girl, or loving, lovable woman, indeed, but simply and solely as a daughter of Mammon, a golden figure-head for a pagan society's selfish worship,—in short, an heiress!

Side by side with the lovely, glowing Rosalind Sarah Jane stood defiantly; her colorless, dull, pinched, hard, forbidding face in painful contrast both to her smiling, responsive, magnetically human as well as beautiful young sister, and to the youthful white raiment which cruelly accentuated every unyouthful and graceless fault of her face and form. The curves and contours of girlhood, the plumpness of flesh and polish of skin which are but natural feminine attributes, even the gracious glow and roundness of normal healthy womanhood, were all alike lacking in Sarah Jane. Her undeveloped neck was as scrawny and yellow and lined as if the deterioration of age, rather than the stagnation of youth, was blighting it; her eyes were as dull, her cheeks as sallow, her lips as pale and unsmiling as though no pulse of vital, passionate nature had ever quickened her sluggish human blood. As a foil to Rosalind, she was the grandest of successes. Before the arrival of the last guest had released the debutantes from their posts of honor, society had already dubbed them "Beauty and the Beast."

Mrs. Valworth overheard the title, and confided it to Rosalind; who, glowing more beautifully than ever in her blush of mingled pride and pity, won, through his eyes, the susceptible heart of Darcy Esterbrook, the season's millionaire parti, who proposed just one month later. Sarah Jane's sharp ears, of course, intercepted the whispered confidence; and she grew more dull, more colorless, more hopelessly plain and apathetic than before, in consequence. Hitherto, she had at least attempted to wear a mask of conventional courtesy. Now she dropped it, and was openly resentful, defiant, and bored.

But as that hour is darkest that presages the dawn, so the hour of Sarah Jane's bitterest rebellion heralded the coming of a messenger of peace. To the last arrival she was disdainfully preparing to concede a perfunctory and ungracious greeting, when a warm hand-clasp, a

heartly voice, a sunny smile, and a masterful glance from two tender, searching, challenging blue eyes suddenly roused her dormant womanhood, and awakened her woman-heart from its life-long sleep. In her overwhelming consciousness of the big, fair masculine presence before her, toward which, by some secret attraction, every flushing, throbbing fiber of her hitherto senseless ego seemed pulsating on rays of quivering spirit-light, his name, as it had echoed through the rooms upon announcement, recurred to her. Then recalling, with a sudden passionate surge of remorseful self-reproach, her myriad sins of bitter thought against him, for the first time in her life Sarah Jane spoke impulsively.

"So you," she gasped, between choking heart-beats,—*"so you are—Lionel West!"*

"And you," he said, smiling down at her from his manly height,—*"you, of course, are Miss Tremaine. Are we souls akin, that we recognize each other?"*

Poor Sarah Jane felt forced to truth. Before the man whose beautiful, strong, pure body shrined, indeed, but did not shackle his purer, stronger, more beautiful soul, she realized, in one apocalyptic moment, the vanity, the hollowness, the ignominy of her soulless, heartless life.

"I have no soul," she panted.

With grave, yet tender pity, he gazed down on her.

"Say rather," he said, *"that like a new Undine you are perchance still searching for your soul!"*

"I am 'searching' for my partner," coyly interrupted Rosalind, chancing to catch the sibilant word as her mother released her from her duties. "And mamma says, Mr. West, that my first dance is engaged to you."

Mrs. Valworth's victim concealed a smile of amused surprise, pulling his blond moustache as he bowed his pleasure.

"To whom, may I inquire," he asked, under cover of the dance, *"did mamma engage Miss Tremaine's first dance?"*

"Oh, Sarah Jane can't dance worth a cent," laughed Rosalind. *"Sarah Jane's a sitter-out—of everything!"*

"Ah?" queried Lionel. *"And is she,—er—just by way of variety, you know, Miss Valworth, ever sat upon?"*

The vivacious Rosalind, as a youthful gusher, had to stop her dance for laughter.

"Sat upon?" she mocked. *"Well, that's a good one! Why, Mr. West, didn't you know? Sarah Jane's an awfully awful heiress!"*

"Miss Valworth," remarked Lionel, *"your appearance is deceptive. Already you are an experienced woman of the world!"*

II.

"Never," confessed Mrs. Valworth, two months later,—*"never in all my life was I so cruelly disappointed."*

"I don't see why any one should be disappointed to have Darcy Esterbrook for a son-in-law, mamma," pouted Rosalind.

"Darcy Esterbrook, as the biggest catch of the season, is, of course, satisfactory," admitted her mother; *"but I really had set my heart upon Lionel West for you, Rosalind."*

"Well, I hadn't!" snapped Rosalind, in indignant loyalty to Esterbrook.

"To think," fumed Mrs. Valworth, incredulously,—*"to think that where you, with your youth and beauty, failed, Sarah Jane should have succeeded! Sarah Jane! It is incredible, incredible! I regret to admit it, Rosalind, but the truth must be that our ideal Lionel West is, after all, mercenary! It is the sole solution of this unnatural engagement. He is marrying Sarah Jane's money!"*

"Hush, mamma!" warned Rosalind; but just too late. Sarah Jane, approaching her mother unobserved, had overheard. Apparently, however, the words neither surprised nor pained her.

"Were you dreaming," she queried, with resigned bitterness—*"you who forewarned me of the masculine greed for the gilded pill,—that Lionel West, or any other man, would marry Sarah Jane's ungilded self?"*

Nevertheless, Lionel West found his fiancée more chary of his advances, more elusive and defiant of his tenderness, more incredulous of his sincerity, than he had found her even at first. He smiled at her whim, and bided his time, in a man's resolute way. That his time would come with his wedding-day, Lionel West, like other bridegrooms, knew.

The engagement had come about as a surprise to everybody, perhaps most of all to bewildered, miserable-happy Sarah Jane; happy, that is, inasmuch as she

would have been happy had she yielded to the instincts of her awakened heart; and miserable inasmuch as she defied and trampled upon them. Her first proud impulse when Lionel had proposed for her hand was to refuse him with cold scorn, even as she had refused previous fortune-hunters; but as her refusal, in one unconquerable moment of womanly weakness, had faltered upon her lips, Lionel West, taking silence for consent, had masterfully kissed her,—and proclaimed their engagement.

"Oh, well, if you wish it so much," yielded Sarah Jane, with an indifferent shrug of her shoulders. "After all, it is a fair enough bargain,—your fame for my fortune."

For Lionel West was not only a social rush-light, but a star in the world of letters; and Sarah Jane feigned that ambition had conquered her. In her heart, she knew that her conqueror was love,—but not even to Lionel did she ever divulge it.

But Lionel knew. He was a man, not a child, to be blinded by a proud woman's pathetic ruses. If he pretended to be blinded by them, it was for his own ends. That he, beautiful, famous, besieged Lionel West, should have any ends in regard to Sarah Jane was the real wonder; as, in certain sensitive artistic moods, Lionel himself acknowledged. After all, he was only a human man,—carnal of eye, however chastened and exalted of spirit; and Sarah Jane was undeniably plain to the eye,—plain, since her betrothal, by her own deliberate fault. Love had given her her chance of beauty, and she had relentlessly rejected it; frowning down the divine light that flashed up to kindle her dull eyes, jeering back the blood that surged to her cheeks, rigidly repressing the soft curves that trembled about her lips, as public betrayers of a fool's fatal folly.

"They will sneer that I am in love," she reminded herself,—*"in love with a man who condescends to marry—my fortune."*

So Sarah Jane repressed the sweet, vital, beautiful instincts of nature, and flung her golden opportunity behind her. But Lionel West, like the alchemist he was, re-

covered the scorned, trampled, squandered, precious chance, and preserved it for Sarah Jane's future acceptance. Beauty, he determined, should be his gift to Sarah Jane on their wedding-day,—beauty, and the youth which is the secret of beauty, inasmuch as it is the semblance of immortality, which is true beauty's indispensable suggestion. To the possessor of the elixir of youth the proposed gift was an easy one. In fact, Lionel longed in every fiber of his being to bestow the divine gift sooner; but Sarah Jane would not have it. She rejected it blindly, as mortals do reject the gifts of the gods. The gods offer but once, but man is more merciful. Lionel West patiently suffered many rejections, submitting to each with ever more pitiful tenderness.

"Your day of acceptance, my princess," he murmured,—*"your wedding-day,—will come!"*

III.

"Princess?" queried Sarah Jane, with sarcastically uplifted eyebrows. "Ah, yes. Because you, in your own opinion, are a prince among men, of course. I forget that I am now but what my lord and master wills me,—no longer, it seems, even simple 'Sarah Jane.'"

"Princess," he explained, gently, ignoring her bitter satire, "because the name Sarah means 'Princess,'—did you not know it?—and Jane,—'God's gracious gift.' Lady and mistress, they named you better than they knew."

"They did, indeed," sniffed Sarah Jane, ironically. But the sore and aching woman-heart within her suddenly found voice. "Oh, why do you mock me? Why?" she asked him, piteously.

"Mock you, princess?" he protested. "Mock you? How?"

She did not see that Algernon Tremaine had stealthily entered the room,—an unfamiliar Algernon, shorn of his juvenile vivacity and swagger and dash. His natty military figure was bent; his handsome iron-gray head bowed; his stylish moustache and imperial drooped forlornly,—even his boutonniere was limp and faded. He looked, of a sudden, old, and wan, and broken. The fatal credulity of Sarah Jane's father—the credulity that had deluded him into the

dream of a love-match with Algernon Tremaine's gay young daughter—had deluded him to the end; and his child's great fortune had been left under the untrammelled control of his trusted friend. The guardianship had been a bonanza to the impoverished patrician, who had fully intended to do well by his ward, as her prodigal allowance through the years of her minority gave ample proof. In consequence, when the lawyers holding her aunts' iron-bound legacies in trust importuned her, upon her attainment of majority, to place the control of her father's inheritance in legal hands, Sarah Jane, who had a grand streak of generosity as well as of gratitude in her nature, scorned the wise suggestion. She was not a business woman by instinct, and the justice of legal arguments did not appeal to her intelligence at all. As a result, upon Lionel West's astounding and quixotic refusal of marriage settlements, Algernon Tremaine, in his exulting and triumphant surprise at prolonged possession, had speculated once too often and recklessly. In brief, on the eve of her marriage, Sarah Jane's fortune was a thing of the past!

"I came to tell you—to tell you—that—that—" stammered the crushed old culprit, guiltily.

But Sarah Jane neither saw nor heard him. Her blood was up,—her woman blood of burning pride and passion. From the hour of her engagement she had rigidly controlled it; but on the emotional eve of her wedding-day it evaded and defied her. Wife and husband she and Lionel West would be on the morrow. To-night he who had hitherto known her only as a statue should know her, for the first as probably also for the last time, a living, suffering, flesh-and-blood, human-hearted woman.

"How do you mock me? How?" she repeated, passionately. "By your pretense of sentiment, your affectation of tenderness, your assumption of any emotional tie between us! Do you think that I do not know the one and only magnet that attracted Lionel West to Sarah Jane? Was it my youth of face, my beauty, my charm, my grace, my general alluring womanliness? My mirror answers me! What, then? My money! You refused settle-

ments, yes! How noble! How disinterested! How unconventional! How superior! To be impractical, visionary, poetic, ideal,—this is your professional pose! But what is the wife's becomes the husband's! Settlements? No! You scorned the part, plotting for the whole! Oh, never fear! It shall be yours! As I told you before, it is a fair bargain! I buy your name and hand with my eyes wide open,—but never think that I do not understand!"

"Silence, girl! Silence!" gasped her shocked grandfather. "I came to tell you,—to tell you and Lionel—"

As Sarah Jane swept tempestuously from the room, Lionel West threw his supporting arm round the tremulous old figure.

"Dear old boy," he said, "it's all right! I know! I heard it down-town to-day. Say nothing to her. I claim the right to tell her myself,—after the ceremony; and meantime don't cry over spilled milk. I'm more than able to check over the deficit, and between me and my bride of to-morrow it's already a case of 'thy people shall be my people,' you know. What's the figure to relieve you from all unpleasantness,—eh, dear old boy?"

Algernon Tremaine staggered, less from his ecstatic shock of surprised relief than in incredulous, delirious astonishment.

"You are rich enough—to replace—Sarah Jane's lost fortune?" he gasped. "Then why,—why,—why are you marrying Sarah Jane?"

"By this time to-morrow, my wife will know," answered Lionel, enigmatically. "Any day after put the question to her."

But in spite of his light speech there was a passionate pity in his face as he went his way homeward.

"Poor proud, love-hungry, heart-defiant princess!" he mused. "If this eternal, universal, brutal 'why' ever reaches her morbidly sensitive ears, how it must hurt,—how it must hurt!"

IV.

"Why," in unconscious echo demanded Sarah Jane, now Mrs. Lionel West,—with bated breath, and smouldering eyes, and rigid yet tremulous lips,—“why, knowing that my fortune was lost, did you, Lionel West, marry me?”

The ceremony was ended, the breakfast escaped, the rice endured, even the first stage of the wedding-tour a thing accomplished. The news of her loss had just been imparted to her by her husband himself.

Outside the dusk was deepening. Beyond the mists the sea murmured. The wind blew from it freshly. The vespers of nature vibrated like an echo of music on the air.

"Why?" repeated Lionel, dreamily. "It is a long, long story, princess. It will last till the stars of our bridal night are out, and the moon—our honeymoon—risen. Slip into something loose and easy while I smoke a cigar. The emotion of the day has tired you."

Under her pallor she flushed sensitively. Something in his tender voice, in his earnest eyes thrilled and moved her.

He saw her motion, and smiled softly. The smile of mingled tenderness and triumph accentuated his beauty. He was tall and fair and strong and supple,—of splendid athletic build and fresh blond coloring. His features were regular enough to be classic, yet strong in manly dignity; but the real spell of his beauty lay in its predominant expression of such vital, passionate, human joyousness of existence that the god of youth seemed to revel in it, casting an immortal glamour over all within his span.

Nevertheless, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar alone on the twilight balcony overhanging the incoming sea-waves, the brightness of his face was subtly shadowed by grave and earnest thoughts. The wedding-night of a man of soul has its immortal as well as its mortal meanings, its irrevocable aspect exalting and dignifying its passing human joy; and moreover, a bridegroom yearns for response in his bride, and Sarah Jane's mood was by no means bridal. The loss of her fortune,—her single claim to honor, to courtship, to marriage,—had humbled her evil pride to the dust, and her heart was trampled with it.

In obedience born of desperate despair, she changed her traveling-dress for a long, loose amber tea-gown of shimmering silk and lace, and with a sigh of relief commingled with suspense, sank into the easy-chair awaiting her by the open window.

The sea-breeze rippled the lace at her breast, and loosened her hair into soft, becoming tendrils. For once Sarah Jane did not look ungentle. The languor of her attitude, the clinging softness of her raiment, lent her womanliness; and the shifting half-lights were kindly to her eyes and skin. As her husband flung away his half-smoked cigar and stepped inside the window, she seemed, of a sudden, almost young and pretty in her unaccustomed womanly tremor and blush. He passed his hand caressingly over her bared throat as he joined her, and noted that pulsating flesh and not unyielding bone responded to his touch.

"Your throat is filling out, princess," he laughed. "When I first met you it was an Adam's rib, minus Eve's feminine covering! If such improvement be worked by mere engagement, what may not be the beautifying miracles of marriage?"

Then, quite suddenly, he ceased to tease her; for he discovered that tears were silently running down her face.

"Oh, Lionel, Lionel, have mercy!" she sobbed. "I know I am not beautiful, but I did not care so much—as an heiress; since your courtship proved—that you valued riches—more. But now,—poor, poor, poor as well as ugly,—for what are my other legacies but pittances, to you? I have no claim upon you—no right to have sacrificed you—no justification as your wife! I have nothing to offer you,—nothing in exchange for your beautiful, famous, beloved self! I have failed my bargain—I have cheated you of your price—I have nothing with which to pay you. My hands are empty, empty! Oh, I cannot endure my ignominy, my humiliation. Why did you not retreat in time? Why did you sacrifice your heart, your happiness, your future, to the senseless honor that is but the shibboleth of an honorless world? Why, if you would not spare yourself, did you not spare me?—Knowing that I had no longer my golden right to be your wife, why did you marry me,—Lionel, why did you marry me?"

"Why?" echoed Lionel, stroking her lowered head with tender hand. "To tell the truth, I married you to experiment on you, princess. You are the best of subjects for—my elixir of youth!"

"Experiment?" gasped Sarah Jane, sitting up with nervous haste. "Subject?" "Elixir of youth?"—Oh, Lionel, you must be mad, quite mad!"

"Will my wife hear her mad husband's story?" asked Lionel, gently.

And then he began it; and Sarah Jane, without a protest, listened to the end.

"Princess," he said, "my elixir of youth is not an idle fable. It is the beautiful truth that I was born to its immortal heritage. My parents inherited it before me. It kept them like happy children all their lives, and in death they were scarcely divided. It was when my mother followed my father, not because age or accident or disease had stricken her, but simply, as she told me with her dying smile, because he was "watching and waiting and calling for her," that the full realization of the divineness of my heritage first dawned upon my soul. Hitherto I had accepted it naturally,—knowing it, indeed, the secret of my beautiful youth, my joyous home, my peaceful life, of all my blissful human happiness, but valuing it only as one values a familiar pleasure, not contemptuously or even indifferently, but with heedless, light irreverence. Brought face to face, however, with such touching proof that the elixir of youth robbed the grave of victory and death of sting, I began to look about me, to see how few or many were my coheirs of the immortal nectar, and then, O princess, there was revealed to me such a strange, sad sight. Instead of proving my exclusive personal inheritance, I discovered that all the world of human men and women, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, proud and humble, saint and sinner, shared with me the elixir heritage, but that only a few of the men, and not even all of the women, valued it at all. Just once in their lives, usually in youth's first passion, almost every man and maid sipped of its surface bubbles and swore it sweet; but the hour passed, and the oath was forgotten with the passion, and the divine draught poured upon the ground. Some bartered it for pottage, and some for flesh-pots, and some for the coins of Mammon, and some for the fevered festal wines of life. The young either mocked or profaned it; the old who had squandered reviled it; the happy violated it

with mingled greed and ingratitude; the unhappy reproached and cursed it; the evil prostituted it; the righteous even more evilly hoarded it, like the faithless steward his master's talent, till under their napkins of austere creeds and grudging, conditional charities, its fresh draughts dried and soured in their hands. The fanatic, with hands high above the reach of the thirsting human souls about him, poured out his precious share in libation to heaven. The magdalen spilled hers in the social swamps, where the soil is noisome and the passion-flowers are deadly, and after it flung the shattered goblet of her life. The pharisee, crying out that the warm, sweet draught was carnal, dashed it from his own parched lips, even as he denied it to all others. Dives, sated by excess as foul as barren abstinence, drowsed like a beast of surfeit, while Lazarus died of thirst. Everywhere, everywhere, famine or feast, revel or curses; in all the blind, mad, wanton, cruel world only one sane man here, one sweet woman there, bearing their precious goblets like pearls of price. Sometimes such met and wedded; and perfect children crowned these ideal unions; but far more often I noticed that death, or loss, or pain, or poverty, or sorrow were these faithful stewards' sole companions; for in chastening heart-ache and lonely shadow is the divineness of the human heritage most commonly revealed.

Wherever the elixir was borne with awe and faith and purity and reverence, I saw a chastened happiness, a purified humanity, and human suffering transfigured to subtle spiritual joy. But where it was profaned or squandered, there, O princess, I saw only the horror and turmoil of sin and strife and hatred and bloodshed,—brother against brother, wife against husband, even mother against her unborn child. I heard song turned to curses, and joy to wailing, saw peace change to struggle, men to demons, the heaven of life to a seething hell,—and all, though the mad world knew it not, because it had spilled or bartered its divine heritage. I cried out the truth, the truth for which nineteen hundred years ago Christ died upon the cross, and in his name I shared my birthright freely; for the beautiful miracle of the elixir is that the more one gives

the more one still possesses, as eternal tides renew from the sea's source. And some souls trifled with my immortal draught, and some would have profaned and squandered it in evil pleasure; and some mocked the proffered cup, and some disdained it; till at last I met a soul—a woman-soul, princess—that all its life had sought its birthright vainly, and was thirsting, thirsting even unto death."

His hand on her hair pressed closer.

"She is thirsting still, princess," he said,—"thirsting through pride, the pride of pride that apes humility,—though the immortal elixir is waiting at her lips. She deems herself unworthy to share my heritage. She thinks she has no soul. She has a soul, princess,—a pure, strong, tender, loving, passionate soul,—but she is even now but finding it, and does not know its face. Before she was born she lost it,—the child's misfortune through the mother's fault; and all her childhood, all her girlhood, her defrauded soul has cried out for its heritage, but her futile cry was mocked till shamed pride silenced it, and her poor numbed heart sank pulseless within her woman-breast."

"Lionel," she sobbed, "Lionel!"

"So much for the past," he said, bending more closely toward her. "Now, princess, for the present and future. All that the past has dreamed the future realizes; all that the past has yearned the future yields; all that the past denied the future promises; above all, all that the past has failed the future must fulfill. The past of that poor, warped soul was mistaken, selfish, untender,—an exclusive, barren service of the ego of self! The present sees the single soul mated, the imperfect half transformed to the perfect whole, with conjugal duties which, reverently fulfilled, expand to embrace the whole great human world. The future,—but God alone foresees the future of man and woman souls mated! God alone forecasts the horoscopes of the elixir's eternal line."

She thrust aside his caressing hand, and rose resolutely.

"Spare me," she cried. "You made me your wife in honor only. In honor, I refuse your sacrifice. Unconsciously, I accepted it under false pretenses. Without

fortune,—without youth,—and without beauty—"

"You are forgetting the elixir of youth, princess," he interrupted. "Even in advance of the full, deep draught of life-long daily miracle, it is working wonders. Youth and beauty are already yours in the bud. Nay, even as I remark them, the bud is blushing to flower. In light of the transformed present, I see, in the future, a woman of retarded youth and starved and stunted beauty come into her dual heritage at last. I see a youthful, beautiful, tender wife who is her husband's inspiration and refuge and reward, even as she is his joy and glory. I see a happy and serene young mother whose children call her blessed, because she has conceived them, borne them, bred them, with the immortal elixir shrined within her heart."

"Lionel, Lionel," she cried, all her woman-soul impelling her to tremble toward his open arms, "what is your elixir of youth? How may I take it? Give it to me! Give it to me!"

"Give it to you?" he smiled, closing his arms about her, and turning her toward the mirror, luminous now, with the stars and the moonlight, and the lunar reflection of the shimmering sea. "I am already giving it to you, my princess, and its miracle is working visibly. This light in your eyes, this flush on your cheek, this flame on your lips,—whence have they come, but of the elixir's divine miracle? One drinks it first, shyly and purely, lips from lips; then tenderly, passionately, heart from heart; then spiritually, eternally, soul from soul; whence transfiguring aura-rays and spirit-waves of purified, perfected, creative human existence, expanding limitlessly, vibrate in flames of life through time to eternity, through the universe even unto heaven! And the more tender and familiar name of the elixir of youth,"—he added more softly, between his kisses,—"the name that is divine as well as human, immortal as well as mortal, universal as well as personal, above all, spiritual as well as human, with the true, pure, perfect spirituality that reverences as chaste and holy its beautiful shrine of flesh,—its name— Ah, princess, has your woman-heart not told you? Its name is —Love!"

WHO HATH SINNED?*

THE STORY OF A SCIENTIST

CHAPTER XV.

Once more I stand on the broad piazza of Ruth's birthplace, looking down over the beautiful town, into the campus of the school buildings, and far away over the distant hills.

I arrived yesterday. Duty left me no other recourse but to come to my old friends and state clearly, and as gently as possible, the condition of their only child and grandchild. I felt that it would be little short of murder to suffer the information to reach them through any other channel. Ruth was slowly but surely dying, and dying with a heart so torn and crushed by the thought of leaving her son in his weak condition alone to the mercies of the world, that it was an agonizing close to a life of sorrow and toil. It was awful to think of, and harder still to relate to these fond hearts. I have told them all, and now, while I leave them alone to wrestle with the agony the knowledge so long kept from them has brought, I have come out here in the fresh September air to ponder and seek guidance.

I realize that Ruth may die at any moment, aye, even now a message may be on its way. I feel I must hurry on to her; but I must not leave her parents yet,—not until they have had time to realize all, and calmly express their wishes concerning her. Ruth would never consent to have them shocked with a knowledge of the facts, and had hoped something would occur to render it unnecessary; but hope died weeks ago, and at last I assumed all responsibility and came to warn them of her danger and give them an opportunity to see their child again.

Adiel is in a scarcely less critical condition, the shock of his mother's death might kill him,—a merciful thing, I believe.

I have been for many months in charge of a private hospital of my uncle's. Whenever Adiel's sprees came on we took him there; but as soon as he was sober he would leave, as we withheld liquor from him there, and he seemed to believe the poison as necessary to his existence as the air he breathed. When he left the hospital he returned home. Then he began staying out at night, returning intoxicated, while the anxious invalid mother walked the floor watching for his return. The anxiety threw her into a low nervous fever from which recovery would be miraculous. I resolved to remove her to a quiet private sanitarium in a city situated on one of the great lakes, and to intrust Adiel to good old Dr. Heine, who had agreed to take charge of the hospital in my absence, for I felt that I could never leave Ruth now.

I can hear the sobs and moans of those broken-hearted parents. Thank God they weep at last! They were too stunned to do so at first, but I cannot bear it. I shall stroll out among the roses—those monthly roses she loved so well. The birds flit through the orchard, which is laden with rare fruit. There is the stillness of death around me now. I look at the old house with its fantastic porches and gables, its quaint rambling architecture, and I see her, my dear child, everywhere. If I turn my eyes to the clouds I see her face floating among them drifting on, on, out of my sight. Here is the very tree under which I stood and put out my hands to her, a baby in her nurse's arms—Ruth, little baby Ruth, who has lived and suffered so much, and is yet a child! I see her as she is, I know,—in spirit a simple, loving child. Here is where she sat looking at the birds, and talking to them and to the pictures in the

sky, where she pointed to the faces that smiled at her and waved her own little hand to the phantom forms that beckoned her from the clouds.

Why is it I cannot go into the town and greet my old confreres? Why do I shrink from seeing those of my old pupils who are married and settled here? Is it that I dread answering questions concerning her? I cannot speak of her to any one but her parents.

To the right I turn my eyes. There, deep down that perpendicular bank, flows the crystal river; stretching beyond lies the well-kept place of old Mrs. Davis. How significant this deep gulf between her place and this! My heart strangely says this. I feel singularly passive. All activity is dormant. Memory unfolds her panoramic view with a subtle, insinuating, but silent, hidden hand. I look at her pictures because they are there before me. I strive to recall nothing. It is the magnetism of which Ruth has told me that always accompanied her own grief. I have never realized it before. Dear child, how much I have learned from her, how much more is there for me to learn from her strange existence. I cannot check the impulse to walk, and I know it is leading me to that house. I shall not go around. No, I shall take the hazard of descending the cliff and getting over the river; it is neither wide nor deep, and it is only when some freshet comes that it boils and roars and becomes a dangerous stream. Ah, how like the hidden stream in so many silent bosoms.

The uneven broken earth crumbles beneath my feet, but I catch the stunted cedars in time to save a fall, and persevere till I stand at the water's edge, the very spot where Ruth told me the fairy tale of the frog prince, and how she had tempted the frogs to speak to her by throwing her ball into the water as the little princess had done, but she had no golden ball as the princess had, and that was why the frog prince did not come.

I have crossed the stream. I stand a moment with the gate latch in my hand. Shall I lift it, or shall I now turn back? I know I have some bitterness for this stern old lady, and that, if she were to rouse it, I should speak out some plain

truths to her. Then why walk into temptation? Now I stand upon the porch; I have rung the door-bell and a flood of thought rushes over me. Why have I come here? I hear footsteps and cannot turn back. I must tell her who I am. No, she recognizes me and courteously bids me enter.

Seated opposite her, I read in the pale face and snowy hair a chapter from her life since we last met. Her carriage is erect as when I saw her first. After a few remarks she speaks frankly of the past.

"My health," she replied, in answer to my question, "has been as good as could be expected. I have lived much alone in the shame and sorrow brought upon me by my son, that is to be lengthened out by my grandson, I suppose, till I die."

"Then you know of Adiel's dissipation?"

"Yes, how could I help it? Everybody knows it."

"Ruth's parents have been kept in ignorance," I suggested.

"That is because they did not choose to hear," replied the old lady, stiffly.

"I dare say no one would venture to mention any member of their family to them in disrespectful terms, and Ruth's illness has kept her from visiting them. I am sure she would not have disclosed her sorrow to them even had she seen them. She has kept Adiel away from them for fear a knowledge of his weakness would grieve them," I replied.

"You call it weakness, doctor? To me it is a devilish strength that prolongs such a career to bow the heads of grandparents in shame and degradation. How does Ruth bear it? She has not cast him off as she did her husband, it seems," she almost sneered.

"To your first question, madam, I reply that her poor boy's awful heritage,—for you must admit it was the only one his father left him,—has almost broken his mother's heart, and has broken her health. She is dying. To the last question I will say she has not, and never will, cast her son off. To her he is the unfortunate heir of a dreadful disease, a malady akin to insanity. The only bitterness in death is leaving him on earth. She did not cast off her husband; on the contrary, sup-

ported him during all those wretched years, until for her innocent child's sake she separated herself from him, most generously I know, and in his last illness was with him and buried him decently."

The sound of my voice was cold and cruel as steel to my own ears, and I saw the words cut their way through her stiff, proud ears.

"It was a great mistake," she said, "that marriage. John should have married an older woman of more strength of character, instead of that chit of a girl, who always reminded me of a spoiled baby."

"Therein lay her strength," I said. "The faith and hopefulness of childhood, the buoyancy of youth never left her, but gave her heroic strength, until she saw her son wrecked in health and strength, and unable to conquer his hereditary evil and herself powerless to aid him, and the question, 'Who hath sinned?' obtruded itself upon her. Not he, not her boy, but his parents,—this has been the sorrow of her life."

"She does not think of the disgrace,—what the world says?" asked the old lady.

"I really do not believe she ever gave it a moment's thought; if she did, it was but a moment. His wretched life, his blasted hopes, his lost soul, perhaps,—these have affected her. She has not grieved over herself, I do assure you, ma'am; her sorrow has been for him. Shame has had no part in her awful grief. The boy was the higher development of her own soul, and his downfall a blight upon it. The shame and mortification some people suffer from fear of public opinion can no more affect her than foul breath could dim the pure diamond. That she, through mistaken impulse or blind infatuation, had married a man of dissipated habits, and thus by her own voluntary act entailed such awful consequences on her child, is the vital point with her. The world has no part in her life. She has long recognized the spiritual kingdom, and lives virtually there—a higher life. It is the spiritual significance only that troubles her, that is, how far her boy's soul is hurt, is lost, by such a career; and I have heard her say, 'Oh, to think of it, born to live such a life, born to die such a death.' The evil gossips who wag

their tongues against her boy are of no more consequence to her than the lower scavengers that live upon the filth of alley and gutter."

I spoke warmly. In my heart I had almost forgotten that the person before me was of the so-called gentler sex.

I determined not to prolong the visit, and rose to go, but the door opened and the daughter (now Mrs. Mason) appeared. She was altered, too, with that same change that marked the mother. It was a change that comes from mortification and shame, and tries to avenge itself in pride, or rather hides itself in that disguise.

She bade me be seated again, but I told her I could not remain. Upon hearing of Ruth's dangerous illness, she expressed regret in a tone of sympathy.

"When do you return?" she asked.

"To-night, I think, provided I can leave her parents, upon whom the blow falls heavily."

"So I should think," she said, sadly; "poor Mrs. Noel."

"Mrs. Noel has reared the gentlest and truest of daughters. She need not fear for her future up there," I said, reverently.

"If Ruth should live,—and I feel she will, for sorrow cannot kill, it lengthens life,—when it is safe to talk to her I want to see her once more. Tell her so, will you?" said the elder lady, in a tone of voice so new to her that even her daughter looked at her in mute surprise.

"I shall, indeed," I replied, and left them.

As I walk back to the house, going the river and cliff route, I still marvel at my passiveness.

I have been roused passively by the old lady. Now I long to be roused actively, and so I walk more briskly; yet the motion is passive,—I climb down the embankment to the river, find the ford, look a moment at the sparkling water, clear as a mountain spring that flows with a deep murmur over its rocky bed. I could step safely upon the larger stones, as I had crossed, but somehow I dread to return. I look up the frowning bluff on the opposite side, and wonder how I had even thought of ascending it. I hear a voice; it is Mr. Noel, talking to himself,

for no one is with him. I speak to him; he starts, and turns upon me with a strange stare in his usually frank eyes.

"Were you looking for me?" I ask.

"Yes, and no; I do not know why I came. I am afraid to think; the river is not deep anywhere— My poor child."

"Come, you are unnerved, let us hasten to your wife. You should not have left her alone."

"She is packing up to go with you to our Ruth. I have persuaded her."

"You will go, too."

"If I go and face my child, my only child, when but for me this awful curse had not come upon her? No, doctor, no; I've seen Ruth for the last time on earth. We may meet somewhere some day, when she can forgive and honor me, but not in this world,—no."

He has a raging fever.

"Come," I say, "you are ill. Ruth never had any thought but love for you."

"So much the worse for me. Doctor, I recall the day you came to me and asked me if I intended to permit the sacrifice of my child and let her wedding take place. I remember my reply. Oh, so heartless, so cruel. Those words come back with the curse of Almighty God, 'By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned.' I gave up my child, my only child, far more thoughtlessly than I would now part from my favorite horse. I thought nothing of what might come to her. Oh, wretched fool that I was!"

He broke from me, for I had laid my hand upon his arm and was leading him back from the river, down toward the town where the bluff ended and a bridge connected the shores.

"Listen to me," I said, gently. "You were a strong man, a good husband and father; you did not realize Davis's weakness, the hereditary curse,—you could not foresee the result, being wholly ignorant of such a nature and character."

"Yes, but I should not have been ignorant. I should have known the law of heredity, just as I am required to know the civil law. The law excuses no man's ignorance. He must suffer death if he break the death law, imprisonment if he transgress the prison laws. I am guilty,

guilty of my own, my only, child's life, and her own and only child! It was I, her God-appointed guardian, who should have saved her, at the only time I could, before marriage. Oh, I have thought of that wretched day when we sat with her and Adiel, a little child on my knee. Would to God he had died there! And then of her awful sorrow, her great temptation to destroy herself and him. I knew then whose blood it was that his abuse had roused to think of suicide and murder,—it was my own. The gentler blood of her mother was that which asserted itself in her loving consideration of him when she was forced to separate herself from him, and to bury him when his wretched life was done. The thought which had birth in her mind then, in that first awful grief when she separated from him, lives in mine now—to the river."

"Be a man," I said. "Would you leave your wife alone, would you lose your soul, would you rob your dying child of the comfort of knowing she could leave her boy in your keeping?"

There I had hit the right chord.

"It is her only solace in death. You say you wish her boy had died a little child on your knee. That child gave her the courage and strength of a Spartan woman. Had he died then her sad life had ended too, and the world had not learned the lesson of what a weak but loving woman can dare to do for those she loves. No, the boy lived to give true courage and strength to his mother, and he lived a brave life, too. He was a joy to her; her sorrow now is only equal to her joy during those years of her life when he was her all in all. We cannot change things with regret; we must see them as they are, and make her remaining days as peaceful as possible, and lessen the sting of death by assuring her of our loyalty to her boy."

He is more calm now and his step grows firmer.

We arrive at the house, and find his wife already packed to accompany me.

Never had I truly appreciated the beautiful character of this noble woman until now; never had I seen it in its true luster until the time for heroic action came.

I speak with her alone and tell her where I had met her husband, and how the sorrow and remorse have temporarily unbalanced him. I show her that she could not safely leave him for an hour, nor could we safely take him where a sight of Ruth might again disturb him and cause another shock. I put it to her that all human skill and kindness could do for Ruth was being done, and would be done to the last,—that I should never leave her, and that I should wire her every day, and that when the end came I should bring the dear body back to her. I tell her that courage on her part might save all,—that Ruth might live, and that, whether she does or not, Adiel was our charge and care, because of the memory of our love for our darling, his mother, and of his own bright babyhood and childhood. I tell her that this only could save her husband from some rash act in the present excited condition of his nerves, that I should leave him in her charge instead of her in his, as I had expected to do when I came,—that the true strength is hers, the real fortitude, and that she must bear her sorrow bravely, even cheerfully, for his sake.

I give her something for his nerves, and bid her keep him in her sight.

She promises, and when he comes into the room she tells him cheerfully that she would not return with me, but would wait my first letter.

I go out for my evening walk. I see a messenger coming rapidly up the hill, and hasten to meet him and send him away before the parents see him.

The dispatch read: "Come to me without delay," and is signed, "Ruth."

Still she lives, and has evidently dictated the message. I must take the next train, but I go to the station and wire: "I come."

My grip is already packed, and, without mentioning the message to the parents, I bid them adieu and catch the first train,

leaving the brave wife and mother alone with the wretched husband and father.

In the coach my mind constantly reverted to the scenes I had left, in spite of my effort to project it to the object of my journey. This much I have settled,—as this train does not make connection with the northern train at the city, I would reach there, say, at three, and not start north until nine, and I would have ample time to see Adiel, as Ruth would desire, and could give her news directly of him. Dear boy, my heart yearned for a sight of him, painful as it would be. I found him at the hospital, where he now stayed, as Dr. Heine was resident physician and his wife had fitted up a nice room adjoining her own for him. What a comfort those dear, good people were to us in those days. The old lady greeted me cheerily, and sent for "papa," as she called the doctor.

"How is Adiel?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Poor boy, I think it is the fear of his mother's death now that weighs upon him. He is so sensitive."

I was shocked at his appearance when he came in. His face was inflamed from effects of his last spree, and the air of conscious degradation struggled with a faint effort to appear like himself. I think I never saw a more sickening sight. Even his own mother could scarcely have recognized in the degraded object before me the proud, manly boy of a few years before. I had to think of him as he had been,—to shut my eyes to what he was,—to keep from recoiling. Then I thought of Ruth, and for a moment I felt glad that she could die without seeing her degraded hope. It had come to that at last. Every semblance of manhood was erased. His father in his long career had not fallen lower than this high-spirited, sensitive youth had during these few short years. If man can look upon his fellow-man with such sorrow, what must have been the suffering of Him who wept over the sins of the lost sheep of the house of Israel?

(To be continued.)

HEALTH AND HOME

EDITED BY

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER

HOW DO VEGETARIANS LIVE?

Vegetarians live on vegetables, everything eatable that grows,—grains, fruits, nuts, and the foods ordinarily classed as vegetables. Some of them use milk, butter, cheese, and eggs, and some use none of these.

Vegetarians now have various prepared foods to add variety to their diet, and their receipt-books have hundreds of combinations. But the plainer the preparation the better, and the natural flavors of the foods are more grateful than the artificial flavors secured by combining numbers of spices and extracts and other "seasoning." Hygienic vegetarian food is what is needed, and these highly seasoned foods are no improvement on the old-style diet; for seasonings do just what flesh food does, create inflammation, artificial heat, undue labor of the body to get rid of them, and exhaustion from expending more strength than is supplied. Hygienic food is carried to the blood, vitalized in the lungs, and poured through the body as a life-giving current, giving a great deal more in return for the labor expended in preparing it than it required. The unhygienic food is an indigestible mass in the stomach, which the natural fluids in vain try to dissolve and wash away; the solid gets thrown out with the waste food, but the liquid mingles with the chyme—food in process of digestion,—and is taken into the blood. Nature, doing its best to expel it through other outlets, and failing in that, gets rid of it as nearly as possible by depositing it in out-of-the-way places where admission is most easily found. That is the best it can do to

purify the blood. These deposits clog and make no end of trouble, causing obesity, rheumatism, and gout, impeding the circulation till heart disease and apoplexy result.

There is such a demand for health-foods that many preparations of the cereals are labeled health-foods, that are only the ordinary trade products of poor, stale, unclean grains and flour mixed with other materials, not only useless but harmful. There are companies which make a specialty of health foods, and guarantee fresh, clean grains, and when one tries them he finds he is for the first time making acquaintance with sweet, natural grain, and stomachs that rebelled at the regular trade articles gratefully receive the genuine grains and foods. Farmers have the advantage, for they can grind their own grains.

Dr. Johnson's Educator Food Co. is one of these, supplying grains and various kinds of breads and crackers. These crackers are tonics and food of the finest kind; being made of the entire grain, some with nothing but the grain and water, some with a little shortening, others with a little sweetening. But the sweet taste of the grain is delicious; those who have never tasted it cannot imagine how sweet fresh, clean grain is.

They also prepare nut butter.

The Postum Cereal Food Co. is another of a similar kind, and the Sanitar Nut Food Co. Nutcoa is another delicious substitute for butter. There are various preparations of nut foods, and a mill has

been invented that every family may grind their own nuts and grains.

Nuttolene is another prepared food, tasting something like cheese, and good to use for sauces. Parched and ground sweet corn is another food. Fromm's extract is a vegetable seasoning. There is olive steak made of dried and ground olives, almond and olive sandwiches, nut hash, etc. Raisins are a very nutritious food, and more refreshing to an exhausted body than tea or coffee. Doctors have found this out. Prunes are one of the remarkably nutritious foods with curative properties; they act on the nerves, soothing and toning them,—just the food for excitable and nervous people, for irritable and fractious tempers.

Fruits are brain feeders, blood purifiers, and tonics. Grains are the muscle builders (tissue repairers). Vegetables supply salts, and nuts, olives, and oils supply heat. A variety of these supply all the building material for the body, and some are almost perfect foods in themselves, like wheat and grapes. Wheat, a fruit or vegetable, and a nut food furnish a complete diet.

Vegetable foods are restorers as well as foods, and the best physician one can call in is Dr. Vegetable.

You can also buy your vegetables proper in packages, shredded and dried, as you do your grains. All these prepared foods are a great boon to housekeepers who desire to save labor.

One secret of diet is to eat some hard foods. Soft foods do not exercise the muscles of the teeth, which thus become weak like every other unused muscle, and do not remain in the mouth long enough to get mixed with the liquids that are supplied to digest food; in the stomach the soft foods will not absorb the liquids supplied for digesting food, and so, instead of the labor being portioned off, too much is put upon certain parts and the rest suffer from inaction. Vegetable foods in the forms of crackers and biscuit remedy this and should be supplied with the mush and other soft foods. Vegetable foods supply delicious liquids, and stop the craving for stimulating and harmful drinks. In flesh foods the strength is expended in getting rid of the waste, in vegetable foods in storing up more strength. Vegetable foods supply many times over the amount of nutrition flesh foods give.

Give vegetable diet a trial, and see how much better you and all your family will feel.

MABEL GIFFORD.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. M.—Graham flour and whole-wheat flour are entirely different. The former may be and usually is made of inferior wheat. It is much darker, and the silica, or hull, which is indigestible, remains in it; while in whole-wheat the silica is removed. With the exception of a very few brands, we can not recommend Graham flour at all.

Extremes.—Mankind have run into two extremes as regards wheat flour. The Grahamites have ground up the whole grain, smut, siler, coat, beards, and all, believing that the human stomach needs rasping and scratching to keep it in a wholesome condition. This, so far from being the case, has weakened the nerve powers of the stomach and alimentary canal, producing indigestion, dyspepsia and chronic diarrhea.

The other extreme has been owing to a demand for white flour. These people have

taken off not only the thin outer husk, but have stripped the grain of its mineral salts, phosphates and gluten, thus making a white flour to please the eye, while it starves the body; one utterly unfit to sustain human life; a flour of which the chief ingredient is starch, producing a bread on which a dog would starve.

The Franklin Mills Company, of Lockport, N. Y. have produced a flour free from these objections. They simply remove the thin outer husk of the grain, and grind the entire wheat into fine flour, thus retaining all the nourishing properties of the wheat.

Those who want good, wholesome bread—bread which is, indeed, "the staff of life," should procure the "Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat." Your grocer can supply you with this flour; if he will not do so, order direct of the mill.

MENU

ARRANGED BY DR. MARY DODD, HYGIENIST

SUNDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Corn mush. Stewed plums.
Rolls. Poached eggs on toast.

SUNDAY—DINNER.

Lamb. Potatoes. Gravy. Asparagus.
Beets. Spinach. Rolls.
Dessert—Rhubarb pie.

SUNDAY—SUPPER.

Mush. Rolls.
Canned plums.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apples. Stewed apples. Rolls. Rolled oats.
Cream biscuit.

MONDAY—DINNER.

Wheat. Potato soup. Rolls.
Baked tomatoes, with macaroni.
Dessert—Rice pudding.

MONDAY—SUPPER.

Grain. Rolls. Bread.
Canned gooseberries.

TUESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples, raw. Rolled oats. Canned peaches.
Rolls. Milk toast.

TUESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn. Corn gems.
Apricots. Rolls.
Dessert—Strawberry shortcake.

TUESDAY—SUPPER.

Stewed apples. Strawberry juice.
Scone. Rolls.

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apples. Plums. Corn mush.
Rolls. Creamed potatoes.

WEDNESDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Rolls. String beans. Egg plant.
Grits, with orange sauce.

WEDNESDAY—SUPPER.

Mush. Muffins.
Cherries. Rolls.

THURSDAY—BREAKFAST.

Raw apples. Apricots. Rolled oats.
Rolls. Bread and butter.

THURSDAY—DINNER.

Vegetable soup. Toast. Baked potatoes.
Lettuce, with nuts. Asparagus.
Dessert—Gooseberry pie.

THURSDAY—SUPPER.

Mush. Strawberries. Rolls.

FRIDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples. Rolled oats. Rolls.
Canned currants. Scrambled eggs.

FRIDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Baked trout, with dressing.
Raw tomatoes, with lettuce. Peas.
Grits, with orange dressing.

FRIDAY—SUPPER.

Molded farina. Strawberries.
Cream biscuit. Rolls.

SATURDAY—BREAKFAST.

Apples. Rolls. Corn cakes, with maple syrup.
Plums. Rolled oats.

SATURDAY—DINNER.

Potatoes. Corn. Corn gems.
Rolls. Canned peaches. Rice.
Dessert—Strawberry shortcake.

SATURDAY—SUPPER.

Mush. Toast.
Canned quinces.

EDITORIALS

INTELLECTUAL HOSPITALITY

The cultivation of that phase or aspect of justice called toleration is among the most difficult of the imperative demands of the higher law upon many persons who otherwise are exemplary in life; and yet the carrying of the Golden Rule into our every-day lives requires that we constantly practice the habit of thinking broadly, and at all times according to others the same rights we demand for ourselves. The importance of this is further evident when we remember, (1) that truth to the finite mind is necessarily a partial appearance, (2) that belief or conviction of truth is largely a question of geography or environment. Men and women who believe devoutly in the truth of some creed, dogma, theory, or school of thought, as a rule find it difficult to appreciate the point of view of one whose ideas differ radically from what to them is palpably the truth; and the failure to recognize the obligation incumbent upon each individual to exercise intellectual hospitality has been one of the most fruitful causes of persecution, pain, heart-ache, and misery throughout the ages. Many of the most earnest men and women, whose lives have been characterized by a beautiful simplicity, an austere morality, and an unswerving fidelity to what they believed to be right, have under the conviction that their belief, theory, or religious system or philosophy was "the" truth, cursed their age and darkened the pages of history through persecutions. Louis IX. of France and John Calvin are two instances out of hundreds that might be cited in illustration of this fact.

The granting to others the same right of opinion which we demand for ourselves is nothing more than simple justice, and yet it is one of the most difficult lessons for many of us to learn. It is hard

to maintain a spirit of sweet reasonableness in the presence of what we conceive to be error, without in any way seeming to yield that which appeals to our judgment as being the truth; but this would be far less difficult if we kept in mind the fact that the broadest vision given to man is circumscribed. He who stands before a mighty mountain may be overpowered by the splendor of the spectacle, but at best he has beheld a partial appearance. It would be folly for him to claim that the man on the other side had not also caught a vision of splendor, though from a different view-point. Man is far from the summit of the mountain of Truth. His vision is limited. He has no right to refuse to yield to his companions what he asks for himself.

Again, we must remember that we are all largely what natural inheritance, geography, and environment have made us. Our thoughts, as a rule, are molded, shaped, and dyed by these influences. Let us pause for a moment and consider this fact. If, instead of being born in Christian America, we had been born in Mecca or Constantinople, into the home of a devout Mohammedan, would we not, in all probability, have been zealous Mohammedans who would marvel that any one could be so irrational as to distrust Mohammed? Or, had we been reared in Peking under the influence of the prevailing religion, would we not wonder how people could fail to be attracted to the teachings of the great philosopher who lived the Golden Rule, and taught moderation and virtue by example as well as life? Or, had we grown to manhood on the banks of the sacred Ganges, would we not in all likelihood draw back in horror from the western teacher who not only killed living creatures, but actually

ate the bodies of the slain? Or, coming nearer home, had we been born in Rome or St. Petersburg, the probabilities are we would have been Roman Catholics or members of the Greek Church, as zealous and earnest for the faith we had been taught to revere as we are for the dogmas we now believe to be the truth. Thus we find that conviction of truth is for millions of people a question of geography and environment.

Then let us remember how temperaments differ. It would be impossible to imagine William Penn thinking and acting as did John Calvin, or vice versa; yet both men lived simple, austere lives; both were honest and sincere; but they were temperamentally as far removed as is the east from the west. If, then, we would follow the Golden Rule, and grow Godlike through according to all others what we

demand for ourselves, we must learn to think broadly, we must cultivate intellectual hospitality, we must seek to make a broad, sweet, tolerant spirit as much a part of our intellectual possessions as loyalty to duty and faithfulness to what we conceive to be truth and right.

And let us go a step farther; let us be fearless in our investigations, not seeking hastily to throw off the old for the new, but bravely examining and, as far as lies in us, impartially considering all sides of the great questions which rise before us. Let us be ready to reason together, exercising the true child spirit, and ever ready to place truth, justice, and right above all baser things, ever seeking the loftiest, with the determination to follow the divine light of truth whithersoever it may lead us.

B. O. F.

A STORY OF THE STREET

Some time ago I witnessed a most touching incident when waiting for a car.

It was a bitter evening, and two little newsboys were shivering on the street corner, pleading with each passer-by to buy the evening papers, and just retailing enough of the sensational news of the day to excite one's curiosity and make him take the pains to dig into his pockets for the requisite pennies. At last there was a lull in business; the last passer-by had somewhat cooled the ardor of the little street gamins with his coarse, brutal, "Get out of the way, you miserable little brats!" The very words seemed to carry winter into the little fellows' hearts.

"I say, Billy, I am 'most froze," exclaimed the smaller boy, who from appearances was not more than five.

The boy thus addressed was larger, and, I think, must have been a brother, for a look of solicitude and tenderness lit up his face as he pulled off his outer ragged coat, and with the air of a prince dispensing bounty exclaimed: "Are you, Bob? Why, I am real warm; here take my coat;" and suiting the action to the word, he held the garment while little, shivering Bob slipped into it with the alacrity of a youth accustomed to quick and energetic movements.

"Aren't you cold, Billy?" queried the little urchin from under the bundle of rags.

"Oh, no; I am all right. Just hold my papers till I start the blood runnin'," and he vigorously struck his arms to and fro.

A gentleman who witnessed this slipped a silver dollar into the hands of each of the urchins; he spoke a kind word, and hurriedly entered a car which was just then passing. It would be impossible to say whether the giver or receivers derived most pleasure from this thoughtful deed; for the giving that is prompted solely by love yields unalloyed pleasure, and by adding to the development of the spiritual nature increases its capacity for enjoyment.

Generosity is to the soul what rain is to the flowers, and love for man is as sunshine to the growing earth. They go hand in hand and make life nobly worthy. Let us, then, swing open the gates of our hearts. Let us seek by kind words and thoughtful deeds to increase the happiness of those around us. We may not have it in our power to aid with money, but all can extend the hand of sympathy and love. All can speak the words that come as balm to the aching heart.

B. O. F.

THE PASSING DAY

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY B. O. FLOWER

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MAYOR JONES'S ELECTION

Inasmuch as the readers of *The Coming Age* are somewhat acquainted with Mayor Jones, his aims, aspirations, and views on those municipal problems which are so profoundly interesting to thoughtful men and women in all of our great cities, I feel that a somewhat extended notice of his recent triumph and its significance will be of special interest at the present time. I think that it is quite safe to say that no election of the past spring has approached in far-reaching import the mayoralty contest in Toledo. It was certainly the most notable battle that has yet been fought upon clear-cut issues which are engrossing the attention of thinking men everywhere, and which relate primarily to municipal government. The rule of the people for the benefit of all the people, versus the rule of the corporations and political machines for the benefit of the few at the expense of the masses, and, secondly, the duty and obligation of the government to foster self-respecting industry and discourage idleness and all attendant evils, through providing opportunities for work for all who are out of employment,—in a word, the rule of the people for the people and the right to work,—were the two vital issues for which Mayor Jones stood. They were the rocks of offense against which the political machines, which of late have become too frequently the mere tools of the trusts and corporate power, were not willing to run lest the corruption funds of private monopolies should be cut off from campaign contributions.

THE MAN AGAINST THE MACHINES.

Hence, against the mayor were arrayed the two political machines with all their power, and with the opposition of the machines went that of the principal daily papers. As the corporations dominate the machine, so the machines dominate the party press. Hence, out of four daily papers in Toledo, three were outspoken in opposition to the mayor, who stood against the field in defense of the following issues:

The establishment of a city plant for the manufacture of gas; the control and operation by the city of the electric lighting plant; the establishment of civil service rules in all departments of the municipality; home rule for the people; no grant or extension of franchises to private enterprise without the approval of the people; the abandonment of the contract system on all public works, such as paving and sewers; compilation of the city directory by the city.

It is well, just here, to observe that all the unions of Toledo, however, supported Mayor Jones, save the ministers' union, which, on account of the mayor's attitude on Sunday closing of the saloons, threw its influence on the side of the corporations and machine rule. This point I shall presently notice at length, but I wish to examine the real issues before noticing the side questions which were, as is ever the case, worked most industriously by the corporations in their battle for mastery over public rights and honest administration of governmental affairs.

THE VITAL ISSUES INVOLVED.

Mayor Jones stood for certain great overmastering issues which are, I believe, absolutely vital if the republic is to be saved from the hands of the most hopeless and irresponsible form of despotism, a government by a plutocracy, in which the corporations, by means of the boss and the machine, so shape all legislation as to bulwark capital and enslave labor, while securing nominations, elections, and appointments of officers who shall be submissive to the domination of the trusts and corporations. The power and efficiency of organized and interested wealth was never more clearly illustrated than in the great battle fought last decade between the rising tide of the temperance sentiment and the united liquor interests. Before the liquor power appreciated the danger, the conscience of the people became in many places aroused to the enormity of the liquor evil, and a rising tide of prohibitory legislation was enacted throughout various parts of the land, from Iowa to Pennsylvania. The sentiment became so strong that the time-serving politicians in several places were coming out in favor of prohibition, when the liquor interest, becoming thoroughly alarmed, organized and began a desperate campaign against the temperance forces. The result was seen in all directions, but nowhere so notably as in the opinion-forming agencies. Here silence or a change of front was visible in every direction, and the temperance wave was not only checked, but the organized interests pressed forward and recaptured most of the advantages that had been lost before the concerted and organized effort was directed against the awakening conscience of a nation. I cite this case because it was one of the earliest clear-cut illustrations of the dangerous power which wealth-intrenched corporations possess in thwarting a rapidly growing sentiment opposed to a vested interest engaged in a work which was rightly regarded as a menace to society and a fruitful cause of crime. This exhibition of strength, however, was only the forerunner of a reign of corporate power which has so firmly fastened itself upon our political life, and is in such intimate alliance with the ma-

chine and the boss, that even the most slow-thinking and conservative citizen is awakening to the supreme danger which confronts our institutions. Nowhere has this giant evil been more marked than in the monopolization of certain of those things upon which life depends, and the public utilities or natural monopolies.

PUBLIC FRANCHISES FOR PRIVATE PROFIT.

The astounding spectacle has been presented time and again of a selfish class, through cunning and the power of gold, securing from the public vast franchises, worth untold millions of dollars, for nothing, and operating them in such a manner as to realize colossal fortunes which, by every rule or principle of business and right, should, wholly or in part, come into the public treasury to reduce the legitimate expenses of government. More than this, in many instances a portion of this immense wealth, which has been taken from the people without any adequate return for value given, has been used to debauch legislators, corrupt State and municipal government, and thereby secure further favors for private capital at the expense of the public good. The amazing record of the Humphrey and Allen bills in Illinois furnishes a typical illustration of the real menace of the corporation owning and operating public franchises.

Now, against this great evil Mayor Jones raised his solemn protest, and made a pledge that the corporations knew only too well would never be broken. He declared (1) for public ownership of public utilities, and (2) that no grant of new or extension of existing franchises should be made. Here was the cardinal offense in the eyes of those who were willing to spend money as if it were water to secure the enormously valuable franchises through which they could fatten at the expense of the people.

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO WORK.

But Mayor Jones had gone a step further. He had voiced the growing sentiment of many of the noblest and most civilized, as well as the wisest, most farsighted, and thoroughly statesmanlike

thinkers of our time, in what he was pleased to term "The New Right," which was the right of the laborer to be given a chance to work, and thereby escape the dread alternative of beggary, starvation, or stealing. It has been claimed, and is believed by many, that those who wish to work can find employment. The fact that some time since more than three thousand able-bodied men in Boston begged for the privilege of working, and all who could get anything to do accepted the labor temporarily provided, was one of many illustrations which went far to discredit the old-time belief. Mayor Jones declares that he has found that numbers of people not only cannot get work, but that they are eager to accept anything offered them, and he holds, and wisely holds, that for the benefit of the state no less than that of the individual, it is of the greatest importance that such work be given to people as will create wealth for the state and at the same time maintain self-respecting manhood. It would seem that such an eminently sane, wise, and business-like, not to say humane proposition, would win the approval of every one who loves his country and his fellow-men, and that all who strive to follow the teachings of the great Galilean would heartily support a proposition which would abolish enforced idleness and lessen starvation, beggary, and crime. But, no; a melancholy illustration of the selfish indifference and the ignoring of the spirit of Christianity has been evinced in many quarters. Great hostility has been shown to this proposition so rigorously and forcibly put forth by Mayor Jones, and his position on this great and vital issue was another cause of opposition.

A LESSON FROM ANCIENT GREECE.

In passing, let me observe that the basic idea, namely, the safety of the state no less than the happiness of her citizens, demands that the government assist industry and discourage idleness, is nothing new. About 560 B. C. Pisistratus, finding Athens full of idle men who begged the privilege of earning a living, divided the land of enemies he had overthrown into little tracts and apportioned it among

the landless of Athens. He also provided these poor with seeds, tools, and animals with which to engage in farming. This done, he punished the lazy and permitted no idler in the market-place. Thus Pisistratus furthered industry and independence. His rule was often called "The Golden Age," as, in addition to providing for the out-of-works, he "burdened the people as little as possible with his government, and always cultivated peace."*

Mr. Jones's administration had proved eminently popular with the people. They felt he had striven to live up to his motto of doing unto others as he would be done by, not only in the conduct of his life and his business, but also in the government of their city.

THE MAYOR DISAPPOINTS SOME GOOD CITIZENS.

In one particular the mayor had disappointed a number of earnest, conscientious people. Shortly after his election a city ordinance had been passed closing up everything on Sunday. This had proved exceedingly unpopular, and it had been repealed by the city council. There still remained a State law, however, providing for the closing of the saloons on Sunday. This law had been enforced six or seven years before "with the result," to quote the words of Mr. W. J. Ghent, in the *New York Independent*, "that great quantities of liquor, which had been sold during the week, were drunk on Sunday in private rooms, in clubs, and on the commons, producing an unexampled degree of drunkenness and disorder." Mayor Jones, with the chief of police and a large proportion of the citizens of Toledo, held that the result of the Sunday closing, with the public sentiment apparently so overwhelmingly opposed to it, was conducive to much more disorder and harm than the permitting of the back doors of the saloons to be open on Sunday, so long as attended by no public disturbances. "An orderly Sunday," says Mr. Ghent, "has been the result." And he adds, "though the mayor's supporters regret an evasion of law, it is felt by them that the with-

* "History of Greece," by Prof. George Willis Bottsford, page 72.

holding from the citizens of Toledo of home rule on this matter is more blamable than the evasion attended with an entire absence of disorder."*

Mayor Jones's position on this question is summed up in his declaration: "I have enforced and shall continue to enforce the law according to the standard of public sentiment."

THE MINISTERS' UNION OPPOSES THE MAYOR.

The position of the mayor on the subject led the ministers' union to throw its influence against him; and this subordinate issue was elevated, or rather a studied attempt was made to elevate this issue, to the level of the great vital problems involved in the fight. The mayor was savagely assailed, and the machine organs of the city seemed to be attacked with a spasm of morality that must have occasioned great merriment in the sanctums of the papers in question. But the people were not deceived, and I doubt not but what a large proportion of those who supported Mayor Jones felt exactly as did the editor of the *New York Independent*, who observes, after citing the platform on which Mayor Jones ran:

Our correspondent, who has been through this campaign, tells us that most of the ministers opposed Mayor Jones's candidacy because he would not consent to close the back doors of the saloons on Sundays, as required by a State law. That was bad, decidedly so; but it was not enough to overbalance other things. We cannot get everything at once. His attitude on this question was not worth being made the key to his conduct in a campaign which, while ignoring the saloon evil, had such great questions at stake as those involved in the platform given above.

Since, however, the action of the mayor has been used to obscure the great issues in question, and as it has a very real bearing on the battle which is ahead in our social and economic struggle, it demands more than passing notice.

THE FLY ON THE BARN DOOR.

In examining the action taken by the ministers' union, when we keep in mind all that was involved in the stand taken

* "The Toledo Election," by W. J. Ghent, *New York Independent*, April 13, 1899.

by Mayor Jones in his platform, we are reminded of a story that a few years ago went the rounds of the press. A certain gentleman had been elected to the United States Senate, and a congressman from the same State was interrogated in regard to the new senator. His epigrammatic description given in reply was as follows: "He is a man who can see a fly on a barn door a mile off, and not see the door." Now, it seems to me that the story is applicable to the union. The fly was seen, but the vast issues, involving corporate power versus public rights, were unobserved. And in saying this I do not wish to minimize the evil of the liquor traffic. I recognize its far-reaching and injurious influence throughout all the ramifications of society. Indeed, I doubt not that on this question my views are more pronounced than those entertained by the ministers' union. I believe that if the clergy of the United States, or a very large proportion of them, would unite in an educational campaign for the purpose of impressing the public mind with the various phases of the evil, and the relation it bears to the state and society on the one hand, and to the individual and posterity on the other, it would not be long before a great moral sentiment would be created which would sustain wholesome legislation as it to-day sustains legislation against various other crime breeding and producing influences; and, if such a crusade were carried on in a calm, sane, determined, and persistent manner, its influence would be almost immediately felt. In the past temperance work has been so largely emotional and spasmodic in character that far less has been accomplished than might have resulted if a different method had been pursued.

In the Toledo campaign it seems to me that the clergymen made a serious mistake in attempting to defeat the candidate who stood for the great fundamentals of right, justice, and wise economy, in the widest and noblest acceptations of these terms, as they apply to municipal and State government at the present time, and the rights and duties of government to the individual, simply because on the one question of Sunday closing he had failed

to do what they felt was his duty to do under the circumstances, for in so doing they placed themselves in antagonism to those things which the purity, integrity, and progress of free institutions imperatively demand. They threw their influence on the side of the candidate who stood for the franchise grabbers and the machine, and sought to make the question of Sunday closing a supreme issue in a campaign being waged between titanic forces representing issues of selfishness versus mutualism. The remarkably small vote polled by the candidate who favored the corporations, and who was favored by the union as well as the most influential daily papers, shows conclusively that the great majority of the church-goers of Toledo did not share the views entertained by the union, and that they refused to allow anything to crowd out the real issues at stake. Much as we may deplore the failure, either in execution or in efficiency, of wholesome legislation, we cannot lose sight of the fact that it is of prime importance that behind the best of laws is found a healthy moral sentiment.

An intelligent realization on the part of the community of the evil of liquor drinking must precede the enforcement of the Sunday closing laws if they are to be effective. Otherwise, the technical enforcement will result in houses, club-rooms, halls, and in some places parks and commons, being turned into drinking resorts; while, on the other hand, if a community has been made to realize through the opinion-forming agencies and influences the nature and extent of the evil wrought by drink, restrictive or prohibitive legislation can be rendered effective, because behind the law will stand the conscience of the community. And here, it seems to me, lies a great work for the clergy. I do not doubt that if six years ago, during the Sunday closing period, when the drinking, as pointed out by Mr. Ghent, was carried on in the homes, clubs, and public parks of Toledo, the ministers' union had quietly arranged to carry on an educational campaign and had faithfully done so, to-day public sentiment would not only overwhelmingly demand Sunday closing, but would also demand far more rigid restrictions than

perhaps are dreamed of at the present time.

Let us suppose that a carefully prepared programme should be arranged, which would embrace calm discussions and investigations showing, (1) the relative amount of crime occasioned through drink; (2) the proportionate amount of cost to the state of drink in the maintenance of the machinery of justice, prisons, almshouses, etc.; (3) the influence of the saloon in political affairs, national, State, and municipal; (4) its influence upon society; (5) the relative number of innocent persons who suffer through the drink curse; and (6) its influence on posterity. Would not such a programme, if ably presented to the religious element of a community through the various pulpits, soon result in the creation of a public sentiment in the community which would sustain all temperance legislation that might be passed in State or municipal bodies?

The evil of the liquor traffic, in comparison with the question of Sunday closing, bears the relation of the camel to the gnat, and so the latter may be said to bear the relation of the fly to the barn door on which it had lighted, when we compare it with the gigantic social wrongs and evils against which Mayor Jones contended. The right of the people to own and operate public utilities, the right of the laborer to a living wage, the right of industry to be supplied with productive work, that poverty, beggary, and crime might be averted,—these are mighty issues which are pressing for solution and which more and more occupy the attention of wise statesmen no less than lovers of justice and friends of progress.

From my knowledge of what Mr. Jones has done, of the life he has led, of his business methods and public career, I am led to believe that he is living nearer to the Golden Rule than any other public official of whom I have any knowledge. The overmastering issues involved in the campaign which has just closed are so momentous in character and so significant that I regard the victory one of the most important and encouraging events of the closing years of our century. It is a positive step toward a truer democracy than the world has yet known.

OUR MONTHLY CHAT

THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE COMING AGE.

With this number we close the first volume of *The Coming Age*. The success of our review has in every way exceeded our anticipations. Its circulation has grown with phenomenal rapidity, while from all sections of the country we are daily receiving the most enthusiastic commendation from thinking men and women in all walks of life. The following extract from a letter just received from a lady of culture in a neighboring State, is typical of hundreds of communications we have received from subscribers and friends during recent weeks:

"The Coming Age grows better and better. It is the one magazine I find indispensable. It satisfies my soul as well as my intellect. You have more than fulfilled the promises made in your prospectus. . . . Your magazine is the most helpful publication I have ever read."

We take pardonable pride in our corps of contributors and the work which we have given the world in the pages of this review during the past six months, and in passing desire to call attention to a partial list of these thinkers, believing that they form a coterie of specialists in the fields of thought we have discussed not surpassed by any review in America or England.

George C. Lorimer, D. D.
William Ordway Partridge.
Mary A. Livermore.
W. D. McCrackan, M. A.
Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D.
Louise Chandler Moulton.
Philip S. Moxom, D. D.
Hon. Josiah Quincy.
Prof. Daniel Batchellor.
Hezekiah Butterworth.
Rev. E. A. Horton, D. D.
Charles Malloy.
Prof. Frank Parsons.
Henry Wood.
Rev. Thomas Van Ness.
Henry Ware Allen.
Richard Hodgson, LL. D.
E. P. Powell.
Prof. George D. Herron.
Rev. R. E. Bisbee.
Imogene C. Fales.
Will Allen Dromgoole.
James A. Herne.

Lillian Whiting.
Ernest H. Crosby.
Prof. Samuel T. Dutton.
W. C. Bitting, D. D.
Ralph Waldo Trine.
Prof. John Uri Lloyd.
James Mudge, D. D.
Joaquin Miller.
Hon. Samuel M. Jones.
O. P. Gifford, D. D.
Rev. S. C. Eby.
Rev. H. H. Peabody.
Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan.
Prof. Edward Moffat Weyer, Ph. D.

It is not, however, our purpose to dwell on the past further than to state that it is an earnest of what *The Coming Age* will be in the future. We are determined to make this magazine not only absolutely indispensable to every earnest, thoughtful man and woman in America, but a great positive factor for moral and intellectual culture in the present wonderful age.

Below we give a few features of early issues:

CONVERSATIONS.

Among the conversations to appear in early issues will be "My Conception of Glory Quayle and The Christian," by Viola Allen. In this conversation the talented actress will tell our readers something of her professional life. It will be preceded by an editorial study of Miss Allen's interpretation of Glory Quayle. "Music Building for the Young," by Mrs. Nina K. Darlington, the most successful teacher of kindergarten music building in America. This conversation, which is intensely interesting, will be preceded by an editorial sketch of the gifted author of a system which appeals to all that is best in the opening mind of childhood. "Progress During the Past Fifty Years," will be a conversation by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, of All Souls' Church, New York; "Reminiscences of a Stage Career of Over Forty Years," by James A. Herne, the eminent dramatist and actor; "Psychical Research," a conversation with Lillian Whiting. Something about the great men and vital thoughts which made Boston one of the most interesting centers of civilization in the fifties, by Dr. John Thomas Codman, author of "The History of Brook Farm."

ESSAYS.

Literature, Philosophy, and Education:

"The World in Which we Live," by Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Ph. D., of Tufts College. In this paper the eminent physicist discusses his subject from the stand-points of history, geology, and astronomy, dwelling at length upon the revelations of the telescope, microscope, and spectroscope. His conclusions are those of the rigid physicist, and will not be satisfactory to many of our readers, but the facts given will be highly interesting and instructive to all.

"Harriet Martineau in America," by E. P. Powell.

"Ralph Waldo Emerson, a study of the Concord Philosopher," by Charles Malloy.

"The Poems of Emerson," a continuation of the series of interpretations of Emerson's poetry, by Charles Malloy.

"How to Enjoy Browning," by Rev. H. C. Meserve.

"The Family and Civilization," by Luther Gulick, M. D.

"Parental Responsibility," by the author of the "Preston Papers."

"The Two Worlds in Which We Live," by B. O. Flower.

Social and Economic Papers:

"Social Salvation, What the Church Can Do for the Slums," by Rev. Everett D. Burr.

"A Single Taxer's Remedy for the Trusts," by S. B. Rikken.

"The Church and Social Problems," by Rev. S. H. Spencer, M. A.

"Miss Willard's Christian Socialism," by Eltweed Pomeroy.

"Laurence Gronlund's Latest Work, The New Economy," by Rev. R. E. Bisbee.

Co-operative Experiments in America:

Opening papers of this important series will be, "The Brook Farm Experiment," by Dr. John Thomas Codman, author of the "History of Brook Farm."

"The Christian Commonwealth at Commonwealth, Georgia," by the Rev. George Howard Gibson, editor of the "Social Gospel."

"The Co-operative Colony at Olala, Washington," by Col. Richard J. Hinton.

Religious Thought:

The Life and Thought of Jesus in relation to Modern Life, Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

"The Teachings of Jesus Concerning the Father," by Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D.

"The Kingdom of Heaven," by Prof. Jean du Buy, Ph. D.

"How Shall the Church Triumph," by Dr. James Hedley.

"Japanese Buddhism," by Keijiro Nakamura.

"Why I Am a Congregationalist," by Rev. DeWitt S. Clark, D. D.

"Why I Am a Disciple," by Rev. J. H. Garrison, editor of the Christian Evangelist.

Psychical Science:

"A Theory of Immortality," by Rev. W. G. Todd, will appear in the July number.

A paper of special interest on psychical research, by the gifted author and journalist, Lillian Whiting, will appear in the August number. These papers will be followed by other thoughtful contributions by specialists on psychical research, while the popular series of "Authentic Dreams and Visions," under the careful editorial supervision of Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, will be continued.

Biographical and Critical Papers:

A Sketch of the Life and Work of Francis Willard.

"A Study of the Life and Poetry of Robert Burns."

"An Unappreciated Scottish Genius."

"The Life and Poetry of Richard Realf."

"A Study of the Life and Teachings of Marcus Aurelius."

"A Slave Who was also a Philosopher, a Study of the Life of Epictetus."

Fiction:

The July number will contain a synopsis of the preceding chapters of our story, "Who Hath Sinned?" thus giving our new readers the contents of the story up to date. Short stories by Will Allen Dromgoole will continue to be strong features of The Coming Age in the future.

Book Studies:

As in the past, each issue will contain a carefully prepared study of some great work, so written as to give the reader an epitome of the thought presented. Under the head of "Books of the Day" there will also be noticed from month to month leading new books of value.

Health and Home:

Under the able management of Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, assisted by a corps of the ablest practical hygienists, our Health and Home department has become justly popular, because of its practical merit, with all friends who are interested in normal or rational living. In the future as in the past no pains will be spared to make this feature of The Coming Age invaluable.

Other Departments:

All the other departments of the magazine will be well sustained, and no pains or expense will be spared in our efforts to make The Coming Age an ideal magazine for the home, supplying a measure of broad culture for soul and brain so much called for by civilization at the present crisis.

INDEX TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE COMING AGE

- Age. The New, 402.
 Aged. Pensions for the, 352.
 Air. Liquid, 351.
 Allen. Henry Ware, A Garden Spot of Nature and a Treasure House of Ancient Civilization, 290.
 Alliance. Practical Programme of the Boston Evangelical, 377.
 Andean Republics. The, 138.
 Art and Manhood, 14.
 Backward Glance over 1898. A, 101.
 Baptist. Why I Am a, 544.
 Batchellor. Prof. Daniel, Music in Relation to the Spiritual. 283.
 Baths. 213.
 Bellamy. Some Characteristics of Edward, 180.
 Bisbee. Rev. Robert E., Telepathy and Prevision. 58. Edward Bellamy. 180. The Czar's Proposal for Disarmament. 256. Social Democratic Ideals and the Church. 548.
 Bitting. Rev. W. C., Why I Am a Baptist. 544.
 Book Reviews. 108, 231, 354, 467.
 Brookline Education Society. The, 482.
 Browning's Service to Civilization. 662.
 Buchanan. Prof. Joseph Rodes, The New Education. 513.
 Butterworth. Hezekiah, The Democracy of Childhood. 48. Editorial Sketch of. 137. The Andean Republics. 138. The White Czars Three (Poem). 644.
 Carradine. Rev. B., The New Year. 30.
 Car. The Right Side of the (Book Review), 110.
 Castertline. Julia E., Music and Its Practical Uses. 641.
 Characteristics of the Negro and Mountaineer of East Tennessee. 613.
 Chase. Hon. J. C., Municipal Problems. 479.
 Chicago Street Railway Contest. The, 222.
 Chopin. Second Nocturne of (Poem). 150.
 Christianity and Present-day Social Problems. 314.
 Christianity and the Social State (Book Review). 108.
 Christmas. The Christian's, 25. The Significance of. 23.
 Chums. Hero (Book Review), 113. Rare Old (Book Review), 236.
 Church. Social Democratic Ideals and the, 548.
 Clark. James G., Poems and Songs by (Book Review). 231.
 Colonies. The (Book Review), 235.
 Consciousness. Spiritual (Book Review), 235.
 Co-operation in England. 187.
 Co-operation in Ireland. 229.
 Co-operative Experiments in the United States. 404.
 Corner Watchman. The, 74.
 Courage. Moral, 585.
 Cowles. James L., The American Post-Office. 621.
 Crosby. Ernest H., Count Tolstol at Seventy. 172.
 Czar's Proposal for Disarmament. The, 256. Rescript. The, 258.
 Daggy. Maynard Lee, The Duty Young Men Owe to the State. 417.
 Day Cometh. The, 581.
 Democracy in the United States. Some Tendencies of, 151.
 Democracy of Childhood. The, 48.
 Development. Spiritual, 585.
 Discovery of America. Social Significance of, 163.
 Doukhobors. Some Facts about the, 461.
 Drama. Present Outlook for the American, 253.
 Dream of Peace. The White Czar's, 104.

- Dreaming (Poem). J. A. Edgerton. 617.
- Dreams and Visions. 68, 194, 224, 430, 564, 670.
- Dressing. Healthful, 215.
- Dromgoole. Will Allen, Editorial Sketch of. 604. The Corner Watchman. 74. Heroine or Coward? 198. Old Tough-Heart. 436. The Silvam Church Festible. 566. Characteristics and Peculiarities of the Negro and Mountaineer of East Tennessee. 613.
- Du Buy. Jean, The True Life as Taught by Jesus. 392. Social Ethics of Jesus. 526. Individual Ethics of Jesus. 634.
- Dutton. Samuel T., Editorial Sketch of. 146. The Brookline Education Society. 482. The New Education. 146.
- Duty Which Confronts Us. The Supreme, 346.
- Easter-tide. 457.
- Eby. Rev. S. C., The New Year and Its Hope. 32. The Social Significance of the Discovery of America. 163.
- Echoes of War (Book Review). 110.
- Edgerton. J. A., Peace on Earth (Poem). 33. The Coming Race (Poem). 73. My Baby's Laughter (Poem). 193. In the Old Days (Poem). 326. Song of Peace (Poem). 440. Truth (Poem). 486. Dreaming (Poem). 674. Immortality (Poem). 674.
- Education. Humane, Its Place and Power in Early Training. 387. The New (Dutton). 146. The New (Buchanan). 513. True and False. 156.
- Election of Senators. The, 353.
- Elixir of Youth. The, 675.
- Emerson. The Poems of, 177, 295, 413, 535, 629.
- Eminent Men and Women of Europe. Reminiscences of, 132.
- Evangelical Protestant Denominations. Union Among, 463.
- Expansion. Popular Opinion of, 228.
- Experimental Psychology. Present Aspects of, 492.
- Fales. Imogene C., The New Age. 402.
- Flower. B. O., Books of the Day. 108, 231, 354, 467. Co-operation in England. 187. Christianity and Present-day Social Problems. 314. A Day on a Trout Farm. 509. Miss Dromgoole and Her Work. 604. The Day Cometh. 581. Genius and Art as Viewed by Victor Hugo. 59. The Ideal Home the Throne of Love. 584. A Magazine with a Mission. 94. Mastery of Temper. 584. Moral Courage. 585. The Passing Day. 101, 222, 349, 461, 536, 604. Personal Purity and Integrity. 348. The Redemptive Power of Love. 398. Scientific and Mechanical Progress of the Nineteenth Century. 420. Sketch of Samuel T. Dutton. 146. Sketch of James A. Herne. 250. Sketch of Richard Hodgson. 17. Sketch of E. A. Horton. 593. Sketch of Samuel M. Jones. 367. Sketch of George C. Lorimer. 373. Sketch of W. D. McCrackan. 243. Sketch of Joaquin Miller. 361. Sketch of Louise Chandler Moulton. 123. Sketch of William Ordway Partridge. 12. Sketch of Josiah Quincy. 3. The Song of the Angels and the Voice of the Czar. 219. Spiritual Development. 585. A Supreme Moment in the Life of Wendell Phillips. 583. The Supreme Duty Which Confronts Us. 347. Our Tropical Garden in the Pacific. 553. Victory Will Come to the Brave. 221. What of To-morrow? 98. Browning's Service to Civilization. 662. Intellectual Hospitality. 692. A Story of the Street. 693. Garcia. Calixto, 349.
- Garden Spot of Nature and a Treasure House of Ancient Civilization. A, 290.
- Genius and Art as Viewed by Victor Hugo. 59.
- Gifford. Rev. O. P., A Twentieth Century Ideal of Manhood. 618.
- Giglio. 327.
- Gillmore. Minnie, Giglio. 327. The Elixir of Youth. 675.
- Gladstone and Bismarck. The Passing of, 105.
- Gold Output. Phenomenal Increase in the, 230.
- Hand and Brain (Book Review). 467.
- Hawaii. (Our Tropical Garden in the Pacific). 553.
- Health. 450.
- Health and Home. 89, 213, 342, 450, 578, 689.
- Healthful Living. Practical Talks on, 89.
- Heaven. The Kingdom of, 312.
- Herne. James A., The Present Outlook for the American Drama. 253. Editorial Sketch of, 250.
- Herne. Julie A., Second Nocturne of Chopin. (Poem). 150.
- Heroine or Coward? 198.
- Herron. George D., The Kingdom of Heaven. 312.

- Herzberg. Henry, True Versus False Education. 156.
 Hildreth. T. F., Silent Forces. 562.
 Hodgson. Richard, LL. D., The Work of the Society for Psychical Research. 18. Editorial Sketch of, 17.
 Home-Coming Song (Poem). 408.
 Home Girl. The, 582.
 Horton. Rev. E. A., Some Hopeful Signs of Our Times. 600. Editorial Sketch of, 593.
 Howard. Rev. Burt Estes, A Study in Social Evolution. 487.
 Ideal Home. The, 584.
 Ideal of Manhood. A Twentieth Century, 618.
 Ideal. The Power of the, 55.
 Immortality (Poem). 674.
 In Tune with the Infinite (Book Review). 112.
 Jesus. The True Life as Taught by, 392. Social Ethics of, 528. Individual Ethics of, 634.
 Jew. The World's Indebtedness to the, 263.
 Jones. Hon. Samuel M., The Rights of the Municipality and Its Obligations to the Citizens. 370. Editorial Sketch of, 367.
 King's Touch. The, 381.
 Knowledge and Health. 96.
 Land and the People. The, 248.
 Liquid Air. 351.
 Livermore. Mary A., Peace Demanded by Considerations of Wisdom, Morality, and Humanity. 261.
 Lloyd. Prof. John Uri, Do Physicians and Pharmacists Live on the Misfortunes of Humanity? 384.
 Lorimer. Rev. George C., Editorial Sketch of, 373. Practical Programme of the Boston Evangelical Alliance. 377. The Significance of Christmas. 23. The World's Indebtedness to the Jew. 263.
 Love at Flood Tide. 52. Redemptive Power of, 398.
 Magazine with a Mission. A, 94.
 Malloy. Charles, Poems of Emerson. 177, 295, 413, 535, 629.
 Massage. 450.
 Mastery of Temper. 584.
 Matthews. Dr. M. A., Health. 450.
 McCrackan. W. D., The Example of Switzerland. 41. The Land and the People. 248. Editorial Sketch of, 243.
 Methodist. Why I Am a, 646.
 Menus. 90, 93, 218, 346, 455, 580, 691.
 Miller. Joaquin, Editorial Sketch of, 361. Topics of the Hour. 363.
 Miss Dromgoole and Her Work. 604.
 Monthly Chat. 115, 238, 358, 475, 590, 699.
 Moonshiner's Son. The (Book Review), 409.
 Moral Courage. 585.
 Motor Carriage. The Advent of the, 464.
 Moulton. Louise Chandler, Editorial Sketch of, 123. Reminiscences of Eminent Men and Women of Europe. 132.
 Mountaineer of Tennessee. Some Characteristics and Peculiarities of the, 613.
 Moxom. Rev. Phillip S., Some Tendencies of Democracy in the United States. 151.
 Mudge. Rev. James A., Why I Am a Methodist. 646.
 Municipal Problems. 479. Progress. 7.
 Municipality. The Rights of the, 370. School Children Fed and Clothed by, 589.
 Music and Its Practical Uses. 641. In Relation to the Spiritual. 283.
 Muzzey. Annie L., Home-Coming Song. 508.
 Napoleon. Concerning the Sanity of, 275. Negroes of Tennessee. Characteristics and Peculiarities of the, 613.
 New Year. The, 30.
 New Year and Its Hope. The, 32.
 Nineteenth Century. Scientific and Mechanical Progress of the, 420.
 Northern Europe. Roundabout Rambles in (Book Review), 236.
 Old Tough-Heart. 436.
 Our Tropical Garden in the Pacific. 553.
 Parsons. Frank, The Power of the Ideal. 55.
 Partridge. William Ordway, Art and Manhood. 14. Editorial Sketch of, 12.
 Peabody. Rev. H. H., Savonarola. 496.
 Peace. Demanded by Considerations of Wisdom, Morality, and Humanity. 261. Song of, 444. Symposium on, 256. The White Czar's Dream of, 104.
 Personal Purity and Integrity. 348.
 Philippines. How Conciliation Might Have Averted Bloodshed in the, 465.
 Physicians and Pharmacists. Do They Live on the Misfortunes of Humanity? 384.
 Post-Office. The American, 621.
 Powell. E. P., Concerning the Sanity of Napoleon. 275. Two Works by (Book Review), 109.
 Psychical Phenomena. A Contribution to, 304, 517, 651.

- Psychical Research. The Work of the Society for, 18.
- Quincy. Hon. Josiah, Editorial Sketch of, 3. Municipal Problems. 7.
- Race Problem in the South. The, 225.
- Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. The, 299.
- Reifsnider. Mrs. C. K., Dreams and Visions. 68, 194, 324, 430, 564, 670. Easter-tide. 457. Health and Home Department. 89, 213, 342, 450, 578, 689. The Home Girl. 582. Knowledge and Health. 96. What Home Should be. 100. The Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. 299.
- Savonarola. 496.
- Signs of the Times. Some Hopeful, 600.
- Silent Forces (Poem). 502.
- Silvam Church Festible. The, 506.
- Social Democratic Ideals and the Church. 548.
- Social Evolution. A Study in, 487.
- Song of the Angels and the Voice of the Czar. The, 219.
- Songs from the Wings (Book Review). 472.
- South America. Birth of Freedom and March toward Peace and Unity in (Book Review). 354.
- Sowing Wild Oats. 460.
- Spanish-American War. The (A Backward Glance Over 1898). 101.
- Street Railway Contest. The Chicago, 222.
- Switzerland. The Example of, 41.
- Teachings of Jesus. The (Book Review), 237.
- Telegraph and Telephone. Governmental Ownership of the, 466.
- Telepathy and Prevision. 58.
- Threshold. On the, 43.
- Todd. W. G., A Contribution to the Study of Psychic Phenomena. 304, 517, 651.
- Tolstol, Count, at Seventy. 172. My Visit to Count, 34.
- To-morrow? What of, 98.
- Topics of the Hour. 363.
- Trans-Mississippi Exposition. The, 106.
- Trine. Ralph Waldo, Humane Education, Its Place and Power in Early Training. 387.
- Trout Farm. A Day on a, 509.
- Trusts. The Evolution, Domination, and Doom of the, 586.
- Valley Path. The (Book Review), 111.
- Van Ness. Rev. Thomas, My Visit to Count Tolstol. 34.
- Victor Serenus (Book Review). 113.
- Victory Will Come to the Brave. 221.
- Voice and Its Relation to Health. The, 578.
- Vrooman. Rev. H. C., The Christian's Christmas. 25.
- What Good Will It Do? 459.
- What Home Should Be. 100.
- White Czars Three. The, (Poem), 644.
- Whiting. Lillian, On the Threshold. 43. Her Latest World Beautiful Book (Book Review). 470.
- Who Hath Sinned? (Serial). 79, 206, 336, 445, 571, 684.
- Wireless Telegraphy. Practical Utility of, 589.
- Wood. Henry, The King's Touch. 381. Love at Flood Tide. 52.
- Young Men. The Duty They Owe to the State. 417.

MISS DROMGOOLE'S STORY.

In "The Silvam Church Festible" Miss Dromgoole gives us one of her delightful negro sketches, and next month, in a conversation, she will describe the peculiarities of the negro dialect and the negro character; and also give us contrasts between the dialect of the mountaineers of East Tennessee and that of the negro.

TROUT CULTURE IN NEW ENGLAND.

This month we open a series of studies of new productive industries, which we hope to make helpful to our readers and stimulating to young men and women. We believe that the industrial heroes have received far too little notice in the past, but that the twentieth century will place a stronger emphasis on the moral and industrial leaders.

MR. MALLOY'S PAPER.

Mr. Malloy's paper this month will appeal to two classes of readers. Those who delight in reminiscences which deal with distinguished men who have passed before will find the first half of his paper very enjoyable. Those who enjoy philosophical discussions will find much food for reflection in the last half of the paper. And though many of our readers will dissent from the views offered, all will recognize the ability of the author; and, in the presentation of the philosophical speculations advanced, they will gain a clear conception of the point of view of many of the world's deepest philosophers, and this wider knowledge will be valuable. Hundreds of our readers will prize the portrait of this able and subtle thinker, whose life in so many respects resembles that of the philosopher of Concord.

OUR JUNE ISSUE.

It is not our purpose to announce the contents of the June issue, but we will say that our special features are such that we feel warranted in affirming that this number, which will close the first volume of The Coming Age, will surpass its predecessors in general interest and helpfulness. It is our purpose to make the magazine better and better. It is far from reaching our ideal as yet, and we shall spare no pains in striving to make it a real moral and intellectual force in the new world,—a magazine which shall further civilization by helping to elevate manhood and dignify life.

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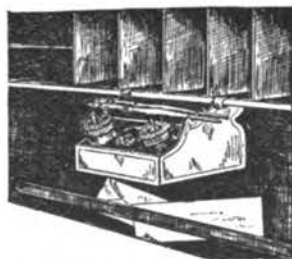
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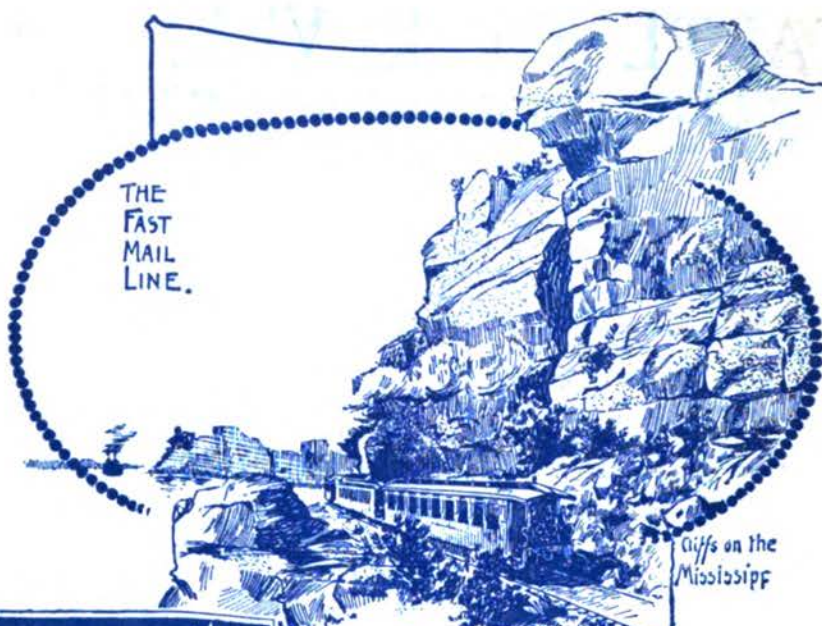
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